

FOR THE THIRD TIME.

"It is, and I may safely promise you a cordial welcome on the part of its fair mistress."

"Hospitality is a paramount virtue among you here," said the organist. "I have seen Miss Earle at church."

"And a very pretty girl she is," said John Sterling, "and as good as she is pretty. She is devotedly fond of music, too, so you have it in your power to make her very happy this evening."

No more was said. They reached the house, divested themselves of their hats and great-coats, and stamped the snow from their top-boots, and were ushered by a fair damsel into a pretty amber drawing-room.

Mrs. Sterling sat before the fire knitting, Miss Earle on a lounge yawning over a book. Even sensation novels, when one has had a surfeit of them, will pall upon the youthful intellect. Both started up eagerly to welcome Dr. John.

"How do, mother? How do, Amy? Horrid weather, isn't it? Allow me to present Mr. Victor Latour, the new organist of St. Jude's. I found him like one of the babes in the wood, nearly buried alive, and rescued him from an untimely end, like the good Samaritan that I am."

Mr. Latour bowed to the ladies with easy grace, took a seat, and was at home at once. Miss Earle stole a second glance at him under her eyelashes. How very handsome he was! Dark and pale, and interesting—just Miss Earle's style, with raven hair and mustache, and slow, sleepy, wonderful black eyes.

"If he had a Greek cap and a crimson sash, and a scimitar by his side he would look like a Corsair," Amy thought. "I never saw a more perfect nose; and I always did admire those creamy complexions. Victor Latour! Such a dear, romantic name, too! I really think he is the handsomest man I ever saw."

Supper came in—a supper for Sybarites or the gods. Mr. Latour was delightful; he talked with an easy grace, and a general knowledge of everything under the sun. Miss Earle listened entranced. The slow, sleepy black eyes wandered very often to the pretty rosy-hued face, thrilling her through with mesmeric power. It was the hero of her dreams at last—Count Lara in the flesh. Mr. Latour played. The superb piano, under those slender fingers, gave forth grand, grateful tones—the room was flooded with heavenly melody. Mr. Latour had the soul of a Beethoven or Mozart, and the magnificent strains held his hearers entranced for hours. It was a charming evening, one to be remembered long after; and before it was over Miss Amy Earle was deeply, and romantically, and hopelessly in love.

She sat up late that night, quite into the small hours, nestling over the fire, listening to the wild beating of the wintry storm, and dreaming delicious dreams.

"How divinely handsome he is! How magnificently he plays! How delightfully he talks!" So ran the burden of her thoughts. "I never saw such eyes, and I never heard a prettier name. How glad I am John Sterling brought him here to-night."

That was the beginning of the end. Mr. Latour departed the next day, but only to come again and again to Blackwood Grange. Miss Earle was seized with a sudden passion for improving herself in music, and began taking lessons immediately. March, April, May flew by like swift dreams. Summer came, golden, glowing—the most glorious summer in Amy's life. She was in love—passionately, ridiculously; a romantic girl's first love—and the world was Eden, and she the happiest Eve that ever danced in the sunshine.

And Victor Latour—was he in love, too, with the bright little heiress? Mr. Latour was a puzzle and a mystery. There were times when no lover could be more lover-like, more devoted, when smiles lit up the dark creamy face, and every look was love. Then Amy's bliss was complete.

"He loves me, I know," her foolish heart would flutter. "He will propose the very next time we meet. Oh, my darling, if you only knew how much I love you!"

The next time would come, and lo! Mr. Latour came with it, dark, cold, moody, wrapped in gloom and mystery—gruff and unsmiling as doom. Amy trembled before those sombre black eyes. He was more like the Corsair, perhaps, than ever. But poor Amy began to think that moody and mysterious beings were pleasanter in Lord Byron's poem than in actual life.

"I wonder if he ever committed a murder, like Eugene Aram; or lost an idolized Medora, as Conrad did?" Miss Earle thought. "Oh! Why doesn't he speak out, when he knows—he must know—I adore him?"

This sultry August evening she stood wistfully gazing at the sunset, and thinking despondently of her idol.

"He was positively rude to me last evening," Miss Earle reflected. "Mr. Rochester was never more grumpy to Jane Eyre. I wonder if I shall see him to-night? He is always playing the organ in the church at this hour. I think I'll take a walk up to the village."

She took her hat and tripped away walking swiftly, considering the heat. Blackwood lay behind her; she was out

in the dusty high road alone, under the opal-tinted sky. No, not alone! Her heart gave a great plunge. There, coming toward her, was the solemn figure she knew so well. That slow, graceful walk—ah! further off, she would have known her handsome lover!

Mr. Latour was in his brightest mood this sultry twilight. He drew Amy's arm through his own, as one who had the right, bending his stately head over her, and mesmerizing her with the witchery of those glorious black eyes. Very slowly they sauntered along. Amy was in no hurry now—she had got all she wanted.

John Sterling had chosen this evening to pay a visit to his mother and her ward. Half an hour after, he strode over the dusty highway, whistling cheerily, and looking up at the round, white, August moon. He had entered Blackwood, and was approaching the house at a swinging pace, when he suddenly stopped.

There, before him, walking as lovers walk, bending, whispering, loitering, were two forms he knew well. All flashed upon him at the sight.

"Lost!" he said, turning very pale. "Lost, for the second time! My mother was right—I have lingered too long! And I love her as that man never can!"

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Latour did not enter the house with Amy. He parted with her under the waving trees, with a long, lingering, lover's kiss. Dr. Sterling and he met face to face in the silvery moonlight. He touched his hat and passed rapidly on, but not before John had seen his face. How deathly pale he was! What a wild gleam there was in his weird black eyes! The light of those spectral eyes made the young doctor recoil.

"Good heaven!" he thought, "he looks now like the Miltonian Lucifer with that livid face, flaming eyes, and that dark, demonic beauty. Who is he? What is he? He is not a good man; we know no more of him than if he had dropped from the moon, although he has been among us over half a year. And that romantic child is ready to die, or go mad for his sake. My friend, Latour, I think I'll turn amateur detective, and hunt up your antecedents."

Dr. John met with rather a cool reception on this particular evening at the hospitable mansion. Mrs. Sterling was decidedly cross and out of sorts; perhaps she suspected or had seen the parting embrace under the hemlocks. She had no patience with her son's tardiness and delicate scruples of conscience about marrying heiresses. And Miss Earle wrapped in a bliss too intense for smiles or words sat by the window and gazed on the bright silvery moonlight.

Dr. Sterling departed early with a farewell reproach to the ladies.

"You are both so entertaining this evening that it is hard to tear one's self away; but I have an interesting case up in the village and business before pleasure, you know. Good by, and I trust the next time I come to Blackwood you'll be able to make a remark or two about the weather at least."

"We are rather silent to-night," she said.

"A penny for your thoughts, ma mere."

"I can read your thoughts without a penny," retorted the elder lady, with some asperity. "Victor Latour, of course! Where were you this evening, Miss Earle?"

Miss Earle blushed celestially in the shimmering dusk.

"Up at the village."

"It appears to me you are very fond of twilight rambles up to the village of late. Mr. Latour was with you, of course?"

"Yes," very falteringly. "Mr. Latour was with me."

"And parted with you out yonder with a most affectionate embrace! You don't choose to make me your confidant, Miss Earle; but if you want to kiss gentlemen, sub rosa, pray take a more retired spot than the avenue."

Amy's golden head had dropped lower. She was a timid, clinging little creature, in whose nature it was not to be haughty or angry. She was very fond of this severe matron; and the starchy blue eyes filled with tears now.

"Dear Mrs. Sterling," she said, "my second mother, don't be angry with poor Amy. I can't help it. I—I—"

"And he!" said Mrs. Sterling bitterly.

"Is it you or your fortune he loves? Oh, Amy Earle! You foolish, sentimental child, what madness is this? This man does not love you—I know it; I have watched him. He does not love you; but he will marry you and will break your heart."

"No, no, no!" Amy cried, shrilly.

"He loves me—he is true as Heaven! Say what you please to me Mrs. Sterling, but not one word against him! I will not hear of it!"

The little head reared itself, the blue eyes quite flashed.

"No!" cried the angry matron, "you will not hear it; no need to tell me that! I know what it is to talk to a girl in love. But tell me, what do you know of this man beyond his romantic name, beyond his effeminate, handsome face? What! you will marry him for his black eyes and his Grecian nose, and his sensation-novel name; and if he turns out to be a London pickpocket, or gambler, you will have no right to complain."

"Mrs. Sterling!"

"I repeat it, Amy—what do you know of him? He may be a thief, or a murderer, for what you can tell to the contrary. My own opinion is, he has come here purposely to entrap you into this mad marriage. Pray, Miss Earle, when is it to take place?"

The blue eyes flashed defiance for the first time in Amy's gentle life, the slender little form quite towered in its indignation.

"I don't know, Mrs. Sterling; but very soon. Victor loves me, and there

is no need to wait. I will marry him as soon as he pleases."

"Not a doubt of it! I wish you joy of your bargain! I have no more to say; but remember in the future that I have warned you. He is not a good man; there is guilt and mystery in his life; I am as certain of it as that I live. As his wife, your existence will be one of misery—destitution, perhaps, when he has squandered what he marries you for—your fortune. I wish you good-night."

Mrs. Sterling swept stormily out of the room yet, "more in sorrow than in anger." And Amy left alone, threw herself on a sofa, and, all unused to these stormy scenes, wept as she had never wept before in her life.

"How cruel, how unjust she is!" the little heiress sobbed, "and all because she wants me to marry John. I know she does; though John doesn't want me, nor I him. But she shall not shake my faith in Victor; no one on earth shall shake it. And I will marry him as soon as he likes; and I don't care whether he ever tells me anything about his own antecedents or not."

The elder and younger lady met very coolly at breakfast. Mrs. Sterling was sullenly dignified, and Amy was offended. Had she not called her idol a thief and a pickpocket? Miss Earle could forgive the grossest insult to herself, but not an insult to her dark-eyed hero.

Mr. Latour called early in the forenoon. Amy was on the watch, and met him in the grounds. There was a long, long ramble through the sunlit, leafy avenues, and Miss Earle after the fashion of young ladies, retained every word of last night's conversation. Mr. Latour's black brows contracted in a swarth frown, and his dark face whitened with anger.

"Mrs. Sterling calls me a thief or a murderer, does she? Really, Amy, your elderly dragon is of a horribly suspicious turn, isn't she? Is it for your sake or for her son's, I wonder?"

"Mrs. Sterling has always been very good to me, Victor Latour. Amy said, deprecatingly, and I am sure she has done well for me. And you see, dear, we don't know anything of you, except your name, and—I love you with all my heart."

The frown deepened under the broad rim of his summer hat.

"And you are a little suspicious, too, my Amy. You must have my biography from the hour of my birth, I presume, before you commit yourself further. And if the history proves unsatisfactory, it is not too late to draw back yet, is it?"

"Victor, how unjust you are! No, tell me nothing, since you can doubt me, tell me nothing, and you will see how perfect love casteth out fear."

"And you will marry me blindfolded? Take me as I am?"

He looked laughing down in her face with a bright look, all the clouds gone.

"My darling!" She clasped his arm rapturously with both hands, and looked up into his handsome face. "I know that I love you dearly, dearly—that I could die for your sake. What more do I need to know?"

"What, indeed, my little enthusiast! Nevertheless, I had better make a clean breast of it, for Mrs. Sterling's peace of mind. Unfortunately, there is very little to tell, and that little not in the least out of the ordinary humdrum way. I never was a pickpocket, never a blackleg. I can safely say that. I am of French extraction; born in Canada, taught music as a profession. Came over to this country, and, through friends, was recommended here as organist. There you have it; let Mrs. Sterling and her son make the most of it."

Amy was satisfied—it was a little vague, but it sufficed for her. Their ramble through the grounds was a very long one, and before it came to an end the wedding day was fixed.

"The middle of September is very soon," Amy murmured, deprecatingly; "but anything to please you, Victor; and Mrs. Sterling is disagreeable of late. Won't you come in to luncheon?"

"Not to-day. Tell your duenna by yourself, and I will ride over this evening and see if the shock has proved fatal. Good-by, my own. Soon good-by will be unknown between us."

Mrs. Sterling heard the news of the approaching marriage with cold scorn.

"As well this moment as the next," she said, frigidly, "since it is to be at all. I wash my hands of the whole business."

All the glittering array of bridal finery, procured in London for that great wedding, lay packed up-stairs in great boxes still. Amy revolted a little from using it. The odor of death and the grave seemed to hang around it; but the time was so short, there was no alternative. Glistening robe, misty veil, orange wreath, jeweled fan, dainty Parisian gloves and slippers, saw the light once more, and the summer days flew by and brought around Amy Earle's second bridal eve.

The September afternoon had been darkened the summer sky; an ominous hush lay over the earth; the trees shivered in the stillness with the presence of the coming storm. Through the ominous twilight Victor Latour rode over from the village to spend his bridal eve with his bride.

How white he was—white to the lips! and what a strange fire that was burning dusky in his great, sombre eyes. What an unnatural expression his face wore when he looked at his fair bride-elect. Surely never bridegroom looked like that in the world before.

"We are going to have a storm," he said, in a voice as unnatural as his face. "Lightning and thunder, and rain, will usher in our wedding day, Amy."

They were alone together in the pretty amber drawing-room. Mrs. Sterling always swept away haughtily when the man she disliked entered. Amy looked up at her lover, trembling with vague terror.

"How strangely you look, Victor!" she faltered. "What is it?"

Mr. Latour tried to laugh, but the laugh was a miserable failure.

"The weather, I suppose. Thunder storms always give me the horrors; and superstitious people would call it an evil omen on our bridal eve. But we are not superstitious, my Amy; so draw the curtains, and light the lamp, and let the avenging elements have their fling."

Mr. Latour lingered until past ten, listening to the music of his obedient little slave. He stood behind her chair; she could not see him; and it was well for her she could not. The rigid, white, face—white to ghastliness—those burning black eyes. Lucifer hurled from heaven might have looked like that.

Amy accompanied her lover to the portico. The storm had not yet burst, but the night was inky dark. The darkness, or the thought of that other tragic wedding eve, made her tremble from head to foot, as she bade her betrothed good-by.

"Oh, my love, be careful!" she whispered. "If anything happens to you I shall die."

"Nothing will happen!" He set his teeth fiercely in the darkness. "I defy Fate itself to separate us two. Good-night, my Amy; look your prettiest to-morrow, my sweet fairy bride."

The storm broke at midnight. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the rain fell in torrents. Amy, cowering and frightened, huddled under the bedclothes in an agony of terror, and longed unutterably for morning and sunshine.

Morning came, but no sunshine. The sky was still of lead, the rain still fell sullenly, ceaselessly. The hours wore on; ten, the time for the ceremony, arrived; the guests were assembled, shivering in the parlor. The bride, lovely in her bridal robes, stood ready and waiting in the midst of her bridesmaids; but the hour had struck before the bridegroom came.

To Be Continued.

NO LAZY DOGS THERE.

Belgium Canines Work Hard All Day and Do Sentinel Duty by Night.

In the western portion of Belgium, including the two Flanders, the dog has been employed "beyond the memory of man," as a beast of burden. Everywhere in the city and in the country he may be seen employed in what may be generally described as small teaming. He is a characteristic feature of life, and to the Fleming abroad there is always something missing—his familiar servant, the dog.

There are all kinds and conditions of dogs at service in Belgium; there are large, medium and small dogs, strong and weak dogs, smooth-coated as well as shaggy dogs. It makes little difference to the Fleming what his dog may be, whether he be fitted for service or not; if the master needs his labor, he harnesses him to a cart and puts him to work. For this single reason, there are very few lazy dogs in that country.

The Belgian dog, the breed being known only by this name, is a large, compactly built animal. When standing he measures in height from twenty to thirty inches; the hair is smooth and short, generally tan or a light brown in color. Both his tail and ears are cut short, the former because it is believed that the strength which would otherwise enter into this extremity is retained in the spinal column and haunches, and the latter in order to prevent the constant flapping of the

NATURALLY LONG EARS

which would be a great inconvenience and hindrance to their work when annoyed by flies.

This specimen of dog has been employed in Flanders for years unnumbered. These dogs are seldom harnessed single, but are usually driven, two, three, four, five or even six abreast. Five or six of such animals can easily draw a load of six hundred or eight hundred pounds for a considerable distance and during several consecutive hours. The Belgian dog may be put to work when about a year old and can be employed daily during 8 or 9 years. He generally lives to be 10 or 11 years of age. After death the skin is still of value for tanning harnesses.

The training of these animals is very simple. It is customary to fasten the young dog, when about six months of age, alongside of experienced dogs and without giving him any load to draw, thus to teach him to run in harness. The prices of the dogs vary. Young ordinary dogs sell for about six dollars to seven dollars; a good specimen between one and three years of age brings ten dollars to twelve dollars, while a very fine animal will command fifteen dollars. The number of dogs employed as draught animals in Belgium is very considerable, but exact statistics on the subject are not obtainable. According to the police registers of Ghent, two thousand and thirty-seven dogs are licensed for hauling in that city. These animals are exempt from the two dollars tax imposed on pet house dogs, which number 3,775 in that city of 160,000 inhabitants.

At night the dog must be given a good kennel, full of straw, and left chained. Incidentally, it may also be remarked that, notwithstanding his long day's labor, he is an excellent watchdog. It should be noted that his feet never need attention, and that he is likewise proof against all kinds of weather, supporting equally well the extremes of heat and cold.

HOW AFRIDIS FIGHT.

An Officer Describes the Customary Ways of These Hardy Tribesmen.

In any account of the ways the Afridis fight, it is necessary to include in the description the military characteristics of the frontier natives without regard to differences of tribe.

Their style of fighting is specially adapted to the geographical conditions of the country. Both at Fort Saraghari and at Fort Cavagnari I had an opportunity, with other officers, of learning the peculiar fighting ways of the Afridis. Every race, of course, has its own method of combat, and the Afridis conduct their operations against an enemy in a manner altogether their own; it is as shifty as it is effective. Few civilians can realize how deadly it may become.

It is bad enough when an enemy, creeping slowly up a hillside, lodges itself in sections behind huge boulders and, under cover of these, pours volley after volley at the human targets—as those engaged in the task of guarding the summit become. Watching the advancement of a foe is not at any time an inspiring occupation; it is worse to see the half-naked Afridis creeping slowly and slowly from boulder to boulder. This is what takes place in broad daylight, but even then the cunning Afridi can circumvent nature. Take, as

AN ILLUSTRATION

of this, the way in which Fort Saraghari fell. It occurred in broad daylight and within sight of the neighboring fort of Cavagnari, where the stealthy operations of the tribesmen were observed by the imperial troops. Attempts were made by means of signals to warn the defenders of the British flag of their danger, but to no avail.

Although considered impregnable, Fort Saraghari, built of square stone with two bastions at opposite angles, was fatally defective in design. It had a "dead" point underneath each bastion—i.e., a point from which an enemy could be neither seen nor hit by the defenders. The result was that while the contending forces were firing against each other—the defenders in the forts, and the assailants behind stone breast-works and within ten yards of each other—a few native-born "engineers" among the Afridis who had crept up to the "dead" point were mining a breach in one of the bastions. Before this was made sufficiently large to admit the savage tribesmen to make their deadly rush into the fort, the undermining operations were seen by the small force holding Fort Cavagnari. These signalled to their brothers in arms the danger awaiting them, but the latter were too busily employed in repelling the onslaughts of the enemy to benefit by the telescopic observations of their comrades. And so every one of the twenty-one Sikhs guarding Saraghari died at his post.

All this took place on the afternoon of September 12. If the Afridis were crafty in daylight, his cunning at night became superhuman. Many a sentry has fallen silently and mysteriously in the Indian night! A naked form, moving stealthily in the dark as the sentry paces backwards and forwards, getting almost motionless as the sentry draws nigh; a sudden bound, followed by a dagger thrust; this is the end of many an Indian soldier; and the secret of many a tribal victory.—"An Officer," in London Telegraph.

THE USUAL WAY.

HIS GIFT.



Israels—Mys daughter, Rachel was goin' to get married on Christmas. Jacobs—Vot you goin' to give her? Israels—If business improves between now an' den, I will probably give her away.

BURNED AS ENCHANTERS.

In 1609 an Englishman named Banks had a horse which he had trained to follow him wherever he went, over fences and to the roofs of buildings. He and his horse went to the top of that immensely high structure, St. Paul's Church. After many wonderful exploits at home, the horse and his master went to Rome, where they performed feats equally astonishing. The result was that both Banks and his horse were burned as enchanters.

Success in farming depends much upon preventing waste.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AT HOME.

Economical in Some Departments and Extravagance in Others.

Not that the German Emperor would be commonplace anywhere. His mysterious outbursts of rage, his officially contradicted illness or illnesses, and his genius for self-advertisement would bring him into notice wherever he was. But though we hear so much about his love for show in public, few people know how simple his private life is. Yet it is a fact that a great deal of the solemn etiquette of the ordinary court life has been done away with, the staff reduced in several ways, and there have even been economies in the kitchen. The officers of the guard have to put up with beer instead of champagne. It is true the menu at the Emperor's table must be in German now, not French, but the aristocracy generally have not followed suit. There are things even a German Emperor cannot do.

But any one who sees the royal palace knows that the stories of extravagance are true. Restoring it was the work of three months, and everything that the best of science and art and the tax-payers' money could do was done. Those three months turned out a palace, that

ECLIPSES IN SPLENDOR

almost any other in the world. The apartments that the present Emperor uses, are those between the "Pillar Hall" and the "Star Hall," or "Star Chamber," whichever we would call it in English, only in this case the stars are in the ceiling. But perhaps the most magnificent is the front hall, the Treppen Halle, which faces the Palace Square. A view can be had without opening the doors, for they are each of one immense pane of glass, and even in the day-time the white and gray marble covering the walls is effective. At night it is a marvellous sight, the electric light flooding the hall, the marble balustrades, and the red carpet on the marble steps. You pass down these between colossal mirrors on either hand, and the Star Hall is directly in front. It is here the regimental colors are used as ornaments for the walls on a background of red damask. The panelling is done in rich roccoco work.

The Emperor's and Empress's private apartments are near the Pillar Hall, which also faces the Palace Square. There is a private entrance and a public one for deputations and so on. One gets as good an idea of the general extravagance from the Emperor's workshop, or study, as anywhere else. True, there are the writing-tables, the leather-covered furniture, and the bookshelves, but the ceiling is in splendid white-and-gold roccoco work—done in Frederick the Great's time—and

LATE IMPROVEMENTS

have been made in the same style and color. The walls are in dark olive and gold brocade. Here the inventions are made, pictures painted, dismissal of cabinets signed, and telegrams composed. It will be an historic room. The Empress's private rooms are also very fine. Her reception-room has more of the immense mirrors, and the walls are panelled in greenish-gray marble. Yet she herself is the ordinary German Hausfrau, and is what she has been from her girlhood—a no-nonsense.

All these apartments have been lying unused for many years since the time of Friedrich Wilhelm III, in fact. The court life in public resembles that of most other countries; the difference is the most noticeable difference. It lasts barely three-quarters of an hour; courses come and go like lightning, and, as at Napoleon's table, a man who gives too much time to talking may find himself extremely hungry when it is over. One of the great entertainments is the time-honored ball at the end of the Carnival, where as many as twelve hundred guests have been invited. The waltz is the principal dance, and the minuet was lately introduced. The Emperor and Empress just join in one quadrille, but the ball is for them more of a big reception, they make their rounds of the guests in the "White Hall" before dancing begins.

It's a small thing, but when you think that most people drink it at each meal, and some people drink two or three cups each time, you can readily see it is most important that you drink pure tea. Very few know what happens from the time the tea leaf is picked until they buy it from their grocer, who as a rule, sells bulk tea. Few of them carry a sufficient stock of teas to blend successfully, and large importers, knowing this, and seeing the advantage of keeping the tea from exposure, have introduced the package tea. One of the most successful of these is Ludella Ceylon Tea, which seems to be thoroughly appreciated wherever used. A few years ago one dollar a pound would not be a good tea as 25c Ludella. To a great extent this is accounted for by new methods of production; instead of rolling the leaf by hand, this is now done by machinery.

NOT THAT SORT OF BOOKS

Do you find sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks? asked the romantic maiden?

I never find pocketbooks in them, replied the matter of fact young man.

Corn Sowing

Is conducted by tight boots. Corn reaping is best conducted by Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, prompt and painless corn cure. Beware of imitations.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.

A now famous physician relates that early in his career in the city where he was located, there resided an elderly physician who was always ready to give him wholesome advice. One morning the young practitioner was called to visit a man who was very sick. On his way he happened to meet his old friend, the doctor, and, as usual, he had something of importance to say. He drew it out so long, however, that the younger man grew impatient, and finally said, Doctor, you will have to excuse me; I am on my way to visit a gentleman who is said to be dangerously ill.

Oh, was the unexpected reply, give the man a chance; and the old fellow resumed the subject, he was discussing

A LIAR.

Popper—Mabel, you'd better discourage the attentions of that young shoe dealer; he's thoroughly unprincipled.

Mabel—Thoroughly unprincipled?

Popper—Yes; he sold me a pair of patent leather shoes to-day, and said they wouldn't crack.

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A SUGGESTION.

I want something in a small check, said young Mr. Twitters, as he examined the tailor's cloths.

Did you bring it with you, sir? asked the tailor.

Bring what with me?

The small check.

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by a local application of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Most widely Attended in America. For Illustrated Catalogue (20th Year), ADDRESS: **ROBINSON & JOHNSON, F.O.A., BELLEVILLE, ONT.**

W. G. HARRIS,
William Street, Toronto,
BUYS COPPER, BRASS, LEAD.
REFERENCE: IMPERIAL BANK.

Boys and Girls

wishing to make from Ten to Twenty-five dollars this month, write me quick. We have a brand new 25c article that smart boys and girls from fourteen upwards can sell rapidly. It is instructive, interesting, edifying and fascinating. Send 25c for complete outfit to **J. L. NICHOLS & Co., Wesley Building, Toronto.**

"WE WANT YOU QUICK."

Intelligent ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with general and very PROFITABLE employment. Industry is the essential NECESSARY to secure GOOD REMUNERATION. Can give the address of representative who has just cleared \$118 in 21 DAYS. \$5 can be made right AT your own HOME.

J. L. NICHOLS & CO.
33 Richmond West, Toronto.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

Subscribed Capital.....\$5,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....2,500,000
Assets.....12,900,000

HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO ST., TORONTO.
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The ample resources of this Company enable its Directors to make advances on Real Estate, without delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of repayment. Loans granted on Improved Farms and on Productive Town and City Properties. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures Purchased.

Applications will be received at the office of the Company.
J. HERBERT MASON,
Managing Director, Toronto.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

WE INTEND TO TALK.....
"LUDELLA"
CEYLON TEA
Until you try it. Then you will thank us. Lead packages 25, 40, 50 & 60c. Leading groceries

Amberine
HAIR PRODUCER.
LADIES PRAISE AMBERINE.

SOFT, GLOSSY, PLIANT SILKEN TRESSES,

Are the pride and glory of lovely woman. Amberine cleanses the scalp, removes dandruff, itching, harshness or brittleness, and makes the hair as beautiful as in youth.

GROWS A NEW CROP OF HAIR.

SWORN EVIDENCE:

DOMINION OF CANADA. IN THE MATTER of the "Amberine Hair Producer," manufactured by Messrs. Job Cook and Company, 58 Wellington Street, London, Canada. County of Middlesex. To Wit: I, Henry Amos Plastow, of the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, Water Works Inspector:

Do solemnly declare that I have used the "Amberine Hair Producer," manufactured by Messrs. Job Cook and Company, of No. 58 Wellington Street, in the City of London, Canada, since the 15th day of April, 1897. It has stopped the itching of the scalp, stopped the hair from falling out, removed dandruff, and has brought out a thick crop of hair where my head was entirely bald before I commenced using their preparation.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1897."

Declared before me at the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, this 15th day of October, A. D. 1897, all which I certify under my notarial seal. **H. A. PLASTOW.**
E. T. EMBRY, a Notary Public in and for the Province of Ontario.

Electric Railway

This little Motor is complete with battery and chemicals. It is a boy's delight.

Electric Railroad Complete \$3.50

This Miniature Electric Railroad is complete with track and battery.

We have all kinds of electric supplies. Get our prices. **\$1.00 COMPLETE.**

THE TORONTO ELECTRICAL WORKS CO., Limited,
42 ADELAIDE ST. W., TORONTO.

DR. GOODE'S PAINLESS PENNYROYAL PILLS
A Specific for Female Complaints.

are a true boon to every lady who suffers in the performance of nature's duty. They at once ease the pain and restore natural and healthy action of the ovaries. For young and developing womanhood they exert a remedy which can be used. They are compounded solely from the active principles of vegetable substances, and are perfectly safe and reliable. Ask your druggist for them, and if he does not keep them in stock he can procure them for you. Price \$1.00 per Bottle, or 6 for \$5.00. Wholesale Agents: **The Toronto Pharmacy Co., Limited, Toronto.**

Can Kootenay Cure Rheumatism?

CAN KOOTENAY CURE RHEUMATISM?

This is a question which has agitated the minds of thousands of Canadian citizens. The answer is contained in the testimony which comes from all parts of the country, from all classes of people, and never before in the medical history of Canada has there been such a popular flood of testimony as that which has poured into the Ryckman Medicine Co.'s offices at Hamilton during the last year.

Rheumatic sufferers who have doctored for years with the best physicians, and undergone hospital treatment to no purpose, declare themselves cured by Kootenay. Limbs that have for months at a time been warped and twisted by the fetters of rheumatism are released by the action of Kootenay Cure. The new ingredient which enters into its composition reaches the old stubborn and chronic cases and leads the way to speedy recovery, causing discerning physicians who have watched its cures to admit that it is a "miracle worker." Read the testimony in which the convincing ring of truth is sealed by sworn statements. It is the only true cure for rheumatism on earth.

LONDON.

I, C. B. HAMILTON, of the City of London, County of Middlesex, do solemnly declare that I reside at 181 Sydenham Street in said city and that I had rheumatism for seven years. I was so bad that at times I was unable to satisfactorily use my limbs. I was employed by I. D. Sannby, Black Friars Mill, as head miller, and it was while working for him that I was so severely afflicted. I am now a well man and was cured by "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure," which I recommend to all rheumatic sufferers. In connection with this I may add that my wife gratefully endorses my recommendation of Kootenay Cure, as she also has good cause to speak highly of it as a tonic and blood purifier.

C. B. HAMILTON.
Sworn to before Notary C. G. JARVIS, 15th day of August, 1896.

OTTAWA.

I, MARTIN WATSON, of the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, do solemnly declare that I live at 112 Cathcart Street, in the City of Ottawa. That I am thirty years of age and a tinsmith by trade. I was severely afflicted with rheumatism, and so bad was my case that I was confined to my bed for two months. In June, 1895, I began taking "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure." I used two bottles and am now entirely cured and free from rheumatism. I have since been exposed to wet weather which has had no bad effect on me. I consider Kootenay a great cure for rheumatism. I have also gained 27 pounds in weight. It is a grand tonic and a wonderful blood purifier. I attribute my cure solely to the use of Kootenay Cure.

MARTIN WATSON.
Sworn to before Notary DANIEL O'CONNOR, 19th day of February, 1896.

TORONTO.

I, GEORGE BAKER, of the City of Toronto, County of York, do solemnly declare that I am a fur dyer, and reside at 14 Stuyvesant Street in the said City. That I was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism in the knees for over a year and was barely able to walk the short distance from my home to my work and then only with great pain. After taking two bottles of "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure" I am an all round healthy man, have a good appetite and sleep well. I frequently walk six to ten miles at a time and feel no fatigue whatever from this exertion. Am free from all pain and attribute my present wholesome and sound condition of body to "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure."

GEORGE BAKER.
Sworn to before Notary J. W. SEYMOUR CORLEY, 10th day of July, A. D. 1896.

INGERSOLL.

I, CHARLES BRITAIN, of the Town of Ingersoll, County of Oxford, do solemnly declare that I am forty-five years of age, and I live in said town, and was formerly employed by the Ingersoll Pork Packing Company; that I suffered severely with rheumatism for six years. I tried several kinds of patent medicines and was under the care of a physician for some time without relief. I was so bad that I was unable to hold up my arms; in fact I could not raise my hand to my head. I have taken two bottles of "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure" and am now entirely free from rheumatism, and I attribute my recovery solely to the use of "Ryckman's Kootenay Cure," and I recommend the remedy to all sufferers from rheumatism.

CHARLES BRITAIN.
Sworn to before Notary J. F. MONCK, 21st day of August, A. D. 1896.

If you are sick and discouraged by Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Kidney Troubles, Eczema, or any Blood Disease, write The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, for Chart Book, mailed free. It will tell you of cures made by Kootenay that were considered hopeless. The medicine is put up in bottles containing over a month's treatment, and sold for \$1.50 per bottle, making it cheaper than a month's use of inferior medicines. If not obtainable from your dealer, send charges prepaid, by addressing S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., Limited, Hamilton.

Over

2,000

Canadians

Say

It

Is

Infallible.

THE MILDWAY GAZETTE,
 DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND
 EAST WYON.
 Terms:—\$1 per year in advance;
 Otherwise \$1.25.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	One	Two	Three
	Year.	Months.	Months.
One column.....	\$50	\$30	\$18
Half column.....	30	18	10
Quarter column.....	15	10	6
Eighth column.....	10	6	4

Legal notices, 8c. per line for first and 4c. per
 line for each subsequent insertion.
 Local business notices 5c. per line each inser-
 tion. No local less than 25 cents.
 Contract advertising payable quarterly.

L. A. FINDLAY.

Attacked By Florida Alligators

Narrow Escape of a Colored Baptizing Party On the St. John's River in Florida.

OVIEDO, Fla.—The negroes at White Mound, on the St. John's River, are excited over an attack made on a baptizing party on Thursday by alligators, and the narrow escape the converts had. The minister, the Rev. James Stewartson, has several wounds on his person to show for it.

The party, numbering fifteen, seven of whom were converts, went down to the cove near nightfall. The converts were clothed in white and ready for the immersion. The old minister waded out with them and had dipped three when some dogs came along and got fighting. Suddenly two big alligators crawled out of the mangrove brush and plunged into the crowd.

The minister bravely stood his ground, keeping up a great splashing, while the converts made for the shore, but their water-soaked garments made their progress slow. One of the reptiles caught a woman by the dress and pulled her down. She screamed and the minister plunged to her rescue. The alligator let go and came at him open mouthed. The minister dodged, but the alligator caught him by the arm, making an ugly wound. The preacher stuck his fingers into the creature's eyes, compelling it to loosen its hold.

But again it came at him, this time seizing his vestment and dragging him under. His flock came to his aid, and two of them with big pine knots began belaboring the reptiles.

The fight was furious for a few minutes. Finally Stewartson got loose and started shoreward.

Both alligators then plunged through the crowd, snapping right and left and nipping several of the men. The minister's dress was nearly torn off before he reached the shore.

At this juncture a party of hunters came along and they began a fusillade, driving off the alligators, so that the party got safely to shore.

Stewartson had to be carried home. Several of the others were hurt in the fight and all were more or less bruised. It is thought that the barking of the dogs brought the alligators out.

These man eating monsters, known all along to please the children, can be seen alive and kicking in Florida on Wheels, a Rolling Palace from the Land of Flowers, with an official Florida State Fair soon to exhibit here at the R. R. Depot.

If you wish to see this Tropical Wonderland and the alligators, keep your eye on the papers for day and date.

Roland Smith, alias Philip McLeary, who forged the \$20 cheque and sold it to J. McKelvie of Wingham, was tried on Tuesday at Goderich. The judge after hearing all the evidence in the case gave the prisoner a sentence of fifteen months in the Central prison at Toronto.

A new "Gibson girl," drawn by the famous society artist, C. D. Gibson, will make her debut in print as the cover design for the February Ladies Home Journal. The new girl is the artist's own little daughter, who, at one year of age, will be shown as drawn by her clever father. The legend under the picture is "My Valentine."

"A little over a year ago I was laid up with bronchitis," says Stanley C. Bright, clerk of Kingston. My doctors bill came to \$42, and altogether my illness cost me \$125. This fall I had another attack. I came across an advertisement in a newspaper for Dr. Chase's

Mayor Hewer, of Guelph, was re-elected by acclamation.

John O'Donoghue will be mayor of Stratford for another year.

Woodstock Board of Works have decided on purchasing a road roller.

Mt. Forest had but five cases of contagious diseases during the past year.

Galt has begun a crusade against tramps. The first victim to be caught has been given four months in the Central Prison.

Geo. Shand, of Proton, brought in a turkey to Hampton & Co., Mt. Forest which was a year and a half old and weighed 27 pounds.

The Royal hotel, Elmwood, has been sold to John Lake of Bentick. Mr. McCurdy the present lessee of the hotel will go back to his old business, timber buying.

The ratepayers of Brant returned their old council for another term by acclamation. When a council gives the degree of satisfaction that the council for 1897 gave, it would be the height of nonsense to put the township to the expense of an election.

Owen Sound Advertiser:—While employed in working the lathe in Kennedy & Son's Foundry, Mr. Lewis Richardson, one of the employees, had his index finger caught, and the end nipped off on Wednesday afternoon. Although very painful, the injury is not of a serious character, and will be healed in a couple of weeks. The accident might easily have resulted in the loss of the whole finger.

A very bad accident happened the other day to Charles, second son of Mr. Edward Gibson of Walkerton station. He went out to Riversdale to spend a few days with his uncle, Mr. Fulton, who runs the Riversdale mill, and in company with a cousin, and in the absence of his uncle, attempted to do some sawing. The result was an accident by which the thumb of one hand was completely severed, also all the other fingers more or less injured. It seems to be a question whether any of the fingers can be saved.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linsced and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

The fine residence of Mr. R. Watt narrowly escaped a disastrous fire on Tuesday evening in consequence of a lamp explosion. About 6 o'clock Miss McNab and Mr. H. Morley were in the parlor singing when the explosion took place, the lamp falling from the stand and striking a radiator where it broke and threw the burning oil in the narrow space between the radiator and the wall. In an instant the window curtains were in a blaze, and the room filled with suffocating smoke. Messrs Watt and Arthur Watt were fortunately in another room, and the three men after some hard work succeeded in smothering the flames with their overcoats, but not before they were almost overcome with the smoke. Some damage was done to the wood work around the window, a pair of curtains were destroyed, an carpet and piano also received considerable injury. The loss however is covered by insurance.—Warton Canadian.

DROPPED DEAD!

Suddenly Stricken Down by Heart Disease.

A sad and sudden death occurred to a well-known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning.

Nearly every large city paper contains daily some such heading. The number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Palpitation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood and make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr. Chase's Liver-Kidney Pills may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturer, J. M. Chase, Boston, U.S.A.

Herrgott Bros,

FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS



We have on hand a number of New Second Hand
SEPARATORS AND HORSEPOWERS
 which will be sold at reasonable prices.
KNUCKLE JOINT CIDER PRESSES
 the best Cider Press on the market. Price away down.
HERRGOTT BROS., Mildmay

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
XMAS 1897.

HOLIDAY RATES.

Going Dec. 24th and 25th, valid to return leaving destination not later than Dec. 27th, 1897; also on Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st, valid to return leaving destination not later than Jan. 3rd, 1898.

Single FIRST CLASS Fare

Going Dec. 23rd, 24 and 25th, good to return leaving destination not later than Dec. 28, 1897; also on Dec. 30th and 31st & on Jan. 1st, good to return leaving destination not later than Jan. 4th, 1898.

Fare and one-third

Full information on application to
J. H. MOORE,
 Agent.

The Best Place FOR

Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture, Window Shades and Curtain Poles is at
A. Murat's

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

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to invent? Write JOHN WILBERGOTT & CO., Patent Attorneys, 100 West Washington, D.C., and they will give you a reward of \$1000.00 for every patent they secure for you.

Office of
 R. R. DICKEY,
 Clerk 5th Division Court,
 Agent for Best Insurance Companies.

Forest, Ont., Oct. 12th, 1897.

The Sloan Medicine Co.,

Dear Sirs:—About two years ago I suffered from an attack of bilious diarrhoea which became chronic and threatened by existence. I used several kinds of patent medicines and was treated by my family physician but was not cured until I used your Sloan's Indian Tonic. It helped me at once and I continued to improve and now enjoy perfect health. I can heartily recommend it to all troubled as I was, or in need of a general invigorating medicine.

R. R. Dickey, J. P.

For sale at all dealers or address the Company at Hamilton.
 Price \$1.60 for \$5. All dealers or address

The Sloan Medicine Co. Limited Hamilton.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

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

RIPANS TABLETS

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

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

If you don't find this sort of

Ripans Tabules At the Druggist's



Send Five Cents to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, and they will be sent to you by mail; or 12 cartons will be mailed for 45 cents. The chances are ten to one that Ripans Tabules are the very medicine you need.

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CAREFUL QUICKLY. Write today for our beautiful illustrated book on Patents and the fascinating story of a poor inventor who made \$200,000.00. Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention and we will promptly tell you FREE if it is new and possibly patentable.

Not a business, honest service, & complete. Tough cases rejected in other places can be forced applications. Write to-day to John T. Herlihy, Prop. of "The Press," Montreal, D. A. Ross, the leading news reporter, Bank, Express & Commission, clients & agents, 100 West Washington, D.C.

PATENTS
 TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Old at agents for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice in the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS

Hogs at the Western Cattle Yards today were about a dozen car-loads of hogs, including nearly 300 hogs and about 100 sheep and lambs. Buyers were not anxious to operate, and the market was a quiet one, with practically unchanged prices. Should the weather remain cold it is likely that there will be an improved market next week in nearly every line. Export cattle rule at 3 1/2c to 4c, bulls fetching from 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c. Butchers' cattle are quiet at 3c to 3 1/2c, the latter figure being seldom paid. Stockers and Feeders are unchanged with lack of trade, ruling from \$2.00 to \$3.60 per cwt, the latter for choice half-fat steers. Sheep and lambs are holding their own, but there is no telling what they may do when offerings increase. They are quoted from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb for export, butchers' \$2.75 to \$3.75 each and lambs at 4c to 4 1/2c per lb. Bucks fetch 2 1/2c. Some lambs are being taken for Buffalo. Hogs of the best bacon kind are firm at \$4.75 per cwt, weighed of the cars.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

Mr. George Stinson, formerly of Minn. Forest, died at Park River, Dakota, last week.

Dr. Skippen has sold his practice and is removing from Grand Valley on account of ill health.

One hundred thousand dollars worth of buildings and improvements have been made in Goderich this year.

The Latter Day Saints, or Mormons, and their doctrines are the subject of newspaper controversy at Fergus.

John Tolmie, M. P. made a mis step on his verandah on Thursday night and fell heavily upon his left arm breaking it. He is doing nicely and will be able to resume his duties in a few days.

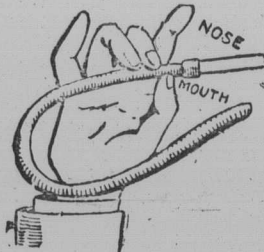
Mr. James Brady one of Mr. Ed. Hartford's gang of timbermen had his leg badly cut while working neighboring woods on Wednesday. Dr. McLeod dressed the wound.—Ayton Advance.

Dr. Jamieson has been nominated by the Conservatives of North Grey for the Local Legislature and Mr. Mc-Nicol has been re-nominated by the Patrons. Mr. Morgan of Dundalk is the Liberal candidate. There is every likelihood of a triangular contest in South Grey.

Mr. W. R. Cox, son of our townsman Mr. D. D. Cox, arrived home from Buffalo on Saturday evening. He has been employed on the Erie Railroad for some time as yardsman at Buffalo, and while making a coupling three weeks ago, had the misfortune to have his arm badly crushed, and had it amputated about an inch above the wrist. His many friends will learn with regret of his unfortunate accident.—Spectator, Palmerston.

The family of Mr. Geo. Fulton, of Fulton's Mills, Minn., have at this festive season been called to mourn by reason of the sudden death of their eldest daughter, which took place on Friday morning, the cause being an acute attack of peritonitis. The deceased although not at any time in robust health, was of a lively and friendly disposition, and will be missed in this section of the country in which she lived, by her many excellent qualities. Deceased was 17 years of age. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

DR. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE



CURES cold in the head in ten minutes. CURES incipient catarrh in from one to three days. CURES chronic catarrh, hay fever and rose fever. Cures colds with hay fever.

Watch

This

Space

Next

Week

J. D. Miller, Mildmay.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

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

CANADA.

Over \$18,000 has been collected in subscriptions for the Western University.

Another case of smallpox has been reported to the Mayor by the Montreal Health Officer.

The Hamilton Acetylene Gas Machine Co. has been formed, with a capital stock of \$45,000.

The new R. & O. steamers being built at Toronto will be called "Toronto" and "Kingston."

A company has been formed and plans matured for building an electric railway between St. Catharines and Port Dalhousie.

Wm. Green, who was run into by a street car at Hamilton, while riding a horse on Sunday afternoon, is dead as the result of his injuries.

S. S. Stratton and R. Ronan, of Ottawa, have been awarded the contract for supplying for four years the Post-Office Department with mail bags.

Mr. Arthur Piers, C. P. R. Steamship Manager, has gone to England to purchase steamships and to make other arrangements for the new Klondike line.

Mr. Sifton does not anticipate any trouble from the efforts being made at Washington to prevent the entrance of Canadian goods into the Yukon by way of Dyea.

The Thirteenth Battalion of Hamilton, have won the Gowski Cup for the fourth time in succession. The Queen's Own came second, and the 48th Highlanders third.

It is announced that Lord Strathcona has presented his entire herd of buffalo to the Dominion Government, to be placed in the National Park at Banff.

After the first of January the Intercolonial railway, the Prince Edward Island railway, and the leased lines, will be known under the title of the Canadian Government railway system.

The Dominion Government will sue the United States Government for \$10,000 for damages caused to the Government vessel La Canadienne in the collision with the American vessel Yanfic.

The Dominion fishery protection fleet on the Atlantic coast has gone into winter quarters with the exception of the Osprey, which is watching two or three American fishing steamers which have not yet left for home.

Lord Strathcona, Canadian High Commissioner, in a letter to Sir Richard Cartwright, states that he will return to Canada shortly to interview pulp and paper manufacturers here regarding opportunities for extending their business to Great Britain.

Many applications have been received at the Dominion Customs Department from Americans for permission to take goods into Alaska via Canadian territory, in bond, and the matter is receiving the attention of the Cabinet at Ottawa.

Mr. J. Haney, superintendent of construction of the Crow's Nest Pass railway, gives a general denial to the charges of unfair treatment of the laborers employed on the work. He says out of four thousand men only sixty had any complaint to make, and they were sent home.

Mr. B. P. Osler, Q. C., of Toronto has filed a petition with the Dominion Department of Justice asking for the revocation of the charters of the Canadian Copper Company and the Anglo-American Company, on the grounds that they have not established smelting works in Canada, according to the terms of their contract.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Gen. Sir Henry Gardiner, commander of the Horse Artillery, is dead in London.

Terrific weather has been prevailing on the south-west coast of Ireland, and serious wrecks are reported.

It is reported that the prospects of a settlement of the engineer's strike in Great Britain are very promising. Lord Wrottesley's seat in Staffordshire has been completely gutted by fire, and many articles of historic value are lost.

It is reported at London that Sir Wm. E. Maxwell, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast, died at sea while en route to England.

An immense shoe factory is to be started in Galashiels, Scotland, to compete with the United States, which now holds a large part of the British shoe market.

Vladimir Bourtzoff, a Russian, was remanded at Bow street police station, London, on Thursday, charged with issuing a publication inciting the assassination of the Czar.

UNITED STATES.

Charles Butler, lawyer and philanthropist, is dead at New York.

It is proposed to hold an ecumenical Foreign Missionary Conference in New York in April, 1900, to last ten days. The San Francisco transportation companies have agreed upon a passenger rate of five hundred dollars from that city to Dawson City.

The United States War Department proposes to buy 500 reindeer from Lapland to be used in taking supplies into Dawson City this winter.

The total tonnage carried on the canal of New York State during the past season shows a decrease compared with the previous season of 97,000 tons.

Durraat, who was sentenced on Wednesday for the fourth time to be hanged, says that he will never go to the scaffold, as he is confident help will come to him in his extremity.

On Sunday at St. Joseph, Mo., Mrs. Charles Miller, her mother, and all her relatives and other Catholics who attended her marriage, were excommunicated because the young woman was married by a Protestant minister.

GENERAL.

It is said that Japan's supply of coal will be exhausted in 50 years.

Alphonse Daudet, the celebrated French novelist, is dead. He was 57 years of age.

The Marquis di Rudini has succeeded in reconstructing the Italian Cabinet, without making many changes.

Among the persons under arrest for pillaging in Prague, is the son of a millionaire, the Germans still dread a fresh attack.

Spain is negotiating with the Armstrongs, of England, to obtain a four thousand three hundred ton cruiser, worth one million five hundred thousand dollars, which has been built for Japan.

Hayti is again threatened, this time by Italy who is making heavy claims for the alleged illegal seizure of an Italian merchant vessel some years ago.

A despatch from Athens announces that the treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece has been ratified by King George. It has been also ratified by Turkey.

Some of the richest Spaniards of Cuba are holding meetings to consider the advisability of sending a petition to President McKinley seeking to establish a United States protectorate over the island.

IRISH BULLS.

Some Instances of Incongruities in Forms of Speech.

A "bull," in speech, is defined as a grotesque blunder; an apparent congruity, but a real incongruity, of ideas. The Irish are credited with a peculiar habit which we do not know, except that it is a species of wit. Here are some examples:

Patrick, when he first landed in America, happened to see a locomotive go flashing by. He started back and yelled to his friend: "Will ye look at that! O' all the wonders I ever seen it bates them all. Sure it's a steamboat searchin' for water."

Another Irishman said: "I saw Pat Ryan the other side of the way. I thought it was Pat and Pat thought it was me, and when I came up, be-gorra, it was neither of us."

Another excused himself from going to church by saying he had such an excellent telescope that with it he could bring the church so near he could hear the organ playing.

It was Pat who observed, after watching two men shoot at an eagle and kill it, that they might have saved the powder and shot, as the fall alone would have killed the bird.

Another Irishman assigned as a reason for not putting out a fire in his kitchen with a kettle of boiling water that was near that it was hot water; and it was Pat's reply to a man who boasted that he had the smallest horse in the country, "By me faith, I have wan as little as two of it."

Another one is told of a horse. Pat said he could leap over a ditch at least 30 feet wide; but as Pat describes it, he did it in "two jumps."

And it was Pat again who, telling a story as original, and being informed by one of his auditors that he had read it in the translation of a Latin work, cried out: "Confound those ancients! They are always stealing one's good thoughts."

CHARITY OF SPEECH.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things are as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded by this and many a reputation has been stained to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgments, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

FUNNIGRAMS.

Funeral director, to gentleman—"Are you one of the mourners?" Gentleman—"Yes, he owed me five hundred dollars."

"You will probably take in the races?" "No," said the melancholy man. "The races are more likely to take me in."

Minister—"I once performed three wedding ceremonies in twelve minutes." Miss Saylor—"That was at the rate of fifteen knots an hour."

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a school teacher of a boy. "Their scarcity," he replied, and was immediately rewarded with a prize.

Old Golfer—"How many holes have you made?" New Golfer, who has not reached the first green—"Not more than four or five, and I put the turf right back."

LEFT TEETH USED OFTENEST.

The natural habit of human beings appears to be the use of the teeth on the left side of the mouth for masticating the food. During a lengthened period of observation only one person out of 13 was found who used both sides of his mouth for chewing and masticating his food.

ABOUNDS IN PARADOXES.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE DOINGS OF GREAT CRIMINALS.

They Are Generally Stew and Sluggish, Yet There are Instances of Lightning Action:—Some of the Deeds That Gave Their Perpetrators Marked Pages in the Blood-Red Annals of Successful Attempts Against Human Life.

In Holton's "Memoirs of Dean Buckland" there is a pretty anecdote about a vacation ramble in the Devonshire hills, where the versatile naturalist illustrated his theories with all sorts of living object lessons.

"But, look at that lazy rascal," said his companion, pointing at a swollen viper basking in the rays of the sun, "contented and full of poison and indolence. Doesn't it rather puzzle you to reconcile your tenets with such facts?"

"By no means," said the Dean. "On the contrary, I have often thought that they have a striking proof in the providential arrangements that has made venomous serpents so sluggish and the worst criminal so slow-witted."

By way of appendant he mentioned the case of the monster, Williams, who escaped by a miracle after murdering a whole family and appropriating their hoarded wealth and who then, to save expense, returned to a cheap lodging house where he had paid his board a day in advance, though he could not help knowing that his fellow boarders had already begun to suspect the purpose of his nocturnal excursions.

He had committed two previous mass murders, and knew that the mob would have torn him limb from limb if he had not given them the slip in a river fog. He could not doubt that the proceeds of his last crime would support him in comfort for the rest of his life, and he had been in London long enough to be aware that all the police detectives of the three kingdoms could not have identified him among the hundred thousand strangers of the harbor suburbs, but rather than spend half a shilling more than he could help he walked straight into a death trap, known to him as the only possible trap of that kind in a city that offered him the choice of several thousand.

OTHER LODGING HOUSES!

Yet the history of crime abounds with similar paradoxes. The murderers of Wm. Guldensuppe, in New York, who last June was carved in a lonely Long Island summer cottage, had planned the details of his removal with the circumspection of nihilist conspirators.

The woman, who wanted to get rid of him at any price, feigned symptoms of returning affection. His rival kept out of his way for nearly a month. To insure the secrecy of their meetings they ascertained his business habits, his dinner and lunch hours, and the exact number of hours and minutes needed to reach their rendezvous from the establishment of his employer. After supper, when he was at leisure, six days out of the seven he would have followed his Clysmaestra to any point of the beach promenade, and they could have killed him in the dark any night after the middle of June, but they wanted to conceal the fact as well as the circumstances of his murder. He had no near relatives in the neighborhood, and his disappearance could have been explained away with the rumor of an elopement or flight in stress of gambling debts. They agreed to kill him indoors and remove his remains on the installment plan, and his doom was sealed when an out-of-the-way cottage near Woodside, L. I., was advertised for rent. They engaged it at once, and spent a week in elaborate preparations. Besides arranging an ambush and rehearsing the details of the projected tragedy, they laid in a stock of oilcloth, ammunition, knives and bone saws. When everything was ready Guldensuppe was invited to inspect the new house.

He came, saw and died. Luck had favored the conspirators even in the circumstance that no promenaders were near enough to hear the shot or see the puffs of powder smoke which for an instant forced their way through the window sash. In less than an hour the body had been dissected and bagged into three or four bundles of oilcloth.

Thus far everything had worked according to programme, and it passes comprehension why the conspirators, after all that trouble, failed to observe the simple additional precaution of weighing the parcels they wanted to fling in the river. Nothing could have been easier. A human body thrown into river water and any but the saltiest salt water will sink of its own accord. A shroud of cere cloth makes it float, but a trifling handicap—say a five-pound stone per fifty-pound section of human remains—would suffice to turn the scales of specific weight. The aggregation would sink like a plummet and never reappear till the fish had obviated the risk of identification. Under such circumstances the river god becomes

A DISCREET ACCOMPLICE.

But the neglect of that simple and inexpensive precaution turns a stream of water into a dangerous witness for the prosecution. The vicinity of a populous town doubles that danger. A bulky bundle, bobbing up and down in the ripple of the tide, could hardly

fall to attract attention within an hour after daybreak. Neither sea gulls nor rapids are more sharp-sighted than the river nomads that haunt the mouth of the Hudson and dart out from behind lumber wharves and coal boats at any floating box that looks like a trunk or any bundle promising to contain a dime's worth of dry goods. Besides, there is a risk of the corpus delicto being stranded by shore currents and picked up by the standing army of driftwood gatherers.

A robber who had buried a pot full of gold and forgotten to cover it with earth could hardly have been guilty of a more fatuous blunder. Yet the shrewd murderers of William Guldensuppe committed that absurd mistake.

"Is stupidity dangerous?" asks the pupil in De Musset's Paris catechism. "Not always; it may even help to obviate the perils of nonconformity."

"Does the law punish crime?" "Not invariably; it protects thousands of shrewd rascals in the enjoyment of their plunder."

"Then folly and wickedness may hope to be tolerated?"

"Often. But nothing, oh child of earth, is more dangerous than their combination."

And if the slayer of Guldensuppe had not yet realized the full significance of that danger, his doubts were removed when he yielded to the temptation of a would-unburied mind.

A Prosecution Attorney, or a confessor, exacting atonement, might have enabled him to establish a claim to the benefit of extenuating circumstances, but Thorn's communicativeness was nothing but a compromise, with the itch of the sensation monger, who gloats in the possession of an important secret and drops hints to make his friends

ENVY HIS MONOPOLY.

The ex-monopolist soon repented his generosity. Instead of relieving his mind, he had burdened it with torturing misgivings about the discretion of his friend, and finally resolved to retrieve his mistake by a second murder. Remembering the success of the Woodside stratagem, he invited his confidant to a rendezvous in an out-of-the-way park, but excited a suspicion of his motive, and on reaching the trysting place encountered Nemesis in the form of an able-bodied Constable.

Confronted with the proofs of their crime, the murderers for weeks clung to the hope that the nondiscovery of their victims' heads would preclude the identification of the remains. The assassins of Pearl Bryant had been caught in the trap of the same delusion, which, in fact, is almost as silly as that of the fabled ostrich trying to elude pursuit by sticking his head in the sand. They forgot to remove a pair of tell-tale shoes, and one of Martin Thorn's oilcloth bundles contained a pair of human hands of a peculiar appearance.

"Washerwomen have such hands," said one of the amateur detectives, "and if this was a man he must have been a masseur or some attendant of a bathing establishment."

That clew led to discoveries that almost completed the chain of circumstantial evidence, and Martin Thorn's doom was sealed by his female accomplice. For her own part she would probably have preferred to stick to her plan of uncompromising denial; but she remembered Thorn's gratuitous confession and naturally dreaded a recedence of that fit of emotional insanity. Or suppose he should be selfish enough to indulge his penchant with a utilitarian by-purpose? All things considered, she concluded to give herself the benefit of the doubt and anticipated the dreaded freak of her fellow-culprit by turning state's evidence.

Reliance on a supposed identity of interests deluded hundreds of conspirators and thousands of two-footed beasts of prey who drag their plunder to the den of a junkstore keeper, ready enough to appropriate a lion's share of the profits, but apt to revivify with a search warrant. Italian housebreakers are said to avoid that trap by burying their swag till the hue and cry has merged in the excitement of other sensations. The dry climate of their peninsula may facilitate that expedient, but even in rainy Michigan a decrepit old granger surprised his sons by resting them to a gully in the woods where he had deposited the savings of a long life of thrift.

"The banks swindled me out of \$400," he explained, "and old Tom Herrick was killed by tramps when they found out he kept his booty in the cellar, so I made up my mind to beat them at both games. Whenever I had got \$20 ahead I let them see me go in a bank or express office, and when I got home, after dark, I managed to go by way of this hollow, and then could eat my supper in peace."

Like all the skill of Ephialtes, a place of interment has the merit of silence, while the discretion of a common-interest partner may vary with his notions of personal safety.

And in the gloom of the midnight woods there is often more security than in the most elaborate disguise. In a passenger car, with the cargo of human miscellanies, somebody or other may chance to recognize the traveler who shrouds his face under a pretext of drowsiness, but may happen to drop his shawl in a bonafide cat nap. The simulation of persistent interest in a railway novel, too, may be overdone and excite the suspicions of the newsboy, and hundreds of fugitives who come to grief by yielding to the impulse of instant flight and boarding the next through train at the nearest depot might have baffled all the Pinkertons by slipping out of town afoot and giving their organism the benefit of a

LITTLE PEDESTRIAN EXERCISE.

"In a country with such a network of branch roads," said the forger McKenzie, "there is no excuse for being caught on a train. With a railway map and five minutes for consultation with my own common sense, I would lead them a zigzag dance that would knock them cross-eyed trying to keep a sight of me."

His comments agree with the experience of a Bengal prison inspector

who found that the patient Hindus are far more successful jail breakers than the desperate Robinsons. Rhodilla highlander could kill a dozen coast dwellers in as many minutes, but in these days of improved gunpowder machines mere physical strength is a rather risky trump card, and all things, including a good chance for escape, come to him who can wait.

IRRIGATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

An American Engineer's Idea of the Great Work Cecil Rhodes is Doing.

William Hammond Hall, formerly State Engineer of California, has just returned from a prolonged professional trip to South Africa, where business brought him into close relations with Cecil Rhodes. He had under consideration the water supply of Johannesburg, for mining and domestic use, and when he returns to Africa two months hence he will take with him plans for several large dams, pumping stations and distributing works, which are to be erected under his supervision. He is also engaged on plans, for irrigation works for the Cape Government and for Cecil Rhodes.

"I am to build for Mr. Rhodes," said Mr. Hall, "a big dam, canal, and other works, to serve a fine tract of land he owns in Buluwayo. When I pointed out to him that there would not be a sufficient supply from the natural water-shed, and that it would cost so much to bring water from another shed, that the enterprise would not pay for many years, he replied:

"Never mind that; I want it done in order to show what can be done by irrigation in this country, how much it will cost, and how the work ought to be done. Moreover, I shall be giving these natives work, supporting and civilizing them, and

SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE

to other capitalists and companies, and that is an object which will be worth all it will cost me even if I make nothing.

"I don't think my judgment of Mr. Rhodes has been prejudiced by my association with him, but I could not help asking myself, Have we any men in America who would build a large and expensive irrigation work out of their private fortunes, without hope of profit, for the public good? Well, Rhodes is doing that sort of thing all the time. He seems to me also to manage the native question with admirable tact and judgment. The railway northward from Cape Colony through Bechuanaland, one thousand miles or so in length, has been largely financed and managed in construction by Mr. Rhodes. He is also supplying most of the money for the telegraph line, which is being pushed northward across the Zambesi through the great lake country of Central Africa, to join the Egyptian telegraph in the Sudan.

"I think South Africa will take immense strides within the next few years on the basis of irrigation development. The whole country is dependent on irrigation, and the conditions of rainfall and opportunities for storage are such as to indicate that irrigation will be very successful. All the local colonial and State governments are actively interested in the subject. The Cape Government constructs irrigation works, and having recouped the cost by the sale of its own lands served by the works, turns them over for use to the owners of the lands. It also subsidizes and encourages private irrigation enterprises in several ways, but it regulates and controls all works, and there is no such thing as the unlicensed, unrestricted grabbing of water and construction of works which in the United States has done so much to prevent irrigation development.

"There are magnificent lands for irrigation in South Africa, rich, deep soils, which will raise any crop of

FRUITS OR GRAINS

which Southern California can produce. As the seasons are the reverse of those of England, and of all the countries which supply England's markets, South Africa can always be sure of an ample market without competition. High-class, delicate fruits can be put on the London markets within fifteen days from Cape Colony, and at reasonable cost of transportation.

"The gold and diamond mining industries are immense and very impressive, although their development is only about twelve years old. California has had a half century of that development under favorable conditions, and yet we are just now entering upon a most prosperous era of gold production. So it seems to me that South Africa, with time and the removal of restrictions and difficulties, must show tremendous mineral resources. Vast areas of the Transvaal and Rhodesia and other parts of South Africa are known to be mineralized in the same general way as this State is, and the development of the mineral belt there is likely to pass through the same experience as here. The gold output of the Rand is not falling off, but is steadily increasing, notwithstanding the hampering conditions. There are fifteen dividend-paying mines on the Johannesburg Rand, but there are probably four times fifteen which could be made to pay dividends if the conditions were as favorable as they are in the United States.

"South African politics and industrial development present one of the most interesting fields of study I ever entered. It is a field, in which most colossal mistakes have been made, and infernal injustices have been inflicted."

HOW FIRE IS EATEN.

The secret of fire-eaters consists in washing out the mouth and rubbing the skin with pure spirit and sulphur, which cauterises the outer skin.

Lida's Christmas Gift.

"Well, Christmas will soon be here, and I wonder if I will get something real nice for Christmas this year!"

So mused pretty Lida Burkeham as she stood by the window thoughtfully looking across the bleak meadows of Chestnut Grove farm. There had been a heavy fall of snow the night before, and a sharp, piercing wind blew from the north, while a distant tinkle of sleigh-bells pervaded the air.

"I cannot expect anything of much value, as father has a place for all of his money," said Lida.

"Yes, Lida, you know just how it is," replied Mrs. Burkeham in her easy-going way. "Father has all he can do to get money to pay on the farm; he sold his wheat last week, and with what he has saved up through the summer, makes three hundred dollars in all. If you were successful in getting the village school this winter it would be a great help. And there is little Tot and Bennie, they will both need new shoes and coats and—"

"Yes," interrupted Lida, "if I am only successful in getting the village school it will give me something to do and be earning some at the same time. Of course I have never had anything but a very common education, but my heart's desire is that I will be lucky. I can't more than fall, and if—"

Here Lida was interrupted by the sudden entrance of her father, who had just returned from the village.

"Here, wife, I have a surprise for you. Brother Johns wants us all to come and spend Christmas with them," and he studied awhile.

"Well, what do you say about it, Susan? It is fifteen miles from the village and the snow is so deep, and here is all this money; it will not be safe to leave it in the house."

"Yes, Ezra," replied Mrs. Burkeham. "I don't see how we can leave, and yet I hate to disappoint Brother Johns so much. We had to disappoint them last Christmas on account of Bennie's sickness. You know he was taken with the fever about a week before, so we couldn't go."

"Well, you can think about it," and the farmer left the house.

"Now, mother, dear, you just make up your mind to go. I will stay at home, and you can leave Bennie and Tot to my care; it will be too cold to take them with you."

There was nothing more said on the subject until a day or two before Christmas, when the subject was again discussed.

"I don't think it will be safe," said the farmer, "as there are burglars around. It hasn't been but a week since Farmer Boylson was robbed. The house was broken into and eight hundred dollars in cool cash was taken by the burglars, and they offer a reward of three hundred for their capture."

"Oh, father, don't talk about burglars. They wouldn't come here to get money or anything else."

Indeed, the Burkeham homestead wasn't a very promising place for burglars. The house stood back from the road a quarter of a mile. It was a large, wood-colored structure, and had been neglected for years, and large poplars grew all around the house and up to the door.

"I can make all the doors and windows burglar proof, but I am not afraid of burglars," said Lida, "in this desolate place."

So it was decided that they would go, and they started on the afternoon before Christmas. The sleighing was excellent, with a cold wind blowing from the north.

"Lida, you must keep fresh logs on the fire, and keep warm. I think there is going to be a snow storm, and it is getting so much colder, and the snow flakes began to fall as he spoke."

"Well, old Dobbin, we will have to go," and after the good byes were said Farmer Burkeham took up the reins and old Dobbin started off at a pace you would not think he possessed.

Lida stood and watched them until they got out of sight, and as she returned to the house it was with a feeling of dread, as she happened to think there might be such a thing as burglars. She went into the house and busied herself with the household duties. First she got the children their supper, then tidied up the big, roomy kitchen, stirring the embers in the big-old-fashioned fire-place, which lit up the whole kitchen with a red glare. Then she made a hasty toilet and set down to read after lighting the lamp, while Bennie and Tot amused themselves playing marbles. The old-fashioned clock slowly ticked the time away, and just then chimed out seven.

"Oh, how time does fly!" mused Lida. She was interrupted by the merry tinkle of sleigh-bells and laughing voices.

"Oh," thought Lida, quickly, "some one from the village going out sleighing," and they came nearer and nearer. "They are coming down the lane," and as she arose a two-horse sled load drove up to the door, and a number of her most intimate friends and school-mates alighted. Lida received them all with a hearty welcome, and soon a merry company seated themselves around the big fire-place.

"And is this a surprise to you?" asked Harry Fielding. "I saw your father in the village to-day. He said you would be all alone this evening, so we made up a party to surprise you."

"Indeed, it is a surprise, but I had a presentiment that there would be somebody here to-night, and I am truly glad that you came, for I was getting lonesome. Now for the popcorn and taffy," exclaimed Lida, and she got the popcorn ready to pop, and Molly Landon and Harry popped the corn over the red-hot coals, and they soon had a large pan heaping full.

"Now the taffy. You know it will

not be complete without something sweet," said Hattie Fielding. Lida got a generous supply of molasses and sugar for the taffy, and in a few moments they pronounced it done to a turn, so Lida poured it out on plates and set it in the snow to cool, and Bennie went to the cellar and soon appeared with a large pan full of bright, red-cheeked apples. By this time the taffy was cool enough to pull, so they were full of glee.

"Say we tell stories," exclaimed pretty Daisy Green.

"All right," they all exclaimed in a chorus, so they went on to relate weird ghost stories, Indian stories, and stories of daring robbers.

"Speaking of robbers, that just reminds me of Farmer Boylson's house being robbed and eight hundred dollars taken. They offer three hundred reward for their capture, and I wouldn't care if I could capture them," exclaimed Harry. "Three hundred don't grow on every bush. There were two very suspicious looking fellows seen yesterday on the old Pike road. I'll bet they are not prowling around for any good."

The clock struck the time away, and the evening passed only too quickly for them.

"Oh, who would have thought it was so late!" exclaimed Daisy, as the hands pointed to eleven, and they started for their wraps.

"Won't you be afraid to stay here all alone?" said another.

"Oh, no," Lida replied, "I have stayed alone before."

Lida was a brave girl indeed. She wasn't of the hysterical sort. "We shall not forget this evening's enjoyment soon," they exclaimed, as they started away with the speed of the wind.

There was a pale moon visible, and Lida watched the merry party as far as her eyes could see by the faint moonlight. But, as she went into the house, it was with a feeling of loneliness. Bennie and Tot had long since been in the land of dreams. And Lida sat down by the fire-place, thinking of the pleasant surprise her friends had made for her, and how terribly dull and lonesome it seemed now. She wished it was morning, and glanced at the clock to find it was nearly twelve.

"Oh, I must retire, but sleep—not a bit."

She proceeded to bolt the doors and fasten all the windows securely.

"Oh, let me think! Papa said the

entrapped, and everything grew black to Lida in an instant, and she fainted. When she opened her eyes she started up with a terrified shriek, and Harry Fielding was bending over her. With a smile he assured her that everything was quite safe.

"And the burglars, where are they?" she exclaimed in a terrified voice.

"Oh they are in the village lock-up safe enough by this time."

The sun was streaming in at the windows, and Lida soon recovered enough to collect her thoughts, and explained everything to Harry.

"Now, tell me how you happened to my rescue so fortunately."

And Harry went on to explain. "Well, when we left here it was late then, and as we were about half way to the village, we passed two big, burly fellows on the road; they wore big slouch hats, and seemed very much interested; they didn't look up, and were walking; very fast in this direction. Fred and I made up our minds to watch the fellows, so after the girls were all taken to their homes, we went and got the constable, for we knew if they were coming here, we hadn't a moment to lose. We took the sleigh-bells off, as we didn't want to be heard about this time, and we didn't arrive a moment too soon. The door was wide open and the dog was making a terrible fuss. I was the first one on the scene, and I found you lying by the closet door in a dead faint, and we guessed at the situation in a moment, that you had captured the burglars and had entrapped them in the closet."

"There proved to be three of the rascals. They were commanded to throw up their hands, which they refused to do, but finally reluctantly submitted, and were soon handcuffed. Upon being searched, four hundred dollars in money and some very valuable notes and papers were got on their persons. They were well equipped for house breaking, as they had a set of burglars' tools and were well masked, and they were soon hurried to the village to await custody. You know the rest, and I will have to return to the village; that is, if you are not afraid to stay alone," said Harry, as he drew on his heavy overcoat.

"Oh, no; I have got all over being frightened," exclaimed Lida, quickly, so he left for the village.

By this time Bennie and little Tot

handed it to him, she said: "I will not need it, for I will have the village school this winter, and you can pay this on the mortgage."

In this way the mortgage was paid, and Lida will never forget that Christmas Eve, and how she captured the burglars, and got the reward as a Christmas gift.

The Two Christmas Eves

Thirty years ago Mary Allen was a little eight-year-old girl, and since she could remember, the day before Christmas her mother baked pumpkin pie, jumbles, and ginger bread, and fried doughnuts, nice twisted ones, and if she had time she would make Mary a boy or girl, and fry it for her, and Mary always ran to get her the silver thimble to cut the holes in the upper crust of the tarts, and sometimes her mother would let her trim the edge of the pie with a small key that made the nicest trimming, but every Christmas Eve Mary went to bed early, so as to be sure and be asleep before Santa Claus came, for although he always brought her the same things, two or three doughnuts, an apple and three or four sticks of white and red striped candy, she every Christmas eve hoped he would not forget to put in a doll or a bright ribbon for her hair, and this Christmas she said "so to her mother, who did not believe in giving presents, for she thought it made them dissatisfied in time with every thing, and so she said to Mary, "You should be contented with what you get."

Mary did not reply to this, but her little heart was sad, for she could not understand why Santa Claus should every Christmas bring her the same things, while Jennie Hall always got something new.

"I think he is mean and selfish, so I do," she said to herself. "I know if I knew of any little girl that wanted a doll as bad as I do I wouldn't give it to some one else every time," but that night she hung her stocking up with the same hope that she would find a doll in it, and in her prayers she added, "O, dear Lord, don't let Santa Claus forget me this time," and then she hurried to bed and to sleep for fear she would surprise him as he pried around to find her stocking, and then some way the very thought of seeing him sent a chill all over her.

The next morning she jumped out of bed early and hurried to her stocking, first she took out a doughnut, then another, and another, these she laid aside while tears of disappointment rolled down her cheeks and slipped into her lap, next a paper of candy how well she knew what it was without looking at it, then the apple, and while that was all she expected she could not resist trying her luck again, and my, surely she was not mistaken, there was a flat, paper parcel in the toe of her stocking, and with trembling hands she took it out and when she got it unwrapped, she folded her hands and gazed at it in mute and amazed admiration, for it was the loveliest pink ribbon for her hair, and then her joy suddenly broke forth and she capered and danced around and forgot that she was not dressed until her mother called her to hurry to breakfast, and dressing she combed out her curls, and tied them back with the ribbon, which she fastened on top of her head in a double bow-knot, and to her admiring eyes she looked like a queen. With cheeks nearly as bright as the ribbon, she descended to the kitchen, and with shining eyes showed her parents what Santa Claus had brought her and they smiled at her she said: "I wonder if I heard me wish for a ribbon the other day," and her mother replied: "As like as not."

Mary ate her doughnuts and candy with a better relish than ever before, for while she wanted a doll too, she felt that now Santa Claus had once found where she lived, he would remember her again.

About half past ten her uncle and aunt came to take dinner with them. Her aunt had no children and took great delight in Mary, and after dinner she called her to her and said, "Mary, here is a box which Santa Claus left at my house for you."

"O, did he, Auntie? I wonder how he came to make such a mistake, for he was here last night, you know," and then an anxious look crept over her face as she added, "Maybe that is the reason that I never got any presents before; he took them to the wrong place," and she imagined the numerous things she had been cheated out of by some one who never told her they got her presents by mistake, but her auntie said, "Oh, no I think he knew that I was coming here to-day and left them for me to bring."

Mary all the while was untying the box, and when it was opened, she sat down on the floor perfectly overcome, for the first thing she saw was a dolly—O, the blue-eyed, yellow-haired dolly! It had a net over its hair, which was china, and painted yellow, and a high roll finished its headgear. After admiring it a while, she gave another look into the box and found a nice feather bed, two little pillows, with slips trimmed in lace, four sheets, two nice quilts, two hats, and several changes of underwear and dresses. In the bottom was another box, and when she opened it, the loveliest butterfly sprang up, and taking it out she handed it to her auntie to see how pretty it was. It was attached to a small piece of painted wood by a coil of wire and when the butterfly was touched it quivered as if hovering over a flower.

"O, mother, do look, did you ever see so many pretty things? I don't believe there is a happier little girl living than I am to-day."

"I am glad you are happy, Mary," replied her mother, "but don't let it turn your head."

"Let her alone," Polly, said Mary's aunt. "Imagine how we would have acted had Santa Claus remembered us in the least."

Mary turned the box upside down and put her bed on it and undressed her dolly and put her on it, covering

her with the quilts and then after a few minutes she dressed her again and this she did a dozen times before bedtime, and when at last she was tired out and ready for bed the dolly had her little bed made by Mary's where she could put her hand out to see if she was there if she should wake up in the night, and the last thing Mary said as she fell asleep was, "I wonder how Santa happened to go to the wrong house?"

Thirty years later, we find Mary the happy wife of a prominent citizen in a western city and the fond mother of two children—Harry, a fine boy of fourteen, and Amy, a nice little girl of ten. The day before Christmas she is busy baking while Harry runs errands and Amy helps in a great many ways, besides making paper balls and flowers for the Christmas tree, which has been in the family since Harry was four years old. Then it had been cut from the timber on their father's farm, and its bare limbs wrapped in dark green tissue paper, strings of popcorn hung in loops from its branches and over this was looped narrow strips of different colored tissue paper, sacks made from red, blue, green and pink mosquito bar were filled with candy and nuts and hung promiscuously about, and with the drum, tin horn, rattles, picture book and monkey in the box for Harry, the dolly, rattle, blocks and blue mittens for little one year old Amy, and all this lit up with colored wax candles it was, as Harry expressed it, "The best beautiful."

Every year since something had been added to the decoration of the tree until this year it was one blaze of splendor, and after the work was done mamma went in the parlor with the children to finish trimming it. Shell-like balls of every hue were suspended sparkling bangles of every shape and color, strings of beads, red, green, yellow and purple, bangled crescents; bunches of milkweed balls, some in their natural creamy silkiness, others mamma had colored, red, pink and blue, from oil paints thinned with turpentine; fans, finy parasols, flowers and balls of French tissue paper; dolls dressed in crepon paper swinging from the branches of the tree—it was like a fairy picture and when the candles, which had been placed out as near the edge of the limbs as possible, were lit it brought forth an exclamation from papa, who had just come in: "Whew, but that is lovely!"

At half past eight Santa Claus always came and while he did not create that feeling of awe that he at first did the children eagerly looked for his appearance, and were very careful to be in their places by the time he came in. They were barely settled before he startled them by coming suddenly from behind the curtains of the folding doors, and stepping to the tree he made his customary speech to which he added, "My dear children, I have traveled a good deal and seen any number of Christmas trees"—here the children for some reason laughed and nudged each other, which brought a look of surprise from Santa Claus, who went on, "But I never saw as magnificent a tree as this one right here."

There was a complete set of silver-ware for mamma, papa received a set of his favorite author's books; Harry a pair of gold cuff buttons from mamma, a plain gold ring from Amy, a set of books by Trowbridge from papa, a box of white silk handkerchiefs from his aunt Nellie and a pair of the best ice skates from his uncle Ed, which made his eyes dance with joy.

A set ring for Amy from Harry, a set of bedroom furniture for her doll house from papa, a silk scarf for her chiffonier in her own bedroom from aunt Nellie, a big nice doll from uncle Ed, and a set of lovely dishes with gold bands from mamma, who, after it was all over could not help thinking of her first Christmas presents thirty years before.

Scene: Boy calling on a farmer to ask for a new place.

Farmer—Do you know anything about horses?

Boy—Yaas; done nothing else all my life.

Farmer—Why did you leave your last place?

Boy—with much feeling—Ah!

Farmer—That's no answer. Why did you leave?

Boy—Well, if you must know, you must know. First the old cow died, and us had to eat she!

Farmer—Well, what next?

Boy—Then, the old sow died, and us had to eat she!

Farmer—Still, I don't see why you left.

Boy—Don't yer, then? Why, then, the old missus died—and I bolted!

THE WORM WAS UP LATE.

A father was lecturing his son on the evil of staying out late at night and rising late in the morning.

You will never succeed, he said, unless you mend your ways. Remember the early bird catches the worm. And what about the worm, father? said the young man sneeringly. Wasn't he rather foolish in getting up so early?

My son, said the old man, that worm hadn't been to bed at all; he was only getting home.

The young man coughed.

LUCKY.

Did your husband have any luck on his shooting excursion yesterday?

For him, yes.

Is that so? Why, I didn't see that he brought home any game.

Of course not, but he managed to get home without shooting himself.

HIS EXCUSE.

Passenger, on a southern train—What do you mean by calling hot peanuts? These are cold?

Train Boy—Well, they were hot when we started.

A BAD FIT.

Customer—You guaranteed a fit, didn't you?

Tailor—I did.

Customer—Well, the only fit about these clothes was the one my wife had when she saw 'em.



THE DOOR WAS LOCKED BEFORE THEY COULD GUESS THEY WERE ENTRAPPED.

money was in the china closet, off the dining-room. Oh, I wish there wasn't a cent of money in the house," and she put an extra log on the fire. The sparks flew out in all directions, and she ran upstairs and threw herself on the bed. In spite of her brave thoughts she was a bit of a coward. Sleep was out of the question, and she lay wide awake, thinking of what a good time her folks would have at Uncle John's, and wondering if she would be missed, and if Aunt Jane would send her a piece of that delicious plum cake and—

"Hark! what was that? Just a slight noise in the kitchen—the wind, may be."

At this sudden thought of burglars flashed upon her mind, and all the blood in her seemed setting around her heart. Bolt upright now she sat, and listened breathlessly. Hush! there it was again. She felt sure now that the sounds issued from the kitchen.

"I must act now, and quickly too," and she sprang out of her bed on the instant, out in the hall and down stairs, through the lower hall, until she got to the dining-room door; here she stopped to breathe, and she saw a small streak of light through the key-hole, so she quickly knelt down and peered through the small opening to the room beyond. She could hear voices and muffled footsteps.

"It's a good thing that the old man and woman is gone," said one of the ruffians in a low voice; "and if the young gal or one of the brats would make a scene we would soon silence 'em." This was plainly audible through the key-hole.

"So they must have watched when father and mother left this afternoon," thought Lida; and her heart beat so she could scarcely breathe. Then the dog began to growl in the kitchen, and they were silent for a moment.

"Drat the dog! I would soon quiet his nerves if it wasn't for arousing the house."

Presently there came a faint clink as of breaking glass.

"Oh, heaven help me, they are in the china closet, and that is where the money is," and a bright thought suddenly flashed upon her mind as she listened with bated breath. "I will slip out and lock the door and they will be imprisoned, and they can't possibly escape."

Softly she glided into the dining-room, and more cautiously she tiptoed across to the closet doors; it did not take one second to slide the big iron bar to, and the door was locked before those inside could guess that they were

had come down stairs, and Lida hurried around and got the breakfast. After the morning work was done, she heard a knock at the door, and when she opened it she stood Farmer Boylson.

"Good morning, Miss Lida. I just thought I would come over and see how you feel over last night's adventure. This is quite an eventful Christmas for you, I should think, and you all alone, too. Well, you're a brave un."

After he had explained everything to her she said, "Well, I must go to the village."

Lida could not but think what an eventful Christmas day it was for her, and how she wished it was time for her folks to come home. Time passed quickly, and it was almost night before she knew it, and as she sat at the table she glanced out of the window, and who should she see but Farmer Boylson coming up the walk.

"Well, Miss Lida, I have been to the village, and the burglars proved to be the same ones that robbed me the other night, and the money and notes I recognize as the same. I guess they thought they would get the second haul before they left these parts. Here is a present for you. Rather late in the day, but a Christmas gift any way."

He handed Lida a large envelope and started away.

Lida hastily tore the letter open, and what to her surprise and gratification should she see but three hundred dollars in bills accompanied by a note: "This the three hundred dollars reward for the capture of said burglars; this the reward I give to you, Signed, Samuel Boylson."

Just then Bennie came running in to the house with the news that papa and mamma were coming down the lane, so Lida hurried around to get the supper on the table, as they would be cold and hungry coming so far.

When Lida told them of her experience they could scarcely believe it, especially about her receiving the reward offered for the capture of the burglars, and how she had entrapped them in the closet.

"Oh, it nearly escaped my mind, Lida," exclaimed Mr. Burkeham; "here is a letter I got out of the office to-day," and he handed it to her. It proved to be a letter of acceptance to her as teacher of the village school.

About a week after Christmas Mr. Burkeham was greatly surprised by hearing Lida say: "Father, I am going to let you have that money, for I will not have any use for it," and she went and got the money. As she

CHURCHES.
EVANGELICAL.—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 3 p.m. W. H. Holtzman Superintendent. Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Finkbeiner pastor.
PRESBYTERIAN.—Services 10:30 a.m. Sabbath School 9:30 a.m. J. H. Moore, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Mr. Johnston, pastor.
R. C. CHURCH, Sacred Heart of Jesus.—Rev. Father Halm, services every Sunday, alternatively at 8:30 a.m. and 10 a.m. Vespers every other Sunday at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. every other Sunday.
GERMAN LUTHERAN.—Pastor, P. Mueller. Th. D. Services: every 2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday of each month 2:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 9:30 p.m.

METHODIST.—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 9:30 p.m. G. Curie, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. J. H. McBain, B. A., Pastor.
SOCIETIES.
C. M. B. A., No. 70—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. H. KEELAN, Pres. A. GRISLEB, Sec.
C. O. F.—Court Mildmay No. 198, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. Liesemer, C. R. M. Filsinger, Secy.
C. O. C. F. No. 166—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. E. N. BUTCHART, Coun. F. C. JASPER, Rec.
A. O. U. W. 416, meets in the Forester's Hall, the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in each month. L. BUEHLMAN, M. W. M. JASPER, Rec.
I. O. F.—Meets on the last Wednesday of each month. J. W. WARD, C. R. W. M. JOHNSTON, Rec. Sec.
K. O. T. M. Unity Tent No. 101, meets in Forester's Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. W. McCULLOCH, Com. M. JASPER, R. K.

Grand Trunk Time Table.
 Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:
 GOING SOUTH: Mild. 7:33 a.m. Mixed. 10a. m.
 GOING NORTH: Mixed. 1:40 p.m. Express. 10 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.
 —The schools re-opened on Tuesday.
 —Get your season tickets at the rink on Saturday night.
 —A great variety of high and low childrens chairs at N. Schwalm's.
 —Mr. Lippert of Stratford and Mr. E. Runstedler, of Berlin, gave our town a flying visit on Monday.
 —The Misses Berry returned Monday, to take charge of their schools.
 —Wednesday the firemen looked like a rheumatic army. All were complaining of sore muscles and joints.
 —Wanted—500,000 feet of maple saw logs at my mill, for which I will pay the highest price. Also a large quantity of all other kinds logs. Geo. Schwalm
 —The Hanover Band arrived in town on Tuesday afternoon, and serenaded Dr. Clapp. They gave some very choice music, which was heartily enjoyed by our citizens.
 —If you wish to procure any office stationery remember the Gazette office is the best place in County. Nothing but first-class stock used and neat tasty printing done.
 —Miss Nellie Bidwell and Miss Ida Forsyth, who have been visiting with relatives and friends here for the past week, returned to their homes in Walkerton on Saturday.
 —To those who have not renewed their subscriptions for 1898. Gentlemen, we have a large payment to meet on the 1st day of Feb. and your early renewal will greatly assist us in our labors.
 —We have made arrangements with the Toronto Weekly Globe people to give it along with the Gazette to new subscribers \$1.50. Renewals may be made at this office at the rate of 50¢ for the Globe and one dollar for the Gazette.
 —One dollar bills of the new Dominion issue are being raised to five by taking the figures from the revenue stamps used on the cigar boxes and pasting them over the figures on the bills. The ground work of the bills and the stamp is the same, and the change is easily affected, and hard to detect in ordinary handling of bills. Our readers should remember that there are no \$5 bills issued by the government.
 —The news from Montreal about the Family Herald and Weekly Star proves that that great paper is receiving a public rebuke at once, seldom, if ever, approached in the history of Canadian journalism. The scramble to get names on the Family Herald and Weekly Star subscription amounts to almost a panic. The Family Herald and Weekly Star is a great paper. Its premium picture is a great picture, and the success of the paper is great in every sense, whether viewed from the point of enormous popularity or an immense subscription list.

—When will we have a curling match.
 —Wm. Johnston, of Harrison, spent Sunday under the parental roof.
 —Evangelistic services are being conducted nightly in the Evangelical church.
 —The skating rink opened on New Years day, a large crowd patronizing it.
 —Mr. H. Filsinger and family are with friends in New Hamburg at present.
 —Miss Laura Moyer assumed charge of the 10th Con. school on Monday.
 —Robes, Blankets, Bells at reduced prices for the next 30 days at L. A. Hinspergers.
 —Remember the furniture factory meeting Monday night in the Reading Room.
 —Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Teskey spent the holidays with friends in Mount Forest.
 —WANTED—300 Cordis green wood, 22 and 24 inch, in exchange for Harness, Etc. L. A. Hinsperger.
 —Mr. and Mrs. H. Eckel, returned Saturday, after a two months sojourn with friends in Bruce.
 —Mr. Harry Messenger, of Hanover, has been in town for the past week, assisting A. Kramer.
 —Mr. and Mrs. McBain are home after a week's visit with friends in Stratford, and elsewhere.
 —Miss Sutherland and Miss Dobbie returned on Monday to take charge of their departments in the public schools.
 —Mrs. Fred Filsinger left Wednesday afternoon for Port Elgin, where her daughter, Mrs. John Hesseaur, lies seriously ill.

—Wm. Latter, who has been visiting relatives in town and vicinity for the past fortnight returned to his home in Michigan on Thursday.
 —Miss M. Johnston, of Toronto, assumed charge of the 4th Con. School, on Monday. Mr. Chas. Allen, the former teacher, having resigned.
 —At the school meeting held on Wednesday, of last week, Mr. E. N. Butchart was appointed trustee in place of Mr. J. H. Moore, retired.
 —Monday evening a number of young people enjoyed tripping the light fantastic at Dennis Culliton's. Tommy took the cake with his clogging and music.
 —Mr. Philip Reddon left on Monday for Guelph, where he purposes putting in three months in the dairy school in the Ontario Agricultural College. We wish you every success Philip.
 —A meeting of the Creditors of the Carrick Financial Company will be held in the town hall on Tuesday afternoon next at one o'clock. All persons interested govern themselves accordingly.
 —A public meeting will be held in the Reading Room on Monday evening next to discuss the advisability of assisting the opening of a furniture factory in town. The manager told us that he would employ 20 hands to start with. Remember the date, Monday, Jan. 10th 1898, at 7 p. m.

—The following officers were elected at the last meeting of Court Mildmay, No. 186, C. O. F.:—P. C. R. Geo. H. Liesemer; C. R. John McGavin; V. C. R., John V. Berscht; Fin. Sec.—W. H. Huck; Treas.—F. Voigt; Rec. Sec.—M. Filsinger; Chap.—J. H. Moore; S. W.—H. Filsinger; J. W.—James Huine; S. B.—R. Wilton; J. B., J. E. Mulholland; Trustees—John Huestein, G. H. Liesemer and H. Miller; Court Deputy—R. J. Barton.
 —Here is what Peter Cooper, who died worth many millions, said of a newspaper: "In all the towns where a newspaper is published every man should advertise in it, if nothing more than a card stating his name and the business he is in. It does not only pay the advertiser, but it lets people at a distance know the town in which you reside is a prosperous community of business men. As the seed is sown so the seed recompenses. Never pull down your sign while you expect to do business."
 —A meeting for the general election of officers for the Young Peoples Alliance was held in the Evangelical church Mildmay on the 28th day of December. The following officers were elected:—J. V. Berscht—President; J. D. Miller—Vice-President; Carrie Murat—Rec. Sec.; Annie Liesemer—Cor. Sec.; Martha Voigt—Treasurer; Carrie Diebel—Organist. Meetings are held every Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, everybody welcome. May we prosper and gain many new members in giving a helping hand in this good work.—Com.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ward, returned home Monday afternoon.
 —Council meets in the town hall, on Monday next for the transaction of general business.
 —N. Schwalm keeps a well selected stock of Side Boards, Chairs, Bedsteads, Springs and Mattresses etc.,
 —Auction sale. John J. Schmidt of lot 24, concession 8, Township of Carrick, announces a sale of farm stock, implements, etc., for Thursday, Jan. 13, 1898. Sale at 12 o'clock, noon. See large bills for particulars. F. Hinsperger, auctioneer.
 —Who want to improve himself 100 per cent. financially, call on L. Doeving, Peter Meyer's grist mill for information.
 —The Toronto Word is the brightest and newest daily of Toronto. The subscription price is \$3.00 per year. We have made arrangements with the management to offer it with the Gazette for \$3.00, the price of the World alone. Now is the time to subscribe.
 —To-day the Gazette again celebrates its anniversary. It is seven years of age, and of fair size. Taking a hasty glance over the past years we haven't had much to complain of. Work has been very plentiful and we have endeavored to keep up with it, but that seems utterly impossible, as at present date we have a large amount of work awaiting our attention. The continuation of this patronage is what we request. We thank our advertising patrons for the liberal manner in which they have used our space, and hope for the continuance of same. We desire also to thank our staff of correspondents for the hearty manner in which they have assisted us in turning out a live local paper. They have been very faithful in their attention to their duties but when their bright newsy items were not in, they were greatly missed, especially by the readers in the localities they represented, and we would ask them to pay more attention to the matter in the future and let us hear from them more regularly. With this assistance we will try to issue the most newsy paper in the County of Bruce. We ask the support of every ratepayer in the township. The price of the Gazette is only one dollar per year, and a dollar laid on the editor's table is a dollar well spent, as this paper may be the means of saving many for you.

Card of Thanks.
 DEAR SIR,—
 Through the medium of your valuable paper, I wish to thank all the people who assisted me to remove and replace the furniture in my house on the occasion of the fire at Schuett & Son's premises on Tuesday morning last.
 Yours respectfully,
 W. G. LIESEMER.

FLORIDA ON WHEELS.
 A Wonderful Car From Florida Will Visit Mildmay.
 A Florida State Fair in a rolling palace from the land of flowers is to visit this section. The car is gorgeous with golden decorations and tropical scenery, and filled with a tropical exhibit imposing in multitude, marvelous in variety, and splendid with a thousand tropical wonders; flowers, fruits, wines, palms, live alligators, etc. The whole illustrates to tourists, invalids and prospective settlers the attraction, advantages and resources of that sunny land.
 This conservatory on wheels, a tropical wonderland, was built of Florida woods at a total cost of \$20,000. It is the most remarkable car on either continent, and has been visited by more people than any other car in the history of railroading, crowds flocking to it night and day. The director of the car is Winton S. Webb, who was director general of the Florida Sub-Tropical Exposition, Florida Commissioner at the Paris Exposition and the World's Fair at Chicago, and is now the official promoter of Florida's publicity.
 To defray the necessary expenses incident to the visit of this Florida rolling exposition, a nominal price of ten cents (children under 12, five cents) will be charged on entering the car. Bear in mind that all the alligators are chained.

The official exposition will exhibit at the G. T. R. station, from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m., at Mildmay on Tuesday Jan. 25th and at Palmerston on Monday Jan. 24th at the same hours.

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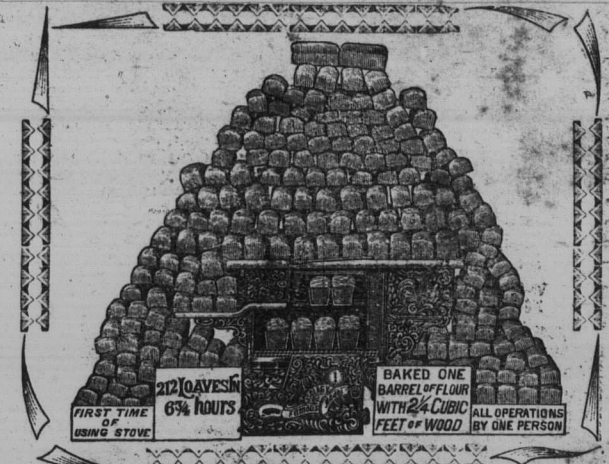
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STOVES



We are still in the lead with The Best Cooking Stoves in the market. Just think of the Model Cooking Stove as shown in cut, baking 212 loaves of bread in 6 1/2 hours. We have these celebrated stoves on hand. Also the latest in Parlor Stoves. Call in and see them. No trouble to show goods. First class Tinware and Hardware, New Williams Sewing Machines, Coal Oil, Tar Paper, etc., which can be purchased at prices away down. call and be convinced.

The Corner Hardware C. LIESEMER

THE PEOPLES' DRUG STORE MILD MAY.

DRUGS
 DR. A. H. MACKLIN.

Santa Claus Headquarters

C. WENDT'S MILD MAY and WROXETER

The best of everything for **CHRISTMAS**

Prices were never as low before. Now is the time to buy.

A large assortment of **Toys, Dolls, Albums, Gelloid and Leather Cases Xmas Gadgets, China and Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc.**

We offer a great variety of appropriate presents for ladies, gentlemen and children. You will find our holiday stock the largest, best and cheapest in the county.

Mildmay Aetna Flour MILD MAY GLEBE & SIELING

First-Class APPLE BARRELS for sale at our mill. Terms--Cash,

We keep in stock flour made from Manitoba and Ontario wheat, rolled Oats and all kinds of hopped Feed. Highest Market price paid for Wheat, Peas and Oats. All kinds of Lumber and shingles on hand.

GLEBE & SIELING