

# The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 7.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1898

No. 10

**Tried and Proven**  
To be the best preparation on the market for the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles, and for the purifying of the blood, is what hundreds are saying of  
**Dr. Bains Buchu Compound.**  
It is a positive cure for all Kidney and Liver troubles and is unequalled as a blood purifier. Why suffer when you can get a sure cure for your ails at three quarters of a cent per dose. Dr. Bains' Buchu Compound is sold by your druggist at 25c per package. Prepared only by H. E. EWALD, Whitby, Ont.

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

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MONEY to loan at lowest current rates. Accounts collected.  
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**A. H. MACKLIN, M.B.**  
Graduate of the Toronto Medical College, and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Winner Silver Medal and Scholarship. Office in rear of the Peoples' Drug Store.

**R. E. CLAPP, M.D.**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
GRADUATE, Toron to University and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Residence, Avalon St., nearly opposite the Library. Office in the Drug Store, next door to Carrick Banking Co. MILDMAY.

**J. A. WILSON, M.D.**  
HONOR Graduate of Toronto University Medical College. Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office: Front rooms over Moyer's Store—Entrance from Main Street. Residence—Opposite skating rink. MILDMAY.

**DR. J. J. WISSER,**  
DENTIST, WALKERTON.  
HONOR Graduate of Department of Dentistry, Toronto University; Graduate Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, will be at the Commercial Hotel, Mildmay, every Thursday. Prices moderate, and all work guaranteed Satisfactory.

**C. H. LOUNT, L. D. S., D. D. S.**  
SURGEON DENTIST, WALKERTON.  
Will continue to conduct the practice of the firm of Hughes & Lount, at the office always occupied by them in Walkerton.  
Special attention will be given to Gold-Filling and preservation of the Natural Teeth. Nitrous Oxide, Gas, and other Anesthetics for the painless extraction of Teeth.

**W. H. HUCK, V. S.**  
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REGISTERED Member of Ontario Medical Association. Also Honorary Fellowship of the Veterinary Medicine Society.  
Calls promptly attended to night or day.

**James Johnston**  
Issuer of Marriage Licenses.  
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On Mortgages on Farm Property From 5% up  
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**The Best Place**  
FOR  
Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture, Window Shades and Curtain Poles is at

**A. Murat's**  
FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING STORE  
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Also a full line of Picture Frames, Express Wagons, Baby Carriages, Cradles and Child's Rockers all at bottom prices to suit the times.  
Also one of the best selected stocks of Wall Paper, very cheap.

**Mildmay Market Report.**  
Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:

Fall wheat per bu.....	88 standard
Oats.....	28 to 29
Peas.....	54 to 55
Barley.....	40
Potatoes.....	7 to 9
Smoked meat per lb.....	14 to 14
Eggs per doz.....	14 to 14
Butter per lb.....	14 to 14
Dressed pork.....	\$ 50 to 6 00

**Glebe & Sealing's Market.**

Wheat.....	\$7 to 88c bus
Peas.....	54 to 55
Oats.....	28 to 29
Flour, Manitoba.....	\$3 00 per cwt.
Family flour, No. 1.....	\$2 50
Family flour, No. 2.....	\$1 60
Low Grade.....	80c
Bran.....	50c
Shorts.....	60c
Screenings.....	65c
Chop Feed.....	90 1/20
Cracked Wheat.....	\$2 40
Graham Flour.....	\$2 40
Perina.....	\$3 00

**The Leading Shoe Store.**  
is prepared this fall to give special value in  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers...**  
We have bought them right direct from the makers at the lowest prices and are selling them at the  
**Lowest Cash Price**  
We never before were able to give better values in all lines. Our experience has taught us the needs of shoe wearers and we have been very careful in selections.  
In men's long boots we have just what is wanted for this time of the year. All new, clean stock bought from firms making a specialty of these lines.  
Call and be convinced  
**John Hunstein,**

**L. A. HINSPERGER.**  
Wholesale & Retail  
**Harness & Top Works.**  
Leather fly nets 40c to \$1.00  
Duster 30c 40c 50c upwards  
Best binder whips 40c  
Axe grease 10c a box  
Machine oil c a bottle  
Just received several cases  
blankets rugs and Robes  
Blankets 50c upwards  
Plush rugs all prices  
Goat robes \$5 upwards  
Saskatchewan buffala robes  
\$6, \$7, \$8, \$9  
Cow hides \$10, \$11 to \$16  
Come and get Prices. Everything away down. Raw furs, hides, sheepskins as cash.

**School Opening**  
Our stock of School Books for both  
**PUBLIC and SEPARATE SCHOOLS**  
is Complete.  
We have also on hand full lines in  
School Bags,  
Scribblers,  
Inks,  
Stationery, Etc.,  
While we have added the above lines, we do not neglect our stock of  
**DRUGS AND DRUGGIST SUNDRIES.**  
Large assortment of Combs, Brushes, Sponges, Etc. Give us a call.  
**MILDMAY**  
**Drug and Book Store**  
R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor.

**BELMORE**  
The literary meetings are to terminate for the season on the 16th inst. with a debate between Wroxeter and Belmore. The subject will be, Resolved, That annexation to the United States would benefit Canada.  
J. Haist received a sudden call home on Monday evening to see his brother who has been seriously hurt.  
Miss Wilson of Wingham is at present visiting friends here. She is going to Manitoba.  
A. and B. have given up all hope of ever winning her heart. B. goes east but A. would like to get right out of her sight since she has given him the "G. B." He intends going to Uncle Sam's domains on the 15th.  
J. Hugil and J. Duffy have dissolved partnership. Jonathan intends keeping a fast horse for he likes style.  
An interesting duel was fought on Saturday evening by J. and W. J. got off without a scratch, but W's face is badly cut up and serves him right.  
The license inspector called here on Monday and found everything all right.

**Lakelet.**  
Misses Ida and Mary Jacques, who attended the wedding of a relative in Norwich returned to their home here last Friday.  
Mr. Wat Pomeroy of Huntingfield is doing a lot of buying in this vicinity. The cattle and hogs are being picked up in a hurry.  
A great many from here attended the funeral of the late Mr. John Harkness of Huntingfield last Thursday. The deceased was well known here and respected by every one.  
The election was quiet here on Tuesday. There was some vote handling done but every one was quiet. The score at the close was Mooney 69, Hyslop 61. It was thought by every one that Mr. Mooney would have about 30 of a majority here. From what we can learn Mr. Hyslop's majority for East Huron is 321.  
We wish you, new Editor, every success in your undertaking. No doubt Messrs. Findlay and Chester, late editor of the Express, made their pile and have given way that you and Mr. Aitchison may better your financial standing. What a balm it is to be an editor.

Mr. Hainstock's family expect to start for Manitoba next Tuesday. Mr. Hainstock went about a month ago and procured a home. Jno. Scott jr. expects to start the same date and Robt. Webster of North Dakota, who has been visiting relatives here all winter, leaves for his home on Friday.  
The tea-meeting in the church here last week was a success. The ladies did their part well as usual. The intellectual part was looked after by Revs. Harvey, Fisher of Gorrie, and Cousins of Fordwich. Mr. Garrat of Gorrie was present, and together with the choir, gave all the music that was required. The proceeds together with the social on Tuesday night amounted to upwards of \$10.  
There is nothing but ice round the burg these days. We do not think there ever was so much ice taken in one year from the lake here. These days the Haskin brothers of Huntingfield, and Messrs. Johnston, Pomeroy and Harkness of the same place are taking it away by the ton. There must be acres of the ice off the lake. There are so many east of here sending their cream to the Neustadt and Ayton butter factories that ice is an indispensable article through the hot summer months.

Simcoe, Ont., March 4.—Because of a desire to see two dogs fight Harvey Wooden finds himself in a very serious position. On Sunday Wooden went to Smith's house and set the dogs fighting; Smith interfered, when, it is alleged, Wooden struck him once in the face and again over the head with a piece of wood. Smith died from his injuries on Wednesday, and the coroner's jury found that his death was caused by a blow inflicted by Harvey Wooden. Wooden is under arrest.

**County and District.**  
"The indulgent care in which the Lord watches over fools," in the words of a western writer, "was recently attested in Fort Scott, Kan., when a forgetful man built a fire in a stove, on the top of which he left a can of kerosene and a package of powder, and neither exploded.  
Reginald de Koven and Sir Arthur Sullivan have both been commissioned by The Ladies' Home Journal to give a musical setting to Rudyard Kipling's great "Recessional" poem written for the Queen's Jubilee. De Koven has completed his setting of the poem as a hymn with chorus and solo, and the composition will be published in its entirety in a forthcoming issue of The Ladies' Home Journal.  
Below will be found a list of people who do not do a town any good: Those who go out of town to do their trading, those who oppose improvement, those who prefer a quiet town to one of push and business, those who think business can be done slyly and without advertising, those who deride public spirited men, those who oppose every movement that does not originate with themselves, those who oppose every public enterprise that does not appear to benefit them, those who seek to injure the credit of an individual.  
An old and experienced journalist commenting on chronic grumblers possessed of very considerable development along egotistical lines, makes these observations:—There are a whole lot of fellows in every town who could teach school better than those who are now teaching; preach better than those who are now preaching; run a store better than a storekeeper; plead law better than all the attorneys in the country; run a newspaper better than those who run them. Yes, the woods, the fields and the towns are full of them, but none of them ever taught school, preached, practiced law, run a store or paper, and never will.  
At 7.35 a. m. three giant trees were recently standing in an Austrian forest. In less than three hours a distinguished party of noblemen and publishers were reading the columns of a newspaper printed on paper made from the pulp of those identical trees. This remarkable experiment was made to show to what perfection the process of paper making has been brought, says the New York Journal. A notary carefully recorded each stage of the process of the experiment. At 7.35 the trees fell to the ground. The timbers were at once stripped of their bark, cut into small pieces and converted into mechanical pulp. This was placed in a vat and mixed with the material necessary to form paper and the first leaf came out at 9.34 a. m., in one minute less than two hours. Some of the sheets were then taken to a printing office three miles distant and the first of the printed papers were issued at ten o'clock, the entire time occupied in converting a tree into a newspaper being exactly two hours and twenty five minutes.

Quite recently the city clerk of London, Ont., received a letter from a woman resident of California which he was instructed to deliver to a certain family in the east end of London. The letter explained that her daughter, who was a child of misfortune would be found there. It was also stated that the mother had left her in disgrace and had never seen the child from that day to this, but having married twice without issue and being now wealthy, desired an heir. The foster parents were found. They told the bearer of the message that the daughter, who is now 22 years of age, is married and has a little child of her own, but that she did not know they were not her parents. They consented to break the news to her, and the next day the daughter, her eyes red with weeping, applied for the letter, which contained a photograph of her mother. The scene was a painful one as the daughter eagerly scanned both photo and letter. She finally became reconciled to the situation and promised to write her new-found mother.

**FOREIGN NEWS.**  
It is reported that the Joint Traffic Association will make an effort to prevent the access of the Canadian Pacific into trunk line territory over the lines of the Vanderbilt roads, and also that the New York Central is being persuaded to cease its relations with the C. P. R.  
The Daily Mail, discussing this morning the probability that the United States may goad Spain into declaring war as a last desperate move, says: "In America's unprepared condition, Spain could inflict appalling damage. Neither could conquer the other, and the utmost America could gain would be the equivocal triumph of securing Cuban Independence. If Spain takes the first step, America will have herself to thank."  
Akrian Braun, a German convict at Sing Sing, took a terrible revenge on his wife, who had sent him to prison for beating her. The woman had forgiven her husband, and on Saturday visited him at the prison. The two sat and conversed a few feet away from a guard. The convict kissed his wife, and was quietly talking when suddenly he drew a knife and stabbed her to death. He was seized by the guard and two fellow convicts.  
A passenger who arrived at Seattle from Alaska on the steamer City of Seattle has informed Agent Graman of the schooner Bessie K. that a wreck passed by the City of Seattle, north of Victoria, which was reported here last night, had all the appearance of being the Bessie K. several days overdue. The wreck lies 100 miles north of Victoria, on the rocks, and there are no indications of any survivors. It cannot be learned at present how many passengers she was carrying.  
An effort has been made to determine the pulling strength of elephants, horses and men. Attached to a dynamometer, Barnum & Bailey's largest elephant registered a pull of two and one-half tons on the second trial, but a smaller and more active elephant gave a record of five and one-half tons—whether as the result of a steady pull or a sudden jerk appears to be uncertain. A pair of powerful horses registered a ton and one-fifth, while it required the strength of eighty three men to equal the pull of the smallest elephant.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, was waited upon on Saturday morning by a deputation of members of the W. C. T. U. and ladies of the Presbyterian Church, who presented a petition containing the names of nearly 500 women, asking that the liquor traffic be prohibited in the Yukon district. In reply, Mr. Sifton stated that he realized the great importance of the matter, especially in connection with such districts as the Yukon. The question had been brought to his personal attention, as well as to that of the Cabinet. The Northwest Prohibitory Law was now in force in the district. He anticipated that some energetic action would be taken in the near future. Mr. J. A. Paterson introduced the deputation and Mrs. Shortreed presented the petition.

Rev. Stephen A. Northrop, of the First Baptist Church, Kansas City, in a prelude to his sermon, talked strongly in favor of war. I cannot help but feel that war is inevitable," says he. "But humanity is a larger word than America. These dogs of war ought to be driven back to their kennels, not merely because of this Maine disaster, but because of liberty-loving, body-starving Cuba. It is now about time that Uncle Sam clutched the throat of Spain and bid her hand off! Think of it, my people! We have allowed this country of hateful names to starve 500,000 men, women and children right at our very doors. I am amazed that the civilized and Christianized nations of the world have not made an effort to help her before this. The time has surely come when the United States must not keep silent.

# UNDER THE LILAC TREE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I had found the generality of guests at Westwood at such a dead level that I thought very little of the coming visitors. It was evident that Lady Yorke was deeply interested in them, but then she had said candidly that it was Lord Severne, rather than his wife, who had pleased her. We had many discussions about them, and it seemed to me that Lady Severne did not stand very high in the estimation of either husband or wife.

"Is Lady Severne very beautiful?" I asked Lady Yorke, on the morning when the guests were expected to arrive.

"Very; she has one of those faces with a roseate bloom, and her complexion is simply incomparable. But beautiful, as she is, I do not like her. You are a good judge of character; you will be able to judge for yourself when they come."

Lord and Lady Severne were to reach Westwood on Tuesday, the twentieth of May. Lady Yorke had ordered a lavish supply of magnolia flowers to be placed in Lady Severne's room.

"That is one point in her character which I like," said Lady Yorke; "she is very fond of flowers. It pleases me always to see a woman fond of flowers." Then she continued, with something of a conscious blush on her face. "Miss Chester I know I shall be very much engaged while the Severnes are here, but I must not neglect my poor. I hope I shall never fall again into that terrible apathetic way of thinking of no one but myself. If it be really impossible for me to leave home you will undertake any little commission for me, will you not?"

Every preparation had been made for our visitors. Lady Mary Avon and her brother, Sir Charles, were two handsome, fashionable persons, rich and popular; Lady Mary had many admirers, but could not tolerate the word "marriage." Sir Charles was looking out for a wife. Captain Forrester was heir-presumptive to an earldom and was consequently much sought after. Sir Harry de Burgh was a young Irish baronet, one of the most popular men in England, and Lady Grey was a young widow with a large fortune.

"A well-assorted party of guests," said Lady Yorke, complacently, "and the great beauty of the arrangement is that they will amuse each other. Lord Severne will generally fall to my lot, if the same thing happens here that took place invariably in Italy. He liked to saunter by my side in his grave melancholy fashion while Lady Severne generally attracted all the men to herself. She will do the same here. I am so glad," continued Lady Yorke, "that you sing so beautifully, Miss Chester. Lord Severne likes music. His wife sings but he does not care for her style, and always discourages her."

Tuesday came, a bright morning, but with the warning of a coming rain-storm on its face. There was a low wail in the wind, a darkening at times of the sky, a strange stillness in the air such as always precedes a storm.

It was midday when a message came from Woodbeaton, asking help for a poor family, one of whom—the father—was dangerously ill, the wife had met with a severe accident, and the children were destitute. The poor were beginning to know to whom they should send; they were beginning to love Lady Yorke, for they knew that no one ever asked her help in vain. She came to me and asked me to act for her.

"I must be here to receive our guests," she said. "I give you carte blanche, Miss Chester."

So it was as Lady Yorke's almoner that I went out on that day. Lord York had me beware of the threatening storm, but I told him I did not think it would break until to-morrow. But when I was on the point of returning from Woodbeaton, the rain descended in torrents. For an ordinary shower I should not have cared in the least, but this storm was terrible. It seemed as though the heavens were opened, such a tempest raged on that fair, tranquil countryside. The sky was like lead, the wind blew fiercely; and then lightning flashed and thunder came. The storm lasted some hours, and when the sky cleared and the rain ceased it was night. Lady Yorke, who was always thoughtful, sent a closed carriage after me.

As we drove up the avenue, the carriage stopped suddenly, and the coachman sprang down from the box and came to me.

"Do you see what has happened, Miss Chester?" he asked.

Looking out, I saw by the pale, waxy gleam of the moon that a great beech-tree, said to be the largest and finest of its kind in England, and called "The Pride of Westwood," had been blown down.

"Why, his lordship will be more grieved over this tree than if half the house had been blown down!" said the coachman in a grave voice. "I am very sorry, miss, but you see the branches reach all across the drive. I can not take the carriage any further; I must go back to the courtyard."

I saw the honest simple man, a faithful retainer of the House of Yorke, was deeply distressed. He shook his head as he led the frightened horse away. "I never liked such great trees to fall, Miss Chester," he said. "They are the glory of a house. I always think bad luck follows."

## CHAPTER IX.

I cannot tell why, but as I went to a sense of oppression and

coming sorrow seized me. I could not believe in the superstition that the falling of a great tree must mean evil. That was nonsense. But my heart was heavy, my brain oppressed.

Fortunately for me, I was a great favorite with Mrs. Masham, the housekeeper, and when she heard that I had returned she hastened to my room. Any idea I might have had of going to the drawing room was speedily abandoned. She stood before me, stern as a judge.

"You look ill, Miss Chester. You have taken cold. You must go to bed, and I will send you something warm to drink."

I murmured a few words about the visitors and music, but she was prescriptive.

"No, miss, not to-night. You must take care of yourself; you have been out in the wet all day among those poor people. I know what it is, you must rest now. Her ladyship would desire it, I am sure."

There was nothing for it but to obey. She contrived to give a fair description of all our visitors and very much to my surprise finished by saying:

"Ah, Miss Chester, you would have been queen of them all if you did not look so sad and would not always wear mourning!"

That night terrible dreams came to me of Mark. Mark was out in the storm, and I could not find him. Mark was struck by the lightning, and lay before me dead. Mark was under the fallen tree, mangled and crushed. My dreams were always of Mark in peril, in danger, and dead.

Wednesday morning, a day never to be forgotten; the twenty-first of May—a date ever to be remembered! I rose with the sun. The morning was so beautiful that one could hardly believe in the clouds and the storm of the day before. The air was sweet and fresh after the rain; the grass was of a brighter green, the leaves had a deeper hue, and the flowers held up their heads with renewed life.

When I opened my window the odor of the lilacs came to me. I could see far away the golden gleam of the laburnum and the tall chestnut trees. The fragrance of the lilacs sent my mind and heart back to Mark.

I went to the lilac trees, fresher and sweeter than ever after the rain, and sat down. The warm May sunshine fell around me, the birds were calling to each other, the dew lay on the grass. I tried to forget the present and live for a short time in the past. I pictured the May morning at Gracedieu on my seventeenth birthday, the pretty old home buried in the trees, the distant gleam of the river, the shadow of the deep-green woods, and the lovely group of lilac trees, the topmost bough of which I could not reach. I saw the dark handsome face of my lover, so frank, so brave, so true; his dark eyes smiled into mine; his voice, than which to me earth had held no sweeter music, was in my ears.

"Oh, Mark," I cried aloud, "why could not I have died with you?"

Merciful heaven! what was that? I rose to my feet with a cry. What was it? A figure coming slowly toward me, tall and stately, but with drooping head, walking with slow uncertain step. Oh, heaven, who was it—what was it? I stood paralyzed. My heart beat so violently that I could almost hear it; my hands shook; all the warmth and color left my face. White, breathless, trembling at the same moment with terror and joy, bewildered and amazed, I stood as though my feet were rooted to the ground. What was it?

Coming slowly toward me, yet not seeing me, buried in thought, the sunshine falling on his bowed head, was Mark. Surely if Mark had ever lived, this was he? If the sun shone in heaven, if I was sane, that was Mark—Mark, for whom I had wept as dead—my handsome, true, dear lover come back to me! I tried to utter his name, but the sound died on my lips. I tried to move toward him; I could not stir. He was coming nearer. Ah, what was Mark! Oh, my heart! I could have cried out in gratitude to heaven, and have died. I saw the strong dear hands that had held my own; I saw the dark face, older and sadder than when we had parted; I saw the loving eyes, full now of wistful sadness.

He was not dead, then, but living and well! He had doubtless been to Gracedieu in search of me, and the recollection with whom I had left my address, had sent him hither. He had been to the house to ask for me; and the servants had told him that I was out in the park.

He would explain his long cruel absence. He had come back to me; he was true and loyal; he had come to make me his wife, and—oh heaven! I should be happy at last! He was nearer to me now. I grasped the low branch of a tree to keep myself from falling. I called to heaven to give me strength. My heart beat madly, my brain burned my senses seemed almost to have left me. I saw only him, as he came to the trees where I was standing. I cried:

"Mark! Mark!"

I was mad—heaven forgive me!—quite mad. My mother had warned me not to make an idol of any creature, and here I was on my knees before this idol that I had made for myself. I kissed his hands, sobbing the while as though my heart would break, tears raining from my eyes. I could only cry:

"Mark, heaven has sent you back to me! Oh, my love, how I love you!"

He raised me in his arms. Once again the strong clasp held me, once again the arms of my true love were around me. Would to heaven the angel of death had smitten me as I lay here!

I heard him cry, "Nell! Is it you, Nellie?" and the sound of the dearly-loved voice drove me mad again. I clung to him and kissed him with an anguish known only to those who love as I loved.

"You have come back to me from the dead!" I cried. "Oh, my love, welcome!

I have never doubted you, Mark, through the weeks and months and years. I have loved you just the same. I said always that if you were living you would come; if dead, I would take my love and faith untarnished to you. Speak to me, Mark, I have hungered for the sound of your voice and for the sight of your face. Speak to me!"

I heard him whisper words that seemed to me like a prayer.

"My true, loyal Nell!" he said. "I knew you would come if living, Mark. Of late as you did not come, I felt sure that you were dead. I have never doubted you for one moment, Mark!"

In a passion of joy and gratitude I put my arms around him, sneaking telling him with kisses and tears, how glad and happy I was, how I thanked heaven, how my happiness was all the greater because my anguish had been so keen. He was strangely silent. But I heeded not; when my rapturous words were over, he would talk to me in the old sweet, grave fashion.

"You may kiss my lips, Mark," I said, "for I have kept my promise. The kiss you left on them in here still; no one has touched them. I have never answered, even in my thoughts, for one moment from you. If I had never returned, and I had lived fifty years longer, I should have been just as true. All other men are but shadows. Oh, Mark, teach me—you are wiser and better than I—teach me how to thank heaven that you have come back to me!"

Strangely silent was he, but as I remembered great emotion often causes silence, I could not see him, for he had drawn me to him. I could only stand still, folded in his close embrace, and murmur to him all the loving words that came from my heart—how I yearned for him—how long the days, the weeks, the months and years had been—how I had thought of him unceasingly—how, feeling sure that he was in heaven, I had made heaven the home of my heart—how I had been in many places and had seen many men, but there was none like him, none to be compared with him. All the loving thoughts that had ever passed through my mind were poured out like water beneath his feet. (The wind faintly stirred the green boughs, above our heads, the birds were singing blithely, and I could hear my own voice rippling on, but not his—not his?)

A gust of wind blew a lilac spray right into my face. I seized it and kissed it passionately.

"How strange, Mark, that you should come back to me in the time of the lilacs. They seem almost like living friends. But, Mark, speak to me. I live all; you say nothing. Speak to me." Still I could not see his face.

"Great sorrow made me dumb, Mark," I said; "great joy gives me words. Tell me that you are pleased to see me, to find me."

"Nellie, my true loving Nellie!" he said. And I was content. Oh, wonderful love! I was content and happy. I, too, stood for some minutes in silence, the dark, handsome, beloved face bending over mine.

"I believe those happy birds know all about it, Mark," I said. "Hark how they are singing! If I had known what to-day would bring, how I should have longed for it to come. Oh, Mark, what a debt you have to pay me! What hours have I spent in praying for you! What tears I have shed! You must repay me all those prayers and tears. Mark, raise your head and let me look at you. Do you know that I have hardly seen your face yet?"

Add Under the Lilacs

But for all answer he drew me nearer to him and whispered:

"My dear, loving Nell!"

I was quite content, safe in the shelter of his arms, my happy face resting on his breast.

"Do you know, Mark," I said, "I was so sure you would come back to me in July, when the four years were ended, that I spent the greater part of every day, while the month lasted, under the trees? Since the world began no woman has ever loved more truly than I love you. I am proud of my faith. Mark—proud that I knew and understood you so well—proud that no shadow of doubt has ever dimmed the sun of my great love."

Still he was strangely silent, and the fiery passion of my words was wearing away. I wanted to look into the beloved face. I wanted the dear lips to lavish love on me, as had mine on him.

"Mark," I said, "look at me let me see your face. I am beginning to fear that you are ill."

He raised his head, and once more the dark eyes looked into my own. Ah, the face was changed! The youth, the hope, the brightness had gone; it was pale, careworn, wistful. But the eyes had the old power over me.

"Have you been ill, Mark?" I asked anxiously.

"No," he replied, "not in body; I have been in mind."

"I will cheer you and make you better! I will cheer you and make you better!"

"Was I mistaken, or could it have been a moon that had fallen from his lips?"

"Mark," I cried, "you have been in some trouble, I am afraid; but it is all over now. We shall never be parted again. Why—why do you not speak to me as I speak to you?"

"I have not recovered from my surprise, Nellie," he said.

"Surprise?" I repeated. "Why, Mark, you know I was here, did you not?"

"No, Nellie, I had not the faintest idea of it," he replied.

"You did not know that I was here? You did not come purposely to find me?" I cried.

"No," he answered sadly, turning his face from me.

"Then," I asked in wonder, "why did you come? What brought you here?"

He looked at me, and I saw how full of agitation and distress his face was.

"Nellie," he said, gently, "will you tell me what brings you here?"

"Do you not know?" I asked.

"I do not. I cannot even imagine," he replied.

"I am living here as companion to Lady Yorke," I said. "I waited in the old home at Gracedieu until the four years were over. I lived alone, longing, hoping against hope, for news of

you every day, afraid to go away lest you should come during my absence."

He laid his hand caressingly on my head, and the horrible chill that had begun to creep through my veins ceased.

"My sweet, loyal Nellie!" he said; but in some vague way the words seemed forced from him.

"Then you see, Mark," I went on, happy from the caress of his dear hand, "my money was gone, and I was obliged to seek a home. I have been as happy here as I could be anywhere in the world without you."

"You are Lady Yorke's companion?" he said, as though he could not recover from his surprise.

"Have you been to Gracedieu?" I asked.

"No," he answered in a low tone.

"Ah, well, he was here! Why he had come mattered little. He would tell me all when he recovered from his surprise. There would be no secrets, no mysteries between us. I unclasped his hands and held them in mine.

"You are tired, Mark, and not well, I am sure," I said; "let us sit down and talk quietly."

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie, you are killing me with every word!" he cried.

"Killing you, Mark? Why, I would die a hundred times over for you! I have done so. Every day of your absence has been like a day of death to me."

"Hush, my darling!" he cried. "For Heaven's sake, hush!"

"But why, Mark? Why must I not speak to you? Why are you so strange? Why are you distant and silent?"

But for all answer he held up his hand and repeated:

"Hush, my darling!"

Why should that deadly chill come over me? Why should my limbs tremble? There could be nothing to fear.

Mark was living, and he was with me. I beat down the horrible rising doubt. I would not listen to it. What could there be wrong between Mark and me? I sat down upon the grass and said:

"Sit here with me, Mark, and we can talk at our ease."

But he did not sit down, and the terrible fear grew. I could feel the warm color leave my face, and the blood in my veins grew chill. I could have cried aloud in my agony. But I must know what it all meant. The change in my face startled him.

"Nellie," he cried, "for Heaven's sake do not look like that; I cannot bear it! Do not let the joy and love die from your face yet, my darling—not just yet!"

"Why must they die at all? Now that you have come back, why can we not be as happy as we were? There is no reason, Mark, is there?"

Paler, graver, sadder than ever, he took my hand in his.

"I have not the courage to speak!" he cried. "Heaven forgive me, I cannot speak!"

"Is it that you have no money, Mark?" I asked, with a sudden sense of relief. "Oh, my darling, I do not care in the least about that! Money is nothing when we have love. Ah, I see now, Mark! You failed in that Indian undertaking, and you do not like to tell me so. Why, my love, I would sooner have one lock of your hair than all the wealth of the world! If any one had left me the largest fortune you could imagine what would it avail me without you? Ah, Mark, you should know me better!"

"I wish to Heaven it was so! I wish I stood before you a penniless beggar. It is not that. I am a rich man now, Nellie, and my riches are as ashes to me."

"Why, Mark?" I asked.

Oh, why did he not love me with the frank, caressing love of old? My heart hungered and thirsted for it.

"I am a coward," he said. "Oh, Nellie, loyal, sweet, true Nellie, can you not guess?"

"I can guess nothing," I replied, pitiously. "Tell me what is wrong, Mark?"

I began to see that something was terribly amiss, my faith in him was still unshaken.

"Tell me, Mark. No matter what it may be, you can trust me. You know there is no end to my love. If you are in any trouble or distress, I shall only care you the more. You have come back to me, darling, and your sorrows, as are your pleasures, are mine. Perhaps I can help you—the mouse helped the lion once. I have a little money; my money, my love, my life are all yours."

The dark handsome face grew paler, the firm lip trembled; I saw great drops on the broad forehead, I saw mortal agony in the dark eyes.

"Mark," I cried, pitiously, "there is something wrong!"

"Yes," he replied, slowly; "there is, as you say, something wrong."

"You will tell me what it is?" I asked.

"I must; but when I do so you will hate me. You will hate me, and send me from your presence, never to see you again."

All the love, the generosity, the passion of my heart was aroused. I fate him! Rather could the sun bring darkness!

"I could never hate you, Mark, my dear love, never even dislike you. You do not know me; you have forgotten in all these years how I love you. I gave you my love forever and forever. I cannot take it away. Mine was never 'love for a day,' Mark, it was 'forever.' I love you so well and so truly that nothing can part us. If these hands I kiss now had committed the most grievous crimes, I would kiss them still! You could never kill my love, Mark; I would go with you into exile; I would stand by your side on the scaffold and suffer for you."

"Hush, Nellie!" he said, laying his hand on my lips. "Every word you say is as a sword in my heart."

"But it is true, Mark—it is all true. I could not love you more if I tried."

"I believe it," he said. "My beautiful Nellie! My true Nellie! Oh, how can I ask pardon of Heaven? He knelt by my side and drew my head upon his breast, and smoothed the ripples of my hair with the old familiar gesture I had loved so well. "Poor Nellie! True

loving Nellie! How can Heaven pardon me?"

I had ceased to weep, ceased to waver. Mark had come back to me, but there was something wrong. I felt that he was hushing me to rest in his arms for a few minutes before he told me, and I was content. What Mark did was best always.

"Nellie," he said at last—and his voice trembled with emotion—"seeing how well you love me, I could almost wish that you were dying now. If the light of the sun could but strike us both dead! You tremble, Nellie. Love, be still; rest for one moment; I will tell you all then."

And I clung the more closely to him. Should ruin, sorrow, death come, what mattered it while those arms sheltered me! A mother soothing her child in the delirium of fever could not have been more tender than Mark was in that hour to me.

"You will hate me, Nellie, when you hear all; you will send me from you, and I shall never see you again."

"Does it look like it, love?" I whispered.

"There is little fear of that. Still he rocked me in his arms, calling:

"Nellie, Nellie, each moment makes it worse, makes it harder! Ah, Nellie, why have you been so true to me?"

"Why?" I replied, with a glad little laugh. "I could not help it; I was true to you naturally. I turned to you, Mark as the sunflower turns to the sun."

"Oh, my darling, my beautiful love," he said, "you are so much better than I am! You are noble and loyal; I am—oh, Heaven that I should have to say words of myself—I am a coward and a renegade."

"You shall not say such things of yourself!" I cried. "You are Mark Upton, and that in my eyes means all that is most noble."

"Hush, Nellie!" There was pain in his face, anguish in his eyes. "Nellie, I must tell you. Oh, my dear, do not look at me with those loving eyes. Would that I had died before this! My arms must not hold you more, Nellie. My dear, lost love, I am married! Heaven help me, I am married more than a year ago!"

(To be Continued.)

## THE FOODS WE EAT.

Various Kinds and What They Are Severally Good For.

Nature supplies us with two complete foods, milk and eggs, which contain in the proper proportions all the necessary elements for the sustenance of our bodies. As these are the only complete foods, it is necessary in the absence of them to have mixed foods, and it is in the mixing that mistakes occur, because the fat forming, muscle forming and other parts are taken in wrong proportions, some in excess and others the reverse. Left to his own taste primitive man invariably selects the best food. This instinct, however, is defective at the present day. For children, food rich in bone forming substances is necessary. Among muscle forming foods the following are the best and most common: Oatmeal porridge, with rich milk and wholemeal bread buttered; meat is a highly condensed food of this class. To men of sedentary occupation a free use of meat is injurious. For men engaged at hard manual labor a generous meat diet is admirable.

Vegetables contain but little nourishment, but are useful as blood purifiers, and also supply bulk to the food which is necessary to give the consumer satisfaction. Milk should never be taken with meat, because they are both rich in substance. Tea should not be taken with meat either, because it renders the meat tough and indigestible. Beef ranks first as a muscle former, and mutton next. Pork makes a very digestible dish, and fowl and bacon are a very useful and palatable dish. Cereals enter largely into our diet, and are of much value, because they supply food or starch as well as muscle food. Potatoes provide little nutriment, but with plenty of milk, which supplies the precise ingredients they lack, a good diet is formed.

Sugar is well worthy of notice, and the child's love of it is a perfectly healthy instinct, and should always be gratified in reason. Fruits are good blood purifiers, and should be considered as essentials rather than luxuries. Beef tea contains scarcely any nutriment whatever, and is almost purely a stimulant. A dog fed on beef tea starved to death, while another fed on refuse meat thrived. Tea, injurious if taken in excess, provides, if taken in moderation, a most refreshing drink. Many scientists recommend its use about two hours before our principal meal, and without food. Coffee is a stimulant, unlike all others, in fact, that it is followed by no reaction. It stimulates the brain, and is called an intellectual drink. Cocoa deserves to be classed as a food.

## CHANGED CONDITIONS.

Is it so that the Truers belong to one of the oldest and best families in the country? I believe that they have some such pretensions, but the old gentleman got on the wrong side of the wheat market last fall.

## ALL OVER.

Farmer Cornfed—Wa-al, Jesh, is th' milkin' all over? Josh Cornfed—Reckon it is, da-d. Th' ol' cow kicked th' pail 'bout 40 feet jist as Pd finished.

## TRUSTING SOUL.

Henry, said the anxious young wife, I heard you muttering in your sleep that you had lost five bones. If you feel that way, dear, why don't you go and see some good osteopath?

## An Inconsequent Episode.

There was a big crush at Mrs. Sinclair's "at home," and people were making slow progress through the rooms, looking cynical or bored, or interested, as the case might be.

For vivid, frank enjoyment, there were few faces to compare with one girlish one—a little flushed, with shining blue eyes, and soft curly brown hair clustering about it.

She was a little country mouse, having a peep at the enchanted fairyland of London, and at her pleasure relaxed, and he forgot for the moment, to find it all a weariness to the flesh and vanity and vexation to the spirit.

The girl wanted to know who every one was and all about them; she thought them charming, and regretted that she did not live in London.

"Father hates it so," she said. "Your father had a long spell of it," the man said, "But"—and he smiled very pleasantly—"we shall very soon have you among us, I hope, for more than a flying visit."

The girl blushed, and grew shy, and then uttered an exclamation.

"Who is that?" she asked eagerly. "Look at her, there! That woman with the beautiful face and dark hair."

"That is Miss St. Quentin. She writes, you know. Writes, well, too; her new book is an immense success, being neither cheap nor nasty."

"Oh! I've read it," Hilda Carson said, the pink flush deepening in her cheeks. "And I liked it ever so much. I read it out of doors, too, and it interested me all the time."

"Do you consider that a severe test?"

"Very! And I am glad to have seen her. She is wonderful, with that clear, colorless skin, and those great eyes. I think—I think—" She hesitated a little.

"Well!"

"I think she is a woman nobody could help loving, if they knew her."

He laughed. Her fresh enthusiasm was amusing, and he rather enjoyed it for a change, but before he could speak again, and three people joined them, and he lost sight of Hilda for a little.

A good many people admired Miss St. Quentin, but very few even dimly guessed that, when writing the stories of others, her own life hid one away in an inner and very sacred chamber.

They said she was "not a bit impressive," and, for all her beauty, very unlikely to break her own heart or any one else's.

There were just two or three people of whom Mr. Sinclair was one—who doubted this dictum, and wondered if the delicate coldness of her manner did not hide at least as much of her nature as it revealed.

But even those who had so much discernment did not know—nobody knew—of that summer, eight years ago, when she and Jack Tremain had met in the old Suffolk mansion. Nobody knew of the long, long mornings in the orchard, talking over everything and anything, or sometimes sitting in the silence that is only possible between friends.

And nobody knew of the afternoons on the river, or the evenings in the moonlit garden, or the sudden, sharp ending to it all.

He was wrong, and she was right, and they were both very proud, so she let him go, forgetting how hard a thing it is to be forgiven.

And there had been times when success had seemed a small thing to her, and life a very desert of loneliness, because she missed one voice in the chorus of praise that greeted her, and one face in the many friendly ones that smiled upon her. For Mary St. Quentin had the virtue of her defects, and she was terribly faithful.

Six months ago Major Tremain had come home, but society had seen very little of him so far, though it was eager to lionize him and raved over the deed that gained him that coveted V. C.

Miss St. Quentin had not seen him at all, though she knew he was, for the moment, in town, and scanned the faces in park and street, and party, in the hope she was half-ashamed of—that of seeing him.

She was always a centre of attraction, and had not been many minutes in Mrs. Sinclair's rooms before she was surrounded with a little crowd. She resigned herself to the inevitable, and was trying to forget her one insistent desire when her hostess came up with a bronzed, dignified man at her side.

"Miss St. Quentin, may I introduce Major Tremain to you?" she said, and then there was a little exclamation of mutual recognition, and ten minutes' ordinary chat, and—that was all.

Ah, yet not all. Who could say where it might end—the story began in the Suffolk garden, and, interrupted there, resumed in a London drawing-room, and to go on—perhaps?

No; certainly, certainly, her heart cried. Fate could not be so cruel as to mock her with a mere will-o'-the-wisp of a hope after all these years—these lonely, lonely years!

A man's voice broke in upon her thoughts. He was the same who had been talking to Hilda Carson in the evening, and Miss St. Quentin entered a very kindly feeling for him.

She made room for him beside her, and they began to talk.

Presently Hilda passed by, looking s-

sunny and animated that Miss St. Quentin paused in her talk to look at her.

"What a dear little girl!" she said. "Who is she, Mr. Cresswell, I saw you talking to her just now."

"Little Miss Carson," he said, following the little white figure with his eyes. "She is General Carson's only daughter, and a very nice girl. A great admirer of yours, by the way, Miss St. Quentin."

"You must introduce us, by and by," Miss St. Quentin said, smiling. "She looks so fresh and nice. I don't think I ever saw her before."

"No; but I suppose she will be more in town after her marriage."

"Oh, is she engaged?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you know? She is engaged to Tremain—Major Tremain. It seems he went to stay with the Carsons, and that it was a case of love at first sight. All the other fellows in his regiment thought him a regular, hardened old bachelor, so it has been a good bit talked about."

Miss St. Quentin leaned back and fanned herself slowly.

"You know Tremain, I suppose?" Mr. Cresswell continued, not looking at his companion as he spoke, but watching Hilda Carson as she stood talking to some one, with her sunny smile.

"Slightly," she said. "I used to know him years ago. He is—or was—very pleasant."

"Oh, yes; he's generally popular. Why, turning suddenly round, "I'm afraid you're not very well. Can I get you anything?"

"Nothing thank you. It is only neuralgia," she said, quietly. "I am afraid I must go. I am subject to it, and it is very bad to-night."

"I'm awfully sorry!"

He was full of sympathy and eager proffers of assistance, and when he put her into her carriage shook hands with reiterated regrets.

"I hope the pain will be gone in the morning," she said.

She smiled at him with white lips and then drove away.

But the pain did not pass in the morning.

**HOW LONG SHALL A MAN SLEEP?**

**That Some Give Few Hours to It Does Not Prove that all Should.**

Much has been written lately concerning the phenomena of sleep. Many persons have aired their views on the subject. Some assert that people as a rule sleep too long, while others are of the opposite opinion. Dr. Andrew Wilson has recently made some apropos remarks on the matter. He first cites instances of celebrated men who needed a small amount of sleep and says:—"Humboldt, who lived to be eighty-nine is said to have declared that when he was young, two hours sleep was enough for him, and that the regulation seven or eight hours of repose represented an unnecessary prolongation of the time of somnolence. It is also said that Sir George Elliott, who commanded at the siege of Gibraltar, never indulged in more than four hours' sleep while the siege lasted, and that little affair occupied at least four years. Sir George died at the age of eighty-four. Dr. Legge, Professor of Chinese at Oxford, who died the other day at the age of eighty-two was declared to be satisfied with five hours of sleep only, and rose regularly at 3 a.m. What do such cases prove?"

"Assuming the correctness of the details, they prove only that certain men, and very few men, I should say, are able to recuperate their brain cells more quickly than the bulk of their fellows. They are the exceptions, which, by their very opposition to the common run, prove the rule that a good sound sleep of seven or eight hours' duration represents the amount of repose necessary for the average man or woman. It would be a highly dangerous experiment for the ordinary individual to attempt to curtail his hours of repose, and it must not be forgotten that in this matter of sleep we have to take into account the question of the daily labour and the nature of the work in which the individual engages."

In the case of Dr. Legge we have a picture of the student whose labour is solely of the intellectual kind, involving little drain on the muscular system. In the case of Sir G. Elliott we have an active commander, who, in addition to the mental anxieties involved in the conduct of a long siege had no doubt a fair amount of physical exertion to undergo. But, while the case of the professor may be explicable on the ground that his five hours' sleep compensated him for any wear and tear his quiet life presented, we may fall back in the instance of the General on the theory of a special organization set, as it were, so as to satisfy itself with a limited amount of sleep.

The personal equation in short, plus the kind or character of a man's work, determines the duration of his repose; and that the average period required by the ordinary individual in health is from seven to eight hours is the opinion confirmed by the collective experience of the civilized race.

**OH, THOSE GIRLS!**

Miss Westlake—I really believe George Benwood is weak minded.

Miss Cutting—Why, dear, has he been making love to you.

**READY INFORMATION.**

Tommy, looking up from his book—Pa, what do they mean by Darwin's missing link?

Pa—Why—er—Mr. Darwin lost one of his cut-throats, I suppose.

## AGRICULTURAL

### DISEASES OF POULTRY.

The most common diseases at this season of the year are colds and roup. It is very important to be able to distinguish between the two. The only way I know of, says a writer in American Poultry Journal is by the smell. Roup has a smell so distinctly its own that once a person becomes familiar with it he will be certain to always recognize it again. When the attack is light the odor although very pronounced has none of the vilestness that it acquires after the tissues of the head and the throat begin to decay. This fact leads many to suppose that roup in the first stages is merely a cold, but it is more than a cold. Fowls do catch a simple cold, of course, and while there is a certain undefinable odor about such a cold it is so entirely different from roup that an experienced person will never make a mistake between the two. The best possible plan to prevent either colds or roup is to keep the fowls free from draughts and reasonably warm; a fowl is much safer roosting on a tree than in any kind of a house where a current of air can strike them through a crack or knothole in a board. Do not let them crowd on the perches; countless thousands of fowls catch cold from this one cause alone, especially young stock, and brooder raised chicks are much more apt to crowd on the perches than those raised in small flocks, because they have been raised that way. Make perches in such manner that no two fowls can touch each other, or at least crowd up close. This can be done in several ways; one very good plan is to cut sticks one inch square and six inches long; nail these along the roosting poles so that only one fowl can get between two sticks; the spaces will need to be from six to eight inches, owing to size of fowls, or boards six inches high can be used and let the fowls roost on them, and between them. In either case each fowl will have to sit by itself. Where the climate is very cold the spaces or boards can be made to take two fowls, and that will prevent crowding up tight. It is astonishing how tight a row of fowls will jam up on a pole in a cold night. Some of them get too hot, and are sure to sweat and catch cold. The best cure for colds is warm, dry air; this will soon cure without anything else. A little sulphur, alum and magnes. a. in fine powder, blown upon the nostrils and in the throat is a great assistance in drying up and curing a cold. The air for a small sized poultry house can be made quite dry with a lamp alone for a heater. To do this a heater and a condenser is required; the heater can be made out of a common store box and a piece of sheet iron; the iron should be put far enough up from the bottom of the box to allow a lamp to be set under it; then just above the iron bore some holes to admit air. This forms the heater; a window can be made to serve the purpose of a condenser. A light box must be placed over the window inside the poultry house, leaving the glass exposed to the cold air outside. Now then make a connection between the heater and the condenser so that the warm air from the heater can enter the condenser near the bottom of the window; the warm air will strike the glass and become cold and partly with nearly all its moisture. The dry air must be allowed to escape near the bottom of the condenser, but as high above the lamp as possible—anywhere from a foot to three feet above the lamp will do. The condenser box must be very tight at the top, else it will not work good. Such a crude affair as this will take most astonishing amount of water out of the air in a cold night, and will be found very useful in a damp house, and the whole thing need not usually cost anything more than the time it takes to put it up. If the apparatus is desired to be used as a ventilator as well as a dryer, take the air from the outside into the heater, but it merely as a dryer then take the air from inside the house to the heater box. In either case this plan will extract the greater part of the surplus moisture. Perfectly dry air, if it could be had, would cure roup without any other attention, that is as far as it can be cured.

### FAMOUS OLD PEOPLE

**Good Old Age of Some of Europe's Great Men.**

Among the world's oldest men known to fame—three have pre-eminence in Europe. These are Mr. Gladstone, Pope Leo XIII, and Prince Bismarck.

Mr. Gladstone has lived to a greater age than any other English statesman who has been prime minister during the last two hundred years; and at eighty-eight his mental powers are unimpaired, although his sight has nearly failed him, and he is deaf. The pope at eighty-seven has remarkable health and vigor and shows few of the infirmities of age. Prince Bismarck at eighty-two suffers as much from lack of occupation as from bodily weakness.

The oldest European artist is Thomas Sidney Cooper, who is now in his ninety-fifth year. He has been at work with pencil and brush over seventy years, and his paintings are still exhibited in London.

The oldest man of letters in Europe is James Martineau, who was born in 1805, and was preaching and writing religious essays more than seventy years ago. John Ruskin is generally regarded as the veteran of English literature, but infirm as he is and unable to answer letters or to read books, he is fourteen years younger than Doctor Martineau.

Verdi is the oldest composer at eighty-four. The Italian cardinals ordinarily live to greater age than English bishops, but there is one prelate in the Anglican communion, the Bishop of Liverpool, who is eighty-two. The English peerage is long-lived, the Earl of Mansfield being near the top of the list at ninety-one, and having a large group of octogenarians around him.

Among European sovereigns the Queen of England, who is in her seventy-ninth year, is senior. Her memory is remarkably good. Her sight has fallen off so that she recognizes her friends with difficulty, but she hears the faintest word in ordinary conversation, and retains her old-time animation of manner.

Among all these worthies, who have attained to a green old age, Mr. Gladstone is perhaps the only one who has been incessant and immoderate in his mental occupations and who has seemed willing at times to be imprudent and to neglect opportunities for relaxation and exercise. He is an exception to the rule that the secret of long life is moderation in all things.

### ONTO HIM.

Allee—I've just been reading Poe. Doesn't he tell some weird tales?

Mrs. Deadend—Yes, but they don't hold a candle to some of those my husband tells me when he comes home late.

**NOT FOR A REST.**

Depositor—Is the cashier in?

President—No; he's gone away.

Depositor—Ahl! Gone for a rest, I presume.

President, sadly—N—rest.

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time, at the first opportunity the under soil should be deepened. The use of the sub-soil plough in midsummer or early fall is here indicated as the next best thing to thorough under-drainage.

### ASPARAGUS.

A row of asparagus a hundred feet long will afford an abundant supply for an ordinary family. The best way to make a bed is to dig a trench two feet deep and two feet wide. Fill in with ten inches of clean horse manure, and on this sow a mixture of twenty-five pounds bone-dust and forty pounds sulphate of potash. Cover with six inches of rich dirt, and then place on this dirt two-year-old roots, placing the roots two feet apart, and they will thicken in the rows in years to come. Cover the roots with two or three inches of dirt, and after the plants are well up and grown above the surface fill the trench with equal parts of well-rotted manure and rich earth. The object of using so much manure is that it will be difficult to apply it deep after the bed is established. Common salt may be used on the surface every year. Mound the rows every year, so that the points will not be grown on a level, but in a long hill. Soap-suds are especially beneficial to asparagus and celery, and when put in the manure and earth suds should be used freely. Make a drain by the side of the row and let all suds flow down the drain.

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### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

**A Few Paragraphs Which Will Be Found Worth Reading.**

The parchment on the best bazjos is made of wolf-skin.

The pouch of a pelican is large enough to hold seven quarts of water.

Laplanders are swift and graceful skaters. They often skate 150 miles a day.

In the United States and Canada there are 960,094 Oddfellows and 857,395 Freemasons.

A bill to tax bachelors one dollar a year has been introduced in the Virginia Legislature.

All the flowers of Arctic regions are either white or yellow, and there are 762 varieties.

Female apothecaries are legalized in Russia; but only one can be employed in one drug store.

The "elephant beetle" of Venezuela is the largest insect in the world. A full-grown one weighs about half a pound.

Coins bearing the names of emperors who existed over two thousand years ago are still in daily circulation in China.

Only seventy eggs of the great auk, a now extinct bird, are known to be in existence, and fifty of them are in England.

It is a noteworthy fact that sheep thrive best in a pasture infested with moles. This is because of the better drainage of the land.

Cute little shoes, intended for dogs, are made and sold in London. They are of chamois, with light leather soles. They are only worn indoors, and are to protect polished floors from scratches.

The largest railroad passenger station in the United States is the Union Station in St. Louis. It is 600 feet in width and 630 feet in length, with 30 tracks.

To acquire the right to vote in North Dakota, a man must have been a resident of the State for at least one year; to sue for a divorce, he needs only to have been there ninety days.

Twenty-one recent murders in Paris, committed for purposes of plunder, yielded an average profit of only \$16.57 to each assassin. In most cases the murderers were caught and forfeited their lives.

The peasantry of Spain have learned to make roosters hatch eggs and look after the chickens, while the hens, being at liberty, can and do lay more eggs than they would if hampered by maternal duties.

A French law gives any person who is offensively mentioned in a periodical publication the right to reply in the next issue of the publication, provided that he does not use more than twice the space of the original article.

A strange Parisian fad, in the way of female ornamentation, is a tiny living turtle, in gold and silver harness. It is attached to the bosom of a lady's dress by a slender golden chain, and is permitted to wander over her neck and shoulders.

A lusting kid dwells in Jola, Kansas. At the age of four years, Room Coffee, the son of parents in comfortable circumstances, began to sell popcorn, and now, at the age of thirteen, he owns forty acres of good land, and is about to start a grocery.

Thirty-six years ago Samuel Lord, of Northfield, N.H., deposited \$2,000 in the Sumersworth Bank. The bank recently advertised for his heirs, and Mrs. Lucy S. Towle, his granddaughter will receive the money, which now amounts to \$8,667.87.

A messenger boy in Wall street, New York, received a valuable package to convey to a broker's office. He dropped it on the street, and another boy picked it up and carried it to the address on the package. The honest boy received ten dollars for this service, and the other boy was reprimanded. When both boys met they divided the reward. They were well acquainted, and had planned the trick.

**IT DIDN'T PAY.**

Guest at big hotel—Where is the waiter I had this morning?

Guest, who had given the morning Head Waiter—He's busy sah!

Waiter a big fee, and doesn't want to repeat the operation—Can't you send him here?

Head Waiter—No sah. Fact is, sah some misable fool gub him such a big fee this mawmin' that he's gone off on a drunk sah.

**HE HORRIBLE SCHOOL.**

Would you call Dauber, an im-

nist? replied the other. From my

edge of his work I should call depressionist.

**EASILY SATISFIED.**

He had done an errand for Uncle Frank and received simply a kind Thank you.

Oh, I don't care for any thanks, said Willie; I'll be satisfied with your jack-knife.

**NEEDS A CLEVER MAN TO PLAY IT.**

Algeron—What makes you so enthusiastic about golf?

Henrietta—Well, it is played out doors and gives one such a fine chance get away from stupid people.

**DEADLY ODD NUMBER.**

Are you superstitious about the number thirteen?

That's what; I used to earn \$15 a week and now I get only \$10.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

	One Year.	Six Months.	Three Months.
One column.....	\$50	\$35	\$18
Half column.....	30	18	10
Quarter column.....	18	10	6
Eighth column.....	10	6	4

Legal notices, 8c. 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.

JOHN A. JOHNSTON

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

We approve of the western Province paying for its own development as much as possible, and a land grant is a good way of paying it. Whether the proposed grant is too much or too little, time alone will tell. It is a pure matter of speculation what the land grant is worth. It is a comfort to know that if the scheme goes through, the residue of the mining land will be vastly increased in value by the railway.

This weeks discussion on the Glencoe Lake Teslin Railway has brought out nothing new. The action of the United States senate in offering bonding privileges on the Stikine River on condition that American miners be allowed to take into the Canadian Territory one-half ton each of miners supplies duty free and of certain concessions to be made in favor of American fishermen on the Atlantic coast, looks as if a determined obstruction was going to be made on our navigation of the Stikine. Our Government will never surrender our Treaty rights on the Stikine by accepting such conditions.

Letter to the Editor.

Permit me through the columns of your estimable paper, to express my opinion in reference to the possibilities of the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies of the village of Mildmay worshipping in the same church. There is so little difference in the form of worship and the doctrines taught that no one is made to feel uncomfortable and as was stated a few years ago by a writer to the Globe, that he thought the difference that had existed in the past had nearly all melted away, for he found that if you place a Presbyterian minister in the Methodist pulpit and the people not aware of it, they take him to be a Methodist and the same may be said of the Presbyterians if they are not aware that a Methodist minister occupies their pulpit, they put him down as a first class Presbyterian, so that we may put it down that we are governed more by our prejudices than our zeal for the furtherance of Gods cause. It would be well for us to calmly consider the matter, for by all appearances neither of the churches will be able to sustain a minister without drawing heavily from the funds of the church. Let us partake of more of the spirit of the Psalmist when he said.

Behold how good a thing it is  
And how becoming well,  
Together such as brethren are  
In unity to dwell.

Trusting that as the ball has been set a rolling, that we may hear from others of larger mental capacity that will be able to suggest a basis on which both denominations can worship agreeably together.  
Yours  
A READER.

Considerable excitement has been caused in the County of Megantic, Quebec, by the discovery of gold on the banks of the Bullard Brook. The discovery was made late in the autumn, and in consequence of the ground being frozen and the unusual depth of snow there has not been much prospecting. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, several pits have been sunk, and in every case gold in small quantities has been found in the black sand that seems to be scattered over the whole of the flats, which compose the banks of the stream. Several capitalists have visited the locality, and some good offers have been made for the property on which the discovery was made, but the proprietor does not seem to be disposed to share his good fortune with others. Experts say the diggings exceed in richness any thing that has been discovered in the Dominion, other than the Klondike.

A bus party filled with pleasure-seekers was struck by a Grand Trunk passenger train at the Western avenue crossing, south of Blue Island, in the southwestern part of Chicago, at nine o'clock on Sunday night, and six of the number were killed.

Lafayette Bentley, ex-councillor of Minto, whose back was broken a year and a half ago died on Monday morning at his residence in Harriston. Although he recovered sufficiently from his injuries to be able to set up for a while and had been moved with his family from their farm into Harriston this winter, still he has been practically helpless ever since hurt, and death was due to the accident although so long afterwards. Mr. Bentley leaves a widow and family of four daughters and one son to mourn the untimely death of as loving a husband and kind a father as ever lived. They have the sympathy of all.

The Baltimore Sun gave the following reason why the negro came to be called "coon":—Many years ago, when superstition held greater sway than now, and the influences of the occult and weird were most potent, a cunning negro slave had acquired the reputation of possessing a familiar spirit, of being able to perform many uncanny mysteries. His fellow slaves held him in great awe, and even his master grew to a belief in his powers. This finally led to a wager, in which, the greater part of the master's fortune was staked on the negro's divining ability. A barrel was placed on the lawn, and a live coon placed under the barrel. Then the niger soothsayer was sent for and told to inform the crowd what was under the barrel. He tried in various ways to escape the exposure, but without success. Realizing that he was cornered, he leaned on the barrel dejectedly, and remarked, "Well you've got this old coon at last," whereupon a great shout applauded what was considered Sambo's remarkable cuteness, and his reputation was forever firmly established.

Sale Register.

TUESDAY MARCH, 15—Auction sale of Farm Stock and Implements, at Lot 4 Con. 9, Culross, the property of Henry D. Moyer. Sale at 1 o'clock sharp. See bills for further particulars. John Purvis, Auctioneer.



Watches  
Clocks...

Jewelry, Spectacles...  
Fancy Glassware...  
Fancy Goods...  
Silverware...

.....LOWEST PRICES.....

C. Wendt, Mildmay & Wroxeter.

MASTIFF 1722.



THIS ARTICLE REMOVED

Mastiff is one of the best bred horses in Ontario, stands 16 hands and weighs 1,200 lbs. Very easy trotting horse Record 31. Several in his list have paced in 10 and 11. Purchased from S. Thompson, Woodstock.

He leaves for Wiarion about April 20. Farmers and others intending to breed from a well bred horse will have an opportunity to do so up to that date.

A. R. & JNO. DAVIS, Props. MILDMAZ.

A Claim  
AND  
An Offer

WE CLAIM there is only one preparation in Canada to-day that is guaranteed to cure BRONCHITIS, and that is DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE. It is MOTHER'S cure for her child when it is all stuffed up with CROUP and coughing its little lungs out with WHOOPING COUGH. One small dose immediately stops that cough. By loosening the phlegm, puts the little one to sleep and rest. Dr. Chase compounded this valuable syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of turpentine and linseed. WE OFFER to refund the price if Dr. Chase's Syrup will not do all that it is claimed to do. Sold on a guarantee at all dealers, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard St. Price, 25c.



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THE  
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The Free Press, desiring to greatly increase its subscription list, makes the following great offer to the farmers and stockmen of Canada whereby subscribers to Weekly Free Press will get One Year's Paper Free.

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50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

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HORSESHOER AND  
GENERAL BLACKSMITH  
Headquarters for  
New Buggies, Carts and Wagons.  
BUGGIES REPAINTED  
Work Guaranteed.  
Having secured the services of August Missere, I am now prepared to turn out anything in the working line.

**JOS. KUNKEL!**

OPP GAZETTE OFFICE

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

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 Infirmary, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One still please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company,  
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Mildmay and everywhere by all druggists.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Don't Spend a Dollar for Medicine until you have tried

**RIPANS TABULES**

You can buy them in the paper 5-cent cartons. Ten Tabules for Five Cents.

This sort is put up cheaply to gratify the universal present demand for a low price.

If you don't find this sort of

**Ripans Tabules**  
At the Druggist's

Send Five Cents to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, and they will be sent to you by mail; or 12 cartons will be mailed for 48 cents. The chances are ten to one that Ripans Tabules are the very medicine you need.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound**

Is the only safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in the hour and time of need.

Is prepared in two degrees of strength.

No. 1 for ordinary cases is by far the best dollar medicine known—sold by druggists, one Dollar per box.

No. 2 for special cases—10 degrees stronger—sold by druggists. One box, Three Dollars; two boxes, Five Dollars.

No. 1, or No. 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps.

The Cook Company,  
Windsor, Ontario.

Sold in Mildmay and everywhere in Canada by all responsible druggists.

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GET RICH QUICKLY. Write to-day for our beautiful illustrated Book on Patents and the fascinating story of a poor inventor who made \$250,000.00. Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention and we will promptly tell you FREE if it is new and probably patentable.

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**Julmage**

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE, ASK FOR!

- Carpets.
- Stair Carpets.
- Window Holland.
- Lace Curtains, 40c. to \$5 per set.
- Art Muslin, broached and colored.
- Tabling.
- Crotches.
- Salisbury Cloth.
- Verona Cordin.
- Printed Challies.
- Wool Delaines.
- Pink and cream Cashmere and every other shade.
- Nuns' Veilings.
- Net Veilings.
- Navy and Blue Dress Serges.
- Lawn Victorias.
- Lawn checks.
- Rhose stripes.
- Flannellets—17 patterns.
- Shaker Flannel.
- Carpot warp.
- Weaving warp.
- Black Dress Silk.
- Black Satens.
- Velvets and Finches.
- Brown Holland.
- Valises.
- Lunch Baskets.
- Churns.
- Butter Trays and Ladles.
- Washtubs.
- Crockery.
- Glassware.
- Hardware.
- Patent Medicines.
- Top Onions.
- Potato Onions.
- Dutch sets.
- Garden Seeds.
- Brushes, all kinds.
- Washing Soda.
- Whiting.
- Raw Oil.
- Lye.
- Turpentine.
- Castor Oil, by the lb.
- Skin Crocks.
- Karthenware Crocks.
- Milk Pans.
- Milk Pails.
- Wash Boilers.
- Tea Kettles.
- do copper.
- Dish Pans.
- Felt Hats, just to hand.
- Straw Hats for 500 heads.
- Lace Frillings.
- Ties and Collars.
- Top Shirts.
- Dress Shirts.
- Sissors.
- Knives and Forks.
- Spoons.
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- Canned Goods.
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- Bed Corda.
- Marbles.
- Wire Clothlines.
- Baby Carriages.
- Troquet.
- spices.

WE KEEP EVERYTHING, AND SELL CHEAP.

**Lakelet.**

**PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.**  
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

**FACE BLOTCHES**

are particularly disagreeable because they are noticeable and apt to cause comment. Purify the blood with Scott's Sarsaparilla and remove them. All this class of diseases, as well as blood putrefaction and bone decay, are usually of scrofulous origin.

**Scrofula**

and scrofulous complaints of all kinds, blemishes, pimples, blood eruptions, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, heart disease, syphilis, or rheumatic troubles cannot be warded off in the spring if the system is not put in good order.

**A Boy's Life Saved**

"One day my little boy, aged 7, got a fall and hurt his knee. Inflammation of the knee joint set in and the decay of the bone of the leg rapidly followed. Doctors removed over a hundred pieces of decayed bone, but the process of decomposition continued. All attempts to stop it failed. The boy had but a few days' life before him according to all human expectations. Mr. Denham, druggist, Petrolia, advised me to try Scott's Sarsaparilla, I did so, and not only saved but completely cured my boy."—JOSEPH DUNCAN, farmer, Lambton County, Ont.

Doubters may write either Mr. Duncan or Geo. Denham, druggist, Petrolia P.O., for verification of these facts, then they will immediately purchase a bottle of

**SCOTT'S SARSAPARILLA**

All dealers. \$1.00 per large bottle. Small teaspoonful a dose.

Scott's Skin Soap clears the skin.

**STOCK MARKETS**

Offerings of stuff at the western cattle yards to-day were a great deal heavier than they have been lately, and the result was that cattle were slightly weaker in tone. There were 60 carloads of stuff came in, including 108 sheep and lambs, 3,600 hogs, 80 calves and about 40 milch cows and springers. One of the notable features of the market was the buying by Mr. Joseph Wilson of a couple of carloads, 40 head, of thoroughbred shorthorn bulls for Messrs. Conrad Brothers of Lothbridge, Man. These are for breeding purposes. The prices paid ruled from \$30 to \$80 each. Cattle men are continually discussing the proposed plan to remove the cattle yards, and the majority of them are strongly averse to their removal from the present site.

Export cattle—There is the same quiet trade being done in this line, a few loads of cattle being made up to ship by way of St. John. Prices paid rule from \$3 75 to \$3 95 for pretty good cattle and from \$4 to \$4 25 per cwt for choice.

Butchers' Cattle—There was a slightly weaker tone in this line as a result of the heavier offerings. Most of the stuff was sold before the close of the day, but much of it was not of quite as good quality as the dealers wished. Quotations ruled from 3½c to 3¾c per lb for good cattle and up to about 3¾c for something choice. Common cattle sold for 2½c to 3c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Bucks sold for 2½c to 2¾c per lb for good shipping ewes and butchers' sheep sold readily at from 3c to 3½c per lb, some choice ones coming close to 3½c. Lambs are firm at from 5c to 5½c per lb.

Stockers and Feeders—Good feeding steers were selling from \$3 50 to \$3 60 per cwt, mostly for to fill vacancies in distillery byres. For light stockers for Buffalo there was a fair demand, prices ruling from 2½c to 3½c per lb.

Calves—Offerings were heavier and prices were a shade weaker, ruling from \$2 to \$7 each, a few extra choice veals only going a shade higher than that range.

Hogs—Offerings were heavy, but the market held its own. Choice singers sold for 5c to 5½c per lb, weighed off the ears, thick-fat at \$3 60 per cwt, light at \$3 75, sows at \$3 to \$3 25 and stags and other rough hogs at from \$2 to \$2 25 per cwt.

**Things Look Wartike.**

It now appears more like war between the United States and Spain than at any previous time. The financial barometer is usually the best danger signal when differences between nations occur, and the decided drop yesterday of Spanish securities is an ill omen. That, together with the uncertainty and demoralization in American securities, portends a war feeling which cannot be ignored. The people of both the United States and Spain, egged on by the newspapers, appear to be in a humor to fight, and it only remains for Spain to knock the chip off Uncle Sam's shoulder to precipitate hostilities. There can be no doubt that both nations are taking precautions to be prepared for an outbreak, and signs are not lacking that almost any day some hot-headed military and naval officer may throw the dogs of war in conflict.

While the trouble between the United States and Spain is certainly the most serious, there are other international complications which presage trouble. Since the Anglo-American loan to China has been settled Russia has shown renewed aggressiveness in regard to the far Eastern situation, and appears disposed to make trouble. The speech of Lord Roberts of Candahar, in the British House of Lords, favored a forward policy in India, and traced the advance of Russia in the east, saying that "if she once crossed the Hindoo-Koosh an attack upon India is only a matter of time."

Then there is the trouble in West Africa between Britain and France, which remains unsettled, and which, should war break out among any of the great nations, might grow to serious proportions. Though not directly menaced, Britain has interests all over the world which would be affected to a greater or lesser extent, and the present is a time when clear-headedness, firmness and calculating self-control are necessary on the part of British statesmen.

NO TIME . . .  
to quote  
Prices . . .

6 Large  
Cases  
Spring  
Goods  
Just  
Arrived.

MISS WEIR . . .  
is in Toronto selecting  
millinery for spring opening.  
Watch for further  
Announcements . . .

**J. D. MILLER.**

**BORN.**

HILL—In Carrick, on Thursday, March 3rd, the wife of Conrad Hill of a daughter.

**BARGAINS BARGAINS BARGAINS**

**AT MOYER'S**

**Stick Out YOUR TONGUE!** Corner Store, Mildmay

Having bought the stock of . . .

**JAMES JOHNSTON**

At a Great Reduction on Cost Prices, we are now in shape to give our many customers Great Bargains in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

Note a Few of Our Prices:

... Dry Goods ...

Flannelettes reg. 5c, now 3c.	Dress Goods, reg 25 & 30, now 15c
" 7c, " 5c.	" 40c " 25c
" 9c, " 7c.	" 55c " 40c
" 13c, " 10.	Dress Buttons for 1c dozen.
Print, regular 6c, " 4c.	Tweeds, regular \$1.25, now 90c.
" 7c, " 5c.	" 1.00, " 70c
" 10 " 8c.	" 80c, " 50c
" 12½, " 10c.	" 60c " 40c
30 pieces Sateen, 12 & 14, now 10c.	" 48c, " 25c

Groceries . . .

1 lb Baking Powder, reg. 15c, now 10c can.	3 String brooms, regular 15, now 10c.
Brown Sugar, 27 lbs for One Dollar.	4 " " 25, now 15c
Sunlight Soap, 15c per box.	" " 25, now 20c
Corn Starch, Canned Peas and Corn, all at 5c each.	

MISS WALFORD, our milliner, is in Toronto, purchasing for the coming Season . . .

Terms Cash or Produce. E. N. BUTCHART, Mgr.

**SCOTT'S Sarsaparilla.**

All dealers. \$1.00 per large bottle. Small teaspoonful a dose. Scott's Skin Soap clears the skin.

# THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

### CANADA.

The Manitoba Legislature will meet March 10th.

Another smallpox case has developed in Montreal.

Counterfeit \$2 American bills are being circulated in Western Ontario.

The new elevator of the Montreal Transportation Company at Kingston, has been completed.

According to reports from Juneau, Alaska, the victims of the Yukon blizzards number 21.

Guelph has a new industry in the shape of a foundry that will manufacture coal and wood stoves.

Mr. T. A. Gamble, ex-Reeve of Assiniboia, is dead of apoplexy. He was formerly of York County.

There is a plan on foot in Ottawa to establish flour mills at the Chaudiere and along the line of the Parry Sound Railway.

Julian Finn, a small boy, who was operated on at the Hamilton Hospital for peritonitis, died just after the operation.

Dr. Dawson, director of the Geological Survey, estimates the gold taken out of the Yukon last year at \$2,500,000.

The Messrs. Abbott of Montreal have withdrawn from the negotiations for the establishment of their industry at Kingston.

The Experimental Farm authorities are sending out samples of new and improved grain seed for testing by farmers.

The mail steamer Joan, running from Vancouver to Nanaimo, has been chartered by Mr. Mann, the Stikone railway contractor.

A petition is being circulated for clemency for Nulty, the convicted murderer of his three sisters and brother, on the ground of insanity.

An Ottawa Klondike party now being organized is making application to Archbishop Langevin to be allowed to take two priests with them.

The directors of the Winnipeg General Hospital have decided to call for tenders for a jubilee edition, sufficient funds now being promised.

Wm. Faribald, of Lindsay, when sentenced to the Central Prison for one year for stealing some castings, asked that his sentence be changed to hanging.

The bill in connection with the proposed railway from Winnipeg to Lake Superior will be considered by the Manitoba Legislature early in the session.

Mr. T. H. Smallman and others of London are asking power at Ottawa to build a steam or electric railway from London to a point near Grand Bend on Lake Huron.

The story is revived that the C.P.R. will erect a million bushel elevator at St. John, N.B., for next season's trade, the one now used being entirely too small for the demand upon it.

A deputation of letter carriers from all the leading cities of the Dominion waited on the Postmaster-General and presented a petition for increased pay. Hon. Mr. Mulock promised compliance.

The chairman of the Board of Steamboat Inspectors goes to British Columbia to see that the law is strictly enforced with regard to the safety of vessels carrying passengers and freight to Alaska.

Mrs. Livingstone, formerly of the Dominion Lands Office at Winnipeg, has been appointed by the Department of the Interior to take charge of the immigration of a superior class of domestic servants from Britain to Manitoba and the Territories.

The directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company declared the usual half-yearly dividend of 2 per cent. on the preference stock and a dividend of 2-1/2 per cent. on the ordinary stock, making, with the dividend already paid, 4 per cent. for the past year.

The Baptists of Toronto will have the honor of sending the first Baptist missionary, if not the first regular missionary, into the heart of Bolivia. Rev. A. B. Reekie, a young man, who has just finished his course at McMaster University, will leave on the 25th inst. for the city of Oruro, Bolivia. He will travel by way of New York and the Panama Isthmus, and down the coast. The journey will consume a month.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Government has invited tenders for four first-class armored cruisers of 21,000 horse-power.

Lord William Nevill was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at London for fraud. He admitted his guilt.

The Saturday Review reports that the Chinese loan will be made by Great Britain, and that the preliminary contract has actually been signed.

The result of the election in Edgbaston division of Birmingham, for a member of Parliament to succeed Mr. George Dixon, is that Mr. F. W. Lowe, Conservative, has been returned without opposition.

Hon. A. F. Balfour stated in the House of Commons on Monday that the Government would be very glad to see an international agreement regarding currency, but he had nothing to add to the information already in the possession of the House.

All the properties and scenery of half a dozen plays belonging to Sir Henry Irving have been destroyed by a fire in the archway under the London, Chatham & Dover Railroad, near the Ludgate Hill station, which

was used as a storehouse for the scenery of the Lyceum Theatre.

The London Daily Chronicle publishes a rumor that Baron Cromer, Minister plenipotentiary in the diplomatic service and British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt since 1883, will become Imperial Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs after the capture of Khartoum by the Anglo-Egyptian expedition.

### UNITED STATES.

The Spanish warship Vizcaya has arrived at New York.

Dr. Robert A. Wheaton, a noted American surgeon, is dead at St. Paul, Minn.

American labour leaders will make a demand about May 15th for an eight-hour work day.

August Ringling, father of the Ringling brothers, of circus fame, is dead at Baraboo, Wis.

For the first time this winter the ice in Lake Michigan is giving the across the lake boats considerable trouble.

Mrs. Jennie Horton committed suicide at Middleton, N.Y., because, about a fortnight ago, she accidentally smothered her baby.

Forty thousand Cubans have gone from their native country during the past few years to take up the tobacco business in Florida.

The secret service has discovered a new counterfeit \$10 National Bank note. It is on the Hibernia National Bank of New Orleans, series 1883.

Judge Gary, of Chicago, has denied the motion for a new trial in Luetger's case and sentenced him to life imprisonment. An appeal will be taken to the State Supreme Court.

Frederick Pedlar, driver of a post-office mail wagon at Buffalo, has been discharged being an alien. He had sworn fealty to the United States through a Canadian, and a resident of the United States for five months. He may now be tried for perjury.

William Riley Foster, Jr., who disappeared from New York in 1888, and took with him it is alleged \$193,000 of the gratuity fund of the Produce Exchange, and who, after years of search by detectives all over the world, was arrested in Paris on October 24 last, has been brought back to New York.

### GENERAL.

France has \$800,000,000 of gold in circulation.

It has been decided to construct an underground railway in Berlin.

Reinforcements have been brought in to strengthen the garrison of Paris.

Mme. Florence Morgan, the superintendent of the plague hospital at Bombay, has died of bubonic plague.

The Congress of Nicaragua has authorized President Zelaya to collect 500,000 pesos by forced loan.

A plague hospital at Bombay was destroyed by fire. Twelve European and 84 native patients were saved.

The Oceanic S. S. Company's steamer Monaco sailed from Sydney, N. S. W., for San Francisco, carrying £30,000 in sovereigns.

There is some talk of the betrothal of Queen Wilhelmina to Prince Louis Napoleon, new colonel of the Czarina's Lancers in the Russian army.

The Emperor of China has issued a special edict instructing the Government of Kiang-Su to accord Prince Henry of Prussia "in every respect a worthy reception."

M. Papinaud, editor of La Libre Parole, of Paris, has challenged M. Jaures, the Socialist leader, to a duel, owing to a quarrel that has grown out of the Zola trial.

Reports from Odessa say that a recent secret police enquiry has revealed a sensational scandal in connection with the coaling of the Black Sea fleet.

Advices from Port Said report that the British battleship Victorious, which sailed from Malta on February 11 for China, went ashore outside the bar while entering that port.

All the details have been settled for carrying out Cecil Rhodes' scheme for the extension of the Bulwary Railway to Lake Tanganyika (Central Africa). There is no difficulty apprehended in getting £3,000,000, the amount of capital needed.

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### CAN PASS THROUGH CANADA.

The United States Relief Expedition Will Be Allowed to Pass Through Dominion Territory.

A despatch from Washington, D.C., says:—The Secretary of State has received a communication from Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador here, relative to the passage of the United States relief expedition through Canadian territory, en route to the gold region.

Sir Julian says he "is authorized by the Marquis of Salisbury to state that the Dominion Government are quite willing that United States troops, which are destined for places in Alaska beyond the 141st meridian, and are considered necessary for the protection of the relief expedition while in United States territory, should pass through Canadian territory under the same regulations which govern the passage of Canadian Mounted Police through United States territory, namely, that the men shall not be under arms, and that arms and ammunitions of war shall go through Canadian territory as baggage."

Sir Julian adds:—"The Dominion Government at the same time desire to make it clear that they fully appreciate the wish of the United States Government to afford relief, and have forwarded instructions to the local officials to facilitate the expedition in every possible way. An escort of Dominion Police will be furnished for the expedition during its passage through Canadian territory."

In conclusion he says he will be glad to learn as early as possible whether the above arrangement is satisfactory to the United States Government, in which case he will so advise the Marquis of Salisbury and the Governor-General of Canada.

The State Department has accepted the terms offered.

### STANSFELD DEAD.

Well-Known British Statesman Joins the Great Majority.

A despatch from London says:—The Right Hon. Sir James Stansfeld, who held the offices of Lord of the Admiralty, Under-Secretary for India, Lord of the Treasury, President of the Poor Law Board, and President of the Local Government Board, is dead. He was born at Halifax in 1820, represented Halifax in Parliament from 1859 to 1895, and retired from Parliament at the last Election. Sir James was chiefly known throughout the country for his opposition to the Contagious Diseases Acts and his support of woman's suffrage. He supported Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy, and in 1888, on the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain, succeeded him as President of the Local Government Board, re-entering the Cabinet for the first time for twelve years.

### IRRELIGION ABROAD.

Inscription "May Good Protect France" to be Omitted From Coin.

A despatch from Paris says:—No more striking demonstration of the alarming growth of irreligion in France could be afforded than the orders just issued by the Government to the mint to the effect that henceforth the inscription, "Dieu Protège la France," "May God Protect France," shall be omitted from all coins. It has figured on the latter for just 100 years without any interruption, through two Empires, the reigns of three Kings, the Commune and two Republics, until now, in the twenty-eighth year of the third Republic, the Government has decided to dispense therewith, although France still claims the titles of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church," and "Most Catholic," conferred upon her in past ages by the Pope.

A despatch from Chicago, Ill., says:—Warden C. P. Hoyt, of Denver, has designed a spanking chair for use in the Industrial Schools for Girls. It consists of a seatless chair on which the girls are placed. It is high enough from the ground to allow four paddles to be operated by electric wires. Straps hold the victim's wrist to the arm of the chair.

At the Girls' Industrial School of Kansas, situated at Beloit, they have what is called a spanking chair. Bad girls are strapped in the chair, an attendant presses a button, and the chair does the rest. The Kansas authorities will be asked in a few days to explain this system, and if it is satisfactory to the local authorities a spanking chair will be purchased for the Colorado institution.

Russian Admiralty Paid for 60,000 Tons of Coal Never Delivered.

A despatch to the London Daily News from Odessa says that a secret police enquiry undertaken at the instigation of the Ministry of Marine has revealed a huge and sensational scandal in connection with the coaling of the Black Sea fleet. The Russian Admiralty paid for 60,000 tons of coal which was never delivered. The contractor, who is a Jew, together with several naval officers at Sebastopol, one of them being the senior admiral, has been arrested.

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**ASYLUMS FOR INSANE.**

The Sacred Temples of Egypt Were the First Known to History.

The first retreats for the insane mentioned in history were the sacred temples of Egypt, where the highest development of moral treatment was practiced for the restoration of reason. One of the earliest notices of the establishment of an asylum for the insane is in the life of St. Theodosius, who was born in the year 423, and died in 529. He established, near Bethlehem, a monastery, to which were annexed three infirmaries—one for the sick, one for the aged and feeble, and the other for such as had lost their senses—in which all succors, spiritual and temporal, were afforded with admirable order, care and affection. In mediæval Christian times conventional establishments were used for similar purposes, but with

these exceptions there were no organized asylums for the insane until the founding of Bethlehem Hospital. This, the oldest lunatic asylum in the world, with the doubtful exception of one at Granada, was originally founded in 1247, as a priory in Bishopsgate, its mother church being St. Mary's of Bethlehem, or Bethlehem in Wyclif's spelling. It is spoken of as a hospital for lunatics in 1472, and as such it was granted at the dissolution to the Mayor and citizens of London, being incorporated as a royal foundation in 1547.

**CAUSE FOR ENVY.**

First tramp—How time steals along, don't it pard?  
Second tramp—Yes, and there's another thing about time that excites your envy, I'll bet.  
First tramp—What's that?  
Second tramp—It can't be arrested.

**A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST.**

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work Is Widely Known.

He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest—For Years He Suffered From Heart Trouble, and Frequently from Collapse—On One Occasion Five Doctors Were in Attendance—He is Now Freed from His Old Enemy, and Enjoys the Blessing of Good Health.



REV. W. A. DUNNETT.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Councillor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templar council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes assisting resident ministers, sometimes conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellows. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work he dropped into the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the Record ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but added that in his present physical condition he was equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so, he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times it was a dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and severe. Oftentimes it rendered him unfit for his engagements, and at all times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was always visible to the public and frequently when conducting service he would give out and doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occurred to him in the Yonge street church, Toronto, the Baptist church, Woodstock, N.B.; the Methodist church, Carleton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 2,500 people in the Franklin Street Congregational church, at Manchester,

N. H., five doctors had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor, because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1896, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall street Methodist church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man to-day. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all done now, and I feel like a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in a simple, conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health, today than I do."

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21st, from Fitchburg Mass., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says:—"I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I had forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months, and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, hence in weight. I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite; like the poor, it is ever with me. Yes; I attribute my good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

**Spring is Coming**

Now is the Time to Purify Your Blood

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and Guard Against Danger.

During the winter, owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, the blood has become impoverished and impure. In the spring the millions purify, enrich and vitalize their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is the greatest and best Spring Medicine, because it is the greatest and best blood purifier medical science ever produced.

**It is Wonderful**

What a change can be made by a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season. This medicine creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, gives sweet, refreshing sleep, quiets the nerves, overcomes that tired feeling and gives renewed energy and ambition, strength and vigor.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

is the best in fact the One True Blood Purifier; six for \$5. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Hood's Pills** cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

**SAT UPON.**

Lawyer, to client whom he has forgotten to offer a seat—'I'm sorry to say, s'r, that you haven't a leg to stand upon.'

Client—That's why you don't ask me to sit down, then?

**SIMPLE AT FIRST.**

It is Foolish to Neglect any Kind of Piles—Care Them at the Beginning.

Piles are simple in the beginning and easily cured. They can be cured even in the worst stages without pain or loss of blood, quickly, surely, and completely. There is only one remedy that will do it—Trask's Magnetic Ointment.

It allays the inflammation immediately, heals the irritated surface, and with continued treatment, reduces the swelling and puts the membranes in good, sound, healthy condition. The cure is thorough and permanent.

Here are some voluntary and unsolicited testimonials we have lately received:—

Judge Henry D. Barron, St. Croix Falls, says—"I have suffered severely from piles, and found no remedy until I applied 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment.' It relieved me at once, and permanently, to the present time."

Daniel John of Liberty, says—"My wife was afflicted with the piles for ten years or more, and has tried many eminent physicians, but received no benefit until I was induced by your agent here, Dr. Beaver, to use 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment,' and I can now say she is entirely cured with three bottles."

C. L. Root, Monroeville, says—"I have been using your 'Trask's Magnetic Ointment' for bleeding piles, and find it helps me more than anything else I have tried."

All druggists sell Trask's Magnetic Ointment. It is 25 and 40 cents for full-sized packages, and is put up only by Francis U. Kahle, 127 Bay street, Toronto.

**HER MALADY.**

Dolly Swift—Miss Softsmith thinks she has a mission to teach a Sunday-school class of Chinamen.  
Sally Gay—Pshaw! That isn't a mission—it's a disease.

**North American Life.**

The results of the business for 1897 of this progressive home company, as published, and particularly referred to by the "Monetary Times," Canada's leading financial journal, in its issue of January 28, 1898, clearly shows the unexcelled financial position to which this company has attained, and is a guarantee that the company is a good one for its policy-holders.

New policies issued amount to.....	\$3,556,024.00
Cash income (interest and premiums).....	699,550.49
Total assets.....	2,773,177.22
Not surplus after providing for liabilities.....	427,121.33
The reserve fund stands at.....	2,245,929.00
The total insurance in force is.....	18,915,573.19

"The assets of the company are in excellent shape and well looked after—indicated by the increase in cash income from interest, etc., showing an increase of \$15,092, while the interest and rents due and secured at the end of the year show, we are told, a decrease. Notwithstanding that \$271,000 was paid to policy-holders during the year, the company is able to show an addition of more than a quarter of a million to reserve. The annuity and reserve funds amount to the large sum of \$2,245,920, a handsome showing."

"We referred last year to the company's marked earning power as shown in the favorable results attained under its investment policies. And there is still further to be noted, the 'clean' character of its assets. The table submitted in Hon. Mr. Allan's speech, showing details of the assets and the percentage of each class among them, presents this in an interesting way. The North American Life has in various respects made an enviable name for itself. As a progressive, carefully managed and sound company, it is entitled to rank high, and this year, it is able to show a noteworthy share of the aggregate increase of business by Canadian Companies. The company deserves congratulation on having secured, in its new premises on King-st., west, offices which are difficult to surpass in beauty, modernness and convenience."

WM. McCABE, F.I.A., Managing Director.  
L. GOLDMAN, Secretary.

**PLAYING ALL THE TIME.**

Does your husband work, Mrs. Dashiely?  
Indeed he does not. He plays from one year's end to the other.  
How can he do that and keep the wolf from the door?  
Mr. Dashiely is a musician.

**THEN THEY SAW IT OUT.**

She—Why will you never waltz with me?  
He—Because it makes my head go round just to look at you.

**The New woman**

Now enters upon pursuits formerly monopolized by men. But the feminine nerves are still hers and she suffers from toothache. To her we recommend Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—cures toothache in a moment. Nerviline the most marvellous pain remedy known to science. Nerviline may be used efficaciously for all nerve pain.

**DOMESTIC AMENITIES.**

He—They say one should learn from the mistakes he has made and the foolish things he has done.

She—If you followed the advice, dear, you'd be one of the brightest men on earth."

It is not generally known that Coffee and Cocoa are several times more expensive a drink than tea, yet many grumble when asked to pay more than 25c. a pound for tea. The agents for Ludella tell us that each pound of their popular 40c. Ceylon blend contains two hundred and seventy-five cups, or seven for one cent. They say a good tea has more strength than the cheaper grades, therefore goes farther, and again the freight cost of packing and growing are the same per pound on a poor tea as on a good one. This does not mean that 25c. Ludella is not good value, in fact we wonder how it can be produced for the money, but that the 40c. is better, and at such a small additional cost per cup, gives the consumer greater satisfaction in the end. This Ludella, which is having an enormous sale, is put in sealed lead package at 25, 40, 50 and 60 cents per lb.

**PROOF OF IT.**

You're my first and only love, he declared.  
I can believe you, she answered with a shiver, for they were sitting at least ten feet apart.

**CATARH CANNOT BE CURED**

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**ONLY AN EXPERIMENT.**

Mrs. Feedem—You say you want half a tumbler of rye whisky to make a great moral experiment with?  
Torn Tompkins—Yes, lady, I've just taken de pledge, yer know, and I wantter see whedder my moral stamina is strong enough ter resist de temptat-ion uv drinkin' it or not.

W P C 908

**Pure Blood**

**CELERY KING** POWERFUL PURIFIER  
Rich, red blood—essential to perfect health—this purely herbarial tonic insures good health. At all druggists. 25c. a package. WOODWARD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CANADA

**New Style Tires**

are constantly pushing old makes to the wall. Why be content with old fashioned styles?

**Goodrich TIRES Res-Flex**

have pushed themselves to the foremost ranks entirely on their merit. Our "T" catalogue is full of interest to every RIDER. Send for it. Dealers quoted.

AMERICAN TIRE CO., Limited, 104 and 106 King St. W., -TORONTO.

**The Very Fact**

That our sales of LUDELLA CEYLON TEA are larger than ever and are increasing, argue the excellence of this superb blend. Have you tried it? 25, 40, 50 or 60c. In lead packages—from leading storekeepers.

**YOU CAN'T PULL** cotton over your eyes and call it wool.  
**YOU CAN'T PULL** an inferior rubber composition over a poor fabric and call that a good tire.

**HARTFORD and VIM TIRES** are not made that way. They are made the way that has stood the test—the best way—our way. We fully guarantee every pair of road tires and repair them FREE OF COST. Write us for answers to your questions about tires.

MONTREAL—Windsor Hotel Block. WINNIPEG—Winnipeg Rubber Works. HALIFAX—Office opens 1st April.

**TORONTO TIRE CO., Limited,** 9 Adela' de St. West.

**NOT AN ADMIXTURE— MONSOON**

INDO-CYLON TEA, is free from trashy China and Japan Tea, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound. All grocers keep it—black and mixed.

**HIS OPINION.**

What are you doing, Jimmie?  
Readin' th' dictionary through.  
How do you like it?  
Oh, some o' th' words is good but others tain't much sense in 'em.

**Active Man Wanted**

To read this advertisement and then give Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor a trial. It never fails to cure. Acts in twenty-four hours and causes neither pain nor discomfort. Putnam's Corn Extractor extracts corns. It is the best.

**FRESH!**

He—What a fresh complexion, Miss Sprightly has.  
She—Yes, she makes it up fresh every evening.

T. Amslie Young, Rector, High School, Quebec, writes:—"I should like to add another testimonial to the numbers you have already received in favor of 'Quickcure.' I have been troubled a good deal lately with Boils, and tried Quickcure. I can only describe its effect as magical; in about half a minute after application, I felt as though I had never been troubled at all, and was completely well in two days. Wishing you every success with your valuable discovery."

640 ADRES—WELL LOCATED—in the west; own, dead; low price, easy terms; lower for cash; write at once. Keep for reference. W. JANIKSON, Merrifon, Ont.

**Tea Agents Wanted.** Any person can make large pay selling our goods in their own local ity. Write to R. B. HAYHOE & CO., Importers of Teas and Coffees, 48 Church St., Toronto.

**SHIP YOUR PRODUCE,**

Butter, Eggs, Apples, Fruit, &c., to THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, Cor. of West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

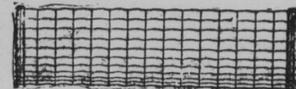
DR. SPOULE, B. A., (graduate of Dublin University, Ireland), Specialist Chronic Diseases of the Nerves, Blood, Constitutional Affections, Impaired Vital Energy. Letters confidentially answered. 83 Carlton St., Toronto.

**J. H. ANDERSON, M.D., No. 5 College-st. TORONTO, Ont. EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT SPECIALIST**

**Dominion Line Steamships.** Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer. Port and to Liverpool in winter. Large and fast twin screw steamships "Labrador," "Vancouver," "Dominion," "Scotsman," "Yorkshire." Superior accommodation for First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, \$50; Second Cabin, \$35; Steerage \$22.50 and upwards according to steamer and berth. For all information apply to Local Agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & CO., Gen'l Agents, 17 St. Sacramento St., Montreal.

**"WE WANT YOU QUICK."**

Intelligent ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with genuine and very PROFITABLE employment. Industry is the essential NECESSARY to secure GOOD REMUNERATION. Can give the address of representative who has just cleared \$15 in 21 DAYS. \$5 can be made right AT your own HOME. J. L. NICHOLS & CO., 33 Richmond West, Toronto.



**PLAYING "POSSUM."**

As the warm sun softens the snow bank, it settles away and the top of the wire fence appears above the surface. This is Jack Frost's opportunity and he hardly waits the sun's setting before the snow is frozen fast to the wire. Then he rejoices to see THE PAGE go down as others have gone before. But behold, when the morning sun loosens his grip, up come the coiled springs as perfect as ever, and poor Jack is again forced to bow down and surrender to elasticity.

Price list and illustrated printed matter on application to the local Page Fence dealer or to THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Limited, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

P. S.—See our "ad" next week.

**CHURCHES.**

**EVANGELICAL.**—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. W. H. Holzmann 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. Finkbeiner 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. Mr. Robinson, Pastor.

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

**GERMAN LUTHERAN.**—Pastor, P. Mueller, Ph. D. Services: every 2nd, 4th and 6th Sunday of each month 2:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 9:30 p.m.

**METHODIST.**—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. G. Curie, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. J. H. McBain, B. A., Pastor.

**SOCIETIES.**

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

**C. O. F.**—Court Mildmay, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. John McGinn C. E. M. Filsinger, Secy.

**C. O. F. No. 166.**—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. J. D. MILLER, Coun. F. C. JASPER, Rec.

**A. O. U. W. 416.** meets in the Foresters' Hall, the 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month. L. BUEHLMAN, M. W. M. JASPER, Rec.

**I. O. F.**—Meets on the last Wednesday of each month. J. W. WARD, C. R. Wm. JOHNSTON, Rec. Sec.

**K. O. T. M., Unity Tent No. 101.** meets in Foresters' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. W. McCULLOCH, Com. M. JASPER, R. K.

**Grand Trunk Time Table.**

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH
Mail..... 7 33 "	Mixed..... 1 40 p.m.
Mixed..... 10a. m	Express..... 10 p.m.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

—Sleighting is disappearing!

—Mrs. Jno. Morrison spent Sunday in Dunkeld.

—The "GAZETTE" to January 1st 1899 for 75 cents.

—Buy your groceries and crockery at Scheffer's and get a chance of winning a prize.

—Mr. Emil Goetz left on Monday for Winnipeg, where he has received a situation.

—A very large crowd attended the auction sale at Mrs. Schwehr's on Monday. Splendid prices were realized for almost everything sold.

—J. D. Miller has just received an immense stock of spring goods and the staff are now busy marking them for the shelves. His obliging clerks consider it a pleasure to show goods. Inspection invited. Prices away down.

—Tenders are invited for the purchase of the woollen mill, three comfortable dwelling houses on valuable lots until March 18th. If no satisfactory tender is received, these properties will be offered for sale by public auction at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the same day. Terms cash.

—A little excitement was raised last Friday morning when Urban Schmidt's horse started up Main St. dragging behind it an empty sleigh. In turning around a little to sharp, the sleigh was upset, frightening the horse into a swift gallop. The horse turned into Hauck's shed without having done any injury to the sleigh or its occupants.

—Farmers desiring sale bills in German and English, beef rings in need of any printing, and business men and others requiring printed stationery will kindly beware of a man who is canvassing for such work in this neighborhood. He does not deserve patronage as he patronizes neither his own township or county. He has helped materially to make expert bookkeepers of all the printers in this section and now sends work out of the county altogether to a cheap firm and gets cheap printing. This man should be avoided. Leave your printing at home and get reliable work at moderate prices.

—It is our sad duty this week to record the death of William M. Lobsinger, son of Mr. George Lobsinger of Deemerton. Deceased was just entering manhood, being just 19 years old, when he was seized with that fatal disease, consumption. He was formerly engaged at H. Keelan's bakery here, where he made many friends, but had to resign his position on account of his health. He has been ailing for the past year and at last succumbed to that dread disease on Friday last at 4 p.m. The funeral took place on Sunday to the Deemerton cemetery and was very largely attended. The parents have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction.

Wall paper cheap at A. Murat, Mildmay.

—Jno. Seeber of Carlsruhe was in town on Monday.

—Highest market price paid for butter and eggs at Scheffer's.

—Jos. F. Maier of Hespler has been spending a few days in town.

—Miss Dent of Palmerston spent Sunday in town, the guest of the Misses Hooley.

—Miss Marie Butchart left on Tuesday morning for Toronto, enroute to Brandon, Manitoba.

—Harry Bitchie left on Monday for Hamilton where he has secured a situation with A. Gates.

—H. E. Whittenburger, the new road master on the G. T. R. was up this line last week and visited Mildmay station on Friday.

—One of the popular young men of con. 2, Carrick, went south on Tuesday and took unto himself a wife. Particulars next week.

—Miss Rose Herringer left yesterday morning for Clifford where, for the next few weeks she will relieve the post-mistress of that town.

—FOR SALE:—Mrs. Bricker offers for sale, her residence and lots. On the premises is hard and soft water, orchard and stable. Cheap. Terms easy.

—Rev. M. Muxworthy of Teeswater preached in the Methodist Church here last Sunday morning and evening. His very interesting and instructive discourses were well received by large audiences.

—The annual meeting of the Patrons was to have been held in February, but on account of the elections the meeting was postponed indefinitely. It is now known that the meeting will never be held. This means the death notice of the Patron party.

—The fire engine was taken out on Monday and was tested to see if everything was in proper shape. In eight minutes the engine with 40 pounds of steam threw a stream 120 feet with an inch nozzle and when steam was increased to 60 pounds the water was thrown 160 feet.

—A quiet but happy event took place in Walkerton on Thursday last when Mr. Samuel Harper of con. 4, one of Carrick's prosperous young farmers, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Miss Lily Georgina Green of Walkerton. Miss Edith Wallace acted as bridesmaid while Mr. Robert Black supported the groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. McDougall of Walkerton. We join the many friends of the young couple in wishing them a happy and prosperous wedded career.

—Another sad fatality has occurred at M'Namee's Cut in Toronto. Thomas McDonald and his daughter Marzie were drowned while trying to cross in a leaky scow. His wife and brother who were with them had a narrow escape for their lives. It is a strange piece of carelessness that the city does not provide a footbridge over the cut. Last August five children lost their lives at the same place while crossing on a raft. Thomas McDonald was the man who saved many of the children from a watery grave when the raft upset last summer.

—The Mildmay Curling Club purpose holding another carnival and races on Friday evening of this week. Amongst the many prizes given is one of \$10 to be given to the winning team in a hockey match between the Diliputians and the Broddignagians. Splendid prizes are to be awarded to the best characterized ladies costume, gents' comic costume, and also for the winners of races. Girls race under fifteen, race open to Carrick, and an open race will also come off. Everyone should attend as this is the last carnival of the season. Admission 15 cents Children 10 cents. The committee are putting forth great efforts to make this a splendid success.

—I hereby certify that I was a great sufferer of Rheumatism for more than four years. A terrible pain in my back and joints often made it impossible for me to do my work and at intervals was confined to the bed. I had also pimples and blotches on the head. I had taken a lot of different medicines but of no avail. I finally tried "five drops" and after taking about one half of a large bottle I am completely cured. I can conscientiously recommend "five drops" to all who are similarly afflicted. Dated the 7th of February 1893

Peter Eckel Mildmay P. O. "5 Drops", so highly recommended in this issue are for sale by H. E. Schwalm.

—Window shades .85 cents at A. Murat, Mildmay.

—Mrs. A. Johnston of Walkerton was in town on Monday.

—Just arrived at Scheffer's, a consignment of choice lemon and oranges.

—J. D. Miller has engaged Miss Weir of Walkerton as milliner for the coming season.

—A small pair of black mitts have been left at this office. Owner can have same by calling.

—Immense loads of freight are being taken down this line. Specials are being run almost daily at present.

—The little son of Mr. Jno. Doig of con. 2 Carrick who has been very ill with pneumonia, is, we are pleased to report, so far recovered as to be able to sit up.

—Uncle Tom's Cabin, was played here last night in the Town Hall to a good audience. The several parts were well rendered and received showers of applause.

—A meeting will be held in Reading Room on Monday evening, March 14, for the purpose of organizing the Mildmay Football Club. Every person interested in this manly game are requested to attend.

—The annual meeting of the Mildmay Fire Department will be held in the Town Hall on Thursday, March 17th, at 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing new officers and for the transaction of business in general. All ratepayers are requested to be present. Geo. E. Liesemer W. G. Liesemer Chief. Secy.

—The entertainment given in the Methodist Church on Monday evening, although not largely attended, was much appreciated by those present. The program consisting of solos, choruses, duets and recitations, was almost entirely given by the Walkerton choir. Rev. D. A. Moir and Mr. Alex. Butchart of Walkerton delivered excellent addresses which were well received by the audience. Rev. J. H. McBain acted as chairman.

—A good instance has just happened in Missouri showing how a small affair may make a big harvest for the lawyers and cost a sum of money out of all proportion to the value of the cause of the trouble. A ten dollar hog strayed on to a neighbor's farm. The owner identified it and claimed it. The other refused to give up the hog and a lawsuit began. The case was appealed from court to court and judgement finally given to the plaintiff. The costs of the case amounted to over \$4,000, and two actions for slander arose out of the case.

—A story is told of an amusing incident which occurred in a public school not a hundred miles from Chatsworth. The principal was delivering a solemn discourse on the obligation which rests upon us and to hearken unto the Divine command "Love your enemies as yourself. At last the climax was reached and with impressive and dramatic effect the teacher singled out a small boy at the back and asked "you boy" have you any enemies? "No sir" replied the boy, "I keep rabbits." An agonized look passed over the countenance of the teacher, who changed the subject as soon as dignity would permit.

—Prize Competition at J. N. Scheffer's. 1st prize, Chamber Set valued at \$3.00. 2nd prize, selection of crockery valued at \$2.00. Every purchaser of 25 cents worth of goods, for cash or trade, is entitled to a ticket. The two winning numbers have been selected by Mr. M. Wilber of Brantford and placed in a sealed envelope. Mr. Wilber guarantees that they are known to himself only. Sealed envelope will be opened and winning numbers made known as soon as 2000 tickets are disposed of. In addition to above prizes every bona fide holder of twenty-five tickets will receive a useful present.

—The Christian Endeavor Society will hold a series of meetings in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches alternately, beginning next Monday evening in the Methodist church. The subjects have been selected for each night in the week up to Friday, and are as follows:—Monday, The work of the spirit in conversion, introduced by Rev. J. H. McBain. Tuesday, How to keep the Christian Endeavor Pledge, introduced by S. R. Robinson. Wednesday, Witnessing for Christ, introduced by Mr. Ward. Thursday, Repentance, its nature and necessity, introduced by Jas. Johnston. Friday, Importance of Decision, introduced by J. H. Moore. All are invited to attend.

# New Harness Shop...

The undersigned wishes to inform the citizens of Mildmay and vicinity that he has opened out a Harness Shop in Mildmay and is prepared to meet the requirements of every person in need of harness or anything else in his line.

Repairing Promptly Attended To  
Prices Moderate . . . . .

A Call Solicited.  
Stand Opposite Hunstein's Shoe Store.

G. Lindenschmidt.

**THE PEOPLES' DRUG STORE**  
MILDMAY.

If You Require . . . . .

**SPECTACLES . . . . .**

Talk to those who have Purchased from . . . . .

**DR. A. H. MACKLIN.**

GUELPH, Nov. 23rd, 1897.

The Sloan Medicine Co. Hamilton.

DEAR SIRS:—For years I was troubled with periodical sick headaches, being effected usually every Sunday, and used all the medicines that were advertised as cures, and was treated by almost every doctor in Guelph but without any relief. One doctor told me it was caused by a weak stomach, another said it was hereditary and incurable. I was induced by a neighbor to try Sloan's Indian Tonic, and am happy to say I did so. A few doses gave immediate relief, and one bottle and a half made a complete cure. This was three years ago, and the headaches have never returned. I was also troubled with asthma and nothing helped me like your Sloan's Indian Tonic. I can heartily recommend it to all and will be glad to give any particulars to any one afflicted as I was.

**W. C. KEOCH.**

For sale by all dealers or address . . . . .

**The Sloan Medicine Co. Limited Hamilton.**

Price \$1 per bottle, 6 bottles for \$5.

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

**Berry's Patent Horse Controller.**

Running Away, Kicking, Shying or Lugging on the Bit

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

**Price 50 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.