

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 13.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1904.

No. 20

House-Cleaning Time is House Painting Time

The Sherwin-Williams Family Paint is made particularly to lighten house-cleaning labors.

It is an oil paint and can be washed and scrubbed. It brushes out easily—doesn't drag or tire you to apply it; the girls can put it on. Made in 24 good colors. Use it this year on your cupboards, pantry shelves, base boards, etc., and you'll have less work next year.

Get color cards—they tell more about Family Paint.



SOLD BY

C. Liesemer, Sole Agent

Great Bargains

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

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

J. J. Stiegler

The Dillon Wire Fence,



Is the Fence for the Farmer.

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

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

Antony Kunkel, Mildmay.

LAKELET.

Mr. P. Brown our sawmill man proposes moving to Clifford, about the end of this week. He owns the mill out there too and has a lot of logs in the yard. He intends keeping all kinds of lumber for sale. They have been excellent burghers and will be much missed.

Mr. Hoocy left last week and Miss Lottie and Wellington leave this week for Michigan where a son and brother live. They will spend the summer months there and have not yet definitely decided where to settle permanently. The family will be greatly missed in social circles and in the church here where they took a foremost part in everything.

Our chopping mill has changed hands and did a rushing business last Saturday. Mr. Wm. Geddie bought it from the Scott Bros. for \$1100. A house and some land go in with the mill. It is the best thing ever happened the burgh for were the mill to cease operations, our burgh would soon vanish.

James Horton, Divinity Student of London is home these days for some holidays when he leaves to take charge in some eastern town.

Messrs Jake Maner and Albert Heipel of Clifford pass through here with their fine Cledesdale stallions.

Quite a number from this vicinity go to Clifford on Tuesday to hear the Choral Concert to be given in the Presbyterian church.

The Traders Bank of Clifford is well patronized by the farmers of this section. The bank is doing a good business which will increase daily.

The Springbank and Neustadt wagons are on the road gathering cream, and all appear to be getting a load. Cyrus Horton has two routes to Springbank and they both are long ones too.

Our chopping mill will be run every Saturday at the old rates 40. for roller, 5c. for plate chop. Our boundary friends who patronize the mill, will please take notice.

There is no clear thinging apart from clean living.

Man's noblest right is that of giving-up his right.

Even the best-natured couple can fall out when they are in a hammock together.

Self-control is when you can play cards with women and make them think you are enjoying it.

The cleverest thing is for a girl to pretend she is afraid you will see her shoe tops when she isn't.

Owen Sound Advertiser:—There is a considerable reduction in the price of cement as compared with last year. The contract price for the corporation's supply for the present season is \$1.49 per barrel, whereas last year we believe it was \$2.25.

There will be a convention, of the entire liquor trade of the province in Toronto during the latter part of June. In view of the present situation, with regard to the temperance question, the meeting will be one of the most representative ever held.

A case of particular interest to the ratepayers of municipalities who may be unfortunate enough to come under the Provincial or Municipal Health Acts through contagious diseases, was tried before his honor Judge Morrison at the Division Court sessions held here on Thursday of last week. The Board of Health sued Fischer for \$14 of expenses incurred in furnishing Fischer and his family with provisions and attendance during the quarantine of the family owing to scarlet fever. The defendant like a great many other ratepayers had the impression that the Board of Health was entitled to pay the expenses of the family throughout the duration of the quarantine. The case was presented by the Chairman of the Board of Health to the court and after questioning the defendant Fischer, His Honor at once gave judgment in favor of the Board of Health for the amount claimed and costs against the defendant.—Chatsworth News.

HUNTINGFIELD.

Seeding is nearly a thing of the past for another season. The weather this week has been favorable for seeding operation.

Mrs. John Haskins has had a well drilled, water being struck at a depth of one hundred feet. There is an excellent flow. Mr. Strome of Fordwich is doing the drilling. He is drilling a well for Nat. Harris at present.

There are quite a number of horses in this section laid up with distemper.

Our Sunday School has been re-organized for the summer. It commenced with a good attendance.

One of our young men has so many engagements for this summer that he cannot attend school.

The attendance at our school is increasing, and the scholars are making good progress under the capable management of Miss Sanderson.

John Wynn's team ran away the other day but no serious harm was done.

GORRIE.

We are sorry to state the serious illness of Mr. Jas. Brown who is lying at death's door.

Rev. E. A. Hall has purchased a pneumatic tire buggy from Mr. Dore, of Wingham. The Rev. Gentleman now drives the nicest outfit in town.

Mr. Geo. Town took possession of the Albion Hotel this week. Mr. Proctor has moved his family to the residence of Mrs. Carson near the C. P. R. station where they will reside for a time. Mr. Proctor intends leaving this week for the West.

Mr. Thos. Bradnock's driver made a dash for liberty near the depot on Monday evening and ran as far as G. E. Densted's residence where it attempted to jump the fence and got tangled in the wire. It received some bad scratches and the buggy was badly damaged.

BORN

ZINN—In Mildmay, on Friday May 18, to Mr. and Mrs. John Zinn, a son.

A good story is told on two prominent politicians who were talking of the future state. "What bothers me," said one, "is how I am going to get my coat on over my wings." "What bothers me" replied the other, "is how you are going to get your hat on over your horns."

A crank down in St. Catharines has advanced the opinion that the earth is flat like a pancake and not round like a ball as heretofore supposed, and it is surprising the number of converts to his views are coming forward. That question was supposed to have been settled ages ago. But what difference does it make anyway whether the earth is flat, round, conical, square oblong or three-cornered? It don't make potatoes any cheaper.—Ex.

It is estimated that during the last five years telephones have been put in to nearly half a million rural homes. The farmer finds that with the telephone he can keep in touch with the market and sell his produce or live stock when quotations are the most favorable.

The Listowel Standard says:—Many plum trees in this vicinity have been killed by the severe winter. Owners of plum trees in town report from one fourth to one-half of their trees dead, and some even more than that. The full extent of the loss is not yet known as many trees that are not entirely killed have also been affected and will probably die. The enormous crop of plums last year may possibly have had something to do with the winter-killing but the fact that young trees that have not year borne fruit are also dead would go to show that the destruction is due to the unusually severe winter. Other fruit trees do not appear to have suffered. The great weight of snow has broken down the berry bushes to such an extent that many patches have been destroyed.

Clifford.

The big egg season is on. A hen belonging to Fred Locking, Clifford, laid an egg that measured 6x8 inches and weighed 8 ounces.

The bull shipped from here on the 28th April, brought in by Mr. G. Rusk of Howick, was one of the heaviest ever weighed on Clifford scales. The beam was level at 2,200.

Mr. John Connell left on Monday morning for Sudbury, where he has secured a good situation. Mr. Connell has been a resident of Clifford for half a lifetime and his familiar figure will be much missed.

On Wednesday May 4th, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Heipel, Clifford, was the scene of a pretty wedding when their daughter, Kate, was married to Joseph Scheon, of Normauby. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Mooney in the presence of a large number of invited guests.

P. Brown yesterday loaded up the maple blocks which had been manufactured at Clifford and Lakelet this season. These blocks are for shipment to Britain for use as mangle rollers, and it is wonderful the quantity that is required. The only country in which the right material can be got is in Canada, and it is said that the annual shipment to Britain is in the neighborhood of \$700,000.

WALKERTON.

A number of the cattle dealers of this section have entered an action against the G. T. R. claiming twenty thousand dollars damages. They charge the G. T. R. with wrongful, wilful and malicious detention of cattle shipped to Toronto Junction cattle market.

Walkerton intends sending down a large contingent to Mildmay on Victoria Day.

The lacrosse schedule for this district has been drawn up. Walkerton's first game at home will be on June 10.

Mrs. (Rev.) Tindall fell of a chair on Tuesday evening and broke her wrist. She was engaged in housecleaning when the accident happened.

The G. T. R. will issue return tickets at single fare on May 21, 22, 23 and 24, good to return up till May 25, to any station in Canada.

A commercial traveller for a wine merchant said in a London police court that he had to spend two-thirds of his income on treating customers who gave him orders.

Mr. L. W. Paisley, secretary of the British Columbia Live Stock Association is in Ontario at present. The object of his visit to Ontario is to purchase highclass cattle, horses, sheep and pigs, for the west. He has already shipped one carload.

A Parliamentary return shows that since 1851 and to 1903 nearly four millions of Irishmen have emigrated, equivalent to 74 per cent. of the average population of Ireland. During the year 1903, 40,659 Irishmen emigrated, of which number the United States received 33,601.

Arthur Pilgrim of London, while lifting a box on Tuesday took a long breath, and just then a mouse jumped out of the box and darted down his throat. Emetics and stomach pumps failed to recover the rodent, and it's pilgrim's progress is being watched with interest.

"It is true the season is backward," said Conductor Broad of the Grand Trunk, who is known locally as "The Farmer Conductor," and whose run is from Southampton to Harrisburg, "but I believe by the 24th of May growth will be quite as far advanced as it was the same period last year. I have never known the spring to open early without a set back occurring later on, and I have never known a late spring in which rapid growth did not make up for the early delay." Mr. Broad says that his Japanese plums at Southampton came the winter without injury, but his Crimson Rambler rose was killed back ten feet to the snow-line.

THE JAPANESE ADVANCE

Gen. Sassulitch's Force Could Not Stay Kuroki.

RUSSIANS RETREATING.

A Tokio despatch says: Last Friday, after sharp cavalry skirmishes at Erhtaitu, Santaisu and other places a detachment of infantry belonging to Gen. Kuroki's army took Feng-Wang-Cheng. The Russians before retiring exploded the magazine, but left large quantities of hospital stores, which are being used by the Japanese hospitals.

Feng-Wang-Cheng was the second line of the Russian defence, and a stiff fight was anticipated. Gen. Kuroki pressed forward and attacked before the Russians had recovered from the demoralization and confusion into which they had been thrown by their previous defeat on the Yalu River.

Gen. Kuroki, commandant of the first army corps, reports: "On May 6 our cavalry detachment dispersed the enemy at Feng-Wang-Cheng, which was immediately occupied by our infantry detachment. The enemy burned ammunition before evacuating the stronghold. Refugees of the enemy, who have been hiding in the adjoining forests and villages continue to come and surrender."

WHY RUSSIANS FLED.

Two official despatches to St. Petersburg, calculated to increase the depression existing among all circles in Russia were given out on Sunday night. From the point of view of the progress of the campaign the most important is that regarding the capture by the Japanese without opposition of Feng-Wang-Cheng on May 6.

Gen. Kouroupatkin forwarded a message from Lieut.-Gen. Sassulitch, who has been left in command of the column retiring from Feng-Wang-Cheng, which described the movements of the enemy in connection with the occupation of the town.

The information caused no surprise to the officials, who were already advised of the decision that no attempt would be made to hold Feng-Wang-Cheng, the superiority of the Japanese in all fighting arms ensuring a disaster similar to that at Chiu-Tien-Cheng. Therefore, Gen. Sassulitch was given strict orders that there should be no fight of the rearward. The Russians left while Gen. Kuroki was making his dispositions for a big battle.

The Japanese approached from two directions along the main road and up the valley, placing batteries so as to command the town. This procedure shows that the entire Japanese plan of operation had been thoughtfully prepared, and that every division commander knew exactly what he should do.

DECLINED THEIR LIBERTY.

A despatch to the London Chronicle from Tokio says that 1,363 Russians were buried by the Japanese with military honors, between Chiu-Tien-Cheng and Tan-Shang-Cheng. The officers and men captured were treated better by the Japanese doctors than by their own surgeons. The prisoners were offered permission to leave, but they preferred to stay and attend to their own wounded. The Japanese are remunerating them for their services. The Russian officers who were paroled had their swords returned to them.

BRIDGES BLOWN UP.

The Japanese have destroyed the railway at Port Adams, blowing up the bridges says a St. Petersburg despatch.

DEATH IN TRIUMPH.

During the popular demonstration at Tokio on Saturday night in honor of the victories achieved by the Japanese forces, 21 people were killed and 40 injured. The killed and injured were mostly boys, who were caught against a closed gate at an angle in the old palace walls by the throng and crushed or drowned in an old moat.

DOCTORS WANTED.

An urgent telegram has been received at St. Petersburg from Mukden, asking for the immediate despatch of one hundred doctors. Typhus fever, dysentery, and small-pox have assumed an epidemic character among the Russian troops.

10,000 AT PORT ARTHUR.

It is believed at St. Petersburg that the military force at Port Arthur does not exceed 10,000 men. Sailors will man the shore guns. Admiral Skrydloff, who was appointed to succeed Admiral Makaroff, will now probably go to Vladivostok.

CALLING OUT RESERVES.

The Russian Consul-General at Vienna has notified Russian subjects in Austria that all naval officers and men in all categories in eleven of the Russian provinces and all the reserves employed on the volunteer fleet and in Government arsenals have been called out.

ALEXIEFF RECALLED.

The Paris Journal says it is assured that Admiral Alexieff has been recalled at the joint instance of Gen. Kouroupatkin and Admiral Skrydloff. Grand Duke Nicholas will replace him.

PORT ARTHUR ISOLATED.

A despatch received at St. Petersburg on Friday says that Port Arthur is cut off from all communication by land, the Japanese having disembarked in its rear, occupied the railroad, and cut the telegraph.

Vice-Admiral Skrydloff, who is en route to Port Arthur to take over command of the naval forces in the Far East, will be unable to reach his destination.

The Ministry of War has received the following telegram from Major-General Pflug, chief of the military staff:—

"According to the information I have received, seven of the enemy's transports, and afterwards about 40, appeared opposite Pitsewo on the evening of May 4. On the morning of May 5 the Japanese began to land at Pitsewo and on the coast near Cape Terminal (about 15 miles south-west of Pitsewo, under cover of an artillery fire. At this moment about 60 transports were observed bearing down upon the whole front and our posts retired from the shore. All papers in the post-office at Pitsewo were removed, and the Russian inhabitants abandoned the town. According to Chinese reports, by the evening of May 5 about 10,000 of the enemy's troops had landed and taken up quarters in the Chinese villages near the points of debarkation. The enemy sent two columns of about one regiment each, one in the westerly direction and the other to the southward. On May 6 a passenger train from Port Arthur was fired upon, a mile and a quarter outside Polandien (about 40 miles north of Port Arthur), by a hundred Japanese infantrymen, occupying the heights east of the railway. The train carried many passengers, 200 sick occupying an ambulance carriage flying the Red Cross flag. Two of the sick were wounded. The train succeeded in reaching Polandien. Tranquillity prevails in the Maritime Province and in Yin-Kow."

Your correspondent confirms the reports of the closing of the harbor at Port Arthur. The Russians found the entrance practically blocked after Monday's fight. Admiral Alexieff and his staff took a train for Mukden before the Japanese seized the railway. The second Japanese army corps is now occupying the Liao-Tung Peninsula without opposition, principally from below New-Chwang. Grand Duke Boris left Port Arthur after Monday's blockade before the railway was seized.

MORE THAN 60,000.

There is little that can be added to the official despatches, says a London telegram. There is no authoritative statement of the strength of the Japanese forces that have landed in Manchuria. One who professes to be informed, places the number at more than 60,000. The name of the commander of the invading force is not given, and the disposition of the troops is, of course, not divulged. Pitsewo, the place where the Japanese landed, is on the east coast of the peninsula and seventy-five miles above Port Arthur. Port Adams, the scene of the second landing, is situated on the arm of Society Bay, on the west coast of the peninsula, directly opposite and about twenty miles distant from Pitsewo. The railroad that connects Port Arthur with Mukden passes close to Port Adams, and is now in the possession of the Japanese at this point.

REJOINED SQUADRON.

The Tokio correspondent of the London Chronicle says that the landing of the Japanese on the Liao-Tung Peninsula has been so successful that the warships escorting the transports have rejoined the squadron. Simultaneously with the attack on Port Arthur the Japanese laid a cable between one of the islands and the mainland as a protection to their landing place.

VICTUALLED FOR A YEAR.

The military authorities at St. Petersburg confess to be a little affected by the cutting off of Port Arthur. They do not believe that the Japanese will attempt to storm the place, they well knowing the strength of the works. They say the town is victualled for a year, and is impregnable by sea or land. They also say that the non-resistance to the Japanese landing was in accordance with the plans of Gen. Kouroupatkin, who provided for such a contingency. Various estimates are made of the strength of the garrison at Port Arthur. It is believed that a large part of it has been withdrawn, but it

is said that Gen. Stoessel still commands more than 20,000 troops, while 15,000 seamen from the fleet are available for assisting in the defence.

It is not expected that anything will be heard from the beleaguered fortress henceforth until Gen. Kouroupatkin has accomplished his designs. Meanwhile patience should be exercised. This optimism is not shared outside of military quarters.

ALL CLASSES STUNNED.

A despatch to the London Standard from Odessa says that all classes are stunned by the series of disasters to the Russian army. The universal depression is intensified by the fear that the blunders of the campaign will prove irremediable.

EXPECT FRESH TRIUMPH.

There is general satisfaction in Japan at the comparative smallness of the Japanese losses at Chiu-Tien-Cheng. The official account of the losses has not been amended. The statement that the Japanese army moved northward after the battle is regarded as presaging a further victory, and the report that Gen. Kouroupatkin is marching to Feng-Wang-Chung with 20,000 Russian troops is welcomed as affording the prospect of a fresh triumph.

RUSSIAN STRATEGY WEAK.

A despatch to the London Times from Tokio says that the Japanese consider that the Russians' strategy at the Yalu River showed the same defect as the Chinese strategy in 1894, namely, lack of offensive and initiative.

Capt. Arima, who commanded the first two blocking fleets at Port Arthur, in a lecture at Tokio, said that no Japanese torpedo boat or torpedo-boat destroyer has been obliged to return to harbor for repairs since the beginning of the war. All has been repaired at sea. The Russians were bad gunners, although they would have damaged the Japanese ships if their explosives had been effective. The Japanese navy had been constantly practising since November with full charges until they had developed a skill which inspired great confidence. Their movements, moreover, were much facilitated by excellent electric communications. The Russians apparently lacked skill to manoeuvre at night without lights.

ALARM AT NEW-CHWANG.

A telegram from New-Chwang to London states that grave uneasiness prevails in the British community there. British property, valued at \$2,500,000, is unprotected, and six thousand robbers are in the neighborhood. The Government is much blamed for the withdrawal of the British cruiser *Esperanza* from the port.

WENT DOWN CHEERING.

The Japanese displayed desperate courage in their fresh attack on the night of Tuesday. The ships as they approached were divided into three groups, all heading straight for the entrance of the harbor. While still far from the shore they ran on the Russian mines, and they were under a murderous fire from the Russian batteries. Three torpedo boats followed the freshships to pick up the crews of the latter. When the first ship foundered the crew clambered up the mast, cheering for the Emperor of Japan as they went down. From the masthead of the second vessel, as she began to sink, her crew waved lanterns to indicate her course to those astern. Their small boats, though soon riddled, did not raise the white flag. One of the Russian rowboats which approached a sinking ship for the purpose of saving her crew was met by a small-arm fire.

CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA.

Alarming Rumor of Plots Against the Czar.

The New York Sun has the following from Vienna:—Alarming rumors regarding the internal conditions of Russia are current here. A conspiracy is said to have been discovered in Russian Poland, with the result that eighteen of the ringleaders were shot. Sanguinary collisions between the people and the police have taken place in Finland, and an infernal machine is said to have been found in the Winter Palace, in one of the Czar's living rooms.

BEER AND CANCER.

German Authority Makes an Interesting Announcement.

A Berlin despatch says:—Dr. Wolff, a well-known authority on the subject calls attention to the high mortality from cancer in the beer-drinking districts of Germany. He instances Bavaria and Salzburg, both great beer-drinking centres. Both of these districts show high mortality among cancer patients.

BRITISH GROWN COTTON.

Organization With Large Capital Takes up the Work.

A London despatch says:—The Executive Committee of the British Cotton Growing Association on Wednesday decided to apply for a royal charter. The capital of the concern will be \$2,500,000 in shares of \$5 each. No profits will be divided during the first seven years.

THE WORLD'S MARKETS

REPORTS FROM THE LEADING TRADE CENTRES.

Prices of Cattle, Grain, Cheese, and Other Dairy Produce at Home and Abroad.

Toronto, May 10.—Wheat—Business in Ontario grades is quiet, but the tone is firm. No. 2 white and red Winter quoted at 90 to 91c at outside points. Spring wheat is nominal at 84c east, and goose at 75 to 76c east. Manitoba wheat is unchanged. No. 1 Northern, 90c Georgian Bay ports. No. 2 Northern at 84c. No. 1 hard is nominal at 91c. Grinding in transit prices are 6c above those quoted.

Oats—The market is unchanged. No. 2 white quoted at 30c west, and at 31c east. No. 1 white, 32c east.

Barley—The market is quiet, with demand limited. No. 2 quoted at 42c middle freights. No. 3 extra at 40 to 41c, and No. 3 at 39c middle freights.

Peas—The market is unchanged, with No. 2 quoted at 63 to 65c, according to quality and location.

Corn—The market is quiet, with prices easier. No. 3 American yellow quoted at 56c, on track, Toronto; No. 3 mixed at 55c. Canadian corn is steady at 41 to 42c west for guaranteed delivery in good condition.

Rye—The market is steady, with No. 2 quoted at 59 to 60c east.

Buckwheat—The market is unchanged, with demand moderate. No. 2 quoted at 49 to 50c middle freights.

Flour—Ninety per cent. patents are unchanged. Bakers' at \$3.60 middle freights in buyers' sacks for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$4.15 to \$4.30 in bbls. Manitoba flours are unchanged. No. 1 patents, \$5; No. 2 patents, \$4.70; and strong bakers', \$4.60 on track Toronto.

Milled bran is steady, at \$17 to \$17.50, and shorts at \$18.50 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$16, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$20, and shorts at \$21 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Apples—There is a quiet trade, with prices unchanged at \$2 to \$2.50 per bbl. for the best stock.

Dried apples—The demand is limited, and prices are steady at 3 to 3 1/2c per lb. Evaporated apples, 6 1/2c per lb.

Beans—Trade is quiet, with prices steady. Prime beans are quoted at \$1.50 to \$1.60, and hand-picked at \$1.65 to \$1.70.

Hops—The market is unchanged at 28 to 32c, according to quality.

Honey—The market is quiet at 6 to 7c per lb. Comb quiet at \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Hay—The market is quiet, with offerings moderate. Timothy quoted at \$9.50 to \$10.50 a ton on track, Toronto.

Straw—The market is dull, with prices unchanged at \$5.50, on track, Toronto.

Maple Syrup—The market is quiet at \$1 per Imperial gallon.

Potatoes—The market is very firm, with offerings restricted. Choice cars are quoted at \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bag on track here.

Poultry—The market is steady, with limited offerings. Chickens, 11 to 13c per lb; turkeys are quoted at 15 to 17c per lb. for fresh killed.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter—The market is quiet, with the tone heavy. Supplies of poor to medium qualities are large. We quote:—Finest 1-lb. rolls, 13 to 14c; choice large rolls, 12 to 14c; medium and low grades, 10 to 12c; creamery prints, 17 to 18c; solids, 15 to 16c.

Eggs—The market is steady owing to moderate receipts; case lots sold at 14c per dozen.

Cheese—The market is quiet, with feeling easier. Old quoted at 9c per lb., and new at 8c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are firmer, with offerings small. Cured meats are in good demand at unchanged prices. We quote:—Bacon, long clear, 8 to 8 1/2c per lb., in case lots. Mess pork, \$17; do., short cut, \$18.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, light to medium 12c; do., heavy, 9c; rolls, 11c; shoulders, 9c; backs, 13c; breakfast bacon, 13 to 14c.

Lard—The demand is fair, with prices unchanged. We quote:—Tierces, 7c; tubs, 8c; pails, 8c; compound, 7 1/2 to 8 1/2c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.

Buffalo, May 10.—Flour—Steady. Wheat—Nothing doing. Corn—Fairly steady; No. 2 yellow, 59c; No. 2 corn, 57c. Oats—Strong; No. 2 white, 46c; No. 2 mixed, 41c. Barley—No offerings. Rye—No. 1 Wisconsin, 78c.

Duluth, May 10.—Wheat—No. 2 hard, 92c; No. 1 Northern, 90c; No. 2, 90c; May and July, 90c; September, 80c.

Minneapolis, May 10.—Wheat—May 91c, July 91c, September 80c; on track No. 1 hard 85c, No. 1 Northern, 94c; No. 2 Northern, 92c. Flour—First patents, \$4.90 to \$5; second do., \$4.80 to \$4.90; first clears, \$3.45 to \$3.55; second clears \$2.30 to \$2.40. Bran—in bulk, \$16 to \$16.50.

Milwaukee, May 10.—Wheat—No. 1 Northern, 97 to 97 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 95 to 96c; old, July, 85 1/2 to 85 1/2c. Rye—No. 1, 73c. Barley—No. 2, 63c; sample, 40 to 61c. Corn—No. 3, 50 to 53c; July, 48 1/2c.

CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, May 10.—There was a very heavy run of cattle, with a good brisk trade all round, and prices, especially during the earlier hours of the market, from 10c to 15c higher than on Tuesday. Export trade was lively.

Exporters, heavy	\$4 50 to \$5 00
Bulls, export, heavy,	
cwt.	3 50 4 00
do light	3 50 4 00
Feeders, 800 lbs. and upward	3 00 3 25
Short keep, 1,100 lbs.	4 00 4 65
Stockers, 400 to 800 lbs.	2 50 3 12 1/2
do 900 lbs.	2 75 3 50
Butchers' cattle,	
choice	4 25 4 40
do medium	3 80 4 25
do picked	4 25 4 60
do bulls	3 00 3 50
do rough	2 75 3 00
Light stock bulls,	
cwt.	2 25 2 50
Milch cows	30 00 65 00
Hogs, best	5 10
do heavy	4 85
Sheep, heavy ewes .	4 00 4 85
do light	4 40 4 75
Bucks	3 50 3 75
Grain-fed lambs .	5 50 6 25
Barnyard lambs .	4 50 5 50
Spring lambs, each	2 50 5 50
Calves	3 50 5 25

GOLD IN THE FRASER.

Collins' Dredge Now Making \$2,000 a Day.

A despatch from Vancouver says:—Sam Collins and his Iowa friends who have put a \$60,000 dredge on the Fraser at Lillooet are getting \$2,000 a day, and expect soon to make it \$4,000, from the bed of the gold stream. Robert Hamilton of Peterboro, Ont., formerly of this city, who put in the machinery for the Iowans, states that the ground runs one dollar per cubic yard, and that they are now raising 2,000 yards daily, with the expectation of taking care of 4,000 yards every twenty-four hours in the near future. It is estimated that within five years one hundred dredges will be at work on different streams in the Province and that the dredging output alone will be ten million dollars. The gold ground is unlimited. The Iowans have tested the gravel to a depth of forty-six feet without reaching bed rock. It is equally rich all the way down.

DISCOVERED NEW PEST.

San Jose Scale Inspector Finds Similar Parasite

A St. Catharines despatch says:—Thomas Beattie, San Jose scale inspector, has made an important discovery in the performance of his duties. It is in the form of a new species of scale, which he found on a lilac bush, the branches of which were literally covered with some thing which to a certain extent resembled the appearance of the San Jose scale. By the use of a powerful glass he found a strange specimen of life, which is the new scale. The San Jose scale when placed under a glass has the form of a turtle. The new specimen as found is more elongated, but its effect is similar to that of the San Jose scale on the fruit trees. Inspector Beattie has forwarded samples of the new pest to the Ontario Agricultural College for examination.

LARGE SUM STOLEN.

Italian ex-Minister Found Guilty of Peculation.

A Rome despatch says:—After a Parliamentary inquiry, ex-Minister Nassi, former Minister of Public Instruction, was found guilty of peculation. He was charged with the misappropriation of several hundred thousand francs destined for the expenses of the Ministry, of which he was the head. The judicial authorities have asked the permission of the Chamber of Deputies to prosecute, and permission assuredly will be granted. The case has created a great sensation in Rome. Nassi's house is being watched by the police. His secretary, Lombardo, escaped abroad. Nassi's whereabouts is unknown.

THIBETANS DEFEATED.

Retire in Rout After Suffering Heavy Losses.

A despatch to the London Daily Mail from Simla says that 800 Tibetans attacked the British mission at Gyantse at dawn Thursday. They were repulsed with heavy loss and fled. The British lost two Sepoys wounded.

A BUMPER CROP.

Vice-President of C.P.R. Predicts Good Season in West.

A Montreal despatch says:—Mr. Wm. Whyte, vice-president of the C. P. R., who arrived in Montreal on Friday night, said that within a few days fifty per cent. of the crop would be seeded. The condition of the soil was such that it would offset the lateness of the season, and prospects were bright for a bumper crop.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

OR, A BROTHER'S PROMISE

CHAPTER XVIII.

The long day was over and the night was come. Ceremonies and parades, presenting of arms and booming of cannon, pealing of bells and sounding of music, stately banquets and formal investiture were all passed with the sun. Of the loud day naught remained but the surging vivas of the people, who still filed past the gates of the palace, and made night day with wizardry of torches and colored lanterns. Again and again they renewed the cry of "Maddalena! Maddalena!" and again and again, at the summons, the Queen appeared on a balcony over the gates; and, with that fine sense of the dramatic ineradicable from her sunny blood, cast to them red roses in handfuls—at once thanks from her heart for all they had borne and done, and promise that she was theirs while to her was life.

She was weary to the point of exhaustion: the long coronation ceremony was enough to break down the endurance of the strongest; but she was dowered with an unconquerable will that would not allow her to yield to mere physical weariness. She turned the repeated remonstrances of the assiduous Bravo with an answer that compelled silence and admiration.

"I shall not be outdone by my people, sir. Am I to be the only one to bear nothing?" forgetting that she had given all; that she was resolved to give all.

On the balcony she did not stand alone; for, always, after the summons to her, came call on call for "Senor Grant!" Willingly, not only for his own sake, but a thousand times for hers, he would have evaded the ordeal, but Maddalena wisely affected to regard his reluctance as diffidence; and Bravo, hopeful that the intense feeling against the hour of parting, insisted that Maddalena's wish should be obeyed. So Hector took his share of honor with the Queen, standing at her right hand, where she had placed him.

From the flash and change of the crowd, passing before him like the painted nothings of a dream, his eyes lifted ever and anon to rest upon the only realities—Maddalena at his side, and the ship of fire lay out in the bay—the Ibadan. It was not so much of the moment of parting that he thought, as of the morning on the sea—the morrow when Maddalena would be far from him—and the next day, and the next, and the next. Nor was it on his own sorrow that he dwelt: it was on Maddalena's. He could bury himself among the heather of the North; could dream of the days that were, and so stumple aimlessly down to the dark stream of sleep that drowns all earthly care and grief. But she, with her burden heavy on her heart, must live on in public: moving with smiles among her people, compelling herself to dance when they piped and weep when they wept, to taste all their little joys and share all their sorrows, to give sympathy to those who most needed it—to be, in a word, a slave and a queen. Round in such a dear circle his thoughts ran, halting for a moment when some more than ordinarily hearty outburst of rejoicing called for acknowledgment, only to return with renewed sadness to the desperate round.

But at last the hour of eleven sounded from the campanile of San Bernardino. One last thunder of fireworks, one last salvo of cheering, and Maddalena withdrew from the balcony. Fresh guards were posted, and the Palace gates closed with a clang. Lights went out, and the happy people, like children with a new toy, talked themselves home with enthusiastic little stories of how their Queen had looked, and what their Queen had worn, and what their Queen had said.

At the back of the Palace, looking on to a garden of orange-bordered paths and rose-bright stretches, was a room that had been hastily prepared after the model of the boudoir in Bloomsbury. It was here, when good-nights were said to generals, counsellors, island nobles, blushing with their new honors, that Maddalena, Hector, Bravo and the Orange King met. To guard against all possibility of interruption Alasclair was stationed at the door.

The quiet of this secluded room was welcome after the turmoil of the day, and none wished to break the silence. But time was flying, and little as he wished to shorten their last hour, Bravo was compelled to speak, for it was clear that Maddalena's strength could not hold out much longer.

"Her Majesty wishes us," he said, "to join her in drinking 'Palmetto.' We four saw the beginning of the work; we four have to-day seen the end of it—perhaps I should say, the real beginning. Two of us remain to carry it in, her Majesty for many years—God grant it!—I, for a little while, shall help her; two of us go. But whether we go or stay, surely

we shall love Palmetto. Let us then, drink 'Palmetto—Palmetto the Free!'"

Glasses were raised, and in silence the toast was drunk.

"It is a generous act, your Majesty," said the Orange King, "to accord us a private audience of farewell. But we must not presume on it: we see how fatigued you are. To-morrow, and for many days to come, there will be heavier demands on your strength. You must rest—you really must."

"Ah! you are always kind and thoughtful, Mr. Smith; but I must speak for a moment. I have been trying to find words to thank you for all—"

"Pray, pray, madame, spare me thanks."

"O! but I can give you nothing but thanks. I had thought of some honor, but I have none high enough for your merit. And you have done for Palmetto cannot be paid with an order, or thanks, or money. But, believe me—impulsively holding out both hands—"I shall never forget you; Palmetto shall never forget you—for when you allow me to tell my people the name of the man who gave them the means of seizing freedom, I shall never cease saying to them, 'Remember the name of Thomas Smith!'"

The Orange King smiled.

"It is not a very heroic name, madame."

"It is the name of an honest gentleman—"

At which he could do nothing but bow.

"And I shall remember it with affection as long as I live. You said once that kings had short memories, and I answered you that queens were different."

"Surely I could not have said so rude a thing."

"Ah! yes, you did—Don Augustin—you know."

Bravo handed her a leather portfolio embossed in silver, opening it with a silver key ere he gave it to her.

"Here, sir, is a proof that I do not forget. This is the charter—"

"O! madame—"

"The charter that was promised, giving you the monopoly—"

But the Orange King put his hands over his ears.

"Pray, pray, madame—not another word. I cannot take it, I cannot take it."

"But, sir—"

"I came into this business for the mere gamble of the time. I foresaw a probability of Hispaniola being ousted. I resolved to make the probability a possibility. I put my money into the Palmetto rising as I would have put it into a coal-mine or a slate quarry. Then when I came here and saw the meaning that a successful result had for Palmetto, for its people, for—may I say?—you, my desire to make money out of you left me—and it has not come back."

"But this is a debt of honor."

"If your Majesty wishes to hurt me, insist that I take that charter. If you wish to do me the highest honor, and to give me the greatest pleasure you can, you will burn it—now."

When the Orange King spoke, it was always as the result of deliberation—brief deliberation, it may be; but the matter was settled once and for all; the very tones of his voice were final. Maddalena knew this, and knew, too that nothing pleased him like prompt accession to his wishes.

She drew the charter from its case, and moved towards the crackling wood fire.

"I do wish to do you the highest honor; I do wish to give you the greatest pleasure. See!"

And the parchment was dropped into the flames. For a moment or two she stood in silence, watching the flicker, and then she came back. There were tears in her eyes.

"I am blessed in my friends," she said in a broken voice.

The Orange King kissed her hand.

"Good-night."

"Good-bye, madame."

"No, no, I do not say good-bye. I shall see you soon again, I know! Good-night! God-speed!"

Don Augustin left the room with Mr. Smith, who whispered "Half an hour" as he passed Hector.

The door closed, shutting out the world, shutting them in—closed gently, making them the only two in the world, and the world this room. The sound, soft as it was, fell on their hearts like a clashing of gates, cutting them off for ever.

Hector looked on Maddalena—Maddalena looked on Hector. Neither found words: only from the eyes of each went one swift look of love and pain, and their eyes fell. Maddalena moved to a chair facing the fire, and sank into it, her back to Hector—sank into it with a weakness more touching than tears—and thus she sat for many minutes, motionless.

He, too, was numbed. For one moment he had the impulse to go quickly and take her in his arms with soothing words and the instinctive encouragements that rise to love: lips. But the impulse went

down before the sight of her helplessness, and in its place came a certain reverent awe impossible to analyse, for it was at once and altogether love and wonder and sympathy and fear and surrender and effacement, and yet it was none of these by itself. It was an awe that rooted him to the spot where he stood suffering: as if one looked on one's dearest being put to the rack by clumsy fingers, and was ineffectual to move hand or foot.

But if his body was stone, his mind was quicksilver. How it sprang hither and thither, recalling this look of hers and that, that soft word and this; how she was young night when she drew back the curtain in the White Hall; what she said when he took from her hand the crucifix (warm beside the warm rose on his breast); how she bowed her head to take the crown; her bravery as she faced Asunta in the tent—ah! Asunta, that devil!

Asunta—where was she? Since the night when she fled from Friganeta with di Borja, there had been no whisper of her. Yet more than once recently had he felt a repulsive stir of the nerves, a sort of feeling that she was somewhere near, such as certain men are known to experience when cats come nigh them. He had laughed at his own fears, somewhat half-heartedly; it is true, calling them foolishness and the vapors of a heated brain; yet had he trusted to the message of the senses he had been wise. He felt now a pricking of the skin, felt it ever so slightly, for his nerves were numbed with the imminent disaster of parting, and his thoughts went ranging far afield with Maddalena. Yet—had he but hearkened to it. For Asunta was near.

There was but the window between them—a pane of glass and a curtain. For days and days she had sought her revenge, but Fate wrought against her, and each day seemed to make vengeance more and more of a phantom. Di Borja desired the death of Hector; Asunta that of Maddalena. But di Borja's was the stronger nature, the stronger will; he had recognized once that he had ascendancy, and he was not willing to forego one whit of advantage. He hoped to see Hispaniola recapture supremacy in Palmetto; that, to his mind, could only be achieved by the death of Hector. "Do not let me see you until that Englishman is dead," Stampa had said to him; and at Friganeta he had talked with Cassavellino, and heard nothing but praise of Hector: Senor Grant had done this, Senor Grant had done that, Senor Grant had recommended some marvellous thing—always Senor Grant: so, with the double aim of maintaining the dominance of Hispaniola and ensuring his own advancement, he set himself deliberately to the removal of Hector. "Maddalena is a mere puppet," said he; "smash the mainspring, the mechanism of revolution refuses to act. Asunta shall be the hammer."

It was not easy, however, to get near enough to the mainspring for the decisive blow to be delivered. Di Borja could not himself keep regular watch, for his face was well known in Palm City, and so, too, was Asunta's. But, little by little, they came to learn Hector's movements, and what they did not know they deduced easily. Thus it came that on the coronation day they discovered he would be at the Palace until a late hour. Di Borja knew the Palace and its grounds thoroughly, and he had in his possession—he was chief of Stampa's intelligence staff, remember, and a privileged person—a key to the back entrance of the garden.

"I give you this key," he said to Asunta, "and you let yourself in. Take the path to the right. That will lead you to a railing. Beyond which you cannot go. When he leaves the Palace to-night he must pass this railing. He cannot escape you, he must not escape you. You will be in the dark and cannot be seen: he will be in the light. Let your hand be steady."

And now she was by the railing, waiting.

Hector thrust Asunta from his thoughts, and bent his eyes again on the weary figure of Maddalena. Slowly and without raising her head, she stretched out a hand as if beckoning him. He knelt and took it in his, kissing it again and again. Tenderly she drew him to her, and rested his head against her knee as she fondled his hair with an almost motherly touch. At last she spoke.

"So this is the end."

"Yes—the end."

"Only a few minutes more."

"Just a few minutes."

"Is this worth it all?" She raised her hand to the narrow gold circlet that was sign at once of her royalty and her wedding to Palmetto.

"Not a thousand crowns can weigh down love like ours; but there is your people, who have waited and bled for you."

"My duty is hard, my duty is hard. Why cannot I take your hand, and go out with into the night, and wander the world with you, and taste what love really is? O! Hector, if I only could!"

"But you were pledged to them from your birth. You would make me happy, you would be happy yourself. After all, we are only two. Your people are thousands."

"Hector—O, Hector, you love me?"

"Maddalena!"

"O! I know, I know. But I want your love now more than ever. Love me, Hector, love me always. Let your love be about me always—then I shall be strong to endure, strong to be the thing I am too weak in myself to be."

"You know I shall love you always."

"O! I am selfish. Here I ask for your love—and it is you that need to fill the place I should fill."

"I shall have your love, Maddalena!"

"To the very gates of hell, Hector. O! it is cruel that it is you who have won me my kingdom—you, who, by winning it for me, cut yourself off from me, cut me off from you. Sometimes I hate Don Augustin for having found you, I hate Palmetto for being the cause of it all. I think it might have been better had I been kept in ignorance of my birth, if my destiny had been given to some other woman. For I am really weak, and I know I know I shall not be a true ruler—I am just a woman who loves a man a woman who needs love asks nothing more."

"Dearest, do not blaspheme against yourself. You are a Queen—every inch of you—you could not be other than yourself. You must go on, and my love will be always with you."

Hector, until this moment I have not known what love is. I came to you in the tent because you called me—yes, I loved you then, but not like this. I came to you wounded"—she drew him to her, and kissed the sling over his shoulder—"but not even then did I love you like this. I loved you to-day when you stood brave before them all with the crown but I did not love you like this. There was earthly passion in all that love, pride in being loved, more pride in loving you. Now—O! Hector, that you are going from me—see, my whole soul is bare before you—I am—no, I cannot find words—I am choking—choking!"

She rose, pressing her hands to her bosom. Up and down the room she paced excitedly for a moment or two, as if struggling to find expression for emotions that tore at the very centre of her being. She stopped and flung the curtains aside impetuously; then, she undid the hasp, and opening the window, stepped out into the darkness for a moment.

(To be Continued.)

SOLDIERS' LIVES RUINED

WOMEN WHO HAVE BETRAYED WAR SECRETS.

Gen. Boulanger's Downfall—Secrets Won From British Officers.

In nearly every instance of treachery and corruption resulting in a public scandal during the last fifty years woman has played a prominent and ignoble part. The real instigator of the crime, she goes unpunished bringing to those connected with her ignominy, disgrace, exile, and some times death.

One of the most notorious of these women who for a time pulled the strings of history was the Baroness de Kaula, a German by birth, who caused the downfall of old General de Cissey, the Minister of War in Paris during the presidency of Marshal MacMahon. The General, infatuated with the Baroness, was in the habit of lunching with her at her house close to the Elysee every Thursday, after the meeting of the Cabinet Council. While they were at lunch her servants were taking shorthand notes of the Ministerial papers in the General's portfolio, which were then forwarded in cipher to Bismarck in Berlin, who thus knew every Friday morning all that had passed in the French Cabinet Council on Thursday.

This went on for two years, and might never have been discovered if the Baroness had not made the mistake of being too grasping. She succeeded in obtaining from the General, who could refuse her nothing, VALUABLE ARMY CONTRACTS for some of her friends; this led to searching inquiries on the part of disappointed candidates, and the whole business came out.

Another woman of German extraction, sister to one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Grand Duchess of Baden, brought ruin to many French staff officers. This was Mme. Limousin.

Married to a French magistrate of unsullied reputation, she took advantage of her position to organize the traffic in the Legion of Honor decorations, which scandal caused such an outcry on its discovery that President Grey resigned the presidency in consequence.

Mme. de Limousin's was a record achievement; she effected the downfall of General Thibaudin; the Minister of War; of General the Count de Caffarel, his successor; of General the Marquis d'Andlau, and a number of staff officers who were involved in the same scandal.

Among the great men brought to naught by the evil influence of a woman, General Boulanger stands out prominently. At the climax of his career, when all Paris was at his feet and the future of France in the hollow of his hand, he threw everything away for a woman who was another man's wife. The Vicountesse de Bonnevain called him to her side on the night of his election as member of the Chamber of Deputies for Paris.

Had he obeyed the urgings of his partisans and marched upon the Elysee then and there, he might have been

RULER OF FRANCE, but he listened instead to the voice of the siren, and threw his career to the winds.

In another instance four men betrayed their country and lost their lives through a woman's beauty and wiles. General Pavanoff and three colonels of the Russian Army were pios Бугая тој тоје еј ој поуапшоо the Russian plan of mobilisation to the Austrian Government.

It was owing to the fascinations of a beautiful woman, General Pavanoff's adopted daughter, that they were guilty of the treason which was punished with death.

The three colonels betrayed their country less for money than for the hope of finding favor in the eyes of this enchantress who had so infatuated them.

There is a prisoner in the gloomy fortress of Prezemisl who owes his downfall to a lovely Russian princess. He is the Baron Pottier des Eschelles, once an officer of the Austrian Army and aide-de-camp to the Emperor Francis Joseph, now imprisoned as a traitor, and his treachery owes its discovery to the merest trifle.

One evening, after a reception in Vienna, the Princess Arenberg, sister of Count Koloman Hunyadi, found on a sofa a slip of paper with writings upon it. It contained two columns of memoranda. One was a list of military documents and secrets of the Austrian War Department, already supplied to the Russian Government; the other a list of those about to be divulged.

THE RUSSIAN PRINCESS

had been the last occupant of the sofa, and the writing on the document was found to be that of Baron Pottier des Eschelles, who had had free access to his Royal master's confidential papers, and had thus betrayed his trust.

The unhappy traitor was informed that his treachery had been discovered, and was confronted with the Emperor, who, it is said, struck him in the face with his clenched fist. He was court-martialled, and sentenced to forfeit his rank and title and to a long term of imprisonment in the fortress he now occupies.

With reference to the Dreyfus case, which blasted so many reputations, it is well known that women played a large part in its many intricacies. The names of Mlle. Pays and Mme. Boulanger in connection with Colonel Esterhazy are notorious examples of the power of the woman spy; and it was the infatuation of General de Boisdeffre for the wife of one of the officers concerned which brought about his present disgrace. The revelations in this case led to a remarkable result.

So grave was the scandal that the military authorities of Europe felt justified in issuing

A PEREMPTORY ORDER

directing the commanding officers of the armies of Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Russia, and Great Britain to state that if any officer under their command should have his name intimately associated with that of any woman, with the exception of his wife should he be married, it would not only debar him from staff employment and promotion, but might even lead to his being placed on the retired list.

It is said that in the Spanish-American War the Cuban women were most wonderfully clever spies, and, pretending hostility to the Americans, gained information of the greatest service from the Spanish Generals who knew that their enemies would benefit thereby.

During the late war in the Transvaal the eternal feminine contrived to have a finger in the pie. The discovery was made that our military ciphers and secret codes were being regularly communicated to the Boer leaders; the astute authorities suspected that women were responsible, and so it was. Mothers with beautiful and not too scrupulous daughters, who extended frequent hospitality to confiding staff officers, were suspected, and not without cause.

On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, the Intelligence Department employed a woman to find out what offices were sufficiently susceptible to feminine influence to disclose any of the ciphers then in use. This was easily done, a certain amount of intimacy once having been established, and the victims' names were then sent to headquarters.

Many officers were sent down; some sent home, and others received a reprimand, wondering, no doubt how the authorities got their information. To our credit as a nation, however, it must be said that it is quite the exception for any of our women-kind to play the part of betrayer.—Pearson's Weekly.

WHEN TREES GO TO SLEEP.

Trees and plants have their regular times for going to sleep. They need to rest from the work of growing and to repair and oil the machinery of life. Some plants do all their sleeping in the winter while the ground is frozen and the limbs are bare of leaves. In tropical countries where the snow never falls, and it is always growing weather, the trees repose during the rainy season or during the periods of drought. They always choose the most unfavorable working time for doing their sleep, just as man chooses the night, when he cannot see to work.

—Jones—"Why do you call Mr. Wyzham the undertaker, a wolf in sheep's clothing?" Smith—"He doesn't ever drive the boys out of his green-apple orchard."

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COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

For a nation that knows not lacrosse Japan is prosecuting a peculiar bloody war.

Seeding in Manitoba is well advanced and will be through in most districts this week. The area sown will fully as great as last year.

While out duck shooting at Strathcona, Alberta, Rev. G. Poensgen, German Lutheran minister was accidentally and fatally shot by his friend, Rev. Mr. Henson with whom he was enjoying the sport.

"Consider the porous plaster, my son," remarked the philosopher, "and don't get discouraged. Everybody turns his back on it, yet it hangs on and eventually achieves success by close application."

John Maddock, aged 65 years, of Randolph Township, near Penetanguishene acted as his own hangman on Thursday last. Despondency was the cause. He climbed a ladder tied a rope around a beam, placed a loop around his neck and jumped off. When found life was extinct.

The temperance people of Blenheim carried a local option by-law, and now the hotel men are getting even. Their license expired Sunday week and they at once closed their hotels and refused to give either board or lodging to the travelling public. They have even boarded up the pump in front of their hotels, and farmers coming to town are forced to go to private houses to secure water for themselves and horses. The temperance people say they will open houses of entertainment in the town.

Those who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be surprised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of to-day were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.

The Guelph branch of the Humane Society of which Sheriff Allan is the head, seized a Grand Trunk stock car at Guelph last week, in which a lot of cattle were crowded so closely that a half dozen had been trodden down and killed enroute and the rest were in a famished condition. The living beasts were unloaded and fed, and then the almighty G. T. R. got up on its hind legs—wheels, rather—and refused to "lift" the live cattle or bury the dead ones. Sheriff Allan is a mild mannered man, but the G. T. R. didn't bluff him. They loaded up the live cattle and buried the dead ones. The Humane Society needs a few more energetic officials in cases of this kind, which are altogether too frequent.

It is announced that members of the Canadian Press Association who take in the association's excursion to the World's Fair at St. Louis will be accommodated at the Inside Inn. We have some inside information about this inn which we propose to publish in this column. It is a first-class place for editors to stop at. There is a staff of twelve bartenders all of 'em members of the union and two cooks. It looks like more cooks than necessary, but the proprietor explains that he expects to have other-guests besides the editors—at least, until they begin to lose their jewelry. It is a family hotel. The bar closes sharp at 4.47 a. m. Some of the editors are understood to feel aggrieved at this period as being unduly long, but there is nothing to prevent them having refreshments sent up to their rooms to tide them over the period while the bar is closed. There are other good points about the Inside Inn, but the reasons we have already given will sufficiently explain how it came about that the Inside Inn came to get such a graft—Toronto Star.

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The Chief of the Hamilton Fire Brigade says that 80 per cent of the fires in that city are of incendiary origin.

The Japs live largely on rice but since the war began they have run up quite a large "butcher's bill."

Marine Note—During the war the Russian ships, will continue making their regular trips up and down.

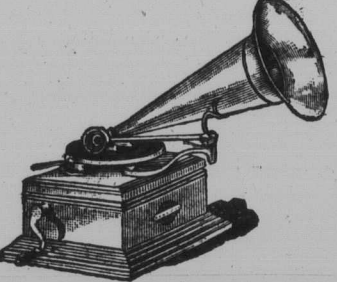
The fad among the young men of Southampton at present is to have the hair clipped. Whether the object is to keep cool, or an excuse for not attending church, has not been given out.

Brown, who is suffering from a very severe attack, says he disapproves of a tax of any kind, poll tax, dog tax, simple tax, packs of tax, or attax of measures, but the carpet tacks that attack his bare feet in the spring time are the hardest income tax of all to bear.

The Dr. R. V. Pierce Co. of Buffalo has brought a suit for libel against the publishers of The Ladies' Home Journal of Philadelphia for \$200,000 damages. It is claimed by the Dr. Pierce Co. that the Journal recently published an attack on patent medicines, and stated that the well-known remedy called Dr. Pierce's favorite prescription contained 17 per cent. of alcohol, also certain drugs, and that these ingredients made the medicine harmful and dangerous. The sworn complaint has been filed in the Clerk's office at Buffalo and shows that above statement is false in every particulars.

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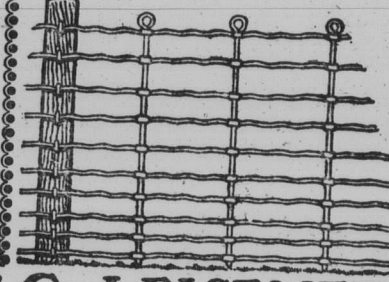
Farm to Sell or Rent.

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

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

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

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL ON retail trade and agents for manufacturing house having well established business; local territory straight salary \$25 paid weekly and expense money advanced; previous experience unnecessary; position permanent; business successful. Enclose self-addressed envelope. Superintendent Travelers, 605 Monon Bldg., Chicago.



Frost Wire Fence

Has no equal as General Purpose Farm Fence

It will turn Stock without injury—beautify the Farm—does not need constant patching and with reasonable usage will last a life-time. Booklet and full particulars given on request.

FOR SALE BY

C. LEISEMER, Mildmay.

To Consumptives.

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

Property For Sale.

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

New Photographer

★★★

Having purchased the photographic business in Mildmay from W. S. Durrer, I beg to inform the public that I am prepared to turn out the best work in every line of photography. Long and varied experience in Canadian and American cities enables me to guarantee satisfaction. Prices moderate, all work guaranteed.

Call and see samples of work.

J. P. Forney.

About the ...House

TESTED RECIPES.

Sweet Breads Fried.—Wash in salt and water, par-boil, cut into pieces the size of a large oyster, season, dip in rolled cracker crumbs, and fry a light brown in lard and butter.

Graham Puffs.—Beat one egg thoroughly, add one pint of sweet milk, then one pint of graham flour gradually; beat the whole mixture briskly with an egg-beater; pour into cast-iron gem-pans, well greased and piping hot; bake in very hot oven; this mixture is just sufficient for twelve gems.

Graham Crackers.—Rub two teaspoonsful of baking-powder into seven cups of graham flour, add one cup of sweet cream or butter, with a little salt, then add one pint of sweet milk; mix well, and roll as thin as soda crackers; cut in any shape; bake quickly, then leave them about the stove for a few hours to dry thoroughly.

For lemon sponge.—Whisk the whites of five or six eggs until stiff; soak one ounce of gelatine in a teacupful of cold water for an hour, then dissolve it in half a pint of boiling water. Set it to cool; when nearly cold add the whites of egg to it, also the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one, and half a pound of caster sugar. Beat all until it is as firm as a sponge and place in a mould.

Boston Baked Beans.—Put a quart of beans to soak over night; in the morning pour off the water, and add fresh water enough to cover, to which add about one tablespoonful of molasses. Put a small piece of salt pork in the centre, almost covering it with the beans, and bake slowly from six to eight hours, adding hot water as needed until nearly done, when they can be allowed to cook nearly dry, or according to taste.

Corned Beef Soup.—When the liquid in which the beef and vegetables were boiled is cold, remove all the grease that has risen and hardened on top, and add tomatoes and tomato catsup and boil half an hour, thus making an excellent tomato soup; or add to it rice or sago or pearl barley, or turn it into a vegetable soup by boiling in the liquor any vegetables that are fancied. Several varieties of soup may have this "stock" for a basis, and be agreeable and nutritious.

Macaroni with cheese.—Throw into boiling water some macaroni, with salt according to the quantity used; let it boil one-fourth of an hour; when it will be a little more than half cooked; drain off the water; place the macaroni in a saucepan with milk to cover; boil till done. Butter a pudding dish, sprinkle the bottom with plenty of grated cheese, pit in some macaroni, a little white pepper, plenty of butter, sprinkle on more cheese, then the rest of the macaroni, cover that with bread crumbs, set in quick oven to brown; serve hot.

Dolly Varden Cake.—Two cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of milk, three cups of flour, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar. Flavor with lemon. Bake one-half of this in two pans. To the remainder add one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of currants, piece of citron chopped fine, one teaspoonful cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg. Bake in two pans, and put in sheets alternately with a little jelly or white of an egg beaten to a froth.

To Fry Apples and Pork Chops.—Season the chops with salt and pepper, and a little powdered sage; dip them into beaten egg, and then into beaten bread crumbs. Fry about

A Lasting Cure of Itching Piles

A Chronic Case of Unusual Severity and Long Standing Cured by
Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Throughout Canada there are hundreds of cases similar to the one described below in which Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven a positive and lasting cure for the most severe form of itching piles.

Mr. Alex. McLaughlin, for 30 years a resident of Bowmanville, Ont., writes—

"For twenty long years I suffered from itching piles, and only persons who have been troubled with that annoying disease can imagine what I endured during that time. About seven years ago I asked a druggist if he had anything to cure me. He said that Dr. Chase's Ointment was most favorably spoken of, and on his recommendation I took a box.

"After three applications I felt better, and by the time I had used one box I was on a fair way to recovery. I continued the treatment until thoroughly cured, and I have not suffered any since. I am firmly con-

BLOTCHY SKINS.

A Trouble Due to Impure Blood Easily Remedied.

Bad blood is the one great cause of bad complexion and blotchy skins. This is why you must attack the trouble through the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. All blotches, boils, ulcers, pimples and paleness are the direct, unmistakable result of weak blood loaded with impurities. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills conquer the position; they drive out all the impurities; they actually make new, rich red blood; they strike right at the root of all complexion troubles; they are a positive and permanent cure for all virulent skin diseases like eczema, scrofula, pimples and erysipelas. They give you a clear, clean soft skin, free from all blemish and full of rosy health. Mr. Matthew Cook, Lamberton, N. W. T., tells how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him of erysipelas after other medicines had failed. He says: "My skin was inflamed; my flesh tender and sore; my head ached; my tongue was coated; I had chills and thought I was taking fever. I tried several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and drove the trouble from my system, and I am now in the best of health. I think these pills the best medicine in the world for blood troubles.

It is an every day record of cures like this that has given Dr. Williams' Pink Pills their world-wide prominence. They cure when other medicines fail, but you must get the genuine with the full name: Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box. You can get these pills at all druggists, or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

twenty minutes, or until they are done. Put them on a hot dish; pour off part of the gravy into another pan, to make a gravy to serve them with, if you choose. Then fry apples, which you have sliced about two-thirds of an inch thick, cutting them around the apple, so that the core is in the centre of each piece. When they are browned on one side and partly cooked, turn them carefully with the pancake turner, and let them finish cooking; dish around the chops, or on a separate dish.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Bedroom windows should never be entirely closed, if the owner is strong, and even in winter should be left open at least two inches at the top.

When frying Spanish onions, put a plate over the top of the pan to keep in the steam. This makes the onions cook quickly and keeps all the flavor in.

If you are hoarse, lemon-juice squeezed on to soft sugar till it is like a syrup, and a few drops of glycerine added, relieves the hoarseness at once.

If cauliflower is boiled with the head downward, well covered with water, it will come out much whiter than if exposed to the air while cooking.

To prevent sticking and burning when frying fish, etc., when the fat comes to a boiling point sprinkle the bottom of the pan with salt. This also prevents the fat from splashing.

Remember to sweep the carpets the way of the nap, to brush the other way is to brush the dust in. Attend to all stains as soon as possible. If left they will soak into the carpet and be very difficult to remove.

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

To cleanse feathers for a pillow.

First place the feathers in a bag of newspapers, not too tightly packed, and bake in a cool oven for several nights. Then pick over the feathers, cutting off any sharp ends, and tearing off the down from the larger feathers. Reject any feather that is stained, put into clean paper bags and bake again till thoroughly dry before putting into waxed ticking for pillows.

The secret of success in whipping cream lies mainly in the coldness of everything employed in the process. Chill the cream on hand, and if you have a syllabub churn—an upright glass egg-beater will "do the business"—it should be chilled before the cream is put into it, and in warm weather, set in a bowl of ice while being operated. Beat steadily, but not fast. Rapid beating makes the cream greasy. One cup of cream will make a pint of whipped cream.

Now is the time—"between hay and grass"—when dried and evaporated fruits come in play. We are tired of canned fruits and preserves, and welcome the more acid dried apricots, nectarines, prunes, etc. It makes a great difference how they are prepared. Soaked three or four hours and cooked quickly, they bear no comparison to that soaked twelve or fourteen hours, simmered gently for three or four hours, and not sweetened till about twenty minutes before it is done. Cook in the water in which the fruit was soaked, adding more if necessary. Stir with a silver spoon, and cook in a granite or porcelain lined kettle.

Prunes should be well washed before using—so indeed should all dried and evaporated fruits. A half cup of sugar is sufficient to sweeten a pound. Prunellas, which are more acid, require more sugar. Prunes are nice cooked down till the juice half jellies, then segged with cream. Properly cooked, the prune becomes something quite different from its estate as we usually see it.

If the pancake griddle or the waffle-irons have been unused for some little time rub with dry salt before heating and greasing.

THE INVALID'S STANDBY.

Egg Gruel.—Beat the yolk of 1 egg well, add 1 teaspoon sugar. Stir in 1 cup scalding milk and grate nutmeg over it or add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Then add the white of the egg beaten very stiff.

Cracker Gruel.—Four teaspoons fine cracker crumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup hot water, salt to taste. Put the water and milk on the stove together until hot, then add cracker crumbs.

Corn Meal Gruel.—Two teaspoons corn meal, 1 teaspoon flour to 1 qt. boiling water or half milk, and half water. Mix flour and corn meal with cold water, add the boiling water and cook one hour. Salt.

Barley Gruel.—Stir 2 tablespoons barley into 2 qts. freshly boiling water. Boil three to four hours. Milk may be added if desired. Strain through a sieve and sweeten to suit the taste.

Oatmeal Gruel.—Put 4 tablespoons oatmeal into 1 pt. boiling water; add 1 teaspoon salt, and boil without stirring for 30 minutes. Strain in a sieve, rubbing through as much oatmeal as possible. Have ready 1 egg well beaten, add 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Reheat the gruel and pour over the egg. Mix carefully and serve. Whipped cream may be a substitute for the egg, and makes an exceedingly nice gruel.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c.
CATARRH CURE...
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

PAY, PAY, PAY!

An amusing practical joke has just been perpetrated in a Continental club. A member hurt his finger, and not wishing to consult his own doctor he asked a brother member, who was a physician, to look at it. The physician did so, and, to the surprise, sent in a bill for \$10.

The victim showed the bill to another member, who was a solicitor, and asked him what he should do. The solicitor promptly advised him to pay the bill, and sent him in another for \$5 for advice given.

The man complained of his treatment to yet another member, who reported him to the committee for failing to meet his obligations. He was ultimately fined a case of champagne.

REALLY HONEST.

"Yes," said the honest farmer. "I know there are people what always puts the big apples at the top of the barrel, but I don't."

"That's right," exclaimed his honest friend, admiringly. "I have always tried to convince folks that that sort of thing doesn't pay in the long run."

"Ah," exclaimed the farmer, "if they'd go to the city once in a while they'd learn something. I always put my big apples at the bottom of the barrel."

"That's the way?"

"Yes, you see, people have got so suspicious that they almost always open the barrel at the bottom nowadays."

Whenever a boy sees anybody eating something he wants a bite.

YOUNG FOLKS

PHOEBE.

O mother, see that little bird
Up in the tree alone!
She calls "Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoebe!"
Why doesn't Phoebe come?

O where is Phoebe that she fails
To hear her mother call?
Or does she hear and never heed
Or answer back at all?

Dear mother, when you speak my name,
I'll answer your first word,
And never let you call and grieve
Like that poor mother bird.

THE LONESOME LITTLE BOY.

A little boy once went to visit his dear grandmamma, who lived a long, long way off in the country. He wore his best suit, and his ruffled blouse, and he carried his nightgown rolled up in a nice bundle. He rode all the long, long way in the milkman's cart, and he thought he was going to have a beautiful time. But when he had a few minutes at his grandmamma's, he began to feel very lonesome.

The grandmamma lived in a little red house with a flower garden and a farm, and fields and fields, and an attic, and a hammock on the piazza. But the little boy was lonesome. He sat in the hammock and kicked with his new shoes and several large tears dropped down on his ruffled blouse and took out the starch. He was sorry that he had come.

Just as he was feeling so very unhappy, the grandmamma's large gray tabby cat came purring up on the piazza. She rubbed against the little boy's legs, and she said, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm so very lonesome," said the little boy, "aren't you?"

"No, indeed," said the tabby cat. "I have too much to do to think about being lonesome. You just come around to the barn and see my kittens."

So the tabby cat led the way to the barn, and the little boy followed after, sobbing every step of the way and saying, "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo." The tabby cat made him climb up the ladder to the hay loft and there he saw three little white kittens, and he was cunning, and they had their faces washed, and they chased their tails, and they rolled over and over in the sunniest way, and the tabby cat sang to them.

"Purr, purr, mew, mew!
We never could cry with so much to do."

The little boy forgot to cry for a minute, watching them, but pretty soon he sat down on the top of the ladder and began to boo-hoo again. As he was sitting there, a nice fat spider crawled up beside him and said, "What's the matter, little boy?"

"Oh, I'm so lonesome, boo-hoo!" the little boy said. "Aren't you lonesome, too?"

"Lonesome, dear no," said the old spider. "I haven't time to be." Then she began to make a web from the top of the ladder to the highest barn window. When she came to the top of the window she hurried to the ladder again with the spool of thread which she carried in her pocket, singing all the day:

"Over and under, through and through,
I never could cry with so much to do."

The little boy forgot to cry for a while, but before long he lay down in the hay and squeezed out two tears. He was just beginning to boo-hoo when he spied a little mud house at the top of the eaves. A mother swallow flew out, and said: "What's the matter, little boy?"

"Oh, I'm very lonesome," the little boy said. "I suppose you are, too."

"Not at all," said the mother swallow. "Don't you see how busy I am?" The little boy watched and he saw she was flying in and out of the barn door, bringing wet mud in her bill. Then she flew out the door for more mud, singing all the way: "Nests and eggs, and babies, too; I never could cry with so much to do."

The little boy was beginning to feel a mite happier now. He climbed down the ladder from the loft and went out into the orchard. He sat down in the grass and ate a large red apple. When there was nothing left but the core, he remembered that he was lonesome, and he cried one tear on his ruffled blouse. An old mooly cow who was all alone near by, eating grass, came up close to him and said: "What's the matter, little boy?"

"Oh, I'm so lonesome," said the little boy. "Aren't you?"

"Bless me, no," said the mooly cow. "I'm too busy. Don't I have to chew all day to make cream and milk for you and when it comes 4 o'clock don't I have to walk way down to the barn and get milked? I'm doing something all the time."

"Cream for butter and custards, moo-o!"

I never could cry with so much to do."

The little boy stopped crying for just a minute and then he heard his dear grandmamma calling: "John, John, come into the kitchen a minute."

So he went into the kitchen and his dear grandmamma asked him to

shell some round green peas into a bright tin pan. The little boy sat down in the rocking chair, and he played the peas were bullets rattling against a fort as they dropped into the tin pan. When the peas were all shelled, his dear grandmamma gave him a bright cent. He went out and called the tabby cat and they walked together down the road to the store and bought a peppermint stick. Afterward when he sat on the porch eating the peppermint stick he decided that he was not a lonesome little boy any longer.

BABY'S HOLD ON LIFE.

The little ones are frail—their hold upon life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by a reliable corrective medicine. Baby's Own Tablets have proved by their record of success to be an ideal medicine for the ills of infants and young children. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, allay the irritation of teething, break up colds, prevent croup and destroy worms. The mother has a guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. T. E. Gravacs, Maritana, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets with great success. They never fail, in my experience, to cure the little ills of children." You can get these Tablets from any medicine dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

QUEER SOURCE OF INCOME.

There is said to be at least one man in London, England, who earns a living—or eke out an income from other sources—by a habit he has contracted of meeting with accidents.

According to a statement in the Southwark County Court recently this enterprising individual is known to have accomplished five more or less successful accidents in the last year or two—and to use a common form of application for damages afterward.

It was a ladder on two occasions; a cellar-flap on the remaining three. The "victim" was stated to have claimed £50 unsuccessfully after the last mishap, but one. Then, it was represented, he claimed £15 against a publican, but the solicitors he engaged withdrew on learning of his lamentable record of accidents, and the suit fell through. Now a barrister asked on behalf of the publican and the public for costs on the higher scale.

Judge Addison was sympathetic. "I remember," observed his honor, "once being in a case where a man used purposely to fall over carpets put down across the pavement to save dainty ball shoes, etc., from being soiled."

"But instead of my getting any good by showing that he had several times purposely fallen over carpets, a noble law lord, who tried the case, was very much interested in the man's favor, and thought it was very hard that he should have met with so many accidents."

However, Judge Russell decided that he had no power to grant the present application.

"But," argued the barrister, "you have power to certify where it is a matter of public importance. And where you get a man of this kind, who makes it his hobby in life to go about and put his feet through people's cellar flaps or coal gratings or to run up against ladders and then claim damages, it is a matter of public importance to resist such claims."

"If you could stop people altogether from falling down outside public houses it would be conferring a great boon," admitted the judge.

"That is most essential," rejoined the other, "but falling that we are trying to stop a man who doesn't fall, but says he does."

IN AN OLD TRUNK.

Baby Finds a Bottle of Carbolic Acid and Drinks It.

While the mother was unpacking an old trunk a little 18 months old baby got hold of a bottle of carbolic acid while playing on the floor and his stomach was so badly burned it was feared he would not live for he could not eat ordinary foods. The mother says in telling of the case:

"It was all two doctors could do to save him as it burnt his throat and stomach so bad that for two months after he took the poison nothing would lay on his stomach. Finally I took him into the country and tried new milk and that was no better for him. His Grandma finally suggested Grape-Nuts and I am thankful I adopted the food for he commenced to get better right away and would not eat anything else. He commenced to get fleshy and his cheeks like red roses and now he is entirely well."

"I took him to Matamoras on a visit and every place we went to stay to eat he called for Grape-Nuts and I would have to explain how he came to call for it as it was his main food."

"The names of the physicians who attended the baby are Dr. Eddy of this town and Dr. Geo. Gale of Newport, O., and anyone can write to me or to them and learn what Grape-Nuts food will do for children and grown-ups too." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

SPORTS OF THE ENGLISH STATEMENT OF A STOCK GROWER

HUNTING ESTATES IN BRITAIN ARE EXPENSIVE.

Each Fish Caught on One Beat, It is Estimated Cost \$125.

"God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling," wrote Isaac Walton some three hundred years ago.

If the philosopher could come to life again in this twentieth century country of preserved waters, says the London Daily Mail, he would probably hasten to add "expensive" to the list of adjectives.

The sportsman whose thoughts run to trout streams or salmon pools and an infinite variety of "taking" flies will tell you that "angling" is still a "calm, quiet, innocent recreation" within the reach of the poor man's purse; but "angling" means to him the patient individual who may be seen on any of the quiet reaches of the Thames, sitting on a kitchen chair in the middle of a punt, with a rod, black bottle, a log, and a paper bag, listlessly watching a float.

Or perhaps the quiet looking men who may be seen by the fifties and sixties sitting on soap boxes in the summer time on the banks of the canals near London, watching each other's rods, apparently ownerless, lying on the banks. This is the poor man's "fishing competition," and there are many worse ways of spending a holiday.

"Fishing," to the same sportsman, means something infinitely more exciting and more difficult to obtain. A beat on a Scotch or Irish salmon river, or the right to fish a small portion of a West-country trout stream in the brief dry-fly season—that kind of fishing is fast becoming the

MONOPOLY OF THE RICH.

The "silver salmon" is a misnomer. The king of British fish should be at once rechristened the "golden salmon," for the man who takes a boat on a Scotch river nowadays may be well excused for muttering "that fish cost me exactly fifty sovereigns" when he lands a thirty-pounder, or even a grilse.

A very wealthy English Duke often tells his friends a story against himself which serves to illustrate the expenses and surprises of salmon fishing. He took two beats on the Tweed—beats which had yielded over two hundred salmon the previous season, and he paid £1,200 for the autumn fishing. The days passed, the river was low, and not a fish was killed.

Just before the time was up the Duke killed a grilse, a friend killed two eighteen-pounders, and a gillie landed a fourth fish. I ate the grilse myself," said the Duke. "It cost me £300, so I didn't see why I shouldn't."

Trout fishing is still within the reach of the man of moderate means. From many Scotch, Welsh and Irish rivers very good sport can be obtained or a trifling addition to the hotel bill.

In the County Galway, for instance, good trout fishing can be enjoyed for three shillings per day; and in many parts of Scotland the hotel proprietors to buy up the fishing rights of five or six lochs and add "trout fishing" to the list of attractions gratis.

SALMON FISHING "TICKETS,"

which are still issued on a few rivers in Ireland and Scotland at a guinea per day, are well enough for the man on a short holiday; and if he have luck he will do well out of it, for the rule with these "tickets" is that the market price of the fish killed is deducted from the guinea. Thus one day, he may pay a guinea and another day two shillings—but he must give up the fish when he has landed it.

The prices of sporting estates affording grouse shooting and salmon fishing have reached sums out of all proportion to the sport they afford.

The millionaire who wishes to "entertain" is said to be the cause of the inflated sums now asked by owners of even third-rate shootings and fishings; but then the millionaire is often a much-maligned person, and still more often a much-deceived one.

In a certain London banker's safe are several papers yellow with age. The letters are from an old client, who about the year 1832 strongly objected to having to pay the sum of £300 a year for a certain sporting estate in Inverness-shire.

The present millionaire tenant of this same estate pays £3,000 for the autumn season; and not many miles from its borders are two rivers which yield gold to four big estates. Two hundred pounds a boat for the spring or autumn season is the lowest price accepted on either of them. And the beats never go a-begging, for the pools are famous, and the dreaded nets are things unknown.

From all accounts the spring fishing in this year of grace is far from good, and yet there are fishermen who are nibbling no doubt at a tempting

"BEAT OF TWO MILES"

in Aberdeenshire, which is going for £1,200 without a house of any sort. Last year, it is stated, was a bad year; but 150 salmon is the average on this particular beat.

Supposing therefore, that the average is maintained, which is extremely doubtful this next autumn, each fish killed will represent when all extra expenses are paid something like £25.

But what is £25, or even £100, to

HIS LUMBAGO WAS CURED BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered for Twenty Years Before He Found Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special)—Robert C. Lampman, the well known Gainsboro farmer and stock grower, is completely cured of a long-standing case of Lumbago, and he has made a statement for the benefit of the public, in which he gives the entire credit for the cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. In his statement Mr. Lampman says:

"For twenty years I suffered from Lumbago with all its worst symptoms. I had the most distressing pains it seemed possible to bear, coupled with an irritation of the spine.

"At times I was entirely prostrated and was for weeks unable to do anything whatever, and required the services of my family to assist me in dressing and moving from a chair to the sofa.

"I tried doctors and medicines, but got no benefit till, on the advice of a neighbor, I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. After the first box I noticed an improvement, and when I had taken six boxes every symptom of my trouble had vanished."

Like Rheumatism, Lumbago is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Sound Kidneys take all the Uric Acid out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys.

the man who spends his days "thinking in thousands" in the city?

The magic whirr of the reel when a thirty-pounder, fair or foul hooked, runs away with yards of line, the sulking under the hidden stone, the cunning of the fish matched against the man—in fine, the playing of a game fish—surely such a fight, lasting perhaps an hour, is worth any money to the fisherman for the very thrill it gives him.

The rush for Norway and Sweden as a cheap fishing ground for salmon began in earnest some ten years ago. To-day, if the expense of getting there and back and the "incidentals" are considered, Norwegian rivers have little to offer the man of moderate means who disdains the trout.

Excellent trout fishing is included in the hotel bill in many Norwegian and Swedish villages, but the salmon fishing in Norway is becoming annually more difficult to obtain at reasonable rates.

Twenty years ago an Englishman bought the entire fishing rights of a certain Norwegian river for £50. To-day the beats, varying from a half to two miles, are let for the season at £190 apiece.

The famous Namsen River, in Norway, is now divided into beats, mostly English owned, which fetch on an average £220 apiece for the months of June and July. Fishermen who go year after year to the Namsen are accommodated at delightful farmhouses, where everything is spotlessly clean and the living itself, with a somewhat monotonous dietary of fish and eggs, is extraordinarily cheap.

Sweden has free trout fishing in many quiet spots off the beaten track of tourists. But the poor man will say, quite rightly, "You have to get there first."

Beware of Ointments for Calarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

BICYCLE DOCTOR.

Bicycle repairers are so numerous that startling advertisements are necessary to secure business. A handbill of this purport has been widely circulated the last few days in a certain city—

"Bicycle surgery.
"Acute and chronic cases treated with assurance of success.
"Languid tyres restored to health and vigor.
"Tyres blown up without pain.
Wind gratis.
"We understand the anatomy, physiology, and hygiene of wheels, and give homoeopathic or allopathic treatment as individual cases require. Sure cure guaranteed.
"Testimonials:—
"My wheel had three ribs fractured and you cured it in one treatment."
"My tyres were suffering with a case of acute aneurism, which had been pronounced fatal by other bicycle doctors, but you cured the disorder, and I did not lose a day of my tour."
"I was troubled with varicose tyres, involving frequent ruptures. You cured them."
"Thousands of testimonials like the above sent on application."

DENTISTRY BY PHONOGRAPH.

One of the leading dentists of Par-

MOST OF THIS PAGE IS MISSING

