

The Goodly Land.

Numerous Items of Interest From Western Ontario.

Handsomeness Gift to a Woodstock Church and Hospital.

A Hallowe'en Prank That Provoked Serious to a Windsor Girl.

Sudden Death of a Farmer at a Township Council Meeting—Peculiar Mishap to an Employee of the Wingham Chair Factory.

Mrs. McManus, wife of Mr. Andrew McManus, of Wingham, died on Friday morning.

A district Sunday school convention will be held in Chatham on the 11th and 12th insts.

Brantford is trying to get the Raymond sewing machine factory away from Guelph.

Robert Walker has disposed of his farm, lot 8, con. 2, Stephen, to J. Colwill, for the sum of \$3,500.

The Brussels drygoods merchants will close their stores every evening, except Saturday, at 7 o'clock.

The creditors of J. W. Drake, Windsor, furniture dealer, have accepted his offer of 20 cents on the dollar.

The auction sale on the farm of the late James Gardiner, near Farquhar, realized about \$3,000, including \$5,340 for the farm.

A movement is on foot to form a cold storage company at Brantford, and to build large warehouses in connection therewith.

A Winnipeg dispatch says: Rev. Mr. Grubb, now holding missions in the Anglican Churches here, closes on Nov. 4 and goes to Chatham.

A terrible fire is raging in the big swamp at Cooley's Corners, Oxford. Already a great amount of wood and valuable timber have been destroyed.

Rev. Mr. Vansickle has resigned the pastorate of the Wesleyan Baptist Church, Chatham, on Nov. 13 and 15.

The Kent County Sabbath School Association will hold their annual convention in the First Presbyterian Church, Chatham, on Nov. 13 and 15.

The G. T. R. are making extensive improvements in their station at Princeton, Ont., by lowering the platform and putting in new foundations.

Mrs. W. C. McLeod, of Woodstock, has presented \$2,500 to the Presbyterian Church, of that place, and \$1,000 to the Woodstock General Hospital.

On Wednesday night Kingsmill was again visited by fire, and the business portion of the town had a narrow escape. The fire was got under control with slight damage.

According to Mr. Hood, of Sunshine, who supplies a weather report to the Bureau of Industries, the rainfall in Huron in 1894 was 35.12 inches, and the snowfall 84.4 inches.

Mrs. Mary R. Campbell, aged 30, wife of Mr. John Campbell, assessor of Yarmouth, died Thursday night at the residence of her father, Mr. Donald Macdonald, of Yarmouth.

Mr. John Livingstone, of Listowel, Ont., brother of Dr. David Livingstone, the famous African missionary and explorer, has gone to Seattle, where he will spend the winter with his son.

The population of Blenheim township having reached 1,000 ratepayers entitles it to have an extra deputy reeve next year, which will give them four representatives in the county council.

The Presbytery of Huron met in Union Church, Goderich township, on Tuesday afternoon, and inducted Rev. James Hamilton, B.A., into the pastoral charge of Leeburn and Union Churches.

Aaron Hagey and wife, of Blandford station, have been visiting friends in Waterloo, and while visiting there, A. Hagey purchased a 127-acre farm for the sum of \$5,450, where he intends moving soon.

The case against Wm. Crowder, of Chatham township, charged with forcing a woman's court with living, with another man's wife, was concluded at Chatham Thursday, the defendant being honorably acquitted.

Simpson's mill at Coatsworth was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, as well as 800 cords of wood at Colchester spur on the L. E. and D. R. R. The conflagration is supposed to have been caused by bush fires.

In Burford Mr. Van Horne is retiring from the reeveship, and Mr. Metcalf will be a candidate for the vacancy, and A. Crozier for first deputy, John Collins for second deputy, and J. Weir for councillor.

A bold burglary took place in North Norwich on Saturday. Thieves broke into the dwelling house of Ebenezer Cook and took from Mr. Cook's trousers a pocketbook containing \$70. They used a skeleton key.

The interim injunction to restrain the county council of Essex and Patrick Niven, contractor, from going on with the repairing of the county building at Sandwich is for eight days, and will be argued in Toronto.

Embro and West Zorra were well represented at the Laurier demonstration at Ingersoll, and also at Woodstock. All were highly delighted with the Liberal leader and the speeches delivered from the other speakers.

Miss Maud Hobson, only daughter of Mr. John I. Hobson, of Mosborne, was married on Thursday to Mr. A. F. H. Jones, manager of the Traders' Bank at Guelph. The ceremony took place at the bride's father's residence.

Luke Ouellette, a retired farmer and one of the oldest settlers in the Essex section, died on Wednesday at his residence on Campbell avenue, Windsor. He was 33 years of age, and leaves two sons and three daughters, one of whom is a nun.

As the result of a Hallowe'en prank, the 11-year-old daughter of Mrs. Coulter, residing at 21 Pelissier street, Windsor, was tripped up by a wire stretched across the corner of London and Victoria avenues, and had her collarbone broken.

Thomas Wigglesworth, teamster at Norwich, had a close call on Monday morning while hauling wood out of Carrol's bush. A heavy wind prevailed, and a black ash tree fell, knocking him down and breaking the same on one of the horses' collars.

A horse found tied on the street at Brantford five weeks ago was placed in a boarding stable by the police. The owner failed to turn up. The board of the animal amounted to \$13.80, it was said by auction on the market there Thursday and brought \$1.60.

John Elliott, an employee at the Wingham chair factory, while engaged as a st-man the other day, was struck

in the throat by a piece of wood which flew back from the saw. He was knocked over and was unable to speak for over a day. Although receiving such a blow there was but a slight abrasion of the skin.

They had a lively time at the Congregational Church, Saratoga, Wednesday night, at the monthly business meeting of the church. A motion was moved that the services of Rev. J. C. Macdill be dispensed with, and that the church be closed. Mr. Macdill's friends, however, defeated the motion by a vote of 16 to 8.

A banquet was given at the Manning House, Windsor, Thursday night, by the lawyers of the place to Judge Killam, who is in town on a visit. Judge Killam is a native of Windsor. The dinner was quite a success, all the legal lights of Windsor being present. Francis Cleary presided, and Frank Marcon acted as toast-master.

At Mossboro on Wednesday, Miss Margaret Hobson, daughter of Mr. John I. Hobson, was married to Mr. A. F. H. Jones, manager of the Traders' Bank, Guelph. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. S. Ball, Miss Forbes, Guelph, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. H. P. McMahon, manager of the Traders' Bank, Aylmer, as groomsmen.

Woodstock Sentinel-Review: The sale of the Great Western mills to James Ireland has fallen through, and Mr. McDonald sold them to Walter Thompson, the extensive miller, of Mitchell. Mr. Thompson is known as the "coal king." Possession of the premises by the purchaser will take place next week, the sale price being \$11,500. Mr. Thompson has mills in Seaford, London and Mitchell.

T. B. White, a highly respected farmer, 84 years of age, of Collingwood township, died suddenly on Tuesday night at a meeting at White's school house, con. 10, which had been called to discuss the question of some litigation affecting the council. Mr. White became excited, and suddenly fell to the ground unconscious, and before medical help could be procured breathed his last. Death was attributed to heart disease.

The official opening of the Huron county House of Refuge takes place on Dec. 5, but inmates will be admitted as follows: Monday, Nov. 11—Ashfield, Brussels, Rlyth, Exeter, Bayfield, Tuesday, Nov. 12—Colborne, Goderich township, Goderich town, Grey, Clinton, Wednesday, Nov. 13—Hay, Howick, Hullett, McKillop, Thursday, Nov. 14—Morris, Stanley, Stephen, Seaford, Friday, Nov. 15—Tuckersmith, Turnberry, Usborne, Saturday, Nov. 16—Wingham, Wroter, East and West Wawanosh.

The following is an interesting point in connection with the poll tax. Defendant submitted that he was assessed jointly with his mother for property in Bruce county, although admitting that his permanent residence was in Chatham. The judge, after a careful investigation of the facts, ruled that the tax must be paid at the place of bona fide residence; that a citizen must be liable to taxation at the place where he lives, actually and permanently lives, and that liability cannot be averted by payment elsewhere.

DEADLY DUEL.

London, Ky., Nov. 2.—News has just reached here of a bloody duel in Leslie county. On Wednesday Hon. W. T. Bentley, who was a member of the Kentucky Legislature in 1887 and 1888, and the most prominent man in the county, fought a duel with Bigge Higley, a man of bad reputation, who killed his brother about a year ago. Higley died immediately and Bentley lived about eight hours.

A BAD ONE.

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 2.—A fatal shooting affair occurred Thursday night near Richard's Mill, Chatham. A party named Joe Doherty was handling a gun carelessly, when it was taken from him. He recovered the gun again, and loading it with slugs, came up to those who took it from him and fired at one of them, a lad named Arthur Luke, hitting him in the stomach and injuring him so that he died shortly afterward. Doherty is a regular "don't care" lad. He is said to have caused the death of another lad this summer. He is 17 years old. He has cleared out, taking a horse and carriage belonging to his uncle.

THE HYAMS CANNOT SLEEP.

Toronto, Nov. 2.—Since the time for the second trial of the Hyams brothers has begun to draw near, the twins have been suffering excessively from insomnia. Ever since their arrest, rest has been the victim of nervous collapse in a measure, and after the fiasco of last May they became worse. Lately, however, they have hardly slept at all, such is their anxiety as to the final result of the trial, which commences next week. Narcotics have been administered to an unusual degree, according to the statements of a well-known medical man, but with very little result. Recalculation for a month back has almost unknown to them.

THE CULTIVATION AND PREPARATION OF BLACK TEA.

In China and Japan tea is mostly cultivated in small patches by the peasantry, who gather the leaves, and prepare the tea in their huts, in a very unsanitary manner. In Ceylon the cultivation and manufacture of tea is very different, and it may be interesting to give a brief account of how good tea is made.

The tea bushes are planted in lines, at regular distances, in drained land, and are regularly weeded. Every year the bushes are pruned down to the height of about two feet, and eight weeks after the pruning, the first "flush" of new leaves is plucked, and the "flushes" re-occur every ten days. Coolies, with a basket attached to their girdle, pluck the bud, and a couple of tender leaves. Twice a day the leaf is weighed and taken into the factory, where it is at once spread very thinly on trays to wither. The withered leaf is then placed in the rolling machine, and in about an hour it has become a moist, pliable "roll." It is then placed in trays to ferment, during which process it changes from a green to a copper color. The strength and flavor of the tea depend to a great extent on the fermentation (and the careful treatment of "SALADA" Ceylon Teas during the fermentation is the chief reason the export tea is so much superior to that of other countries. The leaf is placed in large iron drying machines until it is thoroughly crisp. It is then sorted by being passed through sieves of different mesh.

All this work in the preparation of "SALADA" tea is done by machinery, whereas in the different China teas the preparation is entirely by hand, the rolling being done by passing the leaves between the palms and fingers of the hand, and very often the feet are used for the same purpose.

Tea of any kind rapidly deteriorates when exposed to the air, therefore it is always well for consumers to get their tea in sealed lead packages, fine tea thereby retaining all its delicate aroma. "SALADA" Ceylon Tea is sold only in sealed lead packets. Your grocer likely keeps it or will get for you if he values your trade.

FOR TEMPERANCE.

Close of the W. C. T. U. Convention at Hamilton.

Pertinent Questions Presented and Profitably Discussed—"Deborah in the Battle"—Consecration Service.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 31. The election of officers for ensuing year was proceeded with, and Miss McArthur, Cornwall, treasurer, was re-elected.

The School of Methods was conducted by Mrs. Thornley, and a Bazaar Fund given by Mrs. Ella Boole, of Staten Island, N. Y.

"Organization—The County Union, Its Furnishings, Needs, and Its President's Duties" were dealt with in very able papers on each subject by delegates present. The discussion which followed was full of interest.

"The Y. Union" was taken up by Miss Braden, of Ottawa, in a carefully prepared paper.

Miss J. McArthur's paper on "Treasurers' Mistakes" was brim full of valuable hints, amusing and instructive.

A parliamentary drill, conducted by Mrs. Boole, followed, and then came adjournment.

THURSDAY EVENING. The County Methodist Church was crowded to hear Mrs. Ella Boole's address on "Deborah in the Battle." Mrs. Cavers, vice-president of the Provincial W. C. T. U., presided.

Dr. Smith opened with prayer. Mrs. Fenwick rendered a solo very sweetly. Mrs. Boole, on being introduced to the audience, said:

"We read in Judges, iv. 1 and 2, that Israel was oppressed twenty years by Jabin, King of Canaan, and they cried unto the Lord for deliverance. God called Deborah, that she should lead them on to victory and deliverance from their mighty oppressor, Deborah did not want to go. The Lord's army headed by a woman! We women do not want to go against the enemy."

"The speaker then dealt with the excuses of Reuben, Dan, Ashur, etc., given why they did not go up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and with the curse pronounced on Reuben, Meroz, and compared them with the popular excuses given today for not going up to the help of the Lord against the mightiest power—the enemy. She brought forth her strong reasons for resisting this oppressor. Finally, because the liquor traffic was an enemy to the home, and the foundations of home. Four thousand women in New York State last year lost their lives at the hands of drunken husbands."

Second, it is a soul-destroying enemy. Third, it is a law-defying business. She was glad this great woman's crusade was started by a Presbyterian Church, rather than a Methodist, for the Presbyterians do not believe in backsliding, which the Methodists do. Deborah did not want to go alone. So, gentlemen, we women will go right along, not ahead of you, but by your side."

Mrs. Boole closed with a powerful appeal to God, home and native land. The lecture was listened to with most intense interest.

FRIDAY MORNING. Mrs. Gordon conducted a consecration service from 9 o'clock to 9:30.

A letter was received from F. S. Spence, of the Dominion Alliance, asking that the convention appoint delegates to attend the provincial delegates to be held as soon as the decision of the Privy Council is known. The convention arranged for the required number of delegates.

Mrs. Rockwell read a solo, and also read her paper on "The State Half an Orphan." The latter was fully discussed. The plan of work and resolution committees also gave a partial report. A stirring prayer and adjournment followed.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON. A memorial service, conducted by Mrs. Gordon, was deeply impressive. Resolutions of sympathy were forwarded to members of the W. C. T. U. recently and suddenly bereaved. The plan of work committee reported fully, and many valuable measures were adopted for the coming year.

The annual Provincial convention, the brightest and best yet seen, because of its influence and power, was brought to a close.

DANGEROUS RESULTS SURE TO FOLLOW.

Neglect of Kidney Trouble—South American Kidney Cure is a Remedy that Quickly Eradicates Kidney Trouble in Any of Its Stages.

It is an unfortunate blunder to allow disease of the kidneys to obtain a hold in the system. The disease is of that character that leads to many serious complications which too often end fatally. The strong point of South American Kidney Cure is that it drives this disease out of the system, whether taken in its incipient stages or after it has more clearly approached a chronic condition. The medicine is a radical one, easy to take, yet thoroughly effective, and what is encouraging to the patient, the results of its use are made manifest almost immediately. As a matter of fact, this medicine will relieve distressing kidney and bladder disease in six hours.

James Downing, a patrolman of the New York police force, can speak the Chinese language. He learned it while doing duty in the Chinatown of the metropolis.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

NOTICE.—If you want good and proper work done to your watches and clocks, without pretense, take them to T. C. Thornhill, 402 Talbot street, who has all over forty years' experience. He will guarantee satisfactory results, because he understands cylinders, duplex, chronometers, striking repeaters, levers, Swiss, English or American.

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM.

A Kings County, N. S., Man Suffers for Long, Weary Months.

Reached a Stage When He Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Aid—Hundreds of Dollars Spent in the Search for Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove Their Wonderful Health-Giving Power.

(From the Kentville, N. S., Chronicle.)

Mr. David O. Corkum, of Scott's Bay Road, is the owner of one of the best farms in King's county, N. S., and is one of the best known farmers in that section of the country. He is naturally a hard-working man, and when strong is always to be found busy on his place. Last winter he spent the whole season in the lumber woods, was strong and healthy and worked as hard as any one. But it was not long before he began to feel the effects of his disease. Feeling that he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicine, but to no purpose, and he was at last obliged to receive benefit of no avail. Being determined not to die without a struggle, he had doctors summoned from Halifax, but still continued to get worse. About three years ago he took to his bed, and his case developed into bone and muscle rheumatism of the worst type. It spread through all his bones, up into his neck and into his arm, causing partial paralysis of that limb, rendering it utterly useless since he could not lift it above his waist. All the strength left his muscles, and he was unable to turn in bed without aid. He could not walk. Still the doctors waited upon him, and still he took their medicines, but with no beneficial result. During the time Mr. Corkum paid out several hundred dollars in hard cash for doctors' bills, and medicine, and of which did him not one particle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless, and he was given up by all about this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resource he resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable effect, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged, he kept on, and from that time he rapidly improved, and after using Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he was restored to perfect health. Such was the wonderful story told a representative of the Western Chronicle a short time ago.

Mr. Corkum is now 59 years of age and perfectly healthy, and feels younger and better than he has for many years, and attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to any one who may call upon him.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Worcester, Mass., U. S. A. Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, of six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes, against which the public is cautioned.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the Province of Galicia, Hungary. It is known to be 500 miles long, 20 miles broad, and 250 feet in thickness.

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, and feet. It cures the skin, cleans, whitens and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

There are now in England 66,750 public cans, 27,254 occasional retailers of spirits, 30,496 retailers of beer and cider to be consumed on the premises, 12,376 holders of off licenses and 1,015 occasional license holders.

In his VEGETABLE PILLS Dr. Paramelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to men. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions, Paramelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Ancient Female (trying to be sweet to a great football player)—And do you often break your neck at football?

CATARH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages, painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At W. T. Strong's and B. A. Mitchell.

The only way to find a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Every ten days of fog in London, it is calculated, costs 25,000 people on beds of sickness, and kills 2,500.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable, and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell, druggists.

Families with babies and families without babies are so sorry for each other.

Doctors Say It Is the Best.

Gentlemen, I recommend Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with pleasure. Last July I took congestion of the lungs and was in bed for four weeks. I was very weak and could not speak above a whisper. Dr. Lawson of Hamilton, attended me and sent a bottle of Milburn's Emulsion. It is the very best made and soon restored my voice and brought me back to health again. Truly yours, A. L. SMITH, Wheatlands, Man. passages.

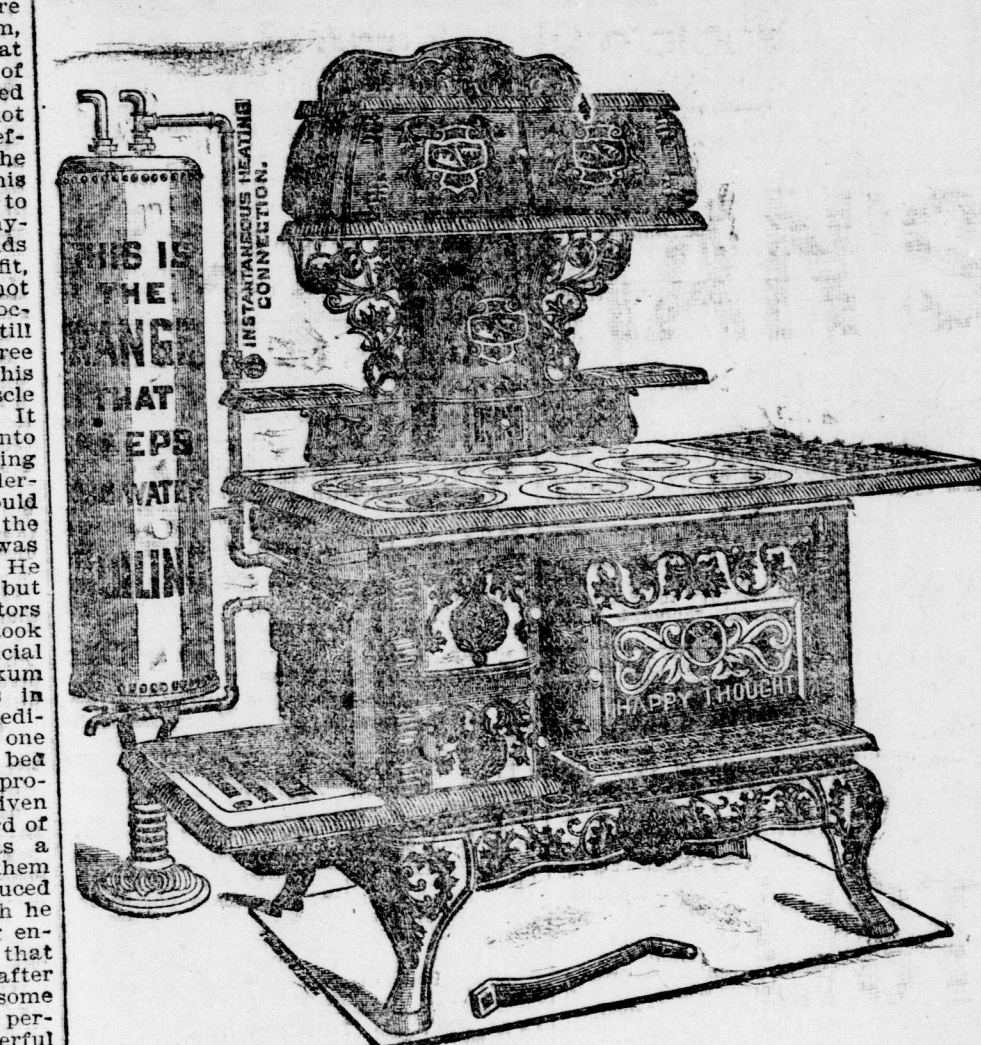
A photographic gun has been invented, which takes a photograph of the field in front of it just as the shot is fired.

THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and chest in the back, and as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

Why Don't You Economize?

When great corporations are spending thousands of dollars in devices to save time, labor and materials, there is evidence enough that this is an age of economy. This being the case we wish to draw your attention to the

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE!



This range is the greatest saver of fuel, food, and of woman's strength and nerves. It brings the cost of cooking down to the minimum, and keeps it there.

It is the result of years of experiments, and is now more perfect than any stove made.

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- 3 Pieces, Bedroom Set, in Solid Oak..... 15 00
- 8 Pieces, Dining Room Set, Solid Oak..... 25 00
- New Style Lounging Couches, in English Corduroy, at.. 11 50
- Cobbler Seat Rockers, in Oak, Curly Birch or Mahogany, Your Choice for..... 3 00

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If you trust in God and yourself you can

surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to

restless anxiety. One must not always be

asking what may happen to one in life, but

one must advance fearlessly and bravely.

—[PRINCE BISMARCK.]

London, Saturday, November 2.

THEY CAME NOT.

Though Premier Bowell, Sir Chas.

E. Tupper, Mr. Oulmet, Mr. J. F.

Wood, Mr. Clarke Wallace, Sir Frank

Smith and Sir A. P. Caron, members

of the Dominion Cabinet, were an-

nounced as speakers at the London

meeting yesterday, no explanations

were given as to their absence. But a

quarrel is reported to have developed

on the question of whether or not it

would be more advisable to hold an

extra session of Parliament or to rush

to the country at an early day. Mr.

Oulmet was in Western Ontario on

Friday, but returned to Quebec.

The reason why the more important

members of the Dominion Government

were not present yesterday, according

to promise, was doubtless the fact

that they have not yet fully decided

what they had better say.

A POSTMASTER TO THE RESCUE.

Postmaster Thomas Cowan, of Galt,

was one of the speakers brought to

London yesterday to reply on behalf

of "the manufacturers," and to claim

that the high tax policy had been a benefit

to them.

Mr. Cowan's pilgrimage was a bad

"break." He was so successful in

the manufacturing line, under the ben-

eficent high tax policy which he

praises, that he was glad to accept

an office in the pay of the Canadian

people. The office he now holds, while

he journeys about attacking one-half

of his employers.

If Mr. Cowan were a Liberal, he

would not be in office for twenty-four

hours. But what is sauce for the

Conservative goose, under the present

regime, is not sauce for the Liberal

gander. It is nevertheless significant

that a man in the position of Mr.

Cowan should be put forward as a re-

presentative manufacturer of West-

ern Ontario at this time.

There were many significant ab-

sences.

RIDICULE THAT IS HARMLESS.

At the London Conservative banquet

last night several of the speakers went

out of their way to ridicule the mem-

bers of the Young Liberal Fleet and

Young Liberal Drum Corps. It pleased

the talkers, and it certainly will not

hurt the hundreds of the flower of

London's youth who belong to these

organizations.

Is it exactly in good taste for the

person in command at the Barracks

to impugn, even by inference, at a

party banquet, the loyalty of any sec-

tion of the whole Canadian people, to

whom he owes his daily bread and but-

ter?

REMINISCENCES OF THE "DEAL."

Mr. Montague has had some fame as

the man with the gaseous style of or-

atory, but no doubt a good many of those

who assembled in the old Mechanics'

Institute to listen to the speeches last

night were chiefly anxious to see the

man whose entry into the Dominion

Cabinet was effected by the extraor-

dinary intrigue which resulted in driv-

ing Sir John Carling out of the Gov-

ernment at Ottawa. Most people who

have seen both gentlemen doubtless

fail to see wherein the Ottawa Admin-

istration has been strengthened by the

change. Last night, Mr. Montague at-

tempted to belittle the man thus

treated by those whom he had served

so well, but Sir John doubtless had

lively recollection, if he did not hum

to himself, the old couplet:

"It's all very well to dissemble your

love.

But why did you kick me downstairs?"

Mr. Montague, accidentally, no doubt,

let out the spirit in which he and his

associates have viewed the decapita-

tion of Sir John Carling, when he said

that the gathering of last night was

intended to speed the parting politi-

cian (Sir John Carling), and to welcome

the coming one (Mr. Beattie).

DECLINED TO TRY THE CHARGE.

The Toronto World of today says:

"Chief Justice Meredith sitting at the

Kingston assizes has refused to hear

the case against Provincial Librarian

W. T. R. Preston, which he has ad-

judged indefinitely. The Chief Justice,

when leader of the Opposition in the

Provincial Parliament, frequently came

in contact with Mr. Preston as an op-

ponent, and being under the impres-

sion that bias may be imputed on that

account, declined to hear the case, al-

though the defendant, through his

lawyer, Mr. M. E. Saunders, expressed

his entire confidence in the judicial in-

tegrity of the judge. The plaintiff was

given leave to apply at Osgoode Hall

at an early date to have another judge

appointed to hear the case."

The Chief Justice has acted in ac-

cordance with the suggestion of the

"Advertiser," and has followed the

British precedent. In this he has ex-

ercised good judgment, and is to be

complimented on his resolution in the

matter.

STILL TALKING AMBIGUOUSLY.

Several of the speakers at last night's

meeting referred to the Manitoba

school question. They now assert

that what they would like to see is

that Manitoba should relieve the Gov-

ernment at Ottawa of all responsibility

in the matter, and that all they wish

to do is to obey the constitution. But

a few months ago these same men is-

sued a peremptory order on Manitoba

to do is to disobey the constitution. But

for—to do more than the opinion of

the Privy Council held to be desirable.

That remedial order, the Montreal Ga-

zette, the Hamilton Spectator and other

Conservative journals have denounced

as a blunder. Mr. Oulmet, one of the

Quebec Conservative leaders, called his

Maker to witness that that coercive

order would be put in force at last ses-

sion of Parliament. The declaration

was called forth because Mr. Oulmet

desired to carry Vercheres for the

Conservatives, whereas Mr. Montague,

in Haldimand, also with the object of

carrying an election, explained that

the blundering order meant nothing,

and that it would not be enforced by

Parliament. These attitudes represent

"the constitutional position" of the

Government up to date. They have one

story in Quebec, and another in Onta-

rio, and when asked to state just what

they mean to do when they undertake

the further coercion of Manitoba, they

take refuge under the empty phrase,

"We obey the constitution." The ques-

tion might have been settled long be-

fore now if the men in power had

gone the right way about it.

If Dr. Montague is not sagacious,

he is at least gaseous.

ANOTHER BAD BREAK.

Another bad break which the Cum-

berland car tourists made at last

night's meeting was the assumption

that the Liberals are enemies of the

manufacturing industries of Canada.

These politicians insulted the intelli-

gence of the citizens of London who

listened to them.

Everybody in London knows that at

least one-half the manufacturers of

the city and throughout the West are

supporters of the Liberal party.

Everybody in London knows that the

candidate of the Liberal party is a

manufacturer himself.

And even men who have hitherto be-

lieved in the policy of high taxation

are beginning to see that a tariff for

revenue only, with free raw materials,

with untaxed coal and iron, would be of

enormous advantage to the manufactur-

ers of London, as well as to their cus-

tomers.

London was a prosperous manufactur-

ing city long before the high tax

policy, with its tendency to centralize

manufacturing in Toronto and Mon-

treal, was thought of as a means to

help a political party to power. The

population of the city increased at a

greater ratio under a revenue tariff

than under the policy of trade restric-

tion and favoritism. The city will have

increased prosperity when every un-

necessary shackle to commerce is taken

away. And, despite the slanders of the

professional politicians, the Liberals

will have their full share, in conjunc-

tion with their fellow-citizens, in pro-

moting its manufacturing, commercial

and other industries.

First Conservative—In these expen-

sive Club rooms we've got a big thing.

Second Conservative—Yes, an ele-

phant.

LADIES TO THE RESCUE.

Dr. Montague, the 60-miles-an-hour

talker, yesterday developed a great

scheme from the depth of his volumi-

nous inner consciousness, to wit, name-

ly, viz.: Start an imitation Primrose

League in Canada, with a full assort-

ment of Dames, and lady personages

of lower degree, in humble imitation

of the women's political organization

connected with the Tory party in Great

Britain.

We rather fancy the gaseous doctor

will find that social conditions in

Great Britain and in Canada are not

exactly similar, and that the masses

of our people would hardly consent

to be patronized by Primrose Dames

of the imitation variety.

If the gaseous doctor's great scheme

were not one which sensible Conser-

vatives would themselves soon laugh

out of court, one might comment on

the bad taste, to use no stronger

phrase, of the proposal to adopt the

maple leaf, the emblem of all classes

of Canadians, as the badge of a party.

But no one need lie awake o' nights

in perturbation over the gaseous doc-

tor's great scheme. The people of Can-

ada know a wooden nutmeg when they

see one.

The country needs a change.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS AN HOUR.

The public debt of Canada, and the

burden which the payment of the in-

terest lays on the people, were flip-

pantly referred to by the Cumberland-

car tourists at last night's meeting

in this city.

Canada has now a debt of \$252,000,-

000.

This debt was added to last year by

over \$6,000,000.

The debt has increased by \$100,000,-

000 since the high tax Government at-

tained power.

Over \$10,000,000 a year is taken out

of the people in taxes to pay for the

interest on this debt.

The people pay \$30,000 a day for in-

terest on the debt.

This is at the rate of \$1,000 an hour.

The excuse for the enormous in-

crease to the public debt is that we

have public works to show for it.

Have we?

No man can honestly contend that

we have public works to show for the

millions of dollars squandered or

stolen from the public treasury, with

the connivance of those now in power

at Ottawa.

It was shown in Parliament, during

last session, that at least seven mil-

lions of public money had been stolen

from the public purse in connection

with the construction of public works.

What a boom there would be in Can-

ada today if this money and other

large sums similarly filched from the

public treasury, could be returned to

the people, from whom they were

taken.

No one, either honest Liberal or

Conservative, can object to public

works carried out for the benefit of

the public at large, but we believe that

the country is ready to decree that the

reign of the mismanagers at Ottawa

must cease.

The country needs a change.

Some time ago it was proposed to

found a ladies' P. P. A. in support of

the Dominion Conservative party, and

it is understood that the proposed

Ladies' League outlined yesterday by

the gaseous Montague is the carrying

out of the idea under another name.

Whether the gaseous Montague or his

sagacious idea will burst first remains

to be seen.

HOW

184 to 198 Dundas Street - London, Ont.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

DIED.
M'NEIL—On Nov. 2, 1895, at his late residence, 561 Wellington street, city, Findley McNeil, aged 55 years.



This Brand of Flour
Always makes the
BEST BREAD
OR PASTRY.
USE NO OTHER.
J. D. SAUNBY
257 York Street.
TELEPHONE 113.

"REX BRAND"

Hams and
Breakfast Bacon

LARD
COOKED TONGUE,
COOKED HAM,
COOKED CORNED BEEF.

The finest the market
affords.

MOORE & CO.,
1 to 6 and 19 to 23, Market House,
LONDON, - - - ONTARIO



Stark's Powders

ENTIRELY NEW TREATMENT.
Each box contains a box of powder for the immediate relief of Stomach and Nervous Headaches, and Sick Stomach, Neuralgia, Restlessness, Torpid Bowels and all Nervous Pains; also capsules, foreign, never failing treatment for Biliousness, Colic, Tension, Dizziness, Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Pain in Back and Side, Lumbago, Constipation, Tired Feeling, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Bloating on Skin, Impure Blood. They are also a certain preventive of Bilious and Typhoid Fevers. No like the old-fashioned slow-acting pills, mixtures, lozenges, etc., but they act at once.

Only 25 cents Five Boxes for \$1.00 at all drug stores, and at country stores at places where there are no druggists. Prepared by R. Stark, M.D., C. P., Chemist.

For Sale, All At Great Bargains.

No. 1 and 2 Camden Terrace, all modern improvements.
25 acres farm, fine buildings, on Brick street, 25 acres farm, Guthrie's residence, opposite Odell's Hotel on Wellington Road.
Late site of Queen's Avenue, Methodist Church, best property in the city, choice corner, 25 acres and residence of John Gray, Esq., this is the choicest property in the County of Middlesex.
A 500 acres of other fine farms and city residences for sale.
Money to loan on most favorable terms.
All lines of fire marine and accident insurance at lowest rates.
Office open from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m., each day.
A. B. Power, Insurance, real estate, and loan office, 157 Richmond street, ground floor.



PRATT'S CASUALTY

SAFETY, NO SMOKE, NO SMELL, WHITE LIGHT.

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO. TORONTO.

R.K. Cowan

Barber, etc., over Bank of Commerce
London.

EGGETT & BICKLEY,

Flumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, 274
Dundas Street.

LAWN HYDRANTS, \$2 50

Phone—1085. Orders promptly attended to.
Estimates cheerfully furnished.

REMOVAL

W. Fairbairn
Merchant Tailor,
Over Priddis Bros., upstairs. Entrance
through store.

"Prize"

Wall Paper

Connoisseurs have pronounced our line of
Wall Paper Decorations the richest and
most elegant to be found. We selected
them with a view of pleasing people of
taste. Call and see varieties.

R. LEWIS,

434 Richmond Street.

IT'S A

WISE YOUNG MAN

That places an Endowment Policy
on his life. Delays are expensive.
The

Confederation Life

Offers the MOST LIBERAL contract
issued today. Rates moderate.

FRED H. HEATH, Gen'l Agent;
GEO. PRITCHARD, Local Agent.

Rogers Electric Co

425 Richmond St., London.

A FULL STOCK OF

Electric Bell & Battery Supplies

Special Prices to the Trade.

Priddis Bros
Eiderdown Quilts

Chintz and Satins

SATEENS IN ALL
SIZES.

Comforters . .

At 75c, \$1, \$1 25, \$1 50,
\$1 75, \$2.

SEE OUR WEST WINDOW.

158 Dundas Street,
157 Carling Street.
TELEPHONE 324.

GUNS! In addition to our
large stock of NEW
GUNS, which we are
selling at reduced
HAND GUNS.

WM. GURD & CO.
185 Dundas St., London, Ont. Phone 800.

Southcott's

FINE TAILORS

361 Richmond St.

FAIR, GROWING Milder.

Toronto, Oct. 1—11 p.m.—The dis-
turbance which was off the middle Atlantic
coast last night has since traveled quickly
across the Maritime Provinces to the Gulf
of St. Lawrence, giving heavy easterly
gales and rain throughout its course. Pres-
sure is now highest over the middle states.

Minimum and Maximum temperatures:
Calgary, 34—54; Qu'Appelle, 18—40;
Winnipeg, 6—32; Port Arthur 16—28;
Toronto, 34—48; Montreal, 32—40; Quebec,
30—38; Halifax, 32—58.

PROBABILITIES.
Toronto, Nov. 2—1 a.m.—Moderate
to fresh winds; mostly southwest to south-
east; fair; stationary or a little higher
temperature Saturday; milder on Sunday.

BELTZ'S.

Buying Furs is a risky undertaking unless
you deal with a house of unquestionable in-
tegrity and honesty and in whose statements
you can place explicit confidence. What we
tell you you can rely upon entirely.

E. BELTZ,
Manufacturing Furrier.

Furs made over into any style that is fash-
ionable at the present time.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Johnson Bros.' Bread

5c per loaf retail.

In all parts of the city. Telephone 818.

Nerves on Edge.

Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and
happy. Mrs. E. B. WOODEN.

Particular churches, with their spec-
ific politics, do not break the unity of
the catholic church visible, while their
faith and love constitute the unity of
the invisible.—Principal A. M. Fair-
bairn.

BEAVER plug is the old reliable
gentleman's chew. Refuse cheap imitations.

(20) TWENTY YEARS AGO HARK-
NESS' BRONCHIAL SYRUP was first
manufactured in this city, and at that
time in a very modest way indeed,
the then manufacturer never imagin-
ing that after TWENTY YEARS his
formula would become so popular
and in such great demand as it is to-
day in the city and Province. There
are preparations that have come and
gone by the hundred during these
(20) TWENTY YEARS, but HARK-
NESS' BRONCHIAL SYRUP is still
a FAVORITE with thousands even in
this city, and still growing in popu-
larity as a specific for all bronchial
affections, including coughs, colds,
croup, bronchitis and asthma. It is
manufactured in the laboratory, and
under the personal supervision of W.
S. Bryers Barkwell, Chemist, and
every care is exercised to have this
reliable Remedy exactly the same as
it was when first put up by the late
firm of F. W. Harkness & Co. (20)
TWENTY YEARS AGO. wt

Tisdale's Toronto Iron Stable Fittings.

Healthful, durable attractive and cheaper
than other fittings. Send for our new
catalogue—The Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings
Co., Ltd., No. 6 Adelaide Street East,
Toronto.

Anderson & Nelles sell pure Baking
Powder at 20c lb. ywt

ODOROMA, a botanical preparation of
wonderful efficacy, perfectly harmless. It
is the "peer over all other tooth powders."

Have you seen Trafford's new ar-
rivals in bird's eye maple, curly birch,
and quartered oak rockers; also latest
style bookcase and secretaires and box
couches in corduroy, at 55 and 97 King
street. Phone, 364.

Those old
Furs of Yours

Need repairing, or per-
haps you would like some
new ones,

WE CAN FIX YOU RIGHT

DROP IN AND SEE US

MILNE, SPITAL & CO.,

146 DUNDAS STREET.

London Advertiser.

Call Us Up! Telephone Numbers:

107.....Business Office

134.....Editorial Rooms

175.....Job Department

Electric Railway.

Service will be put on
London South line this
afternoon, and will con-
tinue regular from this
date.

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1895.

London and Environs

—Mrs. Geo. Russell, Chicago, nee
Miss Jessie Bennett, London, is visit-
ing Mr. Frank Holman, Simcoe street,
city.

—To a Correspondent.—Premier
Bowell will be 73 years of age next
month; Sir John Carling will be 69
next January; Sir Hector Langevin
will be 71 next August.

—After a successful pastorate of five
years, Rev. P. A. McEwen, B.A., for-
merly of this city, has resigned the
pastorate of the Baptist Church in
Windsor, N. S., to resume pastoral
work, probably in Ontario. Before lo-
cating anywhere he has engaged to
give a few weeks service to the Grande
Ligne Mission.

—Mr. McMaster, of Hamilton, who
contributed so much to the enjoyment
of those that attended the recent con-
cert at St. James' Church, South Lon-
don, has made many friends here. His
flute solos were especially fine. His
various numbers, though extremely
difficult, were given with ease both
surprising and delightful. His execu-
tion evoked a storm of applause.

—The King Street Methodists are anti-
cipating a good time at their church
on Sunday and Monday week. The
Rev. Dr. Gifford, of Wingham, will preach
and lecture. The rev. gentleman is re-
puted to be a master in descriptive eloquence, and as
his subject is to be "The Wonderful
Mammoth Cave of Kentucky," which he
personally explored, many will doubtless
want to hear him. See advertisement next
week.

—Lady Stanley Loyal Orange Lodge,
No. 1, held a box social and assembly in
the Duffield block last night, which was
fairly well attended. Mr. E. T. Essery
occupied the chair during the pro-
gramme, which comprised an instru-
mental by Mr. George Watts, songs by
Miss King, Mr. Johnston, Mr. A. Quin-
ton and Mr. James Bentley, and recita-
tions by Messrs. Harry Roberts, J.
E. Showler and W. Cheasley. The
boxes were auctioned off by the chair-
man, who had as clerk Mr. Alf. Mc-
Coubrey. The evening was concluded
with a dance.

—Donations for October are grate-
fully acknowledged by the trustees of
the Convalescent Home as follows:
Mrs. Ford, books; Mrs. Graydon, men's
hats; Mr. A. Beck, two loads of wood;
Mrs. J. P. Piper, ornaments; St. Thomas
Church, Walkerton, flowers; St. Paul's
Christian Endeavor, fruit; Memorial
Church teachers' entertainment, cake;
Mr. Coulter, potatoes, vegetables and
citrus; Mrs. M. grapes; First Congrega-
tional Literary Society and Dundas
Center Methodist Church, reading mat-
ter; Mr. J. E. Boomer, confectionery;
Mr. Keenleyside, reading matter.

—The Epworth League of the Col-
borne Street Methodist Church gave a
concert last night, the proceeds of
which will be given to the Sunday
school improvement fund. The pro-
gramme was of unusual merit, and
was deserving of a much larger audi-
ence than was present. It included a
cornet duet by Messrs. Walker and
Northey; solo, "The Last Milestone,"
Mrs. Warner; reading, "Manhaught,
the Indian Deacon," Miss Ellen Swift;
solo, "Shepherd of the Fold," Miss Eva
N. Roblin (obligato, Mr. James Creswell);
reading, Mrs. J. P. Rice; violin
solo, "Air Variations," Mr. James Creswell;
solo, "The Promise of Life," Miss Eva
N. Roblin; reading, "The College Oil
Can," Mrs. J. C. Rice; solo, Mr. H. R.
McDonald; reading, Miss Blenn Swift;
solo, "Daddy," Mrs. Warner. The pas-
tor of the church, Rev. Walter Rigby,
presided.

INSURING CITY EMPLOYEES.

The regular meeting of the finance
committee of the council was held last
night. Ald. J. W. Jones, O. E. Brenner,
George Armstrong, H. Dreaney, Mayor
Little and Treasurer Pope being pres-
ent. A memorandum from the council
relating to the insurance of city em-
ployees under the Employers' Liability
Act, occupied the attention of the com-
mittee for some time, and it was de-
cided to call for separate tenders from
the underwriters for the following
classes of employees: Day laborers, fire
department employees, and City Hall
officials. A collective tender will also
be called. D. L. Hardey applied for
the renting of a portion of the East
End Hall. The application was referred
to the chairman to see Mr. Hardey in
relation to the matter. Messrs. Hel-
muth & Ivey, solicitors for the Lon-
don Street Railway, notified the com-
mittee that the G. T. R. overhead
bridge on the Wharncliffe road, South
London, would require strengthening
before the trolleys could cross it, and
the city was asked to have the work

We Know You Will

Appreciate our Table Supplies. We keep
the best the market affords and we are as
particular about the cleanliness of our
goods as if they were for our own personal
use. Our prices are low.

We Have—O

Crosse & Blackwell's New Peels,

Crosse & Blackwell's New Jams,

New Canned Goods,

Extra Fine Select Oysters.

T. A. Rowat & Co.

228 Dundas Street - - - Phone 317

Prescriptions

Skilfully prepared at Shuff's
New Drug Store, Dundas,
corner William.

done. The matter was laid over for
further consideration. The taxes of
Mrs. Nichol and Mrs. Cowan will be
charged against their respective prop-
erties. John Maker's application to
rent a room in the East End Hall for
a social club was laid over. A com-
missioner from Brigadier Macgillivray,
of the Salvation Army asked that the
East End Hall be rented for Army pur-
poses. The committee did not consider
it advisable to do so, and the applica-
tion was filed. The Police Court
clerk's report showed the fines for
October to be \$90 75. Referred to the
council. Accounts amounting to \$3-
623 71 were ordered to be paid.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

THE WICKLOW POSTMAN TO-
NIGHT.

Everybody does not go to the theater to
laugh, even if some do not care for the more
sombre plays. These same people do not
object to a good hearty legitimate laugh,
and if they come prepared to cry all the
time, they must dry their tears when
Eugene O'Rourke assisted by Roger Dolon,
meet in the great picture scene in "The
Wicklow Postman." They will cry
immediately afterward, but in this particu-
lar scene no one can refrain from laughter.
One car load of scenery, sixteen people, two
stage carpenters, a leader and property man
are required to produce Eugene O'Rourke's
new "Wicklow Postman." All the extensive
and expensive scenic and electrical effects
have been bought outright, and Mr.
O'Rourke has extensive use of some of the
newest and most important discoveries in
that line. The rain effect alone cost \$3-
000. "The Wicklow Postman," will be
presented at the Grand to-night.

MONBARS.

"Monbars," the principal play by
D'Ennery, which celebrated romantic
actor, Robert Mantell, will present at the
Grand Opera House on Tuesday night next,
contains two of the strongest situations that
occur in any play on the road today. One
is in the first act, where Monbars saves a
girl from a mad dog, and receiving a bite in
the arm from the brute, he takes a red-hot
poker and cauterizes the wound. Another
is where he discovers (by the aid of a
mirror) his would-be friend giving him a
dose of poison; and then the duel which
follows always arouses the audience to the
wildest enthusiasm. "Monbars" is full of
strong situations and a climax and is with-
out doubt Mantell's best play. The cos-
tumes are said to be very gorgeous as the
period is in the days of the First Empire.
The company supporting Mr. Mantell is
said to be exceptionally strong and special
scenery will be used here.

TRILBY FOR LONDON.

Of all the works which Paul M. Potter
has been the dramatizer of his "Trilby"
is the greatest. It is great in more senses
than one. It is great in that he outdone Du
Maurier, the author of the great novel.
He has done his work well. He has
nevertheless made a light pleasant
excellence. He was in perfect accord with
Du Maurier, caught absolutely the spirit of
the book, knew thoroughly the characters,
and made not a mistake in presenting them
in action. His dramatization is unique in
the sense that he departs slightly from the
author in making Trilby leave Little Billie,
not in a self-sacrificing way or because she
promised to do so, but because she wants
to. He puts the heroine completely under
the mesmeric influence of Svengali, and if
anything by so doing, improves the devel-
opment of the plot. Considering the fact
that A. H. Palmer has put one of his great-
est companies in the piece, and that it is
superbly staged by Wm. A. Brady, it should
prove to be the most memorable production
of the Grand Opera House, where
it will be presented on Friday and Saturday
nights and Saturday matinee, Nov. 8 and 9.

THE WISDOM OF GRAY HAIRS.

Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, Ont.,
a Well-Known Retired Presbyterian
Minister Has Used Dr. Agnew's Cat-
arrhal Powder, and Testifies to Its
Benefits.

The cautious conversation that is
characteristic of Presbyterians, and
especially those who have seen years
of service in the church, gives weight
and influence to any recommendation
that they may make on almost any
matter. When we find a clergyman of
the years of the Rev. John Scott, D. D.,
of Hamilton, one of the church's most
esteemed ministers, speaking favorably of
a proprietary medicine, we may rest
assured that it possesses genuine merit.
Mr. Scott tells of the benefits that have
come to him from the use of this
medicine, because he is able to speak
from an experimental knowledge, hav-
ing used the medicine himself. Of its
benefits he has testified over his own
signature.

One short puff of the breath through
the blower supplied with each bottle of
Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, dif-
fuses this powder over the surface of
the nasal passages. Painless and de-
lightful to use, it relieves in ten min-
utes, and permanently cures Catarrh,
Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore
Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 50
cents. Sample bottle and blower sent
on receipt of two 3-cent stamps. S. G.
Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

A man in Biddeford, Me., who is 68
years old, is having troublesome times
just now in cutting a wisdom tooth.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distress-
ing Kidney and Bladder Diseases re-
lieved in six hours by the "GREAT
SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE."
This new remedy is a surprise and a
delight on account of its exceeding
promptness in relieving pain in the
bladder, kidneys, back, and every part
of the urinary passages in male or fe-
male. It relieves retention of water and
pain in passing it almost immediately.
If you want quick relief and cure this
is your remedy. Sold by W. T. Strong
and B. A. Mitchell.

MARA'S
Bargain List

FOR

Monday, Nov. 4,

Our Bargain Day

52 Specials for You

GENTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

1st—Men's Silk Braces, 19c pair.

2nd—Men's All-wool Socks, 10c pair.

3rd—Men's Heavy Underwear, 25c each.

4th—Men's Four-in-Hand Silk Ties, 12½c each.

5th—Men's Home-made Mitts, best made, 25c pair.

6th—Men's All-wool Underwear, best made, 45c each.

7th—Men's Arctic Socks, 20c pair; 3 pairs for 50c.

8th—Men's Heavy Top Shirts, 37½c each.

STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

9th—Heavy Toweling, 18 inches wide, 5c yard.

10th—Gray Flannel (all wool), 15c yard.

11th—Heavy Angolia Shirts, worth 15c, for 12½c yard.

12th—Salisbury Flannels, stripes and fancy patterns, 10c yard.

13th—All-wool Blankets, \$1 99 pair.

14th—Gray Blankets, \$1 50 pair.

15th—Extra Heavy Lena Shakers, 7c yard.

16th—Extra Large Damask Towels, turkey red border, 12½c each.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

17th—Best English Oilcloth, 1½ yards wide, 25c running yard.

18th—Best Stair Oilcloth, 10c yard.

19th—Heavy Linoleum, 2 yards wide, 75c yard.

20th—Heavy Twine Matting, colored, 10c yard.

21st—Best English Brussels, made and laid, 90c yard.

22nd—Art Squares for under stoves, 2 yards by 2½, \$1 50 each.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

23rd—Boys' Heavy Tweed Pants, all sizes up to 33, 49c pair.

24th—Children's Two-piece Suits, 75c each.

25th—Men's Frieze Ulsters (all-wool), \$5.

26th—Boys' Cape Overcoats only \$2.

27th—Men's Heavy Tweed Pants, 99c pair.

HAT AND CAP DEPARTMENT.

28th—Men's Tweed Caps (nice patterns), only 35c each.

29th—Men's Corduroy Caps, 45c each.

30th—Men's Scalette Caps, black and gray, 49c each.

31st—Boys' Winter Caps (wedge and band), only 25c each.

32nd—Ladies' Felt Sailors (newest shapes), only 50c each.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENTS.

33rd—Ladies' Ribbed Cashmere Hose, double sole, 23c pair.

34th—Ladies' Heavy Plain Wool Seamless Hose, 23c pair.

35th—Watch Spring Corsets, Bargain Day only \$1 08.

36th—Mara's Extra Long Waist Corsets, regular price \$1 25, Bargain

Electricity a Dudge.

Domestic Burdens Borne by This Agent.

It Cooks the Breakfast, Washes Clothes and Dishes, and Scrubs.

Washing Revolutionized and the Servant Problem Settled.

A new goddess is born. She is called "Electra." She is the goddess of all work, is swifter than Mercury, and brighter than the star of the morning. On her brow is a blaze of jewels she carries a flame-tipped wand.

She comes to unbind burdens, to succor women and horses. There is no service so exalted that she cannot attain to it, no service so lowly she will not stoop to it.

She will light the kitchen fire and cook the breakfast. She will wash the dishes and scrub the floors. She will curl and brush the hair. She will sweep the room and run the sewing machine. She will run errands and draw the cart. She will pull and fill the tub, be the physician, and put the weary to sleep. She will play on the piano or the wash-tub as desired. She will amuse the children or entertain the company. She will tend the door or converse the

She will manufacture climate to order, and bring Alpine blasts in mid-summer to a city flat.

This is not a panegyric, but a prosaic catalogue of the duties that electricity is prepared to assume in family life.

The women of no time have entered into so fine a heritage, and it is worth while sometimes to realize the privileges of the age we live in.

An anxious mother wishes to pay a visit, and at the other end of the town puts her mouth to a hole in the wall and assures herself that the baby is still asleep.

A woman lying ill in the torrid days of early June could not be persuaded that the well were suffering, so cool was she from the gentle zephyrs wafted by a silent little electrical fan playing at the head of her bed.

A dinner under way is about to be wrecked by the heat, when a more stimulating climate is ordered and brought into the room. A silk cord is attached to an iron, and on the iron is disposed of a whole wash before stopping. To carry it on to a vine-sheltered porch or under a neighboring tree is only a question of length of string.

One swings an electric bulb over the arm and goes to bed to finish a novel. The same green string may be switched off to the curling irons in the morning to prepare the curls for breakfast. The performance of the most diverse duties is only the hooking on of a silk twisted cord.

An interesting experiment has been made in Toledo in connection with one of the electric light stations. The principal object was the heating of a block of 27 houses, controlled by a syndicate, with hot water obtained from the exhaust steam spared from the engines used for the electric light.

It seems that in producing electricity for lighting only a small force of the percentage obtained from the coal is wasted. The balance is thrown away in waste steam.

In the Toledo experiment this waste steam was carried into tanks of water, and there stored, as it were, for heating purposes. In addition to this there was ten per cent more exhaust steam than was needed for heating, and this was turned into electricity of low grade and conveyed to these houses for cooking purposes.

It is the boast of the Toledo block that there is not a match for the premises. The men light their cigars and the women curl their hair by electricity. Together they make Welsh rabbits on the malachite and onyx tables of the dining room, all the cooks having no fires to make.

The most interesting development in domestic life with which women have to deal is cooking by electricity. Every woman knows that the kitchen range is the real hub of the universe. A change of fuel is a more serious experiment than a change of sect or party.

The first thing that commands electricity to a woman is its cleanliness. For this gas has prepared them somewhat. But even with the products of combustion still oblige the washing of the outside of the platters. In cooking by electricity there is no combustion. The heat is merely localized. This distinction is radical, and affords the most curious and interesting feature of the new process.

There is no such thing as an electrical stove in the sense of the kitchen range. For example, there is an electrical kitchen in a commodious Brooklyn home. One experiences a curious nineteenth-century feeling of listening to the middle-aged cook explaining the mysteries of her switch-board.

There is a slab of Numidian marble in the jut of the kitchen range. On the marble are hinged the wooden handles that, moved up or down, make or break connection. One is now down, engaged in baking the family loaf. The cook is eloquent over the oven that with the aid of the thermometer to tell her when the oven is just right, and the glass door to allow her to watch the operations within, never fails of her expectations.

If the baking or roasting is going on too quickly she shows how she switches off the current to allow the oven to cool. This it does evenly, as it is heated evenly.

In this case the cooking utensils are themselves designed for electricity. Here there are tea kettles, boiler, stew pan, farina kettle, coffee pot, of copper lined with tin, and for table use nickel-plated, each with its twisted cord and separate generators tucked away somewhere inside.

These articles can, in fact, be used anywhere where there is a chandelier or bracket for electric light.

In point of fact, but for the odors of vegetables and meats, there is no reason why a dinner should not be cooked on a butter's tray by the table side when the duty of cooking falls on the mistress, and it can be done with the same grace that is lavished on the nocturnal chafing dish or an afternoon tea.

An electrician who was putting in an electric cooking plant in the marble kitchen of one of the notoriously rich men, said:

"This sort of thing does not pay us. It is not the few electrical kitchens of the very rich we are working for. What it does, however, is to give us the opportunity to experiment and furnish a basis on which to work out electrical cooking so that it will come within the reach of the people. This is not in the interest of philanthropy or the new woman, but because there are millions in it."

"The electrical and cable railways in the smaller towns, by exhausting into the air tens of thousands of horse-

power, actually waste energy enough to heat, ventilate and furnish light and cooking facilities, the revenue from which would produce more than equal the cost of production."

"Every 1,000 horse-power going to waste would equip 250 average sized dwellings, whose actual coal bills averaged \$400. To speak briefly, each station is at present throwing away ninety per cent of its power."

That this will be eventually turned to domestic purposes he does not doubt. When this is done the cost of electricity for all purposes will be so cheap that it can be freely used.

It does not yet appear whether cooks will have to take out licenses like engineers and present them with their characters, but cooking by electricity seems to demand a higher order of intelligence than the kitchen range has yet developed. Who knows but that in addition to all else she performs, the goddess Electra will yet solve the servant-girl question, as his greatest achievement?—Washington Star.

Early Days of the Advertiser

Reminiscences Which Will Interest Many Readers—From the Hand Press, Printing Its Few Hundreds of Copies an Hour, to the Web Press, Printing, Pasting and Folding Many Thousands Hourly—From Handsetting to the Wonderful Linotype Machines.

(From "Printer and Publisher.")

The Printer and Publisher was in London the other day, and made a call on John Cameron, the founder of the "London Advertiser," and its controlling shareholder and virtual owner. Mr. Cameron was asked if he objected to interviewing. "Not in the least," was the reply. "An interview, well done, is always readable." Thereupon the interviewing scribe pulled out his note book and sharpened his pencil. Mr. Cameron had just returned from a month's canoeing and camping trip west of Lake Superior, having "paddled and portaged, and camped, and fried-baconed," to his great delight. Face and neck and hands showed healthful brown, and he declared he never felt younger.

According to page 415 of "Men of Canada," Mr. Cameron was born Jan. 21, 1843, at Markham, Ont., receiving some part of his education at the Stouffville and London public schools.

At the age of 17 he was apprenticed in the London Free Press office, the first year getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning through snow and storm, to carry a round of papers.

He recalls his ecstatic emotions on a Christmas Day, when, after delivering his carriers' address cards, he found himself with nearly \$10 in slitting York slings and other coins.

He has never felt so rich since. His frame-mate at the case was William Southern, now manager of the Hamilton Spectator. His first newspaper composition was a short description of a sea-sick picnic party at Port Stanley. It was handed to the editor, it was printed. He says he carried that paper about in his pocket for a week, every now and then taking it out and reading it over with great satisfaction.

When Macaulay saw his "History of England" in print he could not have been happier.

When Mr. Cameron was only 21 years of age he started the "London Advertiser," which, according to "Men of Canada," has gone on ever since, after developing into the principal newspaper in Ontario outside of Toronto.

He has been twice president of the Canadian Press Association, is an elder of Park Avenue Presbyterian Church, London, and is seldom absent from the General Assembly as commissioner. He was married in 1869 to the daughter of the late Capt. Miller, captain of the 4th Battalion of the Royal Canadian Rifles.

"Here is a copy of our Quarter Century Edition, issued in 1888," said Mr. Cameron. "On the first page you will find a fac simile of the first copy. It was four pages of that size. For a good many years my brother William, an able newspaper man, was associated with me in the publication, and after his death my younger brother, L. K. Cameron (now Queen's Printer), was for a few years business manager. W. J. McIntosh, now of Chicago, was also at one time connected with the paper. But I was myself the founder of the paper, and though the paper is now conducted by a company, I am the president and manager and controlling shareholder."

"You were connected with the Globe for some years?"

"Yes, I spent seven or eight agreeable years in Toronto as editor and general manager of the Globe, after the death of Hon. George Brown. C. W. Taylor, a man of fine qualities, was my chief associate at the business end, and we had the satisfaction, during my term of getting the company into a proved financial shape. A co-director was Robert Jaffray, now president of the Globe Printing Company—a more than ordinarily able man."

"The 'Advertiser' made a rather humble start as to size?"

"Yes; it started about the size of a copybook. The time, just about 32 years ago, was precarious. It was the exciting close of the American civil war, when people were eager for news of the contest. Like Topsy, the paper 'grewed,' until it is now a household word in Canada, and especially in Western Ontario. I always believed in bright paragraphing and striking headlines, and in making a readable paper, and one acceptable to the family circle. We insert no anonymous letters. We have always been pretty radical; for example, being the first paper in Ontario to advocate equal electoral rights for men and women. The 'Advertiser' was the first paper to advocate the plebiscite system. Its general tone is optimistic. Our over-editorial motto being Robert Browning's lines:

"Gods in His heaven. All's right with the world."

"The 'Advertiser' publishes two editions daily, with 16 pages, on Saturday, and a mammoth, readable 96-column weekly, the 'Western Advertiser,' which, like the daily, makes a specialty of the news of the fertile and smiling areas of Western Ontario, of which London is the railway and natural capital."

In reply to inquiries, Mr. Cameron stated that he started in without a dollar of capital, but had the opportunity given him of taking over the printing plant of the Evangelical Witness, an organ of the New Connection Methodist Church, and of acquiring it gradually. At first he was editor, reporter, proofreader, everything.

Among the humors of his existence, he relates that on one occasion he received a poem from a country post-office, professing to be a first effusion, but which was at once recognized as a little poem by Longfellow. On another occasion, after a tea meeting in the country, an honest young farmer confided to him that he was surprised to find him so agreeable in pri-

No Courtship in Jerusalem.

Of courtship as it is known in America there is none whatever in Jerusalem, writes Edwin L. Walker in the November Ladies' Home Journal. A young Mohammedan never sees the face of the girl who is to become his wife until after marriage. His mother and sisters may see her and report their impressions, but if it is a case where the union is by them considered a desirable one, they are likely to accredit her with charms she does not possess. Among Jews and Christians there is a greater latitude in this respect, though the young people are never permitted to see each other without the presence of a third party. In every case the services of an intermediary are necessary. Brides at 14 are not uncommon, and at 12 some are married. I have known of one bride 10 years of age. She was a Moslem.

What We Should Sing.

Ennobling Character of Songs of the Highest Class.

The Psalms of David Receive Very High Praise.

Songs Should Teach Peace and Good-Will Not Magnify War and Hatred.

Every emotion that passes through the human mind leaves its impress. The longer, oftener and more intense these emotions, the more they mold our character. If these are low, coarse and vulgar, we cannot rise above them. But if, happily, all the higher and nobler traits of our mind are brought into exercise, and intensified by surrounding conditions, they ennoble our nature, refine our tastes, inspiring in us a feeling that there is something higher and grander than we can ever attain to in this life. Now, I believe that by the aid of music, we have in a good degree the control of these conditions. Music is one of the greatest intensifiers of our feelings, and when blended with poetical sentiment, may inspire, if not create, the highest and holiest emotion of which man here is capable. Gratitude is one of the supreme laws of our being. When we behold the beauties and the bounties of creation, gratitude must overflow the swelling heart, and vent itself in grateful songs of praise. Many of the hymns are sweet, tender, beautiful and appropriate for worship. The hymns:

How gentle God's commands,
How kind his precepts are;
Come, cast your burden on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

Sung to the tune Dennis, is excellent and often admired; yet few would compare it with the 23rd Psalm. But it is in sublime grandeur that the original Psalms so far surpass the hymns.

We sing, not only because we feel the sentiments expressed, but that we may have the sentiments created and intensified; and I believe you will see a marked difference between the Psalm and hymn singer in religious character and religious taste. The Psalm singer must imbibe a deep reverence, and stand dumb before the terrible power and majesty of his Creator, while the hymn singer speaks of his religion and his Creator with as little restraint as he would speak of his secular affairs, or of his fellow-man.

What part could the old school Presbyterian take in the songs and parade of the Salvation Army? As there are a great variety of tastes to meet, we must not be too exclusive. But the songs of the church, if they mold men (and they do mold men) should aim as far as possible in making man what he was as he came fresh from the hand of his Creator, bearing his own image.

When we sing the 145th Psalm, as it should be sung to the exulting strains of Duke Street, touched by the sublime grandeur of the song, we are carried far beyond the height of choicest hymn. Man once having felt the inspiration of the Psalm, he can never satisfy his taste with Sankey's hymns and tunes.

The uses of song are not confined to the church, but enter into every condition of life. Pope has beautifully expressed the uses of music to the various moods and conditions of man.

By music minds are equal, temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low,
If in the breast tumultuous joy arise,
Music her soft persuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds.

Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.

We wonder not at the heroism of Scotchmen, when we hear the unconquerable spirit of their songs, very notably, "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled," etc. We are, however, glad that the age of military heroism with us has ended, and we should with our songs woo men away from deeds of bloodshed to a far higher, truer and nobler heroism, namely, "Peace and goodwill to men." Lord Byron has well said—"There is more real glory in the dying up of a single trait than in the shedding of human gore."

Water Scott, in his poem, Rokesby, says:

"The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth;
Even tiger fell and sullen bear,
Their lion's roar and lion's mane spare;
Their lion's mane kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

Love is the fulfilling of the highest law. Let our songs, then, breathe a universal love. They must come from the heart to the heart, or they cannot mold our lives. The songs of Europe reached the universal heart, because they were the true reflection of a highly sensitive mind. His love songs were always studded round with the beauties of nature. The hawking, the hawk, with its feathery plumes, the sweet hawthorn, the mossy banks, the babbling brooks, the warbling birds, from blooming spring to hoary winter, everything in nature has a charm for the different moods of the poet.

Varied as these charms and moods may be there is but one grand purpose in them all, to lead us up through nature to nature's God.

THOS. B. SCOTT, Vanneck.

REMARKABLY PROLIFIC CANARY.

A Whitehead fancier, says the London Daily Graphic, has a canary which has clearly laid herself out to break folk, to "break the record." She began operations on March 20, and up to August 1 had laid 30 eggs and brought out 16 birds, 10 of these being alive and good, and at the present time (her last nest of birds being almost reared) she is making arrangements for another big lay.

prescribe Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites because they find their patients can tolerate it for a long time, as it does not upset the stomach nor derange the digestion like the plain oil.

Scott's Emulsion is as much easier to digest than the plain oil as milk is easier to digest than butter. Besides, the fish-fat taste is taken out of the oil, and it is almost palatable. The way sickly children, emaciated, anemic and consumptive adults, gain flesh on Scott's Emulsion is very remarkable.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute Scott's Emulsion. Ask and get.

Hot Meat Pies, - - 5c
Oyster Stews, - - 15c

HARRY YATES, Market Bazar
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

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Wholesale Hardware Merchants, LONDON, ONT.

Window Glass, Paints, Cut Nails,
Enamelled Glass, Oils, Wire Nails,
Cathedral Glass, Putty, Galvanized Wire,
Roiled Plate, Rope, O. and A. Wire,
Spades and Shovels, Harvest Tools, Builders Hardware.

We are just opening importations of Cutlery and English Shelf Goods. All goods bought for cash at lowest value. We lead in prices, quality and new goods. Prompt shipment and best attention guaranteed.

SCALDS
and Burns are soothed at once with
Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER.
It takes out the fire, reduces the inflammation, and prevents blistering. It is the quickest and most effectual remedy for pain that is known. Keep it by you.

SEARCHES OUT THE CAUSE OF DISEASE
KOOTENAY
CURES
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
BLOOD POISON
LIVER COMPLAINT
KIDNEY DISEASE
Mrs. E. N. NEWCOMBE,
241 John St. S., Hamilton.
I have taken 1 bottle and a half of Kootenay's Kootenay Cure for Kidney Complaint. My case was an extremely bad one, I never had any thing to do me so much good. I recommend it highly.
R. E. MORGAN, Esq., of Morgan Bros., Four and Five Merchants and Wholesale Dealers, 24 John St. S., Hamilton.
Cured of Rheumatism by Kootenay's Kootenay Cure.
Parties wishing pamphlet containing hundreds of cures can obtain same by addressing
S. S. BYCKMAN MEDICINE CO.
HAMILTON, ONT.

The Shoes that Slaters' Build.

These are the shoes with the price on the sole, put there to protect the purchaser so that no dealer can sell them for more than the maker intended. The shoes won't wear any better for having the price stamped on them, but the value of the shoes is the less for it—very early on that. It's a proof that the manufacturers of

The Slater Shoes

have confidence in the wearing quality, workmanship and value of them, when they brand each pair with their name, rhododendron, well imported calfskin, Goodyear Welt system. Six-shapes—all sizes—many widths.

Three Grades—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

LOOK FOR THE PRICE ON THE SOLE.

FOR SALE BY POCOCK BROS.

Karl's Clover Root Tea
FOR CONSTIPATION
For sale by W. T. Strong.

DEAR SIR:—I have suffered from Eczema for two years; tried different kinds of medicine. I was at the hospital for some time, and was told there that all had been done for me that could be done. I ceased treatment at Christmas. After leaving the hospital I was under the care of a Hamilton physician, but got no relief. I have taken four bottles of Kootenay Cure, and I am now well and free from Eczema. Yours very truly,
W. M. MCHAM,
242 Barton St. East, Hamilton.

KOOTENAY
PURIFIES THE BLOOD.
CURES RHEUMATISM.
DEAR SIR:—After examining a very severe sufferer from Rheumatism, also a bad case of blood disorder and skin disease, I have no hesitation in recommending your medicine as an Al. article.
DR. ENGRY, Niagara Falls, Canada.
Parties wishing pamphlet containing hundreds of cures can obtain same by addressing
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A Journal for men and women—published every Friday at 5 Jordan street, Toronto, by The Week Publishing Company. Subscription, \$3 per annum.

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Is indispensable to all Canadians who wish to keep informed on current political and literary affairs. Its contributors and correspondents represent all parts of the Dominion.

"One of the ablest papers on the continent."—*Illustrated American*

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HARRY YATES, Market Bazar
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

The Scrap Bag

Winter, the purifier, is a ruddy, checked optimist or a gaunt, hollow-eyed pessimist, according as he finds you prepared or unprepared to receive him. He is a fawning servant or a harsh master, as your case may be.

A young doctor commencing practice had among his first patients an uncommonly unclean infant brought to his office in the arms of a mother whose face showed the same abhorrence of soap. Looking down upon the child for a moment, he solemnly remarked: "It seems to be suffering from hydropathic-hydrophobia." "Oh, doctor, is it as bad as that?" cried the mother. "That's a big sickness for such a mite. Whatever shall I do for the child?" "Wash its face, madam; the disease will go off with the dirt." "Wash its face—wash its face, indeed!" exclaimed the mother, losing her temper. "What next, I'd like to know?" "Wash your own, madam—wash your own."—Scottish-American.

Barney.—His Reverence—I can't take your cab, Pat. I see your horse has been on his knees. Pat—Arrah, yer reverence; be easy about that. The last place he had was wid a prate, and faith, he had to keep up a semblance of religion.—Sydney Bulletin.

There is a curious picture of Omar Khayyam Fitzgerald in the recently published reminiscences of his friend, F. H. Groome. The poet, Mr. Groome says, was always perfectly careless as to dress. "I can see him now," he adds, "walking down into Woodbridge, with an old Inverness cape, double-breasted flowered satin waistcoat, slippers on feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat. Yet one always recognized in him the Hidalgo. Never was there a more perfect gentleman. . . . They were eccentric, certainly, the Fitzgeralds. Fitzgerald himself remarked of the family: 'We are all mad, but with this difference, I know that I am.' Mr. Groome says that a former rector of Woodbridge once called on Fitzgerald to express his regret that he never saw him at church. 'Sir,' said Omar, 'you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years of life without thinking of these things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit.' 'Certain it is,' says his friend, 'that Fitzgerald's was a most reverend mind, and I know that the text on his grave was of his own choosing.' 'It is he that has made us, and not we ourselves.'

Nephew—Do you know, uncle, I dreamed last night you had loaned me 20. Uncle (generously)—Is that so? Ah! well, you may keep them, Otto.—Exchange.

I have never found a man, says the writer of the "Point of View" in Scribner's Magazine, wholesome and lovable to the core, who had not somewhere in his composition a capacity for wide and smiling idleness. For your over-busy persons needs be of necessity a coward or an egotist. Either he permits himself to be whipped by life into a nervous and flinching energy, because he is not strong enough and courageous enough to offer the necessary resistance, or else he is of that class of self-appointed heroes who have a taste for being at the front and who find no privilege of exemption half so dear as the opportunity for self-expression that comes with participation. A great deal of unnecessary work such as Congresses or Discussions, and Societies or Advancements, and fin-de-siècle literature, gets itself done in this way and by these persons, not because the world is in any way benefited by such performances, but simply because the performers are not able to efface themselves and their opinions. One longs at last for the cool presence of the idler, to whom "life is for itself, and not for a spectacle," and who has no feeling of uneasy resentment that things are not provided a desperate situation for him to redeem. I do not believe that Shakespeare ever thought the better of himself, except perhaps before Anne Hathaway and his debtors, for having written the sonnets, nor am I uncomfortable in the opinion that Shakespeare's peers have lived and died so blessed by Fortune and a high indifference as to be under no temptation to coin their gold and silver for a world's consideration. For in the richest nature its activities distill back into itself, and thereby is knowledge fortified into wisdom, and both ripen into character. Happy and thrice happy is the man whose life to him is a kingdom, and who is of the royal blood to sit down and enjoy it.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Give love the power and it will always help.

BREAKFAST—Grapes and Bananas, Pearl Hominy, Broiled Beefsteak, Butter Toast, Graham Muffins, Coffee.

DINNER—Baked Ham, Mashed Potatoes, Cabbage, Hot Shawl, Lima Beans in Cream, Cucumber Pickles, White and Golden Bread, Baked Apples, Salted Almonds.

SUPPER—Cream Toast, Chipped Fried Beef, Graham Bread, Prunes, Cakes, Tea.

SALTED ALMONDS. Shell, pour boiling water over and let stand two or three minutes, when the skin slips off, and they are blanched. Place on flat dishes in the oven until they are a light brown, stirring to keep them evenly heated, and taking care not to let them get too dark. Cool, then put with an unbeaten egg white into a large dish and stir the almonds until they are covered with the egg. Spread upon the plates, sift the salt over and dry in the oven. Stir frequently until nearly dry.

THE VALUE OF MONEY.

It Is Well to Be Posted When in Foreign Countries.

As soon as the traveler goes on board the Cunarder at New York he finds all prices set down in pounds, shillings and pence.

One of the first things for him to do, says a writer in the Chicago Record, is to go to the purser and exchange his American money for English "quids" and "bobs." Having parted with his American currency and silver is probable he will not handle any again until the returning steamer draws near Sandy Hook, and the obliging purser gathers up whatever small change the traveler neglected to spend in Europe and gives back the equivalent in "bits and nickels."

It is always interesting to see the embarked traveler get his first handful of English money.

Suppose it be in the smoking room, the traveler takes a bottle of Belfast ginger ale to warm up and reassure a stomach that is none too courageous.

He gives the waiter an English sovereign, which he has reason to believe is worth about 25 cents.

The waiter returns with a number of assorted coins, which the traveler rummages about in the palm of his hand and attempts to count.

The gold half-sovereign he computes as being worth \$2.50.

The silver pieces are not so easy. There are three about the size of half-dollars, but one of them is slightly smaller than the others. There are also three shillings and sixpences. He roughly estimates the total value at \$4.60, and believes the waiter has taken advantage of his ignorance. The waiter usually comes to the rescue.

The gold piece is a sovereign, says he. The half-crown is 2 shillings and 6 pence, and the two-shilling piece makes 17, the one-shilling piece makes 19, and the sixpence is 13 and 6.

He wants to reduce everything to dollars and cents. He wants to count the shillings as 5 cents, but this would not be so. It was about \$4.90.

The half-crown piece would be 21-2 cents, and any count would result in broken fractions.

For the last few days he takes it for granted that he is receiving the correct change.

It dawns upon him that he can get along very simply remembering that 12 pence make a shilling, 20 shillings make a crown, and 20 shillings make a sovereign.

But he still must learn to distinguish at sight of his pocket a florin, a 2-shilling piece, and the half-crown, worth 2 shillings and 6 pence.

He comes to learn that there is a 4-shilling piece, which he is liable to mistake for a crown, or 5 shillings.

The guinea, of 21 shillings, although used in calculations, is not used by any coin, and he may never come to learn its exact usefulness in the world.

There are some men coming home on the Lucania who have been in England for weeks without learning the coins.

When one of these men paid for a cigar he would ask the waiter: "Is this a 2-shilling piece or a half-crown?"

The English money is a puzzle to any one who has become accustomed to the decimal system. An American learns to use the coins finds himself constantly trying to reduce them to their equivalents in cents and dollars.

If he asks the price of something and learns that it is "37 and 9," he may need a pencil before he has figured it out. "37 and 9" amounts to about \$3.42.

An old traveler on the returning steamer advanced the original theory that people spent more money in London than they did on the continent because the English money, on its face, does not appear to represent high value. He said that a man would hesitate to pay \$1.00 because the latter "sounded" large. A 10 pence note seems to be as large as \$1.00.

"When a man's in London," said the traveler, "he breaks a 5 note and spends it the same as he would a \$5 bill at home."

In Holland it is only necessary to remember that a guilder is equal to 40 cents in United States money and the value of all the small coins can readily be estimated.

In Germany the mark is worth an American quarter, and a pfennig is, therefore, one-fourth of a cent. In France, Switzerland, Belgium or Italy, where the franc is the standard, it is equally easy to know at a glance what a coin is worth.

Anyone who is attempting to gauge traveling expenses and keep them within a reasonable limit will be compelled to translate all values to his own standard.

Wherever he goes he will receive his money on a basis of English pounds sterling, and can take sovereigns if he wishes. He takes native money anywhere on the continent he always gets a premium, which gives him a comfortable feeling that he is actually receiving more money than he paid for his.

In Italy the premium often amounts to a considerable sum, sometimes during last summer being as high as 5 per cent. The banks and the tourist offices pay the current premiums, but English gold is simply counted at the shops or hotels, is simply counted on a basis of 25 francs to the pound.

At present there is absolutely no silver money in circulation in Italy, and gold is very scarce. The copper and nickel coins serve. The counts less than 1 lire (1 franc, 20 cents), but the 1 franc, 2 franc and 5 franc silver pieces have been entirely replaced by "shillings" of these denominations.

The same is true of the gold pieces. This flimsy paper money has about as much suggestion of value as a bundle of milk tickets would have. The bills are somewhat smaller than those of the United States fractional currency in use just after the war.

Instead of being made of tough parchment material, they seem to be rag paper, for they become dog-eared, and a few times they have been patched together a few times.

They are too small to be rolled up and too large to be put into a coin purse. It required a stretch of the imagination to accept them as money, and it always seemed a good joke to offer this flimsy, insignificant little scrap in payment.

If the bill is torn in two it does not affect its value, providing the numbers agree. The number is printed on each end of the bill.

At a theater in Venice one night, the man in the box office was receiving all sorts of tattered fragments in payment for tickets. He scanned the numbers, and said: "That's all right, and an assistant with a paste pot was putting the money together again."

CHILDREN LIKE USING ODORO. MA, that forming habits that will insure good sound teeth the rest of their lives.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 10.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. x, 17-27.—Memory Verses, 24, 25.—Golden Text, Ps. xvi, 1.—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

17. "And Samuel called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpah." Israel was chosen to be a special people unto God above all people on the earth; separated from all others unto the Lord, that He might shew through them who and what He was, that thus all nations might know Him for their good (Ex. xix, 5, 6; Deut. vii, 6; II Sam. vii, 23). When therefore they desired to be like other nations (I Sam. viii, 5, 20), they went right contrary to the will of the Lord for them. Samuel told them just how the king they desired would treat them (viii, 11-19), but they insisted on having their own way. The steps by which the Lord brought Saul to Samuel are fully recorded in chapter ix, and the first part of this chapter x, and form one of the most interesting, instructive and practical of all Bible stories. A precious nugget which I enjoy and love to pass on is found in x, 7. "Do as occasion serve thee, for God is with thee."

18. "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I brought up Israel out of Egypt." The suggestiveness of Mizpah was seen in our last lesson, and there the people saw the power of the Lord on their behalf. Now they are again before the Lord, but turning their backs upon Him deliberately in order to be like other nations. He reasons with them concerning their conduct, reminding them of His love to them when they were slaves in Egypt and how He delivered them from all their oppressors. They should therefore consider that they were His property, a people for His own possession (Titus ii, 14, R. V.), and that He and not they should have the right of deciding in all things concerning their welfare.

19. "Ye have this day rejected your God, who Himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations." Samuel at first felt that they had rejected Him, but the Lord said, "They have not rejected thee, but they have rejected Me," and He added that in doing as they had done they were only treating Samuel (chapter viii, 7, 8). When Israel murmured, it was not against Moses and Aaron, but against the Lord (Ex. xvi, 8). See the application to us in Luke x, 16, and let us consider well that all that touches the Lord's people touches the Lord Himself (Zechar. ii, 8; Acts ix, 4, 6), and all rebellion or complaining on the part of His people is against Him.

20. "When they sought him, he could not be found." All Israel presented themselves before the Lord by their tribes, and the lot was cast for the tribe, and for the family, and for the man, and the result was that Saul, the son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin was taken, but he could not be found. God knew the man whom they would like and had chosen such a one for them, and now He guided the lot to bring him before them, for "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord" (Prov. xvi, 33).

21. "The Lord answered, Behold he hath hid himself among the stuff." The word translated "stuff" has nine different meanings given to it in this book alone. It is translated furniture, armor, carriage, artillery, weapons, vessels, things, etc. Somewhere and somehow, and for some reason, Saul hid himself. He knew through Samuel that God had selected him (chapter x, 1), and knowing this it was a becoming thing not to put himself forward, but let all see that he had no hand in the election. It did not cost him a penny for votes; the place sought him, not he the place. What a contrast to many elections in our day!

22. "When he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward." In addition to this statement we find in chapter ix, 2, that he was a choice young man, and that there was not a goodlier person in all Israel. Size is not everything, however, else Goliath and other giants might be envied, neither outward appearance, as Samuel afterward learned when he appointed a man after God's heart instead of one to please the people (chapter xvi, 6, 7). Contrast the youth and probable slight figure of David (xvii, 23); also what is written of Saul of Tarsus (II Cor. x, 10).

23. "See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among the people? And all the people shouted and said, God save the king." As we said in a previous verse, Saul was the Lord's choice that He might please the people and for the time being satisfy them, and so in due time humble them. As on another occasion, "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul" (Ps. cxi, 18). The people have now a visible king, a choice man and a noble looking one; they are like other nations in the matter of a king, but the invisible one, their Redeemer, is rejected and they prefer to walk by sight.

24. "Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom and wrote it in a book and laid it up before the Lord." All this state of affairs had been foreseen by the Lord and fully written about in Deut. xvii, 14-20. This was, probably, with perhaps additions, that Samuel wrote in the book. Now if the king would consider himself the Lord's representative, and act for the Lord toward the people, in all things consulting Him and obeying Him and honoring Him, all might yet be well, but to please self or the people or to rely on human wisdom or strength will spoil all.

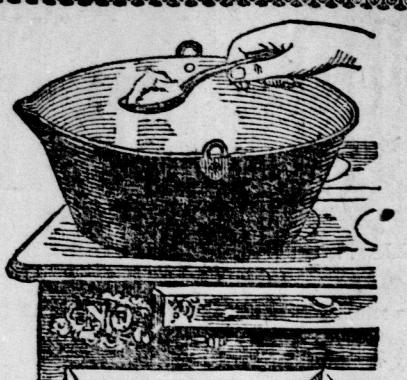
25. "And Saul also went home to Gibeah, and there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched." God would help him by giving him helpers and friends. He does everything to make it easy for us to do right if we are only willing to serve Him in sincerity and truth. He is the same God who saw that it was not good for Adam to be alone (Gen. ii, 18); who also sent the disciples out by twos (Luke ix, 1), and He always, in due time, provides helpers for such as are willing to dwell with Him for His work.

26. "But the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him and brought him no presents. But he held his peace." Saul was in the place of God's representative and as such had his friends and his enemies. It has been said and will be ever so. See John xv, 18. As King of Israel he is a sense typified Christ, the true King of Israel (John i, 49), and before His enemies held his peace, or, as in the margin, "was as though he had been deaf." See also Ps. xxxviii, 18. The wise men from the east brought Jesus gold and frankincense and myrrh, but many who bear His Name today bring Him no presents. See Rom. xii, 1, 2.

The bones of Judas Iscariot are said to be preserved among the relics in the cathedral at Milan.

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ENGLISH METHODS WITH POULTRY

The methods which prevail in England for growing poultry and their care vary so widely from those in vogue here that our readers may find something to interest them in the following, gleaned from the writings of C.E. Brooke. Food should be mixed fresh for every meal and fowls should have only what they can leave none. Through the morning with a hot mess of middlings and barley meal. From November to March their midday meal is boiled barley, and the later meal is wheat or maize. Now and then fowls in confinement should have a fresh piece of sod at which to pick. A little salt should be added to their food now and then, and occasionally a small quantity of Epsom salts. For a full day after chickens are hatched they need no food, and for the following week they should be fed chopped boiled eggs and soaked bread and milk, feeding them every two hours for the first fortnight. For the next two weeks they should have grates, boiled rice, barley or potatoes, followed by bruised barley, wheat, or corn meal. During chickenhood four meals daily are best. The mother should have grain and meal. When moulting, a slight addition of cayenne pepper to the meal, with some hemp seed now and then, and an occasional meal of minced raw onions will be found advantageous. The midday meal at all seasons should include some green food, and when winter approaches should include meat and fat, minced liver, or horseflesh. When fattening for market, the fowls must be kept sheltered. Mutton fat, chopped fine and boiled with milk, is desirable to add to the ground oats or buckwheat, and this is administered in small doses.

A Simple Saw-Tool.

Fig. 1 shows in horizontal section a method of cutting down a standing tree by the aid of spring poles. An inch hole is bored into one side of the tree directly

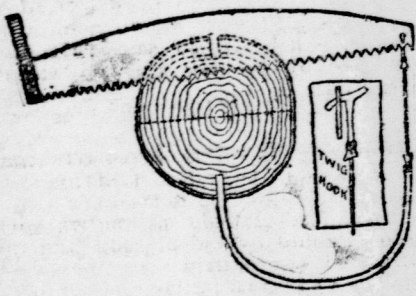


FIG. 1—HORIZONTAL SECTION OF TREE.

opposite the point where the saw-cut is to begin. Into the hole is inserted the butt-end of an elastic pole, cut to the proper length. To the tip of the spring pole is attached a hook out of a forked branch. This end is then bent around and the hook inserted into the hole in the saw near one end. This spring pole holds the saw close to the work, and assists in hauling it, as the sawyer, grasping the handle, pushes it from him. When the tree is cut half off, the hook is

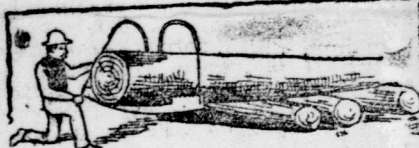


FIG. 2—MODE OF CUTTING FALLEN TREE.

liberated from the saw and the spring pole shifted to the opposite side of the tree, where it assists in completing the work.

Fig. 2 shows a similar method of cutting the fallen tree to logs of any desired lengths. In this case two spring poles are inserted into holes in the upper side of the tree, as the distance from the ground would not admit them on the lower side.

Farm Notes.

Alva Agee, in Farmers' Home, says it is expensative to the farmer to be told that he is doing well, when he knows better his own state of affairs and that he is not doing well.

The advocates of turnips have much to say about their being the best of all British agriculture, yet from 1874 to 1894 the area decreased from 2,132,336 acres to 1,056,573 acres. This is a loss of cheap labor and without Indian corn.

Analyses of root crops made by the Ontario experiment station, as shown in their last report recently to hand, enforce the old belief that roots carry too much water for economy in handling, the turnips showing from 90 to 90 per cent. water. And while the yield of turnips per acre ran as high as 20 tons, only 1½ tons of dry matter resulted, or about the amount found in 3,400 pounds of hay. The mangels showed slightly over three tons of dry matter, or about what a first-class crop of clover should yield. Who says that they are as cheaply raised as the clover crop?

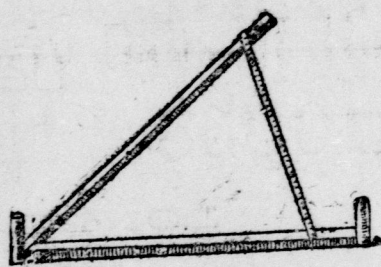
Turnips are often sown on land that has borne a crop of corn or potatoes, with the idea that they will grow after frost has killed the main crop, and that thus some profit may be got without any cost. But this overlooks the fact that turnips are a very exhaustive crop, especially of phosphate. In England phosphate is mainly used in growing turnips which are fed off by sheep, and their plant food is thus returned to the soil almost immediately. In this way, the land is put in good condition for a wheat crop. Here, where the turnip crop is always removed, its effect is to make the soil poorer for the crop that follows it.

There are some farmers who still think that there is nothing lost in allowing weeds to grow on land that has no crop, provided the weeds are cut down before going to seed. It is true that the weed contains all the mineral and nitrogenous plant food that it has taken from the soil. When it decays, as it lies, most of this is returned to the soil. But there is always some waste, and if it were otherwise the plant food in the weed is not so available as that which it took from the soil during its growth. The time when a weed can be destroyed with greatest benefit to the soil is immediately after it has germinated. This is also the easiest time to kill it. The worst weeds, like the perennial Canada thistle, for example, are, when first germinated, as easily killed as any of the annual weeds. The slightest brush with a hoe will destroy them. Leave them a few weeks, and these perennial weeds begin to form their underground system of roots, and it takes a long time to accomplish what could so easily have been done at first.

ODOROMA removes discoloration from the teeth.

USES FOR A TEN-FOOT ROD.

Among the things which are found convenient in every farmer's work shop is a ten-foot pole, made thus: A piece of wood, one and a quarter inches square and ten feet long, is nicely smoothed with the plane and then marked as follows: One side has a mark every three feet to indicate yards; another side is marked every two feet; the third side is marked every foot; while the fourth side has feet, inches, and half-inches, the pocket-rule furnishing the smaller sub-divisions of an inch. This measure will be found useful in many places. For instance, when a small building is being started, stakes are set in the ground at each corner. The proper angle of the eaves may be found by measuring eight feet on one, and six on the other. Bring them together until the ten-foot pole just reaches both marks, as in the engraving, and a right angle is the result. Again, the



proper length for a post, to support a low roof, is quickly measured with such a pole. If a corn-crib is being built, six feet wide at the bottom, seven at the top, and nine feet high, the proper length of the various scantling is readily measured off. Many other uses will be suggested when this simple implement is at hand.

Preventing The Ravages of Hog Cholera.

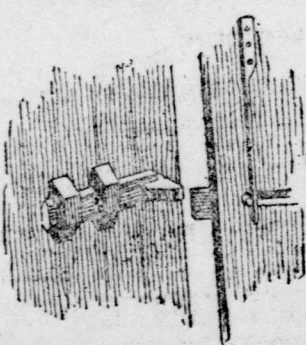
Very much has been written on the subject of hog cholera. The matter has been studied by Government commissions, by veterinarians, by swine-growers and by others generally interested, yet the results of their studies are of little practical value in the way of a remedy or remedies. The writer is one who is very firmly of the opinion that preventive methods are the only ones entitled to serious consideration. The foolishness and unscientific methods of growers are, and have been, largely, if not exclusively, responsible for the ravages of the disease in the swine herds of the West and South. Exclusive corn feeding and unsanitary surroundings have made our swine peculiarly susceptible to disease. We believe it is impossible to rear and fatten a hog on an exclusive corn diet and have him healthy. Then again, the breeders have thus given us an animal which is not robust or in a condition to resist disease. He is simply a mass of obesity lacking in muscular development and constitutional vigor—a ready prey for any contagion to which he may be exposed. If the low price of wheat and the comparatively high price of corn will continue another year, thus stimulating the practice of feeding more wheat and less corn, it will be a blessing in disguise to the swine grower. We believe that it is an easy problem to solve—that of avoiding the disease—if given hygienic methods are used. Give hogs range in summer, grass and water, more wheat and other cereals, with less corn, and we shall in one or two generations of hog life have practically wiped out this scourge. The normal condition of our domestic animals is health, and if we feed and care for them in a proper manner they will not get sick; but it is useless to violate nature's laws and hope to escape the penalty.

The Value of Wheat Feeding for Hogs.

From many parts of the West we hear of successful results of feeding wheat to domestic animals. Its use as a food for cattle and horses, whether the whole grain is fed or its by-products, has long been well known, and the present experience has confirmed that knowledge. But the greatest good likely to result from the corn crop failure of 1894, and the consequent use of wheat in its place, will be the feeding of wheat to swine. Its value here, when the price makes it practicable, is incalculable. We have fed too much corn, the almost exclusive food of swine, and we have thus brought on severe punishment. Exclusive corn feeding to hogs has given us a race of domestic animals which are debilitated at birth. No animal can be fed on such a highly carbonaceous food as corn without becoming physically demoralized. We do not think a first-class porker was ever made on such a diet. Swine thus fed when slaughtered, always have more or less inflamed viscera, the result of impaired health. Perhaps the greatest harm resulting from this one-sided diet is that it impairs the animals' vitality and makes it an easy prey for many contagious diseases which a well-fed and healthy animal would readily resist. This has been a prominent factor in making hog cholera the destructive agent that it has so long been. With the range of clover pasture for the swine, and some wheat in the grain ration, this pest would soon cease to be formidable.

Barn Door Fastening.

A device for fastening a barn-door is illustrated herewith. It consists of a



wooden bolt, playing loosely in two wooden guides. A pin of tough hardwood, two and a half to three inches long, is firmly driven into the bolt, and extends through a transverse slot in the door. On the inside of the door is fastened a spring of ash or hickory, with its free end resting against the pin. As the door is closed, the bolt catches on the wooden fastening driven into the opposite door-post, and is held there by the spring inside of the door. This is a very simple contrivance, but is none the less valuable. A bolt on the barn doors is always in place. Even where honesty is the rule, it is better to lock the door before the horse is stolen.

Work-horses do better on a peck of carrots and a peck of oats than they do on two pecks of oats.

Do not take any substitute when you ask for the one true blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's.

TEMPERATURE FOR CREAM.

Miss A.E. Malmont, an English dairy-maid, gives the following sensible and practical directions on this important subject. In preparing the churn, scald with boiling water, and immediately cool with cold water. When the temperature of the churn is reduced to that of the prepared cream it is ready for use. Decide the temperature of cream for churning according to that of the surrounding air. The following table may be safely adopted:

Temp. of air.	Temp. of cream.
66 degrees.	55 degrees.
64 " "	56 " "
63 " "	57 " "
62 " "	58 " "
61 " "	59 " "
60 " "	60 " "

To heat the cream, place vessel containing it in hot water and stir continually so as to warm equally. Be very careful not to warm it too much, or the butter will be injured and the water into which the vessel of cream is plunged should not be more than 100 degrees F. At any time when the temperature of the air is above 55 degrees take that of the cream over night, and if over 60 degrees cool it by the best means at command. In a covered can it may be hung in the well, or it may be placed in a tub of cold water, or in a dry but cool cellar.

It is better to reduce temperature to a point too low for the purpose (for it can be easily warmed again) than to have it even a few degrees too warm when started for churning. If the cream is too thick for free churning it may be corrected by adding water, which, carefully mingled with it, will help in reducing the temperature if that is necessary. Cream churns best when yielding three pounds of butter to every gallon. The thermometer (without which dairy work cannot be properly carried on) should be of glass as most easy to clean.

Continuous Stabling of Cows.

In a lengthy article in the London Live Stock Journal on dairying and feeding herds at Birmingham sewage farm we find the following:

"The cattle upon the various farms come up to something like 600 head, the majority of them being housed the greater part of the year, the milking herds, numbering 300, never leaving their stalls. The largest of the homesteads is the one at Tyburn, where the buildings are all new, most efficient, and fitted with every convenience for attending to the cattle to the best advantage. The first shed we entered contained seventy-two milking cows, thirty-six on a side; these stand with their heads to the outer walls, with an 18-foot wide road up the center for the purpose of bringing down the carts to take away the manure at once. There are racks and mangers in front, and a water trough between each two cows, to which they have access at all times. Their feed consists of pulsed roots and chopped hay in winter, and Italian ryegrass during the summer, to which is added a mixture of ground corn to the extent of 8 pounds per head per day. The whole of the feed being of such a succulent character has the effect of producing a rich milk; records are not only taken, and as much as 1,400 gallons have been obtained from a single cow during the year, and some of the cows, commencing at seven gallons of milk per day after calving, were at the end of ten months still yielding about five gallons daily. These cows are almost entirely of the Shorthorn type, and several of them having descended pedigrees, and are placed when about four years old and near calving, and are usually bought in very good condition."

We have quoted this article mainly because of the system of stabling cows pursued, out of fairness to those who claim that continuous stabling of cows is not inimical to their health and productivity. The other remarks are included for the incidental information that they give.

The Under Not a Vessel.

Major Alvord, in a paper given to the Maine Board of Agriculture, said:

"The under should not be likened to a vessel, a 'bag,' or even a sponge. It does not hold any appreciable quantity of milk. The milk is not in the under, but in the teats, where alone completed milk can be found in the under, and this of very poor quality,—quite small, the teats together seldom holding more than a pint. The glands, between the milkings, bring together the materials, store up a considerable quantity of the serum or fluid portion and prepare to make the milk. In the cells of the under, the fat globules are formed. They are parts of the anatomy of the cow, like the fat in other parts of the animal body; they form by the building process, ripen, loosen or slough off and are then moved along, coated by the serum, through the ducts and channels, to the cisterns. This final process, the mixing of the fat and serum is due to the action of the active operation of milking. The under may indicate that the cow is ready for milking, but it is not true that 'the under is full of milk.' There is practically no fully formed milk in the under when the teats are seized by hand or calf. The milk making by nature is coincident with the act of milking."

Live Stock Notes.

Don't keep your hogs or any other fat stock too long. There is not much profit in trying to fatten stock in cold weather. It does not pay to give stock stimulating food. Good, wholesome grain and hay, or grass, for cattle, horses and sheep and grass and clover for hogs, are all that is necessary to make them grow to perfection.

In view of the favorite prospect of Western corn, and its probable reasonable price, an exchange of a portion of high-priced hay for a supply of it would be profitable to many dairymen. This has been a necessary supply of hay without supplying something just as good or better in its place.

It may cost an extra effort and many an extra dollar to tide over these times, but dairymen should think twice before selling their cows for a mess of pottage. They will need them next year to help keep their hogs, who are going to sell their straw when it reaches \$20 a ton, and feed them to their cows. I say, don't do it, unless you take at least half of the hay money with which to buy grain for the animals.

Many that know better than to fatten the nondescript steer of the East have little but Hobson's choice, for the dairy breeds have converted the steers of the section into fat companions of the rail-splitting hogs of the South. All frame and stonemans, they belong to the class that it is said one can see through with the sperm-oil lantern—that is, sideways, not perpendicularly for it is a good way through them in this direction. His day is numbered, for those devoted to him have their days numbered, too.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

Consumption, Lepra, Pneumonia and all throat and lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure.

"I AM AS WELL AS I WISH TO BE."

Miss Blake, of Hamilton, Ont., After Using Paine's Celery Compound, is a Picture of Womanly Vigor and Beauty.

A Story for All who Stand in Need of Perfect Health.



Miss Isabella Blake, of 308 Hughson street, Hamilton, Ont., is one of the fairest and best known young women in the Ambitious City. Today she is a picture of womanly health, vigor and beauty, and joyfully declares, "I am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be."

When Miss Blake makes the declaration that she is a "new woman," she does not wish it to be understood that she has entered the ranks, and adopted the fads of those light-brained women who would usurp the legitimate positions of men, and go through life clad in half masculine attire, with the fixed idea of evincence, and turning the world upside down. Ah! no; this is far from what Miss Blake wishes to imply when she makes the statement that she is a "new woman."

The "new woman" that the world values is not the modern creature that does the open vest, exposed shirt front, four-in-hand tie, straight and high collar, stiff derby hat, who walks out in the streets with cane in hand, giving evidence of empty brain and unsatisfied vanity. The true "new woman" is perfectly represented by Miss Blake, made healthy, vigorous, strong and active by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This is the "woman" that sensible and rational beings honor and appreciate—the type of "woman" that blesses home, friends and the world at large.

Miss Blake, though a young woman, can relate a tale of sad experiences. In the past, she has stood in her way threatening destruction; she knows what sore afflictions are, owing to the rough grasp of disease; and at times

the cold touch of the destroyer, death, has made her shiver, and caused her to think of the dark gloom of the silent tomb.

When Miss Blake's heart was faint, sick and void of hope; when all the doctors and medicines failed to do good, and when threatened with that relentless foe, consumption, an angel of mercy suggested the use of a remedy that has brought new life to thousands of poor sufferers in the past. Yes, it is Paine's Celery Compound that is recommended; it is used, and in a short time makes a "new woman" from the material that the grave had battled for.

These facts, dear reader, are not overdrawn or colored in the least. Miss Blake and her friends will gladly vouch for the truth of the statement that Paine's Celery Compound, and it alone, saved her life at a critical juncture. The following letter from Miss Blake is surely of sufficient weight to convince the most hardened unbeliever.

"For years I suffered greatly, and was under the care of doctors, who finally told me I was going into consumption. I was becoming worse through the use of medicines, and I gave up my doctors. While in a very critical condition, not able to sleep or rest, always faint and weak, appetite and digestion bad, and my system run down and little life left in me, I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. After taking one bottle I felt much relieved. I have used all seven or eight bottles, and am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be. Many thanks for your great medicine."

ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT YOU

in most things, when it comes to deciding upon a school, imagine they are all the same. But they are not. The



FOREST CITY BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE, LONDON, ONT.

Some teachers bookkeeping and Business Papers by a "Learn to Do by Doing" method. Some teach you to keep a text book, and you get all and only theory. Don't pay for a course in the past. Catalogue free. Miss Bryant has secured a position with the Cash Grocery, city, as cashier and stenographer.

J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

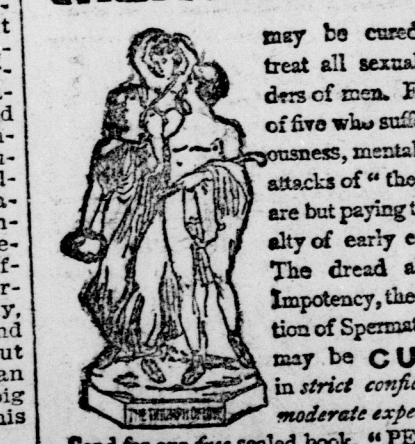
An Effective Rebuke.

A few months ago the son of an American millionaire railway director was, through his father's influence, given a position of some importance on one of the largest railways in the west. He had just graduated from college, and the orders which he from time to time issued to the men under him always made use of the longest and most unusual words. This habit, to some rather expensive blunders, and the matter coming before a general manager, he suggested a change in style to the young official in the following letter: "In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your superficial philosophical and amicable observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communication possess a clarified consciousness, a compact coherence, a concatenated consistency. Eschew all conglomeration of flatteringly garrulous, jejune babblement and asinine affectation. Let your extemporaneous descantings be bold, unpretentious, unadorned, and intelligible. Avoid all verbiage without rhodomontade or thesaurical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, petteous variety, ventriloquial verbosity, and vanguard prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscenity or appellation. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Keep your words; don't put them away; say what you mean; mean what you say; and don't use big words." The young official took this gentle hint and changed his style.



Indapo THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY CURES ALL NEWLY ACQUIRED FAILING MEMORY, PARALYSIS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SLIGHTLY BUT SURELY restores vision, and quickly restores vigor and strength to the system. Price \$1.00 a bottle. Six for \$5.00 with a postal guarantee. Send no money now. We will send you a bottle on trial, but insist on having Indapo. If you are not satisfied, we will send you a refund. Write to Anderson & Nelles, Druggists, 420 Dundas St. W., LONDON, ONT., and leading druggists elsewhere.

MEN OF ALL AGES



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Best Place in the World for Young Men and Women to Secure a Business Education Shortland, Etc. is the Detroit Business University, 1100 Front St. E., Illustrated Catalogue Free. References: All Detroit. Write for terms before purchasing else where. JOHN BOYD, Lucknow, Ont. 4th St. E.

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I have opened a repair shop, and will give personal attention to gun and locksmithing, shear and razor sharpening, stencil cutting, bicycle and general repairing.

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ARTIFICIAL LIMBS, SURGICAL appliances and supports for deformities of all kinds. I have had 25 years experience and the limb I now make is second to none. All work guaranteed. Write for terms before purchasing else where. JOHN BOYD, Lucknow, Ont.

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Single Fare for the Round Trip

From stations Toronto and West in Canada, except on business passing through Toronto, to Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, and the

ing district, the sportsman's paradise. Going Oct. 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th, Nov. 1st and 2nd. Good to return until Dec. 31st, 1895.

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EXCELLENT SPORT

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HUNTERS

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Round Trip Tickets will be sold for

Single First-Class Fare

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All tickets good or return until Dec. 15, 1895.

200 POUNDS of personal baggage and camp equipment and dog will be CHECKED FREE.

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ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, calling at Movilla.

From Montreal From Quebec

Sardinian.....Oct. 29.....Nov. 2

Laurentian.....Oct. 30.....Nov. 3

Puritan.....Nov. 9.....Nov. 10

"Mongolian".....Nov. 19.....Nov. 20

RATES OF PASSAGE. First cabin, \$10; second cabin, \$8; and upwards single. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, \$20; return \$35. Steerage at lowest rates.

The Laurentian carries first-class passengers only from this side. The Laurentian and Mongolian call at Quebec on the Saturday, 3 a.m., and proceed at once to Liverpool direct, not calling at Rimouski or Movilla.

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State of California.....Oct. 29

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Cabin passage, \$10 and upwards; return, \$20 and upwards. Second cabin, \$5. Steerage at lowest rates.

For tickets and every information apply to AGENTS—E. De La Hooke, "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas streets, E. De La Hooke, 416 Richmond street.

AMERICAN LINE.

New York—Southampton (London) (Paris). Twin screw U. S. mail steamships. Sailing every Wednesday at 11 a.m.

First cabin \$30 and upwards; second cabin \$20 and upwards. \$5 to \$10.

Berlin.....Nov. 6 (St. Louis).....Nov. 27

New York.....Nov. 13 (Paris).....Dec. 4

St. Paul.....Nov. 20 (St. Paul).....Dec. 11

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New York to Antwerp. Sailing every Wednesday at noon.

First cabin \$30 and upwards; second cabin \$20 and upwards. \$5 to \$10.

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Kensington.....Nov. 13 (Southwark).....Nov. 27

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WHITE STAR LINE

New York to Liverpool via Queenstown

SS. GERMANIC, Oct. 23, 1 a.m.

SS. TEUTONIC, Oct. 20, 3 p.m.

SS. BRITANNIC, Nov. 6, 8:30 a.m.

SS. MAJESTIC, Nov. 13, 2 p.m.

SS. GERMANIC, Nov. 20, 8:30 a.m.

Rates as low as by any first-class line.

E. De La Hooke,

Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner.

W. C. T. U.

A Slave to Liquor.

Terrible Lesson From the Death of Mrs. Callahan—She Had a Model Husband But Her Unconquerable Appetite Wrecked Her Home.

(From the New York Advertiser.)

There is material for a sheet of temperance lectures in the story of the suicide yesterday morning of Mrs. Mary Callahan. Blessed with health, strength, and exceptional good looks, with a sober, industrious and kind-hearted husband, with five pretty little children and with a comfortable home, she deliberately took to drink, and it was an attack of delirium tremens that made her kill herself.

Her husband, Peter J. Callahan, is an expert hatter, and has, since he married pretty Mary Kelly in Yonkers twenty years ago averaged \$25 a week at his trade. He was never out of work, and in fact kept a place in the largest hat factory in the country for more than sixteen years. In the first ten years of their married life they lived in a cozy frame house in Williamsburg, on which they were paying purchase installments instead of rent. They were getting along happily and comfortably as could be wished when an epidemic of diphtheria in the neighborhood carried off four of their five children. Mrs. Callahan was prostrated by the blow, and had whisky prescribed to help her in her convalescence.

She grew to depend upon the stimulant, and finally became a drunkard. She fought against it, and was so remorseful after a drunken fit that her husband, who did everything in his power to help her, refused to let her watch her case that she did not kill herself. The drunken fits were infrequent then, but they came oftener and oftener in the usual way as time went on, and after the birth of their last child, five years ago, she became an habitual drunkard.

By this time the payments had lapsed on the little cottage, and the family went to the tenements. Callahan could afford to have rooms in the better class of buildings, and they had all their furniture, but his wife's excesses would sooner or later bring them notice that they must move.

BEGINNING OF THE END. Then, in her wild excesses, she began to pawn her jewelry, the furniture, and even her husband's clothes, and when they took her to be in the cheaper neighborhoods, Callahan had to lose so much time in taking care of his wife, for his kindness and patience never wavered that he lost his steady place, but still his well-known skill made it easy for him to keep at work at almost his old wages.

The one good point in his wife's behavior was the care she took of the five youngsters left to them. She kept them well dressed, well fed, and clean, and was careful to have them always at school. It was on this feeling that Callahan kept hoping that some day his wife would reform, and he kept patiently bearing with her excesses and giving every cent to keep up the home.

The neighbors have nothing but the highest words for him. They call him, in fact, "a saint," and say that he never spent even a cent for tobacco, and went around in the dingiest of clothes in order that his children might not suffer from the mother's reckless waste of money. Two weeks ago he got a good offer to work at South Norwalk, during the rush season, and went there on his wife's swearing to keep straight until he returned.

"If I break my word again, Peter," she said, "I will trouble you no more." Mrs. Callahan, who lives on the second floor of the frame tenement at No. 117 Huron street, Greenpoint, said yesterday that Mrs. Callahan kept sober for a whole week, a record for her, and did not succumb to her craze for drink until Thursday. After that she did not draw a sober breath, and was noticed to be in a "shaky" condition on Sunday.

LITTLE ONES SAW HER DIE. It must have been a combination of remorse and delirium tremens that made her wake up her little ones at 1 o'clock yesterday morning, kiss them good-bye and cut her throat before them. She used her husband's razor for the purpose, and a frenzied rush was enough. She fell to the kitchen floor, and when the neighbors came rushing in, attracted by the children's screams, she was gasping her last breath. The little ones—three girls and two boys, ranging from 12 to 5 years in age—took the station, and from there sent them to the Children's Society, at No. 109 Schermerhorn street.

Lily, the eldest, was the only one who could tell the story of her mother's suicide. The younger ones were hysterical, and could only cry for their father. Mr. Callahan came from South Norwalk in response to a telegram at noon, and saw that the body was prepared for burial. He is a little, soft-voiced, prematurely gray Irishman, and his grief was pitiful.

"She was a good woman," he kept saying, "barring the drink, and I never should 'a' left her." He will take his children from the society today and go away with them to another neighborhood, where they can forget and where their pitiful story can be forgotten. He can support them nicely and it may be that he can come to think, as outsiders do, that his wife found the best way out of all her difficulties.

The Gothenburg Plan. "You've been to Norway?" somebody asked a friend. "What is the Gothenburg system like?" "Oh," said the tourist, "as far as I can remember, it's something like this way, you order whisky as hot water, and they put it down in the bill as sugar."—Home Journal, Boston.

TO SUCH USES HAS ENGLISH "What is the matter?" I asked of a tall man at the edge of a street crowd. "It's a drunken lady," he answered, and I passed on, wondering what a lady is.

Dr. Clark's Attitude. A Boston Mass. dispatch says: Christian Endeavor circles are much stirred up over an attack on Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., president of the world's and united societies of Christian Endeavor, by Mr. John C. Woolley, the well known temperance advocate, on account of Dr. Clark's alleged failure to ally himself with the prohibition party. President Clark's attitude is understood to be that Christian Endeavorers should stick to their respective parties and reform them rather than become partisans in any respect.

The Big Convention at Baltimore.

At Baltimore Miss Frances Willard carried the W. C. T. U. convention with her in a movement to include in fraternal relations Catholics and Hebrews. The question arose on the following resolution:

"Resolved, that Catholic women and Hebrew women should be invited to assist fraternal delegates from their annual conventions to ours and to establish branches of the White Ribbon Society within their own borders."

One of the delegates suggested that it might not be quite consistent for Women's Christian Temperance Union to ask Hebrews to affiliate. This roused Miss Willard. She said: "I want to recognize these two denominations, because in places where I have been, especially in the south, they exhibited sympathy with our work and have extended every courtesy. It has especially touched my heart that in meetings where I have presided, and in this organization among those who have welcomed me to the platform have been the Catholic priest and the Jewish rabbi. They knew what I came for, they knew what I presented, and if they were broad enough to go half way and extend the hand of greeting, should my hand be so small and withered as to not accept the clasp? I want to welcome them to us if they want to come."

The resolution was adopted. The convention endorsed the woman's temperance publishing association, conducted by women in Chicago. It endorsed the temperance hospital, which does not administer brandy and other intoxicants in medicine. It rejected in usefulness of all various youth people's societies of the churches. It commends organization of a W.C.T.U. lecture bureau, and expresses appreciation of the Demorest temperance medal contest, and asked for a place for women on the divorce commissions of the various States.

When Armenia was mentioned Miss Willard offered an amendment calling on the United States Government to make its power felt in the diplomatic council of nations on the subject of Armenia. The amendment carried.

Resolutions were adopted extending to Theodore Roosevelt "our hearty thanks for his bravery in standing for the right and demonstrating that the saloons can be closed on the Sabbath and on other days of the week."

Gov. Culberson, of Texas, in preventing the disgrace of a prize fight in that commonwealth.

Mrs. Mattie B. Carse, of Chicago, presented the "temple report," showing the progress of raising \$300,000 necessary to clear "the temple" in Chicago of that debt. Mrs. Carse reported \$103,000 on condition that the balance be raised by Jan. 1.

A resolution was then adopted declaring the numerous outrages upon defenseless women and children, and urging that steps be taken to raise public opinion, or to secure such legislation as would secure to the victim a greater degree of protection. Invitations were received and referred to the executive committee asking that the W.C.T.U. hold its next convention in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Chattanooga and Nashville.

Mother and Son. Here are the facts in a story of real life. They are taken from the police reports of the New York Herald, and are true in every detail except the names.

One morning last winter a policeman came into the Jefferson Market Court in charge of a stout lad of 20. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face, which was honest and good-natured, was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman, evidently blind, who was weeping and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said, when the boy's turn came. "He's John Kearny, your honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him, you see," Mrs. Kearny asked the kindly magistrate, who, used as he was to scenes of suffering, was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sor. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he's drunk," the policeman interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the complaint, Mrs. Kearny," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk, who handed her a paper. "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bleary.

"Sor," she said, "he's all the child I've got. I've been fighting the devil for him for five years. If I sign that paper, I'll live to let him go. He'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

"She wrote her name. John was told to stand up."

"Now go into the witness-box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear again him."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear again him!" she cried, and she rushed out on both hands. "It's killing me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang toward her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother! mother! I'll quit the drink!" the startled lad cried. But she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the justice.

"Discharged," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home, to be probably held by his vile habit to a life of shame, ending in a pauper's grave.

The Big Convention at Baltimore.

ers have been excluded from the precincts. There is an amusing story in the life of Philip, the son of the late King Edward III, on one of his campaigns against the Scots traveling to rejoin him, and found him staying in a monastery. The Queen was allowed to enter and dine, but when, thinking no harm, she began to make her preparations for staying the night, the monkish vows interposed, and the poor Queen was obliged to reassume her outdoor costume and go forth in the dark to take refuge in a laborer's cottage. Does Dr. Mary Walker's "Admission Eden" even approach in audacity these male customs and regulations?—Woman's Signal.

Three Plans of Christian Unity.

There are now before the churches three plans of Christian unity—the Papal, the Episcopal, and the Congregational.

The Papal proposes that the Protestant churches shall acknowledge allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and recognize his divine right to govern the church. This plan we do not need to discuss. It must suffice to say that Protestants are not able to accept this plan, because they do not find evidence either in Scripture or in history, that the Pope has such a divine right, and because acknowledging that he is vicegerent of Christ upon earth assumes that Christ is an absentee, and denies that presence of Christ in the hearts of every believer, which is the fundamental faith of the Protestant churches.

The Episcopal Church proposes as a basis of Christian unity the acceptance of the Bible of the two sacraments, and of the historic episcopate. It proposes, in other words, that other churches shall surrender some of their sacred beliefs, in order to secure church unity. The Quaker must accept water baptism and a visible communion in bread and wine, and other Christians must accept as authoritative the theological definitions of the fourth century. The Congregationalists and the Presbyterians must accept as a basis of unity the historic episcopate, and what the first certainly regards as hazardous, if not injurious to the well-being of the church. We have heretofore pointed out the reasons why we do not think such a basis can be secured on such a basis as this.

The Congregationalists propose, by action taken at their national council, reported in another column, four articles on confederation of Christian unity. These are the acceptance of the Scriptures as the only authoritative revelation of God to man, of Jesus Christ as the only savior, of the historic episcopate of the Church of Christ as the basis of unity, and of the acceptance of the Scriptures as the only authoritative revelation of God to man, of Jesus Christ as the only savior, of the historic episcopate of the Church of Christ as the basis of unity, and of the acceptance of the Scriptures as the only authoritative revelation of God to man, of Jesus Christ as the only savior, of the historic episcopate of the Church of Christ as the basis of unity.

The plan of the Congregationalists differs from that of the Episcopal Church in that it does not ask for any surrender of religious convictions or any abandonment of religious traditions. It is a plan of confederation, and not of union. It is a plan of mutual respect for each other's views and each other's work; a recognition that the end in view—namely, the kingdom of God—is too important to be left to the exclusive control of any one sect, and that the only way to achieve it is by the united efforts of all who are true to the Christian faith.

It is hardly necessary to say that of these plans that of the Congregationalists appears to us more hopeful of results, more immediately practicable, and more in accordance with the spirit of the New Testament. One thing, at all events, is certain, this plan can be adopted even by those who hope eventual; that another plan will be adopted. While we are waiting for all Christians to accept the historic episcopate, we can co-operate with them as Christians who are loyal to Jesus Christ as he is revealed to us in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and can co-operate with them in work and worship.—The Outlook.

One secret act of self-denial, one sacrifice of inclination to duty, is worth all the good thoughts, warm feelings, passionate prayers, in which idle people indulge themselves.

[Cardinal Newman.]

Notes and Incidents. It is computed that the 708 liquor shops in Dublin take over the counter about \$100,000 a week.

Madame Antoinette Stirling, the celebrated vocalist and actress, who is a temperance reformer, is about to leave London for America for several months.

Cardinal Gibbons sent through Rev. William E. Garrett, greetings to the United States National W.C.T.U. meeting in Baltimore, from the Catholic churches, and a letter in which he said: "The temperance cause is a most vital subject in our day, as on hangs social order with domestic peace and comfort. As the greatest number of crimes and disorders may be traced to intemperance, those who are laboring in the repression of this vice are among the best benefactors to society and to the family. I hope your convention will encourage and stimulate with renewed ardor in the prosecution of the good cause in which you are engaged."

Baby Died From Whisky. A Marlboro, Mass., telegram says: The report of Medical Examiner Adams on the death of a 2-year-old child, the son of Patrick Connolly, last night, shows that the child died from drinking whisky.

The investigation reveals a horrible case of depravity. It seems that Connolly came home early Sunday morning in an intoxicated condition, with an eight-ounce flask of whisky in his pocket. The whisky he gave to his wife, who, after drinking, passed it to the children. The child, who was named for the liquor, gave it to his baby brother, who drained the bottle. The little fellow sank into a drunken stupor and died in the afternoon.

WELL-BRED, ILL-MANNERED.

How People Try to Appear Superior to Their Neighbors.

Some Foolish Fashionable Antics Fitly Rebuked.

Observers of social phenomena are agreed that a rise, however slight, in the social scale, is invariably accompanied by an eager thirst for knowledge of the etiquette which prevails among those of gentle birth. It is asserted that working girls' clubs, for example, literally devour the don't and do maxims of society, and, ascending in the scale until the millionaire parvenu is reached, the same feverish interest is manifested in being considered a lady or a gentleman. Among the well born deportment is a matter of daily home training, and this supplemented by Turvey dropism in school and seminary.

The desire to appear well bred being then so dominant a note in all classes, the observer is justified in expecting, at least among the well-to-do, that the natural man has been pretty effectually subdued in favor of the conventional one. Experience does not, however, confirm this very reasonable inference. A tour of the summer resorts, travel in drawing-room cars, sojourn at fashionable hotels, on the contrary, make one long for a brilliant satirist who shall mercilessly scourge the ill-breeding of the well-bred.

Max Hurlbut was a vexed question of his mother and me. "Oh, hurry, Louise; here's Miss Vesey almost at the door." I seized my own dress, and was hurrying from the room, when my foot struck amid the trailing folds of the silk, and I fell at length upon the floor, just as Miss Vesey, with the same smooth, satisfied, and capable of cold milk and continue stirring until the boiling point is reached. Season with salt and pepper, and add one cup of shrimps. In the center of each potato cake put about a good teaspoonful of the shrimp mixture. Make up into croquets and fry quickly in oil. Serve garnished with parsley.

Potatoes à la Anna, stuffed raw potatoes and potato cakes in cream, were also demonstrated and were enthusiastically received. The subject for this afternoon was desserts.—New York World.

LADY JANET'S GHOST. How She Was Saved in the End by Big Nell

(London Literary World.) From a series of sketches of Strathairdie by Mr. Charles Ferguson, we select the following legend:

Lady Janet Gordon, by marriage Lindsay, was condemned for the murder of her husband to perpetual imprisonment on top of the Raven's rock, a stupendous cliff that rises above the river Erlich. Here, says the legend, every day, before touching food, she had to spin a thread long enough to reach from the prison till it touched the river. Her life was so hard that she was over 100, but even when she died the murrice could not rest, and her ghost was seen to sit and spin, and often the keen anglers, as he fished the Erlich below the Raven's rock, was startled by seeing a shadowy thread coming slowly down till it touched the water, when it disappeared, and the fishermen knew that the lady's task was over for the day.

Year after year went on, and the lady, who had in her veins a drop of the blood of the great hero, continued to spin until "the black day of Calenden," when the Stuart cause was lost forever, and many of the brave Strathairdie lads who had escaped returned to die in the native glens and moors, others came Big Nell of the Trouts, so called from being a very expert angler.

He chose as his hiding place a hole under some large boulders on the bank of the river, a little above the Raven's rock, where he kept himself and some comrades who were also hiding close by well supplied with trout. But a severe winter storm passed over upon Strathairdie, followed by such a deluge of rain that it brought down the river in one breast of water. Neil of the Trouts lay in his den, no doubt thinking of the fishing he was to have, good fishing play, when the water poured in. When he got out the rushing torrent was so strong that it swept him away down the stream.

Just as he gave himself up for lost the eddy swept him under the Raven's rock and he saw a thin thread hanging down from the cliff, and, as a drowning man will clutch at a straw, he grasped it, and to his astonishment he held, and he found it strong enough to bear his weight and check his onward course, and by his help he slowly drew himself to the bank, where he stepped ashore he heard a wild scream of joy overhead, and, looking up, he saw the Lady of the Rock standing on the top of the cliff with her distaff in hand, and from which hung a thread that had saved his life. Her task was done, her punishment over. She had saved the life of a gallant follower of the Stuart, and her own royal race.

It is hardly, we presume, possible that the pencil spinning of the lady of Strathairdie should be a faint and far-away echo from the legend celebrated by Tennyson in "The Lady of Shalott."

Most Crowded Spot on Earth. The most crowded spot on the earth's surface is that portion of the city of Valletta, Island of Malta, known as the "Manderaggie." In the whole of Valletta the proportion is 75,000 human beings to the square mile, but in the Manderaggie there is one locality in which there are 2,574 persons living on a plot of ground less than two acres and a half in extent. This would give no less than 635,000 persons to the square mile, or 1,617 to the acre. In Liverpool, the most crowded city in Britain, the most dense portions have only 116.4 to the acre.

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This means employed will be a flexible wrap of silk that can be applied to any part of the body and heated at once with a current of electricity to any temperature desired. Instead of the hot water and steam Turkish bath, women are to have a down comforter charged with electric heat and a Turkish towel charged in the same way, with which to dry the hair after it has been washed. In any house where

electric lights are used, these conveniences are available. Inside of each is an arrangement of extremely flexible wires that will conform to any folds given the material in which they are placed. They are connected by a silk-covered wire also flexible, at the end of which there is a metallic plug to make electric contact with the lights in the room. There is said not to be the slightest possibility of receiving a shock or of fire from their use, as all the details have been carefully worked out.

From Poverty to Wealth.

"There the carriage is now, with Mildred Vesey coming after her dress; you have only got it done in time," my mother said, leaning forward to watch the Vesey carriage.

"No," she added; "I am mistaken. They have gone by."

"She will call for it as she returns," I said, shaking out the rich silk. As I stood admiring its flow and luster my mother lifted herself a little eagerly.

"Put it on, Louise. I am sure it would fit you, and I should so like to see you in such a dress."

I was what most people would call handsome; as I turned from the glass to my mother, she drew a deep inspiration.

"If Miss Vesey could look half so well in that dress, she would soon secure that Capt. Burns' wish that you were going to marry some man more likely to be able to furnish them to you than Max Hurlbut."

Max Hurlbut was a vexed question of his mother and me. "Oh, hurry, Louise; here's Miss Vesey almost at the door."

I seized my own dress, and was hurrying from the room, when my foot struck amid the trailing folds of the silk, and I fell at length upon the floor, just as Miss Vesey, with the same smooth, satisfied, and capable of cold milk and continue stirring until the boiling point is reached. Season with salt and pepper, and add one cup of shrimps. In the center of each potato cake put about a good teaspoonful of the shrimp mixture. Make up into croquets and fry quickly in oil. Serve garnished with parsley.

Potatoes à la Anna, stuffed raw potatoes and potato cakes in cream, were also demonstrated and were enthusiastically received. The subject for this afternoon was desserts.—New York World.

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Year after year went on, and the lady, who had in her veins a drop of the blood of the great hero, continued to spin until "the black day of Calenden," when the Stuart cause was lost forever, and many of the brave Strathairdie lads who had escaped returned to die in the native glens and moors, others came Big Nell of the Trouts, so called from being a very expert angler.

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the glass away, turned his face to the wall and lay so.

"Max! Max!" I cried. It was all I could say.

Bending over Max, mother touched his poor, scoured face with her lips, and some of her tears fell upon it.

"My dear son," she said brokenly, "can you forgive Louise all the past and love her as you used to? She will never be happy until you do."

"Oh, Max, forgive me and love me again or I shall die."

As for Capt. Burns, he took my dejection with great equanimity, and was married to Miss Vesey before I was to Max.

MRS. RORER ON POTATOES. She Urges Her Hearers to Use Them Only Twice a Week.

To most of her hearers the opening remark of Mrs. Rorer's lecture, that potatoes were almost without nourishment and wholly indigestible, came with something of a shock. Nevertheless the fact was scientifically proved, and all persons were urged to remember that indulgence twice a week is all the average stomach ought to be called upon to endure. Various dainty and delicious methods of serving were expounded, however, and at the close of the lecture it had become harder to practice abstinence than it seemed at the start.

To make potatoes in surprise, which is both a novel and fascinating method of serving them at a luncheon, boil a sufficient number of potatoes to make one cup when mashed. Add to them half a teaspoonful of salt, one level tablespoonful of butter, one grain of pepper, the yolk of an egg, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Mix thoroughly and beat smooth; then make up into small round cakes about half an inch in thickness.

In the saucepan put one tablespoonful of butter and a level tablespoonful of flour. Mix both together over the fire. Stir smooth, and then add a cupful of cold milk and continue stirring until the boiling point is reached. Season with salt and pepper, and add one cup of shrimps. In the center of each potato cake put about a good teaspoonful of the shrimp mixture. Make up into croquets and fry quickly in oil. Serve garnished with parsley.

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Boys and Girls.

Too Little and Too Big.

Today I asked my mamma if I could whittle.

"Yes, I did."

"Oh, no, my little," said she, "you're too little."

So she did.

But Tom stepped so hard right on my toe.

I cried, I did.

She said, "Oh, you're too big a girl to cry out so."

That's what she did.

Why can't I cry if I'm little?

Or, if I'm big, why can't I whittle?

Andy Burns' Experience.

"No, I don't want any chores done," snapped Miss Blinn, as she slammed her front door with such a bang that the glass candlesticks which had stood for years on either side of the mantel in her parlor, almost toppled over. "That's the penalty I have to pay for living at the end of the street; every straggling old tramp that walks the road between Reading and Philadelphia stops here for something or other," complained the rather elderly lady as she hurriedly went back to her Saturday's baking. But the last caller at Miss Blinn's door was not a straggling old tramp, but a boy of some 14 years, whose slight figure and disconsolate face, haunted her thoughts as she resumed her morning work.

"I might have given him the bit of wood to split, that's out in the back yard, for if old Jerry don't come by Monday I shall have to do it myself. Why didn't I think of that, but—oh, dear, I have no time to be thinking of such things. Her feelings were somewhat softened with the passing thought that the morning was warm, and her work hard, and in the midst of it all to be called from the kitchen to the front door by a wandering boy wanting a chore or two to do, was to say the least, vexatious. The little weary-faced wayfarer had come up to the Reading turnpike and vainly sought work enough to gain him his dinner, and now heart and spirits sank within him, and going around to the well for a drink of water, he had sat down under the overhanging willows to rest. Miss Blinn's eyes perceived him, and she called from the doorway, "and I'll give you something to eat."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the boy, "I am hungry. I had some dinner yesterday, but not much of anything since; and I thought if you'd let me work some I could get my dinner," he continued, as he caught a pitying glance in Miss Blinn's eye.

"What's your name, and where do you come from?" asked the lady rather abruptly, as she placed a generous supply of bread and milk before him.

"My name is Andy Burns, and my home is up near Port Croton, west of Reading."

"What is a slip of a boy like you doing away in these parts?" she further questioned.

"Miss Blinn opened wide her eyes as she said: "Do you think that was a nice thing to do?"

"I guess you'd think so, if you was me," said he, turning his head, showing a large bruise on the back of it. "My father struck me, and I just—"

"What had you done before he struck you?" interposed Miss Blinn.

"Why, you see, ever since ma died, last fall, he has took to drink, and he comes home late most every night, and drunk. He's a stone mason by trade, and used to be working all the time, but now there's ever so many days he don't work any, and Katy, she's my sister, she just has to hustle to get enough for us to eat. But she takes care of Mrs. Rood's baby every day, and so earns a little money. She's awful good, Katy is, she's kind on 19 years old, and she's good to me and her and pa. He's awful good to her, but he just hates me. He hit me on the head 'cause I didn't bring a big heaphen basket full of coal from the railroad tracks. I said I brought a big heaphen basket, and he said I didn't. I could find no more, and I just—"

"After Katy had gone to Mrs. Rood's house, you see if Katy had been home, he wouldn't have done it, and he wouldn't have hit me, and I just—"

"What had you done before he struck you?" interposed Miss Blinn.

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penalty, she did much in a charitable way. The duties which had devolved upon Andy to do had by Monday morning been so satisfactorily performed that he had attained quite an eminence in Miss Blinn's opinion. That very morning, "Old Jerry," as he was familiarly called in the village, and who had been for years her faithful chore man, sent her word that he was "afraid the rheumatiz had got such a hold on him, he could be no longer any help to her, and she had better look for some one else."

"Now, Andy," said Miss Blinn to the boy, as he was having his breakfast, "so far, so good, old Jerry can't do any more work for me, and I'm inclined to try you, as long as you do well by me; and to encourage you, I'll give you a little pay each week, from the first of July, that will be next Monday."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Miss Blinn, I'll just do as well as ever I can. I know I can do all the work. I got along better with the milking this morning, didn't I?"

"However, I think it is my duty to learn a little more of your affairs at home," said Miss Blinn.

"It's all true," quickly spoke up Andy, "what I've told you. If you'd like to see Mr. Small, he's the minister where we lived, and mother used to go to his church, he'd tell you all about us, for he lives right across the street from us."

"Perhaps that's what I'll do," said the boy. The first of September came, and young Andy had continued in his place with satisfaction to Miss Blinn.

"I had promised him that with the beginning of school she would allow him to attend, and later on go to the High School at Reading. One morning while she was looking over the Reading Chronicle she came across the following notice:

"Any one knowing about the whereabouts of Andy Burns, aged about 14 years, please tell him that his father is dead, and to communicate with his distressed sister Katy at Port Croton, P.O."

"I expect that would be good news to Andy," thought Miss Blinn to herself on reading it. "But before I tell him, I shall make immediate inquiries about it." And acting upon the former suggestion of Andy she wrote to him, Mr. Small and received the following reply:

"Dear Miss Blinn—Your letter asking information relative to the Burns family is received, and I willingly tell you all that I know concerning the father, who had been for some time a hard drinker, and was killed by a passing train, at the railroad crossing near his home one night about three weeks ago. The mother, who was a good Christian woman and a member of my church, died early last fall, leaving Katy, now in her 16th year, and Andy, who is, I should judge, about 14. They have fared hard since their mother's death, and I think, by nature, are good and honest children; the boy is truthful relative to the treatment from his father, and I rejoice that he has fallen in with some one who will show an interest in him."

"Katy is at present with us, and we find a willing, helpful girl, and I wish something better might be in the near future for her. I shall be glad to do further service to you, if such is desired. Very respectfully, REUBEN SMALL, Pastor Methodist Church, Port Croton, Pa."

Miss Blinn placed the letter in the envelope, showed her spectacles on top of her head, and looked at it with a lean back in her rocking chair, as was her custom when she had any serious thinking or planning to do. She rose in a few minutes, saying that she should have to move, and came for her to do more good than she had yet done in her life. That evening when reading the letter to Andy he broke in at the sentence telling of his father's death with "I'm glad," but was immediately reminded by Miss Blinn, and when she looked up at the conclusion of the letter Andy's eyes were filled with tears at the thought of his sister Katy, and all the trouble she had passed through.

"I wish I could see Katy," he said; "pa was always cross and ugly to me, but never to her, and I suppose she misses him."

"Well, listen to this plan, Andy," said Miss Blinn. "Day after tomorrow I will let you go to your home early in the morning, and you may bring your sister back with you, and see how they get on here a week."

The appointed day came, and late in the afternoon Andy and Katy appeared at the kitchen door.

"Here she is, Miss Blinn; she was awful glad to come when I told her how good you was to me; she said she thought I was dead, sure, when she didn't hear from me for such a long time."

Katy made a respectful courtesy, and seemed so gentle that she was installed at once in Miss Blinn's good favor, and by the end of the first week she was so pleased with Katy's neat and quick manner of doing things, and also her respectful demeanor, that she adopted the boy and girl. With the approach of cool days Miss Blinn's summer guests departed, and Miss Bratte, the school-teacher, was for the third time domiciled in Miss Blinn's front chamber. The five years that followed the advent of Andy and Katy Burns into their new home proved years of satisfaction, years during which their benefactress watched with increasing interest and pride the rapid advancement in school of her adopted children.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FIRST SEWING-MACHINE.

An English Patent More Than a Hundred Years Old.

Chambers' Journal says: A London cabinet-maker, called Thomas Saint, in or about 1790, took out a patent for sewing leather, or rather for "quilting, stitching and making shoes, boots, splatdashies, clogs and other articles."

This patent, unfortunately, was taken out along with other inventions in connection with leather, and it was quite by accident that, some 80 years later, the specifications of it were discovered by one who had made for himself a name in connection with sewing machines. Even the Patent Office did not seem to have known of its existence, yet now it is clear enough that Thomas Saint's leather-sewing machine of 1790 was the first genuine sewing machine ever constructed, and that it was on what is now known as the chain stitch principle.

Rude as it was, it is declared by experts to have anticipated most of the successive inventions, not one of whom, however, could in all human probability have as much as heard of Saint's machine. This is not the least curious incident in the history of the sewing machine.

In Saint's machine the features are, the overhanging arm, which is the characteristic of many modern machines, the perpendicular action of the Singer machine, the end-pointed needle of the Howe machine, the pressure surfaces peculiar to the Howe machine, and a feed system equal to that of the most modern inventions.

Whether Saint's machine was ever worked in a practical workshop or not, it was unquestionably a practical machine, constructed by one who knew pretty well what he was about and what he wanted to achieve.

Now note the date of Thomas Saint's patent, 1790, and next note the date of the invention of Bartholomew Thimmonier, of St. Etienne, who is claimed in France as the inventor of the sewing machine, 1820, the end-pointed needle of the Howe machine, the pressure surfaces peculiar to the Howe machine, and a feed system equal to that of the most modern inventions.

The firm of Thimmonier, Petit & Co., however, did not thrive, because the outsiders thought they saw in the principal's machine an instrument destined to ruin their much as the people viewed steam machinery in 1820, and Thimmonier's workshop was one day invaded by an angry mob, who smashed all the machines and compelled the inventor to seek safety in flight. Poor Thimmonier was absent from Paris for three years, but in 1834 returned with another and more perfect machine, and was soon employed, both by employers and customers, in the tailoring trade, that he left the capital, and journeying down through Florence, with his machine, to his wayward exhibiting it in the villages as a curiosity.

After a few years, however, Thimmonier fell in with a capitalist who believed in him and his machine, and he promised well for the new firm, when the revolution of 1848 broke out, he stopped the business and ruined both the inventor and the capitalist. Thimmonier died in 1857 in a poor house of a broken heart.

This French machine was also on the chain-stitch principle, but it was 40 years later than Saint's. In between the two came, about 1822, one Walter Hunt, of New York, who is said to have constructed a sewing machine with the lock-stitch principle. Some uncertainty surrounds this claim, and Elias Howe is the person usually credited with this important, indeed, invaluable, invention.

Domestic Economy.

HAVE YOU LEARNED—To check profuse bleeding from cuts by an application of the following recipe.

That coal will spend better, burn more evenly, and there will be fewer clinkers, if it is sprinkled with salt.

To make good buttonholes in sleazy cloth, rub the cloth before they are made with the softened edge of a piece of glue.

To extract ink from colored goods: Dip the spots in spirits of turpentine, let lie several hours, then rub well between the hands.

To remove heat spots from varnished furniture: Rub them with a soft cloth dipped in spirits of camphor, then with sweet oil.

To sweeten old lard or butter jars and meat crocks by filling them with very hot lime water, and leaving them until it is cold.

That a porous plaster can be removed from the skin by the application of alcohol. Alcohol also is greatly in removing traces of it from the skin.

How to secure a smooth and durable darn in woollen stockings: Make the first layer of stout coarse thread, and the cross-layers of woollen yarn.

How to protect the heels of stockings: Cut a piece of chamois skin or soft leather to fit, bind the edges with tape, hold in place over the stocking with elastic ribbon.

That wheat flour is altogether the best thing to extinguish a blaze caused by the lighting of coal oil; it is always on hand, can be used freely, leaving neither spot nor stain.

To sweeten smoky tainted earthenware or fruit cans by leaving them a few days filled with dry earth. If it has been attended over the outside, in addition bury them in the earth for a week.

That if cans containing hot fruit are opened after they have stood five minutes, then filled to the brim with boiling hot fruit, there will be an empty space at the top, and the fruit will not mold.

When washing glassware not to put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

To prevent paint-brushes from shedding bristles? When new, turn handle down, open and spread the bristles, pour in a tablespoonful or less of good varnish, and keep the brush in the same position until it dries.

To stop leaks in stone jars, iron kettles, to fasten a lamp to a stand, and to fill seams in milk pans, by using a cement of litharge and glycerine, the consistency of putty? It resists the action of almost any degree of heat, and holds in a few hours and is harmless.

To sow small seeds thinly and evenly? Mix them with an equal amount of fine sand, put in a bottle; make a hole through the cork with a gimlet and insert a goose quill. The faster the bottle is moved, the thinner the seed will be sown. Rough seeds should be rubbed with the sand and ashes may be used to mix with very light small seeds, like lettuce.

SARAH E. WILCOX.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, he is not elevated. Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—Thoreau.

MISTAKEN CONCEPTIONS.

Dr. Willett, whilst once lecturing in Boston, told this droll story of himself: He said that he used to be a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, and took delight in severely criticising the work of other people in that line. Walking along the street with a friend, they stopped at a window where a large owl was exhibited. "You see," said Dr. Willett to his companion, "there is a magnificent bird ruined by a unskillful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Excusable, isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes at least a third larger than any owl ever had. At this moment the bird, which was supposed to be a screech owl, was supposed to be a screech owl, who said little more of stuffed birds for the rest of the day."

With The Poets.

At Sea.

'Tis the long blue head o' Garrison From the sea,
Oh, we're sailin' past the Garrison On the sea.
Now Glen Arliss lies behind,
Where the waters fall and wind By the willow o' Glen Arliss by the sea.

Could Lullaby rise green By the sea,
Aye, between the Glens An' the sea.
Now we're past the darlin' caves Where the breakin' summer waves Wander in with their trouble from the sea.

But Cusheuden lies nearer To the sea,
An' thorn's ashore is dearer To the sea.

For the land that I am leavin' Sure the heart I have is grievin'— But the ship has set her sails for the sea.

Oh, what's this is deeper Than the sea?
An' what's this is stronger When the call is, "All for none," An' the answer, "All for one." Then we be to sail away across the sea.

—Moira O'Neill in Littell's Living Age.

A Myth.

A-floating, a-floating, Across the sleeping sea,
All night I heard a singing bird Upon the topmost tree.

"Oh, come you from the Isles of Greece,
Or from the banks of Seine: Or from some tree in forests far,
Which fringe the western main?"

"I come not off the old world, Nor from off the new— But I am one of the birds of God,
Which sing the whole night through."

"Oh, sing and wake the dawning— Oh, whistle for the wind; The night is long, the current strong,
My boat it lags behind."

"The current sweeps the old world, The current sweeps the new— The wind will blow, the dawn will glow,
Ere thou hast sailed them through."

—Charles Kingsley.

I dreamed I saw two angels hand in hand,
And very like they were and golden fair.

One wore about his head a golden band;
A wreath crowned the other's matted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white of brow;
A radiant spirit smile of wondrous grace.

Shed, like an inner altar-lamp, a glow Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble-carved grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with pain.

With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violets long drenched in rain.

Then spake the fair, sweet one, and, softly said,
"Between us—Life and Death—choose thou thy lot."

By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led;
Choose thou between us, soul, and fear thou not."

I pondered long, "O Life," at last I cried,
"Perchance, 'twere wiser Death to choose; and yet—
My soul with thee were better satisfied."

The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret.

Within his brother's hand he placed my hand,
"Thou didst mistake," he said, in unregreted pain.

"And choosing Life, didst fail to understand.
He with the thorns is Life, and I am Death."

—Laura Spencer Porter, in Harper's Magazine.

Health and Hygiene.

Rules for the Avoidance of Danger in Cycling.

New Treatment for Fever—Insects as Carriers of Contagion—Honey for Erysipelas—Trees Promotive to Health—Answers to Inquiries.

HONEY IS A CURE FOR ERY-SIPELAS.

Dr. C. E. Hayward, of Crosey, Ill., writes: "Several years ago, while treating some bad cases of erysipelas, a lady asked me why I did not use the remedy they used in Montana. I asked her what that was, and she said honey. I did use it, and found it very effective, and since then have used it in every case of erysipelas on any part of the body."

My first treatment is the external application of honey. I shave the head and face if necessary, spread the honey thickly on cloth, cut holes for the eyes if the face is affected and change the application every three or four hours. I have never had it fail to relieve the pain, heart swelling and nausea, and to shorten very much the attack. I also give internally the usual remedies for the fever and stimulating the emunctories. These, or four days usually suffice to bring about convalescence under this treatment. I could report numerous cases, but I add rather every physician would give it a trial, and I am sure he would find a practical addition to his armamentarium.—Medical Record.

HEALTHFUL INFLUENCE OF TREES.

Forests have an important hygienic influence. In warm countries, when a forest is cleared away, fever always makes its appearance, while, if, in quantity, sickness disappears. Thus the Roman emperors and the Tuscan marshes, where luxuriant forest has now growing, have almost lost their traditional unhealthfulness.

Another important hygienic factor of the forest is the fact that ozone exists in unusually large quantities in their neighborhood. This fact, lately established by Fernow, has been held

by him to show that a forest constitutes an important barrier against the approach of epidemics and infectious disease.—The Literary Digest, from Cosmos.

A Smile And a Laugh.

A NEW TREATMENT FOR FEVER.

A new curative treatment has been discovered by a Transvaal doctor. Having noted the fact that milk absorbs poisonous germs from a bucket, he decided that it might be possible to use this germ-absorbing power to a therapeutic account. He put his ideas to the test, and now asserts that he has cured persons of smallpox, fever, diphtheria and other maladies by simply wrapping them in milk sheets. The patient is laid on a mattress covered with blankets, and is packed in a sheet just large enough to envelop the body. This sheet has first been saturated in a pint and a half of warm milk, and is applied to the body without wringing. After this treatment, which lasts about an hour, the patient is sponged with warm water or is put into a warm bath.—Medical Press and Circular.

INSECTS AND CONTAGION.

It is generally understood that the sting of some insects are especially poisonous to a greater or less degree, and must, therefore, be early and carefully treated. Pain alone, however, cases will suffice for a danger signal, and few when thus warned would care to neglect the puncture made by a hornet, a wasp or even a bee. The fact that other insects, like some species of fly, are capable of equal or even greater mischief, is not so commonly known as it ought to be. The recent death of a woman in Kingston from septic erysipelas thus caused may be quoted in illustration. In accounting for such occurrences two points are especially noteworthy—namely the condition of health in the person attacked, and the previous habitat of the assailant. In no case probably is it possible to define exactly the influence exercised by each of these contributing factors. This much we know, however, that no matter how trivial the great effect of the consequence, it is much enhanced by all conditions of weakness or blood impurity existing in the sufferer. A mere midge or knat bite in one person will prove almost as serious in its effects as a severe wound in another. There are in the system all the materials for a conflagration, and a spark may light it up as well as a firebrand. The habits of insects afford a clue to the seeming vagary of their occasional or accidental virulence. The sting of the mandibles, which perhaps were buried an hour previously in some putrid sore, excreta or effluvia, cannot penetrate a living tissue without leaving in its wake something of the same putrid character. It is safer, therefore, the medical practitioner to regard each and every injury of this kind, however slight, as a possible source of illness, and at once contrive its removal by sucking, or by the application of some antiseptic or like means. For prevention we can suggest no better safeguard than some form of antiseptic veil, to be worn after the manner suggested in the Lancet of Aug. 6, 1892.

TO AVOID THE DANGERS OF CYCLING.

The dangers of cycling may be avoided in great measure, says Dr. George Herschell, by: 1. The use of a low gear. 2. The upright position in riding; the stooping position prevents proper expansion of the lungs, and interferes with the proper circulation of the blood. 3. Adequate food when riding and the avoidance of muscle poisons, such as beef tea, is digestive power of the stomach is inhibited when riding. 4. The avoidance of kola and cocoa preparations; these, by benumbing the sense of fatigue, cause more work to be done than is actually done. 5. On no account should the cyclist continue riding after he has commenced to feel short of breath or when there is the slightest sensation of uneasiness in the chest.—Medical Record.

WATER-BORNE CHOLERA.

In the annual report of the Chemical Examiner and Bacteriologist to the Government of India for 1897, Dr. Hankin refers to a remarkable instance of exemption of one company in a regiment continuing to ride in the East Lancashire Regiment consisted of Companies A, C, E, F, G, H. When the cholera broke out in the cantonments the regiment was transferred to the Kakrai cholera camp. Throughout the epidemic the company remained immune from attack, though the conditions of life were identical with those of other companies, and their barracks were almost surrounded by those of companies who suffered severely from cholera. At first no possible explanation of this escape of one company could be found. "On cross examination the color sergeant of this company," says Dr. Hankin, "the mystery at first seemed to deepen, for he roundly asserted that the men of his company had exactly the same supplies of food and water as the men of other companies. But on his being pressed as to how he knew that the water supply was the same as that of the other companies, he replied that he ought to know if anybody, as he boiled it himself! It is needless to say that on making inquiries we found that this sanitary precaution had not been taken by the color sergeants of other companies."

NOVEL CURE FOR HEADACHE.

An apostle of physical culture says that an excellent and never-failing cure for nervous headache is the simple act of walking backward. Ten minutes is as long as is usually necessary to promenade. It sometimes, however, requires more than ten minutes to walk at all, if one is very "nervous." But it is not understood that it is necessary to walk a chalk line. Any kind of walking will do, provided it is backward. It is well to get in a long, narrow room, where the windows are high, and walk very slowly, placing first the ball of the foot on the floor, and then the heel. Besides curing headache, this exercise promotes a graceful carriage. A half-hour's walk backward every day will surely remove the headache under which waltzers toward producing a graceful gait.

Let it make no difference to thee whether thou art cold or warm, whether thou art ill spoken of or praised, if thou art doing thy duty.—Marcus Aurelius.

A SAGE CONCLUSION.

"John," said the explorer's wife, "don't you think you had better be making preparations to find the north pole?"

"No," he replied; "I'm willing to do my duty, but I am not going to overdo it. I don't lose the north pole, in the first place."

"But the public expects you to go on in your efforts."

"No, it doesn't. If anybody'll come and convince me that he needs the north pole in his business, or that the north pole would in any way contribute to his domestic happiness, I'll go out and find it for him. And that's as fair as any man could say."—Washington Star.

The punctual man wastes a good deal of time in waiting for the other fellow.

You never quite comprehend how mean people are until you begin to compare them with yourself.

First Girl—Cholly isn't such a fool as he looks.

Second Girl—No, indeed, he certainly is.

Grubber—What a well-bred man Mixer is.

Junnie (who doesn't like him)—He ought to be; his father is a baker.

Bishop—Do you think it is right to partake of this hash on Friday?

Low Church Clergyman—Entirely orthodox; it is composed of the 39 articles.

Aunt Mary—Well, Tommy, shall I carry your bat and cricket stumps for you?

Tommy—No, aunty, thanks! Me tarry bat and tumps. 'Oo tarry me!

Mother—Jack, what have you done with the ice cream I asked you to buy?

Jack—Why, mamma, it began to melt, so Bobby and I thought we'd better sit down and eat it.

"Mamma," said paterfamilias from the head of the table, "this is the fourth time our little boy has been helped to bacon; maybe when he grows up he will be a second Shakespeare."

A furrier, wishing to inform his customers that he recast their old furs, wound off his advertisement as follows: "N.B.—Capes, vestries, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles out of their own skins."

"I suppose you have forgotten that you owe me \$10," said Phillips severely.

"No, I haven't," retorted Wilbur. "I meant to have done so, but haven't succeeded as yet. Give me time, old man, and I will."

"My landlady hates compliments," said Hicks. "This morning when I complimented her biscuits by eating ten of them, she was quite put out, and threatened to raise my board if I didn

About People.

Animal Curiosities.

Crow Tried by a Jury of Crows — A Very Remarkable Horse — Dogs Which Act as Soldiers — Sparrows Torture a Horse to Save One of Their Number.

CROWS HOLD COURT.

There are few men who would dispute a statement made by John C. Level, one of the owners of the Tower Hotel at Niagara Falls and the owner of the Reservation carriage line. Mr. Level usually tells his tales in a way to carry conviction with them, and his late experience in Canada is one that will doubtless interest every one interested in ornithology.

As his custom, Mr. Level went through the Canadian peninsula on one of his periodical trips, and as his horse was clattering along, ready to ward the falls, he was surprised to find a dark cloud suddenly come over his buggy. He was astonished to find that it was a flock of crows. Some of them flew so close to the buggy as to cause them to swerve from his buggy in order to avoid a collision.

"I was so much taken up with the actions of the crows, said Mr. Level, that I reined up the horse for the purpose of finding out the cause of the congregation of crows. To my surprise the crows alighted in a large open field, where one of them alighted on a knoll. He was soon surrounded by several of the others. Before him, apparently holding court, stood a dejected-looking crow, with head bowed, and it appeared that there was some sort of a trial going on. There was a chattering, and, as the crow looked up, the crows in the air, every one of them, as in a few moments one could hardly hear his own voice with the noise made.

"It ceased as suddenly as it began, and one of the birds seemed to address itself to the crowd which held court on the knoll. When it finished it seemed as though all the flock were saying something. Two of the members of the party had a struggle with the one who appeared to be under arrest, and in a few minutes the entire flock flew away. When the flock started I noticed that one of the birds, the one which appeared to be on trial, was still on the ground. After trial was over, he had down he raised himself, and in a wabbly way, followed them, staying in their rear and lower than the rest of the birds. "I have an idea that the crow did something wrong and that the trial was had in the open field, where some of the wing feathers were taken from the bird as punishment, and he was ordered to follow in the rear. In order to find what had been done with the bird as punishment, I went into the field where the contest had been had, and there found three wing feathers which had apparently been plucked from the criminal."—Buffalo Express.

AN ANTELOPE HORSE.

"I had a horse," said an old army man, "that had once belonged to the Seventh Cavalry, but he had the 'I. C.' brand under his mane, so he was out of the service, inspected and condemned. He was a regular old plug, but he was all I could get my hands on, so I rode away from the fort, and I saw a bunch of antelope finally. I got off the horse and dropped the reins on the ground, expecting the horse to stand there till I came back. But he sneaked along to get a good shot when I looked round, and I'll be blamed if that brute of a horse hadn't started off as tight as he could run.

"Well, says I, I guess I'm in for a six-mile tramp home. I cursed that horse to myself for a while, and then I went on. Pretty soon I looked up, and I'm blessed if there wasn't that bunch of antelope. Well, now, says I, I'd like to know what that horse thinks he is up to, anyhow." Pretty soon he began to circle around on the other side, and I caught and started off. He was on at once and I laid down and waited.

That old horse cut up the most surprising antics out there, and all while he kept working those antelopes toward me. I got two; darned good luck it was, too. You see, that old horse was an Indian hunting pony, and he had been trained to do that. Well, I went back to the post, and everybody wanted to know how it happened. I had such good luck. But I didn't tell 'em.

"A few days later I took that same horse out after prairie chickens. It was a time of the year when the chickens were flying and I was riding along, when all of a sudden the critter stopped short, braced himself up and waited—for what I didn't know. I saw a couple of chickens flew up second a couple of minutes, and I was so surprised I didn't shoot. 'Well, I says, I'll be switched. Here's a horse that's not only a hunting horse, but a regular scout. I had a great horse, but I got pointer dog, too. The next time he stopped I was right on hand and dropped a bird. Well, no sooner did that horse see that bird fall than he galloped off right to where he fell, and all I had to do was to reach off and pick it up. He was a great horse, I tell you, and I got lots of good hunting with him."

DOG-SOLDIERS.

The use of dogs for military purposes has proved so successful in Germany that the dog-soldier is continually being taught new things. Near Dresden recently there was a test of skill on the part of army dogs which was a great revelation of their accomplishments.

Two companies of soldiers separated by a distance of a mile, and a quarter, one of them supposed to be an enemy, communicated for some time by the aid of dogs trained to go back and forth. Each time the distance between the two companies was less than two minutes, in spite of intense heat and a great deal of confusing firing.

The special object of the use of these fast dogs is to enable detachments to inform themselves of the speed at which the enemy is approaching, and so to maintain a position up to the last moment practicable.

On the same occasion the peculiar duty of dogs performed was that of carrying cartridges during a rapid fusillade. Each dog wears a kind of pack-saddle, which carries 300 cartridges. With this load he travels up and down the line of men, who help themselves to cartridges as they have need.

As soon as the pack-saddle is empty,

the dog, at command, makes off at full speed to get it replenished.

Everyone has heard of the dogs of the "pious monks of St. Bernard," which are supposed to have a sort of monopoly of the accomplishment of serving the wounded and helpless, and calling assistance for them. But the German military have trained dogs to search out and assist the wounded, and call human assistance.

Everyone has heard of the dogs of the "pious monks of St. Bernard," which are supposed to have a sort of monopoly of the accomplishment of serving the wounded and helpless, and calling assistance for them. But the German military have trained dogs to search out and attend the wounded, and call human assistance.

These dogs of the ambulance corps are trained to divided duties. Some of them, carrying a little flask of water or restoratives, simply sit and bark or lay near the body of a fallen man. Others have been trained to go in search of assistance and guide to the spot a soldier of the ambulance corps.

The trained dog performed all these functions very skillfully at the recent trial near Dresden. It is plain that the German army, if it should be engaged in another war, would be accompanied by a greater number of dogs than ever before accompanied an army on a campaign.

BIRDS WON THE BATTLE.

Yesterday, says the Shreveport (La.) correspondent, being attracted to the window by the chattering and chirping of a bevy of English sparrows, I found the little fellows making a most violent attack upon a horse that was nipping grass just beyond my window. I don't think I ever saw anything more in earnest than those birds were. There was a great company of them, and they laid over the poor horse, nipping and pecking at such a rate that there seemed scarce an inch of him untouched. He was very loth to give ground, and stood his head and neck as long as possible, tossing his head and lashing his tail frantically; but the little tormentors were too much for him, and I do not think he succeeded in dislodging one during the whole affray.

They would light and nip and be gone before he could yank his tail in their direction. The unequal combat kept up fast and furious for fully five minutes before the horse finally gave up and scampered away, glad to get out of reach of the pests, some of the little fellows chasing him the whole length of the block. What it could be for I had not the slightest idea, but when the horse was well out of the yard, he turned back to the ground in a great heap, chattering and chirping as busily as ever, so I went out to investigate.

It was some moments before I succeeded in discovering anything whatever, the birds were so thick and eager, but at last I found a poor little crippled fellow lying upon his side, unable to move, and having his head in the grass. Evidently his friends were aware of his helpless condition, and had driven the horse away to prevent his being trod upon, and were trying in some way to assist him to rise. This he was unable to do, however, as one wing was broken; so I picked him up and put him on a little shelf in my rose arbor, and there his little friends seem to be taking the best possible care of him. They appear to keep him turning in staying with him and keeping him company, while the others continue to forage, coming now and then with choice bits for the little invalid.

MAN-EATING SHARKS.

Every afternoon we all tramped a mile or two up the beach in the hot sun for the sake of a quarter of an hour of surf-bathing, which was delightful in itself, and which was rendered especially interesting by our having to share the surf with large man-eating sharks. When they came which they were sure to do ten minutes after we had arrived, we generally gave them our share.

The phonograph men and our party did not believe in sharks; so we would venture out some distance, and the Englishmen and the Germans standing like sandpipers where the water was hardly up to their ankles, and keeping an anxious lookout for us and themselves. Had the sharks attempted to attack us from the land, they would have afforded excellent protection. When they all yelled at once and ran back up the beach into the bushes, we knew that they thought we had been in long enough, and that we were doing so. But there would be invariably one man left behind—one man who had walked out farther than the others, and who, owing to the noise, could not hear our shrieks of terror. It was interesting to watch him from the beach diving and splashing happily by himself, and shaking the water out of his ears and hair, and then to see him come back and tell us of his adventures.

When night came to Corinto we would sit on the wharf in front of the hotel and watch the fish darting through the phosphorescent waters and marking their passage with a trail of fire, or we would leave a log into it and see the sparks fly just as though we had thrown it upon a smouldering fire. One night one of the men was obliging enough to go into it for our benefit, and swam under water, sweeping great circles with his arms, and he was outlined as clearly in the inky depths below as though he were a suit of spangles. Sometimes a shark or some other big fish drove a shoal of little fish towards the shore, and they would turn the whole surface of the water into half-circles of fire as they took leap after leap for safety.

—From "Out of the World at Corinto," by Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine for November.

Oliver Cromwell was married in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, in 1628, at a time when he was recently commemorated by a tablet placed in the church.

Johann Szathmari and his wife, of Zombolga, Hungary, have actually celebrated the centenary of their marriage. The wife is 115 years of age, and her husband one year older.

The King of Siam has a bodyguard of female warriors, says the New York Telegraph, which is composed of 400 girls chosen from among the strongest and most handsome of all the ladies in the land.

One of Stevenson's heroes was the Duke of Wellington. The Scotch novel is likely to remark that the best thing said of Wellington was this: "He did his duty as naturally as a horse eats oats."

It may not be generally known that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the Wesleyan Methodist minister in England, is an expert mountaineer. He has made the ascent of nearly all the difficult peaks of the Alps.

The poet Swinburne is 58 years old and in the prime of physical condition. He is a very impressive figure. He is scarcely five feet in height, his face is ghastly pale, and his head, which is large in proportion to his body, is covered with a thick shock of uncombed hair.

The Prime Minister of Japan is now the Marquis Ito, instead of Count Ito. This distinction has been conferred upon him by the Mikado in recognition of his great services during the recent Sino-Japanese war. Count Yamagata, the recent commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces, and now Secretary of War, has also been made a marquis.

The New York Tribune says that "Monsieur Capel, a well-known Roman Catholic priest, became a few years ago, and is said to be very wealthy. Formerly the pink of perfection in dress, he has now always appears in the rough costume of a ranchman. He was once a brilliant social figure in London, and is supposed to be the original of Catesby, in Disraeli's 'Lothar'."

John Lubbock, the well-known English scientist, statesman and essayist, has recently made some studies of the elementary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after they had enjoyed a full meal, and the result was the assurance that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food, proportionate to his weight, consumed by a spider, he would devour thirteen sheep, and two whole oxen.

A great number of people were not aware that the Queen had a sister until the recent announcement that the young Princess of Coburg-Edinburgh was going to marry the grandson of the Queen's sister. The Duchess of Kent was a widow with two children when the Queen's father married her. Her eldest daughter, the little Princess Feodora, was brought up for some years in the same home with her sister, Princess Victoria, and a tender attachment existed between them to the last day of Princess Feodora's life, as was shown by the affectionate letters which the Queen published for private circulation after her Royal Highness' death. The young man who is to marry the Princess Alexandra of the Princess Feodora.

With regard to Madame Patti's recent exhibition of her powers as a singer of Wagner's music, I have recently stated that she was, in the opinion of thirteen years ago. Madame Patti was asked which was her favorite opera, to which she replied, "The 'Lohengrin.' I consider Elsa the most beautiful and ideal character in opera." "Then you admire Wagner?" "More than any other composer," she replied. "I have never sung Wagner's music in public, but I have sung over his music at home, to my own intense enjoyment, many, many times." Madame Patti was then asked, "Will you never sing Wagner's music in public?" She replied, "I have reserved it, especially Elsa, for the last season of my operatic career. Then I shall not be afraid of injuring my voice, and I can sing his music to the most fitting to close my career with what I consider the greatest music ever written."

The Mitherless Bairn.

When a'ither bairnies are hushed to their name
By aunty, or cousin, or freckly grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' nae-
ther a'ither bairn, or a'ither grand-dame,
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane
bed,
Nae a'ither bairn gangs to his lane
bed; his wee hieck heeels are hard as the
airn,
And mitherless the fair o' the mitherless
bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams
hover there
O' hands that wond' kindly to kame
his cauld heart;

But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless
an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless
bairn.

Yon sister that sang o'er his satyrlie-
rocked bed
Now rests in the moors where her
mammie is laid,
The father toils sair their wee ban-
nets to airn,
An' kens nae the wrangs o' his mitherless
bairn.

Her spirit, that passed in yon hour o'
Still watches his wearisome wander-
ings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they
earn

Wha counthide deal wi' the mitherless
bairn.

O! speak him nae harshly—he trembles
the while;
He bends to your bidding, and blesses
your smile;

In their dark hour o' anguish the
heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless
bairn.

—William Thom.

The Steamless Window.

The Drapers' Record in some window
dressing hints says:
"Cloves can be stuck on the window
by breathing heavily on the longest
finger and pressing it against the glass;
they will remain fast for weeks pro-
vided the window does not freeze."

The time of year is close at hand for
windows to steam; but there's one
display that can't be blurred from the
public gaze by the fog of winter.

—From "Out of the World at Corinto," by Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine for November.

Missing Links.

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

IN AN Aberdeenshire, Scotland, garden a dish of fine ripe strawberries was pulled on Oct. 1.

AN IONA cross, with plain names and dates, will be set up at the grave of Prof. Blackie, of Scotland.

ONE of Scotland's grand old men, of whom she is justly proud, is Dr. David Brown, the principal of the Free Kirk College at Aberdeen. At 82 he is still one of the most active and influential members of the Scottish clergy.

HARPERIZING is taking the place of bowdlerizing, as a term for expurgating editions in England. The way in which the text of Thomas Hardy's novels have been treated in the Magazine gave rise to the word.

DIPHTHERIA serum is about to be manufactured on a commercial scale by a dyeing establishment at Hochst, near Frankfurt-on-the-Main. It will be much more concentrated, and five times as strong as that hitherto used.

AS A remedy for infantile in Paris M. Louis de Grammont proposes that a baby market be established where parents too poor or too indolgent to take care of their children may sell them to those who will look after them.

KANT'S manuscripts, belonging to the University of Dorpat, have been placed by the Russian Government at the disposal of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, which is now preparing to issue a complete edition of the philosopher's works.

MAJUNGA, Andriba, Tananarive, are the names that a patriotic French father insisted on giving to his girl baby. The father would not have been registered to the registrars of births several times since the beginning of the war with Madagascar.

IN ENGLAND Blackburn's two members of Parliament have announced that they will not subscribe to any more football clubs. They have sent checks to nearly 200 clubs in a month, and there may not be another election for six years.

PRINCIPAL RAINY, of Scotland, would rather hand over Armenia to Russia than maintain the present Turkish system. The Lebanon argument seems to him the best—a governor appointed by and responsible to the European powers.

PROF. OLSZEWSKI, of Cracow, who has succeeded in liquefying hydrogen, has tried to liquefy helium, whose density is nearly twice as great, without success. This is due, Prof. Ramsay thinks, to the molecular constitution of helium; and for the same reasons the liquefaction of argon should be more difficult.

LORD ESHER, who is now in his 81st year, is the oldest, but in some respects the youngest, man on the judicial bench of England. There is, indeed, little in his physical or mental qualities to suggest the octogenarian. His grasp of details is as firm, his sex is as vigorous, and his judgments as vigorous, as ever they were.

DURING the late English naval maneuvers, the Havock was the only torpedo boat destroyer which pulled through without a breakdown. All the others had something go wrong with their machinery, and had to put into port for repairs. The Havock came out in coal consumption, using nine tons to the thirteen of the boat next on the list.

AN "Adam Smith Chair of Political Economy" is now about to be established in Glasgow University. Some time ago £10,000 was received from a gentleman, anonymously, for this purpose, and now a further sum of £5,000 has been received, making together £15,000, which is considered sufficient to endow the chair.

PURE chloroform is now successfully prepared by electrolytic methods. A constant current is passed through a salt solution in an enameled vessel by means of lead electrodes. This liberates chlorine, which reacts on a stream of acetone diffused into the vessel, and the chloroform produced is thus collected by distillation.

SO MUCH has been said about the failure of the Baltic Canal that the four largest ironclads of the German navy were recently sent through it as a test. They made the trip in six hours, without an accident, demonstrating the ease with which Germany can transfer her whole fleet from the Baltic into the North Sea in case of war.

COWS were milked by machinery at the recent London dairy show. A pulsating vacuum, imitating the sucking of calves, was created by an air pump in a series of pipes connected by rubber caps to the cow's teats. Ten cows were milked at once, the milking lasting from three to five minutes, and only a pint and a half of stripplings being left.

DR. THOMAS KEITH, the distinguished surgeon, died on Oct. 9 in London in his 65th year. When in Edinburgh Dr. Keith attained a world-wide fame in connection with the success he attained in operations in ovariectomy. He removed to London in 1888, where his professional practice was upon similar lines.

A LIFE of Christ is about to be published, with colored photographs after James Tissot's pictures, by M. Mame, the Catholic publishers of Tours, the first twenty impressions of which will be sold for \$1,000 a copy and the rest of the 1,000 copies at \$300 apiece. The advertisement, with one specimen picture and some sketches in black and white, cost \$12.

JOHN HARVARD once owned the old Queen's Head tavern in the High Street, Borough, London, which is over 300 years old, and is now to be torn down. It was originally a mansion belonging to the Poyninges. Henry VIII. turned it into a storehouse for artillery, and under Queen Elizabeth it became a tavern under the name of first of the Crossed Keys.

PROF. WAGNER, this year's rector of the University of Berlin, in his inaugural address, said that when socialism is scientifically examined its value as an intellectual force will be recognized, and Engels, Lassalle and Marx will be regarded not as agitators, but as thinkers of the first rank, who have their dangers in common with other philosophers.

MOSES may have easily written the Pentateuch and the Israelites of his day may have read and understood it,

Prof. Sayce told the recent Church Congress at Norwich, for the age of the Exodus was as literary as that of the Renaissance in Europe. Babylonian cities had libraries then, some of them 6,000 years old, and when Abraham was born a Chaldean poet was ending a long period of verse by writing a poem in twelve books.

TRUSSES for hernia were known to Phoenicians 900 years before Christ, as is shown by a votive image recently found at Soussa, in the possession of Dr. Poucet, chief medical officer of the French army in Tunis. The statuette is of terra cotta, representing the Egyptian god Bilou, but around its waist is the elaborate and efficient metallic truss. Various forms of hernia are shown in the figure, which the Lancet calls a perfect museum of hernial pathology.

WHEN Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsoford's eldest son was born the Queen, in telegraphing her congratulations, promised that the boy, when he attained his 21st year, should be made a baronet, so that Abbotsoford might be associated with another Sir Walter. The young man only wants a year or so of attaining his majority, but he may be pointed out that, whether the baronetcy comes or not, he will in all probability in course of time succeed to a peerage. The present Lord Herries has no children, and the next heir is his brother, Mr. Maxwell-Scott, the husband of the proprietress of Abbotsoford.

A COUNTRYMAN living in the neighborhood of Blenheim, on hearing of the Duke of Marlborough's engagement to a great American heiress, was curious to know if the usual fee of 2 shillings for allowing visitors to see the Blenheim Palace would not now be discontinued. The English people have always resented this fee, on the ground that Blenheim was a Government gift, and while John Bull cheerfully put his hand in his pocket to see the show places of his country, he objects to paying "2 shillings if you are alone, with a reduction of 1 shilling if you are one of a party" to see a palace for which his ancestors paid.

VERY heavy rains have recently been experienced in Shetland, and in connection therewith an unprecedented occurrence is reported from the district of Sandness on the west side. Large tracts of low-lying ground there were completely flooded, three bridges across the public road were washed away, and considerable portions of the solid part of the meadow were covered with the water and practically lost. Two lochs of Melby and Norby, which are a considerable distance apart, were so flooded that after the heavy rains they practically became one, a thing that has never been observed before in living memory.

EXPERIMENTS in crossing rivers have recently been made by the Austrian cavalry with water-tight haversacks filled with straw. Four of them were formed into a sort of raft, held together by three sabers; on these five men got astride, the foremost steering with a pole, and the horses were led, swimming. It took eight minutes to cross a river 650 feet wide and 12 feet deep, and two minutes to readjust on the opposite bank; so the five men were ready for action on the other side in a matter of minutes after the order to cross was given. Boats were also made with the haversacks, stiffened by iron bars, or cavalry sabers, in which twelve or fourteen armed men were ferried across.

A QUEER case is reported from Sydney, Australia. A man was convicted by a jury of having tried to poison his wife with arsenic. His lawyers obtained a reconsideration of the sentence by a Commission appointed by the Legislature, consisting of three members, one of whom pronounced him innocent, the doctors voting down the lawyer, who thought him guilty. The man was set free in consequence. Subsequently one of the lawyers, on a matter of conscience, told another member of the bar that the man had confessed his guilt to him at the time of the trial, and the matter was dropped. The lawyers and the doctors have been arrested, and are to be prosecuted for conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. Communications between lawyers and clients are apparently not privileged in Australia.

DR. DODS, of Haddington, who is at present on a trip to southern seas, has been visiting the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson at Samoa. In a letter to the Westminster Gazette, the doctor says that Mr. Stevenson's people have gone from the island, but the house of the novelist left it with all the furniture, etc. "I saw his old felt wide-awake and a riding whip hanging on a peg. Dr. Dodds says: 'I climbed up to his grave one day. There is a space about twenty feet wide cleared through the forest straight up to the top, but the ground is so fearfully steep that they had to cut a zig-zag path all the way up. Even over that I can assure you, with the thermometer at 90 degrees, but I was drenched when I got to the top. There is a place about 30 feet square cleared off in the middle of the grave, a simple mound of red volcanic soil. There is a small white cross at the head, and lying on the grave was an anchor made of what I took to be a weathered heather, probably sent from Scotland. It looks a lonely spot, and through the trees you can see the blue sea and the white line of the coral reef, which seem to add to the loneliness."

Confusing Names.

Lady Henry Somerset has been spending a few days in Ireland, joining the house party of the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans, whose daughter, Lady Catherine Beauclerk, her son is named. Names are apt to be a little confusing. Lady Henry Somerset's own father's name was Earl Somerset, nothing to do with the Somerset family. There are besides a Duke and a Duchess of Somerset, but their family name is Seymour; and though there is a Duke of Beaufort, the great house known by that name, Beaufort, is not his, but Lord Lovat's place in the peerage. To add to this the name of Mr. Somerset's fiancée is Beauclerk, of course, nothing to do with Beaufort. Some change in the position of Lady Henry's son will be made by the marriage, the Marquis of Worcester. This gentleman, as the eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort, stands before Mr. Somerset in the hierarchy to the dukedom; and as Lord Worcester is over 48, and has never married, it appeared likely that he would not do so. If there is any of his marriage, of course, that son will be the heir.



An English Market-Day Dinner.

In England a distinction is made between a "village" and a "town," the dignity of town being applied only to those places which are large enough to support a weekly market in the public square, to which the farmers of the surrounding country bring for sale and barter their butter, eggs and other produce.

On market day the leading public houses make a point of providing a special dinner, at a fair price, for the more well-to-do attendants upon the market—the gentlemen farmers, as they are called. This dinner is one of the features of the day, and the patrons gather week after week at their favorite houses.

I happened to be in Stamford, in Lincolnshire, on market-day, recently, and improved the opportunity to attend the market dinner at "The Crown," one of the best public houses there. The dinner is spread in a long dining-room, furnished in a thoroughly home-like manner, quite unlike a hotel dining-room in America, and although it is absolutely free to everyone who pays the regular price, it is hard to realize after one has sat down to the table that one is not a guest at a private house.

Long experience has taught the landlord to estimate very nearly the number for whom the table should be laid, and just as the company sit down, the well-trained servants quietly remove any extra plates and chairs, or supply an additional seat if needed. There were just 25 at the table the day I dined at the Crown. The landlord sat at the head of the table, and an experienced friend took, by his request, the seat at the foot.

The first course consisted of two kinds of fish, brought on in large dishes, and placed one at each end of the table to be served. I have forgotten what one of these was, but the other was stewed eels, served in cream, which in spite of the name proved to be one of the most delicious dishes I ever ate. After these came a roasted chicken, the solid part of the meal, the roasts and vegetables were brought on.

The chief of these, an enormous roast of beef, was placed before the landlord; the next, a crisp browned leg of mutton, at the opposite end of the table. In addition to these there were various other dishes, boiled mutton, boiled fowl, calf's head and brains, etc. These were placed on the table before whom one happened to be placed was expected to serve it. I watched with some anxiety to see that none came to me, for my poor skill at carving would have disgraced me beside such work as I saw going on around me.

The pastry which followed this course was a deep gooseberry pie, very different from our American ideas of pie, and a rhubarb custard, also a new dish to me. This dish consists of a rich, thick, baked custard, and rhubarb, cooked separately and served together, with a sweet sauce. The dessert, which closed the meal, was a simple one of bread and cheese and watercress. Notice that none of the cheese was delicious, fresh cream cheese, which would literally melt in one's mouth.

The price for all this was half a crown, about 25 cents of our money, and while the maids were bringing on the dessert, the "Boots" of the establishment, who acts as head waiter, passed a plate, into which each guest dropped the pay for his meal, the whole being so quietly done that it hardly detracted at all from the homelike nature of the meal.

One thing which impressed me particularly—and that I repeatedly remarked all over England—was the superb physique of the men who sat about the table. They were all tall and solid in form, and many of them were no longer young, their fresh complexions, clear eyes and firm voices showed that their vitality was in no way impaired.

Nor was this in any way a picked company, though the men were of a superior class, and accustomed to open-air life. They had merely happened to come together, but I am convinced that no company of the same number in America, gathered under similar circumstances, would equal them physically.

Another thing which I could not but notice was the beautiful courtesy shown me as a stranger by every man who sat anywhere near me, although there was only one of them whom I had ever seen before. As the meal was served, pains were taken to see that my plate was heaped up, and if there was any special dish brought on which I, in my ignorance of English, had not noticed, care was taken to see that my attention was called to it.

More strange, though, than any other feature of the meal to me, was the fact that only to American hotel dinners, was the grace. After we were all seated, at a signal from the landlord, every head but mine—for I was taken too much by surprise to bow, and every voice but mine joined reverently in a few words of petition to bless the meal.

Again, after the dessert had been thoroughly dined, but before anyone had left the table, there came a like signal, a hush in the conversation, and with the same reverent manner a few words of thanks were said. Then those who wished to go did so, while others lingered to smoke and talk.

This simple service was so old a custom, so much a part of the meal, that I do not think I can suppose that I noticed it, or suspected that it had been to me one of the most striking features of a dinner all of which had been so delightful—Youth's Companion.

Languages the Queen Speaks.

The Queen speaks English to Prince Henry of Battenberg, and even to the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Duke of Coburg-Gotha. And the any one of Wales writes almost always in English to his mother and to his other relatives living in England. German is only spoken in conversation with German and Austrian ambassadors, and during an audience to German or Austrian subjects. With all other diplomats in intercourse with the royal family German is nearly always the language spoken.—Westminster Gazette.