

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 4.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1895.

No. 51

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m.; at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Brewster, Incumbent. Sunday School, one hour and a quarter before each service.

METHODIST.—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Cressy, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. W. S. Bean Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m. and at Gorrie 2:30 p. m. Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 1:15 p. m. Jas. McLaughlin, Superintendent.

METHODIST.—Services in the Fordwich Methodist Church, at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evening at 7:30. Rev. Mr. Edmunds pastor.

E. O. SWARTZ,
Barrister, Solicitor,
Conveyancer, Etc.
MONEY TO LEND.
Office: Up stairs in Mont's Hotel, Block, MILDMAY.

R. L. CLAPP, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon.
GRADUATE, Toronto University and member College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Residence, Myrtle St., nearly opposite the City Station. Office in the Drug Store, next door to Carrick Banking Co. MILDMAY.

J. A. WILSON, M.D.
HONOR Graduate of Toronto University Medical College. Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office—Apsalom street, in rear of Drug Store. MILDMAY.

DR. WISSER, Dentist.
Walkerton.

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Calls promptly attended to night or day.

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Veterinary Surgeon
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Next to Methodist Parsonage,
ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

**A GRAND
Holiday Display**
Of new and desirable presents for old and young. Great variety, great opportunity, great bargains for all in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, Celluloid and Plush Goods, Albums and Toys of every description. Everybody should see this elegant array of Xmas Gifts. Remember we have the right article at the right price for anyone you wish to select a present for.

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A large and well assorted stock of
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SURGEON DENTIST, WALKERTON.
Will continue to conduct the practice of the art of High and Low, at the office always occupied by them in Walkerton.

Special attention will be given to Gold-Filling and preservation of the Natural Teeth. Nitrous Oxide, Gas, and other Anesthetics for the painless extraction of Teeth.

Our \$10 Suit

Which we make for men already numbers it friends by the hundreds—you never saw a better suit for the money, or one that is bound to give better satisfaction—those who appreciate values in tailoring are fast making friends with us—we are particularly delighted that such a number of economical men are coming us ward—tailoring values are a hobby with us.

H. E. Liesemer,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:

Fall wheat per bu.....	\$ 65 to \$ 67
Spring " " " " " "	65 to 67
Oats.....	24 to 25
Pears.....	50 to 52
Barley.....	85 to 86
Potatoes.....	80 to 85
Smoked meat per lb.....	7 to 9
Eggs per doz.....	17 to 17
Butter per lb.....	15 to 15
Dressed pork.....	\$4 25 to 4 70

A PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA
THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Teas put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in 1/2 lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.
If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to
STEEL, HAYTER & CO.
11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.

Long Boots!

I have just received 150 pair of long boots and will sell them off at small profits. Twelve different styles to select from and quality guaranteed. These were all bought before the advance price. I have an Oil Grain hand made boot which I make a specialty of.

25 cases Rubbers just received and as fall is here you cannot do without them and this is the spot for bargains. I have six different styles of Ladies' Rubbers to select from. A Juliet Rubber which you should not fail to see before buying elsewhere.

Be sure and examine our Hair lined boots and shoes. They will be all the go for the winter. Every pair guaranteed. Also a large stock of Rubber boots on hand which we are bound to sell. We invite you to call and examine goods and you will find prices right.

John Hunstein.

Repairing neatly and promptly done. Custom work a specialty. Highest price paid for farmers' produce.



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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligence man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

Lakelet.

The Lakelet stone chopping mill will run the last four days of each week at 3c. per bag. People from the east turn at the Hotel corner and those from the west at Dulmage's Store.

A. W. Halladay.

Belmore.

We are glad to report a good attendance at, and a deeper interest being taken in our Epworth League meetings. At our recent re-organization the following officers were elected. Honorary President Rev. W. E. Kerr; President Mr. W. Lowry; Vice-Presidents Maggie Hall, Vieta Lucas, Ruby Crittenden, Laura Mulvey; Secretary Ella Mulvey; Treasurer Mr. J. Abram; Musical Director Jennie Bremner. We are looking for successful work under our new officers.

OTTER CREEK.

Christmas is approaching as every body knows, and so is the turkey, but apparently the snow is departing, and we are afraid that Christmas will be rather dull.

The hunting season has closed now, and we hope that it will never open as it has in this part of the country, to those town people who flock to the woods and shoot off all the game before the farmers can have a chance for any fun.

A large number of our leading citizens went out to Elmwood on Thursday of last week to a shooting match, which was held at the hotel of which Mr. Adam Rossworm is proprietor. They all enjoyed themselves and returned at a late hour, some however, staying till next night.

Huntingfield.

Too late for last week!
Last week we were in error when we stated that John Wynn lost turnips. It should have been oats.

Petty thieving seems to be the craze around here just now. Jos. Ortmann had about 40 bushels of oats stolen last week.

James Douglas got jammed while skidding logs the other day. He will be off duty for a few days. We hope to see him around soon.

A painful accident occurred at Mr. Jno. Renwick's the other day. A young man by the name of Bedora, while cutting straw, got his thumb so badly jammed that it had to be amputated. He is doing nicely now.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of another of our residents, in the person of Mrs. C. Wynn, who passed away on Friday, 17th inst., at the age of 51 years. Deceased has been ill for the past two years and has suffered much, but at the above date the angel of death relieved her from suffering. The funeral took place on Sunday from her late residence on the 2nd con., Carrick, and the remains were followed to their last resting place in McIntosh cemetery by a large concourse of friends. The bereaved family have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

The fine weather of the past few days have put the people in a notion of plowing again.

Mr. W. Pomeroy had a very sick horse one day last week, but Mr. Huck of Mildmay, soon straightened him up.

The saw mill has arrived at Vogan Bros, on the 2nd con. Parties having logs to cut can depend on getting good work done.

The sleigh rides of Christmas are knocked in the head and old Santa Claus will have a hard job to get around on his annual trip.

Wm. Thompson, who stole a horse from Thos. Cantlin, Arthur tp. a few weeks ago, has been sent to the central prison for one year.

William Kerr, carpenter, Wingham, was found dead on his bed on Thursday morning of last week. Deceased was unmarried and lived alone. He had been ailing for some time.

Additional Locals.

—Con. Biehl, of Preston, was in town on Christmas.

—Coverdale Haines is with friends in Guelph this holiday season.

—A number of our town people spent the holiday in other towns.

—J. Scemidit shipped a carload of hogs to Woodstock Thursday.

—A young man in town is thinking of starting in opposition to Mr. Lambert in the egg business. He has one basket full on hand at present.

—There are a large number of our subscribers who have renewed their subscription during the past week for which they have our thanks. There are many more who might follow in their footsteps.

—Municipal matters are assuming a different shape than they did last week, and if reports are true the personnel of the executive for next year will be greatly changed. There will be considerable fun at nomination and all who can attend should do so.

—We owe Mr. J. D. Miller an apology for the error in his advertisement last week when everything was to be sold for two cents instead of 25c. Where ever two cents was represented, 25c should be added. In fairness to Mr. Miller we make this apology and humbly beg his pardon.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

Wingham had a fire last week.

A peddler has been selling diseased meat in Meaford.

An effort is again being made to establish a fax mill in Wingham.

Mount Forest High School is to have a fourth teacher for the ensuing six months.

Robert Willoughby, farmer, of Elderslie, lost his leg by being struck by a G. T. R. train.

L. G. Briggs, Constable, Tara, arrested Wm. Sparling of Southampton, at Wiarion on Sunday. Sparling is charged with forgery and horse stealing. He was taken before Judge Barrett on Wednesday when he pleaded guilty to each charge and was remanded for sentence.

On Thursday morning the citizens of this place were surprised to find the residence of Wm. Fleet in flames. The fire was caused by the upsetting of a lamp on to the bed by one of the children while getting up. All efforts to save building were in vain, but most of furniture was saved. Mr. Fleet moved into the next house, owned by Mr. Carter, which was vacant.—Fordwich Telephone.

There is a likelihood that the persons who have been dealing in old horses will come to grief. Played-out horses have been shipped to Toronto in open cars by the hundreds during the last month, and scores have died from exposure en route to the city. The G. T. R. Co. have been forbidden to carry the horses over the road. A number of the speculators in this section had a large number of one dollar horses bought for shipment, and were compelled to shoot them. A young man of the town disposed of fifteen of the castaways one day last week.—Ripley Express.

The January number of the Delineator is called the winter holiday number. The fashion articles for the month are timely and complete, covering the entire field of styles for ladies, misses and children, millinery, lingerie, dress goods and trimmings. The rich holiday display in the shops is interestingly described. The first of a brief series of papers on the care of the teeth, by a well-known New York dentist, will be found exceptionally valuable. The review of holiday publications includes mention of many particularly intended for young readers. The novelties in knitting, tatting, crocheting and lace making are illustrated and described. Subscription price of the Delineator \$1.00 per year or 15c per single copy. Address the Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 88 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

The Presbytery of Bruce met at Paisley last week. Rev. J. Bell, B. A., of Burgoyne, was elected moderator for the ensuing six months.

James Wilson of Minto, brought into Harkston on Monday a very large specimen of the lynx family. It weighed 22 pounds, and would be an undesirable acquaintance to make in the woods. He captured it in a mink trap.

For two years I was dosed, pilled, and plastered for weak back, scalding urine constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved. Three boxes cured. R. J. Smith, Toronto. One pill a dose, price 25 cents.

Between the fifteen members of the County Council who have decided not to stand for re-election, and those who will meet with successful opposition, it is considered that at least 20 new men will sit at the Board next year.

\$800,000 would be saved the north-west farmers, every year, by shifting their grain over the proposed electric railway between Port Perry and Kincardine. This railway will carry grain at 1 cent less per bushel than what the railways operated by steam, charge.

Neglect cold in the head and you will surely have catarrh. Neglect nasal Catarrh and you will as surely induce pulmonary diseases or catarrh of the stomach with its disgusting attendants, foul breath, hawking, spitting, blowing, etc. Stop it by using Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 cents a box cures. A perfect blower enclosed with each box.

The village of Beamsville furnishes quite a wonderful case; Mr. Jacob Fisher of that place, now employed at Niagara Falls, N. Y., suffered from rheumatism, scrofula and blood disorder for a long time, but was completely and permanently cured by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, as the following certificate, as sworn testimony will show: Michael Dwyer, well known in Hamilton, tells a story that reads like a miracle. He suffered untold pain and was told that only removal to a warmer climate could benefit him, but Kootenay Cure did what the doctors could not do, and now he is well. He volunteers a statutory declaration which will be forwarded by addressing S. S. Ryckman, Hamilton.

Free to every reader of this paper:—A book on Fancy Work which contains 50 illustrations. Among them are designs for sofa pillows, table covers, scarfs, tray cloths, doilies, celluloid work, tapestry painting and embroidery. Directions are given how to make lamp shades, scrap baskets, photograph stands and a variety of fancy articles. Also another book telling how to make all kinds of mats and rugs, numbering 65 in all. These two books will be sent you free if you will send ten cents for a three months' trial subscription to The Home, a 16 page paper containing original stories, fashions, fancy work, etc.—the cheapest and best paper published. Send to the publishers, 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass., and get the paper and the two books. When writing ask for their illustrated premium list, sent free to any address.

It is announced that The Canada Presbyterian will commence with the 1st of January, its Twenty-fifth Year of publication. The paper has gradually grown from small beginnings, until now it is recognized as second to no religious journal in the Dominion. Its columns have always commanded the best talent in the large and influential denomination it so worthily represents; and for the coming year, all the old-time favourites are retained while a number of new writers have promised to contribute to various departments of the paper. The "make up" of the Presbyterian is simple and comprehensive. Its table of contents each week falls under the following headings: viz: Notes of the Week, Our Contributors, Teacher and Scholar, Christian Endeavor, Pastor and People, The Family Circle, Our Young Folks, The Missionary World, Health and Household Hints, British and Foreign, along with a strong editorial page. The yearly subscription continues at \$2.00; but any of our readers who desire club rates should write the office, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

THE MONTH WITH 21 DAYS

JUMP IN THE CALENDAR OF ELEVEN DAYS IN 1582.

It Caused Riots in Protestant Countries—According to the Gregorian Calculation October 5 Became October 15.

Did you ever hear of the famous short month of October, which had only twenty-one days? Some three centuries ago, in Southern Europe, men tried to correct an error that had been growing continually for more than a thousand years, and the result was that they called the day after October 4, 1582, October 15, instead of October 5. The roots of the error run back into the darkness of prehistoric times; for at the dawn of history men are found using three units or measures of time; two of these are dependent on the sun's apparent motion, the year and the day, or group of seven days; the other is dependent on the moon, the lunar month. Now, as these three units have no common measure, we can see that it would be impossible to fix anniversaries by combining all of the units; yet this impossible thing is what the European world has been trying to do for nearly twenty centuries. Other people have treated the problem in a similar way; thus the ancient Egyptians followed a purely solar year of 365 days; so every four years its commencement fell one day earlier with respect to the seasons, and in the course of 1400 years any astronomical event, as the vernal equinox or the longest day, would have happened on each day of the year from December 31 backward to January 1. The modern Mohammedan year, on the other hand, is regulated solely by the moon.

ORIGIN OF OUR CALENDAR.

We get our ideas and principles regarding the calendar from two sources, Roman and Jewish. Every one knows that the names of the month are Latin, and in the histories we read how various Roman rulers changed the distribution of days within the month, etc., to suit their pride or political schemes, such as modern politicians hasten or postpone a Convention, and brought things into great confusion until Julius Caesar decreed that the coming year should consist of 365 days, and every fourth year of 366. The extra day was to be inserted between the 24th and 25th of February. In their way of numbering the days of the month, which seems to us so awkward, the 24th was sexto calendas, or the sixth day before the calendas of March. When the extra day was inserted it was called the second sixth, or, in Latin, bis sexto calendas, whence our word bissextile.

From Jewish sources we get other features. The great Jewish festival of the Passover was celebrated on the very day of the first full moon after the spring equinox; the early Christians, or many of them, took the same day, but this led to charges of heresy, to discussion, criticism and even contempt; so it was decreed, probably by Constantine the Great, in A. D. 325, in connection with the Council of Nicea, that the Christian festival, Easter, should be observed on the Sunday following the Passover, and the other movable feasts of the Church were made dependent on this. So the element of a fixed day of the week was brought into the calculation in addition to the movements of the sun and moon.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

In this year, 325, the vernal equinox fell on March 21, and if Caesar's work in establishing the Julian calendar had only been correct, this event would have happened on this date forever. But nature seems to abhor simple ratios as much as she was said to do a vacuum. Unfortunately for simplicity the year is not exactly 365 days 6 hours, but about 11 minutes 14 seconds less; so the insertion of the correction, as was known even in the dark ages, but after the revival of learning and the establishment of observatories it was commented on in the Council of Trent, and was very much discussed by the mathematicians. And by the middle of the sixteenth century the hundreds of small errors had accumulated to ten days, so the vernal equinox fell, not on the 21st, but on the 11th of March.

This was the condition of things when in 1572 Pope Gregory XIII. was elected. He realized the glory that it would be to his reign if this confusing matter were settled, and so set a company of mathematicians to work out the problem, not only of rectifying the old errors, but of providing rules to prevent errors in the future. The hardest part of the work was to fix the movable Church feasts without doing violence to the traditions; thus a good deal could be said about the works of evidence by the book of 800 pages written by Clavius, one of the company. The result was that in 1582 a papal bull was issued, declaring among other things, that in 1582 the day following October 4 should be called October 15, and that centuries should not be leap years unless divisible by 400.

Rulers and States that were then Catholics responded to the Pope's request for acceptance of the reform; in France the ten days were dropped after December 9, 1582; in Catholic Germany the change was made in 1583, but the Protestant States delayed until February 19 (March 1), 1600; in Switzerland and Poland there was such resistance made that the troops were necessary to suppress it. In Russia the change has not yet been made, and as the Julian calendar called for leap years in 1700 and 1800, when the Gregorian did not, the dates of the Russians are twelve days behind those of the rest of Europe.

ENGLAND'S LATE ACCEPTANCE.

The change was long delayed in Protestant England, which would not willingly accept an alleged reform due to a Pope that had encouraged the Armada. But the need of the uniformity among neighboring States was too great, and in 1751 Lord Chesterfield introduced in Parliament a bill for the reform of the calendar. Some details of the law may be quoted from a magazine of September, 1752: "September 14—This day the Gregorian style took place in all Europe, Asia, Africa and

America. This day had not yet passed would have been the 24th of September, but it was now reckoned the 14th, eleven nominal days being omitted. Every fourth year will be bissextile, or leap year, until 1800, which will be a common year of 365 days, but 1804 will be a leap year. Eastern and the movable feasts thereon depending are to be reckoned according to the new tables prefixed to the act of Parliament. All the fixed feast days . . . are to be kept on the same nominal day as heretofore. Courts, fairs, etc., appointed for fixed times are to be held on the same natural days—that is, eleven days later in date. . . . Similarly with grounds that by custom are to be opened on certain days. Payment of rent, of mortgages, or expiration of apprenticeships, shall not be accelerated hereby. . . . If servants' wages are usually paid at the quarter days, eleven days' wages may be deducted out of the present quarter, and the reckoning for the future go regularly on." Such were some of the minute provisions of the act. It will be readily believed that ignorant people could not understand this, and we are told of mobs marching through the land, crying: "Give us back our eleven days." Since this time there has been no change in the calendar, but the need of uniformity among peoples in constant intercourse has led to the introduction in the United States and Canada of what is called standard time; by our remembrance of this so recent change we may judge somewhat the immediate results both for convenience and confusion of that famous change which dropped ten days from the month of October, 1582.

FLOWERS ARE PERFUMED.

STRANGE CHANGES WROUGHT BY A SCIENTIST.

A Machine to Give Violets Odor—How Sun-Flowers are Made to Smell Like the Rose and Marigolds Robbed of Their Odor.

To artificially perfume flowers is the latest fad in Paris. It has been found possible not only to take away from a flower the odor given to it by nature, but actually make it yield a perfume derived from some other vegetable product.

There are, for instance, certain violets with little or no odor, but very beautiful as to form, while there are others who are poor to look upon but very rich in perfume. The transfer of the odor from one species to the other has been successfully performed in Paris.

Again, the African marigold, which is a handsome flower, has been robbed of its evil odors and given a perfume that makes it really valuable and delicious. This fad for perfuming flowers has even been pushed to the absurd length of imparting the odor of the rose to the sunflower, while chrysanthemums have been made to smell like the violet.

A. M. Villon, of Paris, is the gentleman who has brought this system to perfection. He has invented a machine for perfuming flowers which has worked some of these recent

PARISIAN MARVELS.

According to the method pursued by M. Villon the flowers are placed in a box the interior of which has been cooled with ice. Leading into this box is a pipe with holes bored in it.

Through this pipe a current of carbonic acid gas perfumed with the desired odor is sent. This current is produced by the evaporation of the liquid carbonic acid, which is passed through a "worm" like that used in distilling whiskey. The heated carbonic bubbles up through a mass of the essential oil containing the perfume and takes on the properties of the odor, which is then imparted to the flowers in the box.

This machine is most commonly used in strengthening the natural perfume of certain flowers, like violets and roses. In this way an intense perfume is obtained, which will last for many days. When it is desired to first rob a flower of its natural odor before giving it that of some other flower it is steeped in bromated water and then washed. In the case of the African marigold, which was robbed of its smell, the seeds were first allowed to soak for two days in rose water containing a little musk. They were then partially dried and sown.

The flowers that grew in time were not entirely deprived of their bad odor, but one was able to detect, mingled with the original smell, the agreeable odors of the

ROSE AND THE MUSK.

The seeds of these plants being again sown after similar treatment, it was found that there was a still further improvement.

In this way it is claimed that African marigolds have been produced which in odor rival the jasmine and the violet. It has also been found that to constantly water flowers with a dilution of musk imparts the perfume to the flowers.

Even trees, it is claimed, can be treated in a somewhat similar manner. A hole is bored in the trunk before the sap rises. This hole runs downward. Into the hole is poured a thick liquid containing the odor which it is desired to impart to the tree.

Perfumes are also imparted to flowers by pouring over them an alcoholic solution of the essential oil of an artificial perfume. This is practised in Paris on a large scale on violets, roses and hawthorne. Glycerine is added to fix the odor.

The perfumes for flowers may be bought in Paris, where they are put up in neat packages prepared by the leading perfumers. M. Villon says that a good violetine should be composed of 100 grammes of alcohol, 100 grammes of glycerine and 10 grammes of essential oil of violet. Geranioline is a similar preparation, in which the essential oil of violet is replaced by geraniol.

The Conscientious Waiter.

Waiter (to cook)—Steak for one! Gent don't want it raw, nor he don't want it burnt black.

Cook (angrily)—Is that what he said? Waiter—No, not exactly. I asked him how he wanted it, an' he said "medium."

YOUNG FOLKS.

Santa Claus Coming.

Happy are the little folks, for Christmas is little here. They get your stockings ready, for now the time draws near.

Old Santa Claus is on the way. He left home yesterday noon, His great sleigh packed with Christmas gifts. He'll be here very soon.

His reindeers six are flying fast. He cracks his whip—away They're speeding over hill and dale. Three cheers for Christmas day!

A Game for Christmas.

A pleasant, quiet game for Christmas, in which both old and young people are interested, is played as follows:

Write a list of words for each person present by using only once the letters found in the names of certain flowers, states, authors, etc., or any words you may select. The letters of these words transposed give the word sought.

For instance, take Rhododendron. Using the letters, we have the words, odd, or, end, horn. From Bachelor's Button, chub, lose, tab, torn. Massachusetts gives seat, suet, smash; or hats, seat, muses. Newfoundland, weld, nun, do, fan. North Carolina, no, chair, la, torn.

From Constance Fenimore Woolson, we have Moore, stain, scowl, fence, noon. It is much easier to ascertain the word sought if designated as a flower, author, etc., but it sharpens one's wits wonderfully to find them without any clue.

In the list of ten or a dozen words, which is about all a person will care to have at once, it is nice to include his or her name.

ANOTHER

Arrange the company in a line or circle around the room. Let the first one announce a line of poetry. The second must follow with a line that rhymes with the first and agrees with it in meter or measure. The third must follow with another, and so on around. If there are many in the company the last word of the first line should be one that has plenty of rhyming words. If the company is small, more difficult rhymes may be selected. In a recent game the following was the result. The first one repeated a line from one of Bryant's poems, and the others followed as indicated:

1. "Heaped in the hollows of the grove,"
 2. Lie all the ashes from our stove.
 3. We'll scatter them all round the coals,
 4. And cover up the treasure-trove.
 5. Then you and I together, love,
 6. Will all around this country rove.
- A good deal of amusement is afforded by the odd and incongruous lines that are sometimes given. The line must be supplied in a given time, say one minute or a forfeit must be paid.

Tommy's Difficult Place.

Tommy stood still in the street, considering. He had come to a difficult place in his life. He was errand boy in general in the great shop where he worked, and as a rule, nobody could have been found more willing and prompt at doing errands than he. Today he was troubled. In his hand were several pieces of money, and with them he was expected to buy several bottles of a certain kind of beer of which the workmen in his room were fond. Tommy had known this for some days, and that they drank too much of it. In truth, Tommy's opinion was that a single drop was too much. But he was a new boy, and they were grown men, and of course he said nothing. He had been sent for hammers, and saws, and nails, and once, for a man's dinner, and had been prompt and willing, but this was a new errand.

He had dropped his chisel and seized his hat, from force of habit, as soon as the order came, and was out of doors before he had taken time to consider. Then he remembered who he was. A member of the Loyal Legion, wearing the Greek cross of honor; pledged against touching beer himself, pledged to use honorable ways to keep others from touching it. Was it "honorable" to go for it, and bring it to those tempted men? Wasn't that a sense in which that was "touching" it?

"They will get it anyway, whether you bring it or not," said a voice in his ear.

"What if they do," said Conscience in reply; "you can't help that; but you can help carrying it to them."

"You will lose your place," said the Voice, and the men will swear at you, and cuff you."

"What of that?" said Conscience, "you didn't promise to keep your pledge if it was easy, and every one treated you well; you promised."

"So I did," said Tommy; "O, dear! I ought not to go for that beer. But I shall get into trouble; what shall I do?"

Then a verse he had learned but the night before, seemed to come quietly and stand beside him. This was it: "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses." "I don't see how the Lord can help me," said Tommy, "the boss himself drinks beer, and he'll take the part of the men; but I'll try it."

What a fortunate thing for Tommy that he did not have to go a mile or two to find One who was to help! There would not have been time for that. And it was well that he did not have to kneel down in the street, for that would have brought a crowd around him, and made much trouble; all he had to do was to speak so quietly that he did not even hear his own voice. Just a call for help! No explanation was necessary. Then he turned and went quickly back to the shop.

"Back already?" said one; "where is the beer?"

"I can't get it, sir; I forgot at the moment; that is, I mean I did not know what I ought to do; but I'm a Loyal Legioner, sir; pledged, you know, not to touch it or help anybody else to it; and of course I couldn't."

For a few seconds the shop reeked with profanity; then one, older than the others, said:

"Look here, boys; quit that. I'm no teetotaler myself, but it would be better for me if I was. I like the chap's pluck. I shouldn't want my youngster to bring beer, and this one needn't if he isn't a mind to. We'll let him alone."

Some of the men growled. One said: "I'll not swallow him; but I'll tell the boss; he said Tommy was to do our bidding."

Sure enough; the "boss" happening to appear at that moment, was appealed to, and heard the story. He turned and looked steadily at the trembling Tommy. "So that is your stamp, is it, my boy? I guess you'll do upstairs; I've been thinking about it and trying to decide. You may take off your apron and report up there."

Now, "up-stairs" was a pleasant room with pleasant men, and the wages were a dollar a week more. Tommy had had a trembling hope that he might be promoted there by springing if he worked hard all the fall and winter. As he marched across the long room to which he was bidding goodbye so soon, he smiled broadly as he said to himself: "And he bringeth them out of their distresses."

THE FIELD OF COMMERCE.

Some Items of Interest to the Busy Business Man.

The offerings of hogs at Toronto are liberal, and prices are weak at \$4.50 to \$4.70 for the best selections.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific continue to show increases. For the third week of November they increased \$46,000.

Business on the Toronto Stock Exchange has become quite active. A feature is the advance within a few days of about three per cent. in Consumers Gas Stock. Commercial Cable is the most active stock, and it is also higher.

The shipments from Nanaimo, B.C., for October, of coal to foreign ports, were 53,577 tons as against 53,587 tons for the previous month. The New Vancouver Coal Co. sent 16,677 tons; Wellington, 19,460 tons, and Union 17,450 tons.

Gold engagements at New York on Tuesday for export were \$1,225,000, considerably less than had been expected. This would certainly suggest that last week's heavy shipments disposed of a good part of the "short exchange," which has been overhanging the sterling market. The gold reserve is now down to \$80,924,000.

The deposits in the Government savings banks for the month of October were \$313,871, and the withdrawals for the same time \$394,592, being an excess of \$80,721 in withdrawals over deposits. The balance on 31st October was \$17,612,881, against \$17,693,602 on 30th September last. On the 31st of October, 1894, the balance at the credit of depositors was \$17,454,000.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada increased 1,895,000 bushels for the past week, and the total is now 62,221,000 bushels, as against 83,974,000 a year ago. The amount on passage to Europe increased 640,000 bushels last week, the total being 26,800,000. A year ago the total visible supply decreased 600,000 bushels during the week.

Trade in wholesale circles is, if anything, quieter, and a good many houses are stock-taking, or preparing for the same. Boot and shoe retailers are doing better. For groceries the demand is less active in a wholesale way, and teas are quite dull. An auction sale of some \$30,000 worth of fire-damaged Japans and blacks was held a few days ago, at which very fair prices were realized. Dried fruits are scarce in a good many lines, and values are stiffening materially. A little more enquiry is reported for leather, but the business doing is still very limited. Two English buyers were in the market this week, but apparently their views and those of local dealers were wide apart. Hides are just as they were a week ago. Metals, cements, oils, paints, etc., are all quiet. There has been an easing off in values of dairy products, with a lessened movement. Some houses claim to be getting a little better paid, but the improvement in collections generally looked for this fall, does not seem to have materialized to any very appreciable degree.

There is no decided change in the trade situation at Toronto. Generally speaking, business in wholesale departments is quiet, and the orders of a sortering character. Some improvement is expected, but, judging from reports, we are inclined to believe that the turnover will hardly come up to anticipations. The prices of leading staple goods are unchanged, and in some instances very firm. Payments are said to be satisfactory. There is a good export trade in apples and hay, but the wheat market is dull with the tendency downwards. The movement of wheat east from Manitoba is large, and in consequence of abundant supplies, the outlook is not bright for any advance in price. The offerings of hogs are large and increasing, which accounts for the decline in prices. The beef market appears to be thoroughly demoralized. Forequarters of fair beef sell at 1-2c. to 2c. per lb., and it is hard to get rid of even at these prices. It is not more than six months ago that beef sold at the highest prices in Toronto for many years, and in that short space of time prices have tumbled to the lowest. The money markets are steady, with no particular change in rates. Speculation is more active, and securities are higher.

This Way of Putting It.—Is there one fountain pen better than another? Well, no; I should say, however, that there are a good many fountain pens worse than others.

AN OLD TIME CHRISTMAS.

HOW DINNER WAS SERVED IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Bear's Head, With Rosemary Brought in to the Music of Trumpets—Roasted Peacock the Pride of the Feast—Barbarous Appetites of Brave Knights and Fair Ladies.

It was a gay scene—that great hall, where the yule log was blazing in the immense fireplace, big enough for two whole oxen to be roasted therein; the high rafters festooned with branches of holly, holme, laurel and ivy; the wide portal crowned with mistletoe, and the table, which was literally a board of boards, all of oak and polished till they shone, stretching the whole length of the room 160 feet.

Twelve o'clock has just struck, and the household is mustering in the magnificent hall, it being "covering time," or the hour for preparing the tables for dinner. The steward in his gown, a most important looking personage, is standing at the uppermost part of the hall, surrounded by most of the chief officers. The table is neatly covered with a purple velvet cloth, saltcellars and trenchers, under the supervision of the usher of the hall.

The yeomen of the ewery and pantry, conducted by the yeoman usher, then enter the dining chamber. As they pass through the door they bow reverentially, and they do the same upon approaching the table. They then lay down at the side of each trencher a knife "hafted with silver" and a spoon. No forks are laid, for these convenient articles have not yet been invented. Next in succession comes the yeoman of the cellar, who dresses the sideboard with wines, flagons, drinking cups and such vessels as are assigned to his care. The yeoman of the butlery follows him, and brings up beer and ale, and arranges the pewter pots, jugs, and so forth, on the sideboard.

THE DINNER TIME

has now fully arrived, and the steward's command is taken by a gentleman usher, who knocks respectfully at the door of the state chamber and summons King Richard and his nobles and guests to dinner. In they come, dressed in their court attire, the king and his lords in magnificent long green colored velvet tunics, silken hose and red leather boots, with very long points; the pretty girl queen, Anne of Bohemia, and her ladies in particolored kirtles of white and blue, cotehardies edged with fur, and their hair done up in a gold fret or cone of network.

When the guests were assembled and seated, the king and queen occupying a dais above the others, the trumpets sounded, and a band of musicians entered the hall. The server followed them, bearing upon a huge golden platter a boar's head dressed with sweet rosemary and rose leaves.

The boar's head, with a great golden pimper placed between its tusks, is then placed upon the table, where it is served with mustard sauce, and the Christmas dinner begins. No napkins or forks are used, and brave knights and noble ladies wipe their greasy hands upon the tablecloth and throw the discarded bones and pickings upon the floor.

Besides the famous boar's head, the first course consists of roasted beef joints, pigs roasted, venison with frumenty (a curious concoction of boiled wheat and eggs seasoned with sugar and spices), broth of pork and onions, custard and subtlety, the latter being an ornamental dish representing a ship, a castle, or a human being, just as the taste of the cook dictated.

The second course is introduced by the bringing in of a peacock with all its gay plumage on and its whole body covered with leaf of gold. A singular dish, is it not? Like the subtlety, it must be intended merely for an ornamental dish. Not at all. It was a real dish to eat.

THE PEACOCK

was stuffed with all manner of spices and sweet herbs, thoroughly roasted, basted with yolk of egg, served with plenty of gravy, and was considered the greatest delicacy of the Christmas feast. It is something of a task, as you may imagine, to prepare this bird of Juno for the table. The skin was carefully removed before it was baked, and then, when it was taken from the oven and cooled, the skin was sewed on again dexterously, not so much as a feather being ruffled. It was carried to the table on a silver basin, with a lighted piece of cotton, which had been saturated in alcohol, placed in its "beak." No part of the dinner was so eagerly anticipated as this, and all manner of vows were pledged over the beautiful bird. The chronicles of the middle ages record many of these vows.

Jellies of meat or fish, all manner of fowls, roasted or boiled capons, hams, pies of carp, tongues, mutton pies and plum puddings followed in due order, and these were displaced by a dish of jelly, fruits and another subtlety. There were but few vegetables to accompany the various dishes of meat and fowl.

After the solid food was disposed of, wine and ale were drunk in profuse quantities. One wonders how they could eat and drink so much. People had barbarous appetites in those days, and a lady of rank would swallow two or three tankards of ale at a single meal.

This dinner on that long ago Christmas day lasted two hours. In the evening there was mere feasting, and the historian amazes us by the vast enumeration of swine, oxen, sheep, pigs, hares, kids and fowls slaughtered and the tons of ale and wine drunk. England was merry England then, and rude license and boisterous cheer characterized the Yuletide festival. Yet doubtless we who eat our Christmas dinner with much less form and noise enjoy ourselves as truly. Certainly, we have more refinement than those fair ladies and gallant knights, who grazed their fingers and soiled the tablecloth eating the boar's head and the stuffed peacock and the frumenty at that Christmas dinner of the fourteenth century.

HEALTH.

Digestibility of Fats.

The human system cannot long remain in a condition of health without the inclusion of fats in the dietary. On the other hand, too much fat quickly proves injurious, and deranges the digestive organs.

Persons of weak digestion, as well as invalids and children, have as a rule, a distaste for fats, with the exception of a few of the more digestible, such as butter and cream.

Cod liver oil is among the most easily digestible of fats, and on account of its high nutritive quality is one of the most valuable, especially to weak, irritable children who are inclined to nervousness, skin disorders, or to winter or chronic coughs.

Pains should be taken to make cod liver oil assimilable where it seems at first to disagree with the stomach. A few drops only may be given in the beginning, and the quantity increased slowly, when after a few weeks it will often be found to be readily digested. This improvement is probably due to the increased vitality generated by the oil, as well as to the toleration acquired for it.

Large quantities of fat taken with food cause indigestion, the fat forming a thin film about the particles of food. In some instances, nevertheless, fat aids digestion. Thus the addition of butter or cream to roasted potato renders less liable to form into large lumps in the stomach.

Most persons have noticed that fats in a melted state are more indigestible than when cold. This is especially true of mutton and pork. Such fats are much more digestible when thoroughly mixed with starchy food. Thus children who almost always dislike fat will usually enjoy sweet pudding, which, if light and well cooked, is nourishing and wholesome.

Fat is practically unchanged in the stomach, but is digested farther along in the digestive tract.

The fat of roast beef is especially nourishing; that of pork is at its best when sliced thin and thoroughly cooked, as in the form of bacon, which may usually be taken and enjoyed even by a delicate stomach.

Fats furnish energy for muscular activity, and for the heating of the body. They are stored to some extent in the tissues, where they serve as a protection to the body and also as so much fuel to be used for bodily energy.

Harmfulness of Cough Mixtures.

Speaking of cough mixtures the editor of the Medical Journal has this to say: "The great harm these products produce is almost unlimited, and should be regarded as a relic of ancient and unscientific methods of practice. Cough mixtures, as a general rule, do more harm than good, and their reckless and indiscriminate use should be carefully considered by physicians. A patient comes to you with a cough. The first thing you do is to give him a cough mixture, and nine times out of ten the principal ingredient is opium. This true opium may lessen the tendency to cough, but it does a great damage by arresting the normal secretions, and the system becomes affected by the poisons from the kidneys, the skin, stomach, intestines, the pulmonary structures, and the mucous membrane lining of the upper air passages. You might as well take a brush and varnish your patient all over as to fill him up with cough mixtures. Death is almost as certain from one as from the other, and yet they recover often in spite of the cough mixture. Not only do these mixtures arrest every secretion in the body, but they also show their deteriorating and degrading effect through the stomach. They contain nauseants which tend to disorder and derange digestion.

Ice Cream as a Remedy.

Those persons, and their number is legion, whose fondness for this summer dessert is such that they are designated ice-cream fiends, will be glad to know that the value of ice-cream as a remedy for certain intestinal troubles is being advanced. Some, indeed most, physicians permit it through typhoid fever, always insisting it shall be of the purest make. To the story recently going the rounds in print, of the entire cure of a case of ulcer of the stomach by the sole and persistent use of ice cream, may be added that of a woman. She suffered from a serious affection of the eyes, directly traceable to indigestible disturbances, and her physician finally put her upon ice-cream as a sole diet. For eleven months she literally lived upon ice-cream with the result to affect a complete and apparently permanent cure. The theory is that the cream furnishes ample nourishment, while the diseased intestines, chilled by the low temperature of the food, are prevented from getting up inflammation during the process of digestion carried on by the healthy parts.

One of the most famous log chutes in the west, at La Grande, Ont., is to be cut up for cordwood, but the timber immediately tributary to it having been cut away. The chute is one and a half miles long from top to bottom, and during its period of use more than 3,400,000 feet of logs have been coasted through it down the mountain side.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Constipation.

It cost four times as much to govern American cities as to govern Great Britain.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy.

MRS. E. B. WORDEN.

The Wife for Him.

Candid Friend—I say, Chatterton, you ought to marry an intellectual woman. Chatterton (much pleased)—Do you think so? Why?

Candid Friend—So that your children will have some brains.

The best cough cure is Shiloh's Cure. A neglected cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

A Prince Edward Island Lady Speaks for the Benefit of Her Sex.

Had No Appetite, was Pale and Easily Exhausted—Subject to Severe Spells of Dizziness, and other Distressing Symptoms.

Tignish, P.E.I., May 30th, 1895.

To the Editor of L'Impartial: Dear Sir—I see by your paper the names of many who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I ought to let my case be known as I am sure that many women might be benefited as I have been. For a number of years I have been almost an invalid. I did not know the nature of my malady. I had a tired feeling, being exhausted at the least exertion. I had no appetite and was very pale. I sometimes felt like lying down never to rise. A dizziness would sometimes take me causing me to drop where I would be. During these spells of dizziness I had a roaring sound in my head. I took medical treatment but found no relief. My husband and father both drew my attention to the many articles which appeared from time to time in your paper concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I had no faith in them, in fact I had lost faith in all medicines and was resigned to my lot, thinking that my days were numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink Pills. I had not taken them long before I felt an improvement and hope revived. I ordered more and continued taking the pills for three months and I must say that to-day I am as well and strong as ever and the many ailments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recovery to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and hope by telling you that that others may be benefited by them.



A Dizziness Would Overtake Me.

I had a roaring sound in my head. I took medical treatment but found no relief. My husband and father both drew my attention to the many articles which appeared from time to time in your paper concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I had no faith in them, in fact I had lost faith in all medicines and was resigned to my lot, thinking that my days were numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink Pills. I had not taken them long before I felt an improvement and hope revived. I ordered more and continued taking the pills for three months and I must say that to-day I am as well and strong as ever and the many ailments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recovery to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and hope by telling you that that others may be benefited by them.

Mrs. William Perry.

After reading the above letter we went a reporter to interview Mrs. Perry and she repeated what she had already stated in her letter. Her husband, William Perry, and her father, Mr. J. H. Lander, J.P. and fishery warden, corroborated her statements.—Ed. L'Impartial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

People make pure, rich blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. They cure when other medicines fail and are beyond all question the greatest life-saving medicine ever discovered. Sold by all dealers, but only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in loose form, by the hundred or ounce, are imitations and should be avoided, as they are worthless and perhaps dangerous.

Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly at Athens. Its contents are written entirely in verse, even to the advertisements.

A BERLIN LADY CURED LIKE MAGIC

By the Use of South American Nervine—A Miraculous Case Told of by Mrs. J. Hallam, of Berlin, Ont., Stubbora Facts That Cannot be Controverted.

REAT risks do not always come most closely with great calamities. Hairbreadth escapes and miraculous freedom from disaster are not uncommon. It is in the common ways of life that the serious consequences most often follow. Men and women will battle with some of the worst forms of disease, and come out conquerors. But the outcome of some slight indiscretion will lead to a undermining of the system, and there will follow general debility and break-up.

It is in cases like this that that great discovery—South American Nervine gets in some of its greatest work. Mrs. J. Hallam, wife of a well-known produce merchant of Berlin, Ont., ran down in health. Strive as she might, she could not gain strength. Medicines were taken in generous quantities, but terrible weakness remained. She secured a bottle of South American Nervine, and in her own words: "The rest was like magic. It restored me to perfect health, and I have never felt better in my life. Some time ago my little girl was left her weak and nervous to a degree that I feared. I used Nervine in her case, and in one week she was as well as ever."

There is nothing artificial about South American Nervine. A stimulant will help the system for the time being, but Nervine cures permanently in all cases.

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Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity and constantly increasing sales. It is perfectly and permanently cures catarrh, rheumatism, soreth, salt rheum, in fact all blood diseases.

"Before my husband began using Hood's Sarsaparilla he was nervous and had scarcely any appetite, but when he had taken it a week he felt better, and by the time he had taken one bottle he was entirely well." Mrs. G. A. PARKINSON, Mendon, Mass. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5. Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents.

Expelled

—every poison and impurity of your blood, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Then there's a clear skin and a clean system. Test it. Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings, and all Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blood impurity or eruption to the worst scrofula, these are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

In building up needed flesh and strength of pale, puny, scrofulous children, nothing can equal it. Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Address, in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

CHOICE SITUATIONS.

Does it pay to get a good business education? W. C. McCarver, Principal, Duluth Business University, Duluth, Minn.; W. Irwin, Bookkeeper and Cashier, Cowan Mutual Insurance Co., Toronto; Miss Minnie Tustin, Stenographer, Barber & Ellis Paper Co., Bay St., Toronto; W. S. Woods, Manager, New York Business College, New York City; R. A. Kella, Penman, New York Business College, New York City; E. J. Shaw, Principal, Bliss Business College, North Adams, Mass.; Wm. Hammond, Reporter, "Globe," Toronto; Miss Ada Johnston, Stenographer, John Stark & Sons, Stock Brokers, Toronto; C. W. Laycock, Bookkeeper, Michigan Railway Supply Co., Detroit; Wm. McIntosh, Commercial Master, Bliss Business College, Toronto; Frank Foster, Short-hand Teacher, New York Business College, New York City; Miss Emma Mullin, Stenographer, Sanson, Kennedy & Co., Toronto; J. J. Arnold, Foreign Ledger Keeper, First National Bank, Chicago; H. Malott, Manager, J. Phillips Show Case Manufacturing Co., Detroit; J. J. Goodwin, Chief Clerk, Pinkerton Detective Agency, Philadelphia; E. L. McCain, Penman, Brooklyn Business College; D. McGregor, Stenographer, Chicago & Rock Island Railway, Chicago.

These are a few of the thousands of students trained by Messrs. Shaw & Elliott, who own two fine Commercial Schools and each college bears the name "Central Business College"—one school is located in Stratford, the other in Toronto. We understand that some of the students in the latter list receive salaries of over one thousand dollars per annum. It certainly pays to get a business education if you get it in a good school, and we can recommend the Central Business College of Toronto and Stratford to all our young Canadian friends. The courses of study are right up to date and very practical. These two schools enjoy a wide-spread popularity and deservedly so. They have the reputation of being the best in Canada. Write to either school for a handsome catalogue.

Will you take this here woman for better or wuss?

"Will you take this here woman for better or wuss?" "I'll take her for marryin' of you" was the unique manner in which a Georgia justice united two lives. Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief, speedily cures. Never fails. Australia has a population of less than 5,000,000, but economists declare it could support 100,000,000 with ease. Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it. Lieuts. Churchill and Barnes of the British army have been decorated with the Red Cross for gallantry with the Spanish forces in Cuba.

A Wide Range.

A preparation which enriches and purifies the blood and assists nature in repairing wasted tissue must have a wide range of usefulness. Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anæmia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with loss of flesh.

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SAUSAGE CASINGS. Finest imported English sheep and narrow American hog casings, at right prices. Park, Blackwell & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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FERTILE LANDS of extraordinary fertility

in healthy location; immense profits on shipping winter grown vegetables to northern markets. No clearing, drainage or irrigation needed. Low prices; easy terms. W. J. FENTON, 203 Church Street, Toronto

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from Windmills, Fire Department Supplies and Waterworks Plants down to Engine Packing of the best kind. J. E. NAUD, Manufacturers' Agent, 2257 Notre Dame St., Montreal

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27th Year. Most widely attended in America. For catalogue, address ROBINSON & JOHNSON, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoa and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

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

BICYCLES—"THE SUN" A Strictly High Grade Wheel, at a Moderate Price. None for sale elsewhere. G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure, we guarantee the work and we will explain the business fully, and we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work absolutely sure. Write at once, Address D.T. Morgan, Manager, Box A, 3, Windsor, Ont.

TWO SCHOOLS UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT

Business College TORONTO AND STRATFORD, ONT. Unquestionably the leading Commercial Schools of the Dominion; advantages best in Canada; moderate rates; students may enter at any time; write to either school and mention this paper. SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

DON'T COUGH YOUR LUNGS AWAY, USE DEW'S GERMAN BREAST BALSAM, AND BE CURED OF THE COUGH. Sold by Druggists At 25 and 50 cents.

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Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile & Gravel Roofers. Sheet Metal Ceilings, Terra Cotta Tile, Red Brick and Green Roofing Slate, Metal Cornices, Felt, Tar, Roofing, Etc. Gutters, Downpipes, Etc., supplied the trade. Telephone 1988. Adelaide & Widmer Sts. TORONTO.

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windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branches of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the regular price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 124, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

\$500,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS FOR INVESTMENT at lowest rates. Special arrangements may be made for Church Loans. Apply to Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt, Chadwick & Riddell, Bank of Toronto Offices, Church Street Toronto

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By careful speculation in Grain through a reliable and successful firm. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES TO MAKE PROFIT BY OUR NEW PLANS. FULLY EXPLAINED AND SENT FREE! HIGHEST BANK REFERENCES.

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ROOM C. OMAHA BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away!

WATERBURY makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days. **QUARANTENED TOBACCO HABIT CURE**. Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own health will guarantee a cure. A free funded Booklet, written by a physician and complete. Address THE STERLING TOBACCO CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

CASCARETS

Live Stock Markets.

The receipts to-day at the Western cattle market were 40 loads, which included three hundred hogs, about 200 sheep and lambs and 25 calves. This was nine loads less than the receipts of Tuesday. With the exception of the made-in first-class export cattle and good hogs, the market was simply dead, the Christmas trade being fully supplied, and quite a number of cattle could not find a buyer.

Butchers' cattle—To show the tendency in this class it is only necessary to state that Mr. Leveek bought three loads of very nice animals and only paid from 2c to 2½c. These were worth last market fully ½c to ¾c per lb. more. Many lots of poorer quality were left unsold and it is no use sending them to Toronto now expecting them to realize anything like a fair price.

Export cattle—Offerings were not in excess of the demand, the ruling prices being from 3½c to 4c per lb. First-class stock brought a little higher prices.

Bulls for export—Mr. Crawford picked up a load of fairly good animals, the prices paid being from 3c to 4c per lb.

Stockers—No demand. In some instances jobbers who had a poorer quality of butchers' cattle in tried to find a market for them as stockers, but failed.

Sheep—Good shipping sheep were worth from 2½c to 3c per lb. Supply fully up to demand.

Lambs—The demand is already well filled until after Christmas. The ruling prices are 3½c to 3¾c live weight.

Calves—Good medium calves sold at from \$4 to \$6 per head. The demand was fairly good.

Milk cows—Poor market. One man had a beast for sale which he guaranteed to give ten quarts of milk per day. He could not find a buyer at \$15. The highest price realized was \$2.

Hogs—Mr. Harris bought everything offered, prices ruling the same as last market, 3½c to 3¾c. He stated that next week strictly "singers" will be worth 10c higher.

East Buffalo, Dec 20—Cattle—20 cars through and 5 on sale; market dull and fully ½c lower than the opening prices of the week. Hogs—12 cars through and 83 on sale; market very dull and lower; good Yorkers, \$3 57½ to \$3 60; light lots, \$3 65 to \$3 70; pigs, \$3 70 to \$3 75; roughs, \$3 to \$3 15; stags \$2 75 to \$3.

Sheep and lambs—3 cars through and 45 on sale; market is the worst ever known for sheep; good fat lambs, about steady; others slow and lower; good 85 to 95 lb sheep, \$2 to \$2 25; choice 105 lbs, \$2 35 to \$2 40; culls to fair lots, \$1 15 to \$1 85; yearlings good to extra, \$2 75 to \$3 50; culls and common \$2 75 to \$3 25. Cattle closed very dull and weak. Hogs closed very dull and weak but bulk of those that arrived late were sold; late sales of Yorkers were made at \$3 55. Sheep and lambs—Market closed exceedingly dull for all kinds of sheep and slow for lambs; 7 loads of Canada lambs were on sale and sold at \$4 40 to \$4 60 mostly \$4 45 to \$4 55.

Chesley curling club have chosen Messrs Murphy and Adams, Tankards for the season.

The Presbyterian church in Pinker ton will hold its annual soiree on the evening of December 31.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures it in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store.

Save your Ammonia Soap wrapper. When you have 25 Ammonia or 10 Pure Soap wrappers, send them to us and a 1 cent stamp for postage and we will mail you free a handsome picture for framing. A list of Pictures around each bar. Ammonia Soap has no equal—we recommend it. Write your name plainly on the outside of the wrapper and address: W. A. BRADSHAW & Co., 48 & 50 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont. Sold by all general merchants and grocers. Give it a trial.

The Department of Education has informed P. S. Board that the principal must discontinue H. S. work. This means that no work beyond the Public School Leaving will be allowed to be taught in any public schools, and the School Board having a teacher do this work efficiently is a University graduate. It has just come to light that only H.S. work do H.S. work.


Shiloh's Cure is... It cures Incipient Consumption, the best Cough Cure. One dose, 25 cts., 50 cts., and 1 dollar, for sale at the People's Drug Store, May, by J. A. Wilson.

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

R-I-P-A-N-S

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ailments of humanity.




KOOTENAY CURED WHERE 50 DOCTORS FAILED.

For a number of years I was greatly troubled with a skin disease. I went to Hot Springs, Ark., and I actually believe I consulted over fifty doctors at different times without getting any relief. I took one bottle of your Kootenay Cure and it has cured me. Previous to using it I was unable to shave. It is no doubt a wonderful medicine. I recommend it most highly. Yours truly, A. TRUMAN, 109 King St. E., Hamilton, Ont.

Dulmage

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE, ASK FOR!

- Carpets,
- State Carpet,
- Window Carpet,
- Window Hollands,
- Lace Curtains, 40c. to \$5 per set.
- Art Muslin, bleached and colored.
- Tabling,
- Cretones,
- Salisbury Cloth,
- Verona Cord,
- Printed Challies,
- Wool Delaines,
- Pink and cream Cashmere and every other shade
- Navy Vellings,
- Net Vellings,
- Navy and Blk Dress Serges
- Lawn Victorias,
- Lawn checks,
- Blouse stripes,
- Flannelets—17 patterns.
- Shaker Flannelet,
- Carpet warp,
- W-aving warp,
- Bikee Dress Silk,
- Black Satin,
- Velvete and Flashes
- Brown Holland,
- Valises,
- Lunch Baskets,
- Churns,
- Butter Trays and Ladies' Washbats,
- Crockery,
- Glassware,
- Hardware,
- Liniment Medicines,
- Top Oulons,
- Potato Oulons,
- Dutch sets,
- Garden Seals,
- Brushes, all kinds,
- Washing Soda,
- Whiting,
- Raw Oil,
- Lye,
- Turpentine,
- Castor Oil by the lb.
- Stone Crocks,
- Earthenware Crocks,
- Milk Pans,
- Wash Bolders,
- Tea Kettles,
- do copper,
- Pish Pans,
- Felt Hats, just to hand,
- Straw Hat for 500 heads,
- Lace Frillings,
- Ties and Collars,
- Top Shirts,
- Dress Shirts,
- Scissors,
- Knives and Forks,
- Spools,
- Teapots,
- Canned Goods,
- Plow Lines,
- Red Coras,
- Marbles,
- Wire Clotheslines,
- Baby Carriages,
- Croquet,
- Spices.

Our Print sales are averaging 50 yards a day. Stacks of them left & designs exquisite and prices right. Tweed and Worsted Suitings in great variety.


Lakelet.

A remarkable cure.—J. W. Jennison, Gilford, spent between \$200 and \$300 in consulting doctors; tried Dixon's and all other treatments but got no benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all other remedies, in fact I consider myself cured, and with a 25 cent box at that.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages, in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by Mildmay Drug Store.

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitutes, or inclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.



Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

Strayed!

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 84, con. D. Carrick, on or about Nov. 15, 1895 a Heifer. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

47-49 ARCH REDDON, Mildmay.

Boar for Service!

THOROUGH BRED Berkshire Boar, registered pedigree hog, will be kept for service on lot 8, con. 18, Howick. Terms \$1 00, payable at time of service with privilege of returning if necessary.

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

Wanted RELIABLE MEN to sell our IMPROVED FARM SEEDS! Paying side line. NO EST SALARY OR COMMISSION PAID WEEKLY. Outfit free. Can be carried in the pocket. Experience not necessary. Big pay assured workers. Write at once and secure exclusive and choice territory to

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

Mortgage Sale.

Of valuable property in Mildmay, in the County of Bruce.

Under power of sale in Mortgage from JOHN BUTLER assigned to the Vendor, there will be offered for sale by public auction by Ferdinand Huserperger, Auctioneer, at Hank's Hotel, Mildmay, on Saturday, January 11, 1896, at 1 p. m., that valuable property being composed of village lot 24, fronting on Elora street, Mildmay, in Johnston's subdivision of Park Lot "L," a subdivision of Farm Lot 26, Con. D. Carrick, containing 1.5 acres in re or less.

The premises are erected a frame dwelling 1 1/2 stories high with frame addition and a frame stable. The property is fenced and in a good state of repair. Immediate possession will be given. Terms of sale: \$1 per cent cash on day of sale and balance in 20 days thereafter without interest.

For particulars apply to F. HUSERPERGER, or to A. COLLINS, Auctioneer, Vendor's Solicitor, Mildmay, Walkerton.

THE LONDON WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND FARM AND HOME

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

BOTH PAPERS To 31st December 1896 FOR \$1

ONE DOLLAR!

The WEEKLY FREE PRESS and FARM AND HOME, combined in one issue, uniform in size and appearance, is offered to subscribers from now until the 31st December, 1896, for

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The Mildmay Gazette

until January 1st 1897,

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Plain or Fancy Of Every Description

- Bill Heads
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Neat, Clean Work Prices Moderate

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Gazette  **Office**

MILDMA Y, ONT.

CHURCHES.

EVANGELICAL.—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 3 p.m. C. Liesmer, Superintendent. Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practices Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. HASTIE, Pastor.

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

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

LUTHERAN.—Rev. Dr. Miller, pastor. Services the last three Sundays of every month at 8:30 p.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m.

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

SOCIETIES.

C. M. F. A. No. 79—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. A. GORTZ, Pres. E. WILKINSON, Sec.

C. O. F. Court Millway, No. 156, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. LIESMER, C. R. A. CAMERON, 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, Sec.

K. O. T. M. Unity Tent No. — meets in Forester's Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. J. MCGAAN, Coun. F. X. SCHIFFER, R. K.

THE MILDWAY GAZETTE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST BRUCE.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column.....	One	Two	Three
Quarter column.....	10	20	30
Half column.....	20	40	60
Full column.....	40	80	120
Legal notices, 5c. per line for first and 4c. per line for each subsequent insertion.			
Local business notices, 5c. per line each insertion. No local insertions less than 25 cents. Contract advertising payable quarterly.			

L. A. FINDLAY.

Grand Trunk Time Table.

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Express.....	7:04 a.m.	Mixed.....	10:55 a.m.
Mail.....	11:55 a.m.	Mail.....	2:5 p.m.
Mixed.....	5:27 p.m.	Express.....	9:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Look out for a wedding in the near future. Particulars later.

—A. Kramer shipped a cargo of dressed hogs from this station on Monday.

—Jos. A. Lobsinger, of East Grand Fork, Minn., is calling on old friends.

—The Gazette wishes its numerous readers a very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

—L. A. Hinsperger shipped a number of sets of harness to Manitoba this week.

—The Clifford Express came out in a pink dress in honor of the Christmas festivities.

—Miss Jennie Johnston is spending the holiday with friends and relatives in Toronto.

—Rev. Mr. Tindall, of Walkerton, preached a very forcible sermon in the Methodist church Sunday evening.

—The holiday trade despite the unfavorable weather has been very good, but it is not to be compared with other years.

—Wm. Gordon, of Stratford, shipped a carload of lumber to Boston on Saturday. The lumber was purchased from our millmen.

—The annual public examination of the Mildmay public school was held on Friday afternoon. There was a goodly number of ratepayers present and the scholars were examined and the tuition proved that our staff of teachers were very efficient.

—Don't forget the concert in the R. C. Separate School to-morrow (Friday) evening. The annual dramatic and musical program will be presented. The management have secured the services of Master Charlie Rook, champion sword dancer of America, and Miss Myrtle Kilgour, the Little Wonder in the skirt dance. It has been usual to have a two evening's program, but the committee decided this year that one evening would be sufficient. The admission fee has been placed at 25 cents, reserved seats 35 cents.

—The prospect for the township of Carriek this year looks as if the village is not to be represented by any of the reeves. Jas. Darling is spoken of as the coming reeve, E. Seigner 1st deputy and John M. Fischer, 2nd deputy. Geo. A. Lobsinger is the only councilman so far who is almost sure of election. The above ticket would represent all the different sides of the township, north, south, east and west. Now if there will be a good man chosen for the centre in Mildmay, as far as location goes every part would be represented by a good man. It is very likely something like the above will carry and an election may be saved.

—Mrs. Henry Reuber, of Tavistock, is visiting with friends in town.

—Paul Loos, of Palmerston, spent Xmas under the parental roof.

—Miss McConnell spent this Christmas holidays with her friends at Nile.

—Mr. John Sparr spent the holiday in the bosom of his family in Wellesley.

—Murray Barrett, of Pickering is visiting with his sister Mrs. L. A. Findlay.

—Abram Fink and wife, of Woodstock visited with his parents in Neockerville over the holidays.

—Mr. and Mrs. Graff, of Clifford, and Mr and Mrs W J Cameron of Port Elgin were in town on Christmas.

—If any of our reader have any items of interest to communicate to us. We would be very glad to receive same.

—Mr. Wm. Carnegie returned home from Manitoba last week. While there he had a narrow escape from being frozen to death in a blizzard.

—The Christmas number of the Christian Guardian is to hand and it is an elegant piece of work and should be secured by all Christian workers.

—The dynamo has been moved from the woollen mill and placed in Schnitzler & Werner's planing mill. Since sufficient power has been secured the lights are a fine one.

—Now that the electric lights are running the public reading room is open nightly for our people to go in and spend a quiet hour among the master minds of our countrymen.

—The municipal elections are coming on and the man who wants to make his candidature sure should use the columns of the GAZETTE. By so doing he will reach people he would not otherwise.

—We have been appointed agent for the Temperance and General Life Assurance Co., of Toronto. Parties contemplating placing insurance on their lives should see our plans before placing elsewhere.

—Monday next is nomination day all over the Dominion. Nomination commences at 12 o'clock, noon, and continues until one o'clock. All persons interested should govern themselves accordingly.

—Santa Claus had his headquarters at J. D. Miller's store on Tuesday evening. He had a young lad dressed up as Santa and a music box in the show window. It was a great drawing card and a large crowd assembled in front of his store.

—The following officers were elected at the last meeting of the Chosen Friends P. C. E. N. Butchart; C. C. J. A. Wilson; V. C. J. D. Miller; Rec., F. C. Jasper; Treas., Geo. Herringer; Mar., G. E. Liesmer; Prelate, J. Morrison; G. Mrs. Herringer; S. W. Allan.

—What are we going to do in reference to the electric railway. Are we going to go to sleep and let such a chance of improving our railway facilities slip by. Let our business men wake up and take a hold of this matter. Call a meeting and have it thoroughly discussed. The town as a body should encourage such an institution. If we had this railway Mildmay would be away ahead of many a town of its size.

—We have been informed that there has been a gentleman around looking for a site on which to erect a furniture factory. Now Mildmay is just the place for that gentleman to start his factory and the better factory with a few changes would make a capital place for such an institution. Neustadt is making a bid for this gentleman, why should not Mildmay make a similar endeavor to get such an institution. If we had such a factory, it would be the makings of Mildmay. We have all the natural facilities for promoting any such industries, why should we not make good use of them.

—Friday evening as announced the entertainment under the auspices of the Presbyterian Sabbath School took place. At 7:30 p.m. J. H. Moore took the chairman's seat and commenced the evening's program. Singing, recitations, etc., were the early part of the evening's program. Next in order came the trip through Van Diemen's land via Mr. Hastie Magic Lantern. The views were simply fine, although at first the light was rather dim. Mr. Hastie gave a short sketch of each view as presented and when the evening's program was brought to a close every person felt benefited by the trip. There was a goodly crowd in attendance and thorough order prevailed. If Mr. Hastie has any more of his experiences to relate for the benefit of his neighbors, we would be delighted to hear him another time.

—Remember the concert on Friday evening.

—Rev. J. W. McBain and wife spent the holidays with friends in Atwood and Stratford.

—The public schools in rural districts will open for the ensuing term on Friday, 3rd of January, 1896.

—We have received a copy of the Christmas number of the Toronto Sunday Sight. The production is a credit to the publishers and should be ready sale.

—The financial statement has been printed and is now in the hands of the ratepayers, who will read it thoroughly and have everything down fine by nomination day.

—The skating rink is now ready for flooding and the proprietors are now waiting for Jack Frost's assistance to have everything in readiness for the youthful skater.

—Christmas Day is past but the effects of the festivities have not altogether passed away. Many are patiently waiting for this day week, not having had enough of the festive goose.

—Mr. August Pruss, sr., who has been in Berlin for the past month undergoing treatment for his health, returned home on Monday afternoon. We hope that his sojourn in that town has done him good.

—The other day as Mrs. Bushby was crossing over the fields to call on Mrs. John Farrell, she came across a snake which she immediately despatched. This is an uncommon animal to come across this time of year.

—John Breondel and family, of Moorefield, were in town over the holiday and assisted in devouring the festive turkey at Mrs. Bricker's. Peter Winer and John Schweitzer were also present and did their share.

—The annual Christmas Festival of the Evangelical Sabbath school took place Wednesday evening. There was a large crowd in attendance and an enjoyable time spent by all. The children did their part of the program in excellent style.

—Mr. F. Hinsperger and his nephew Louis, are going to have a shooting match to see who is the champion shootist. This will be a gala day for these gentlemen. There will be a large crowd of spectators if the day is made known when the event will take place.

—Miss Wees left for home in Shakespeare on Saturday noon and a large number of her pupils assembled at the station to bid her farewell. She has been appointed principal of a school near Ayton. The trustees of that school are to be complimented upon their selection of such a teacher.

—Our readers will kindly bear in mind that the first of February is fast drawing near and with that day will be the advent of the cash in advance system in reference to the paper. Our reader will see the feasible side of this proposition. When all our subscription are paid in advance we will be able to put forth greater effort and make the GAZETTE, the foremost weekly in this Province. If our readers will co-operate with us we will be able to do this. Now this is the time when nearly all papers are due and we would thank those in arrears if they would pay up.

—According to the daily papers there is considerable talk of war between England and the United States over the Venezuela question, and the New York Sun thinks that because the States has some 68,000,000 of a population against 5,000,000 of a population in Canada, they would have no trouble in annexing Canada. Though small in numbers we are mighty, and Uncle Sam would find that he had undertaken a bigger contract than he thought, in fact Canada would annex the United States. Some of these Yankees think they can do almost as they like with Canada, but we Canadians will put a flea in their ears that will set them thinking. That Canada is a great country goes without saying and the Americans are envious of our continued prosperity. Canada has flourished for a long number of years and will still continue to do so under the care of the British Lion. That the Screeching Eagle has more possessions now than it can attend to is quite evident from the discord that reigns in its bosom. We wish our cousins across the line every prosperity, but we do not want their interference with our family affairs. We have statesmen in this Canada of ours who are capable of attending to the helm of our nation without Yankee assistance, therefore we wish Uncle Sam to attend to his own business and we will own.

Johnston's Groceries and Dry Goods

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

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

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

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

MILDMAY * DRUG * STORE

DIAMOND AND TURKISH DYES

AT CUT PRICES

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

COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES

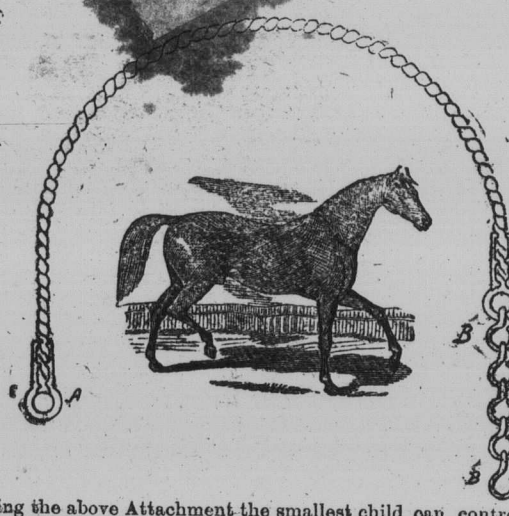
Druggists' Sundries, Etc.

R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor

Berrys Patent Horse Controller

Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.

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



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

Price, 25 cents.

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

Richard Berry, Patentee,
Mildmay, Ont.

THE NEW DRUG STORE

Next door to J. D. Miller's

A full line of the following will be found:

Card and cigar cases. Ladies and gents money holders. Visiting cards. Ladies side and back combs. Choice line of pocket combs. Choice pens, brushes, mugs &c. Choice principal liquors always on hand.

The People

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XI.

"I cannot but remember such things were, that were most precious to me. Oh! I could play the woman with mine eyes."

—Macbeth.

"To tell him herself" has some strange attraction for Clarissa. To hear, face to face, what this her oldest friend will say to her engagement with Horace is a matter of anxiety to her. She will know at once by his eyes and smile whether he approves or disapproves her choice.

Driving along the road to Scrope, behind her ponies, "Cakes" and "Ale," with her little rough Irish terrier, "Secretary Bill," sitting bolt upright beside her, as solemn as half a dozen judges, she wonders anxiously how she shall begin to tell James about it.

She hopes to goodness he won't be in his ultra-grave mood, that, as a rule, leads up to his finding fault with everything, and picking things to pieces, and generally condemning the sound judgment of others. (As a rule, Clarissa is a little unfair in her secret comments on James Scrope's character.) It will be so much better if she can only come upon him out of doors, in his homeliest mood, with a cigar between his lips, or his pipe. Yes, his pipe will be even better. Men are even more genial with a pipe than with the goodliest habana.

Well, of course, if he is the great friend he professes to be,—heavy emphasis on the verb, and a little flick of the whip on "Cakes's" quarters, which the spirited but docile creature resents bitterly,—he must be glad at the thought that she is not going to leave the country,—is, in fact, very likely to spend most of her time still in Pullingham.

Not all of it, of course. Horace has duties, and though in her secret soul she detests town life, still there is a joy in the thought that she will be with him, helping him encouraging him in his work, rejoicing in his successes, sympathizing with his fail—, but no, of course there will be no failures! How stupid of her to think of that, when he is so clever, so learned, so—

Yet it would be sweet, too, to have him fail once or twice (just a little, insignificant, not worth speaking about sort of a defeat), if only to let him see how she could love him even the more for it.

She blushes, and smiles to herself, and turning suddenly, bestows a most unexpected caress upon "Secretary Bill," who wags his short tail in return—that is, what they left him of it—lovingly, if somewhat anxiously, and glances at her sideways out of his wonderful eyes, as though desirous of assuring himself of her sanity.

Oh, yes, of course James will be delighted. And he will tell her with the gentle smile that so lights up his face, and he will take her hand, and say he is so glad, so pleased, and—

With a sharp pang she remembers how her father was neither pleased nor glad when she confided her secret to him. He had been, indeed, distressed, and confounded. He had certainly tried his hardest to conceal from her these facts, but she had seen them all the same. She could not be deceived where her father was concerned. He had felt unmistakable regret—"Be quiet, Bill! You shan't come out driving again if you can't sit still! What a bore a dog is sometimes!"

Well, after all, he is her father. It is only natural he should dislike the thought of parting from her. She thinks, with an instant softening of her heart, of how necessary she has become to him, ever since her final return home. Before that he had been dull and distant; now he is bright and cheerful, if still rather too devoted to his books to be quite good for him.

He might, indeed, be forgiven for regarding the man who should take her from him as an enemy. But Jim is different; he is a mere friend, dear and valued one, it is true, but still only a friend,—a being utterly independent of her, who can be perfectly happy without her, and therefore, of course, unrequited.

He will, she feels sure, say everything kind and sweet to her, and wish her joy sincerely.

James, too, is very sensible, and will see the good points in Horace. He evidently likes him; at least, they have always appeared excellent friends when together. Dorian, of course, is the general favorite, since he is a little more open, more outspoken, perhaps,—easier to understand; whereas, she firmly believes, she alone of all the world is capable of appreciating the innate greatness of Horace!

It is in the huge gateway of the terrier, growing excitedly to a sharp bark, and jumping merrily down the steps before she comes to her heart fails her—that she never errs—tells her not to betray any plea-

sure's approach until she is close beside him.

"What is the matter with the poor little thing?" she asks, earnestly, gazing with deep pity at the poor puppy, who whines edamously and glances up with the peculiarly tearful appealing expression that belongs to setters.

"A knock of a stone, miss, neither more nor less," exclaims the man, angrily, "that's the honest truth, Sir James, you take my word for it. Some of them rascally boys as is ever and allus about this 'ere yard and spends their lives shyn' stones at every blessed sign they sets their two eyes on, has done this. 'Ere's one of the best pups of the season, 'most ruined, and no satisfaction for it. It's a miracle if he comes round (quiet there, my beauty, and easy there now, I tell ye), and nobody does anything."

The old man stops, and regards his master reprovingly, nay, almost contemptuously.

"I really don't see why you should think it was the boys, Joe!" says Sir James, meekly.

"I warn't anythin' else, anyway," persists Joe, doggedly.

"Poor little fellow!—dear little fellow!" murmured Miss Peyton, caressing the great soft setter pup, patting its head lovingly, as it barks madly, and makes frantic efforts to get from Joe's arms to hers, while Bill shrieks in concert, being filled with an overwhelming amount of sympathy.

"Better leave him to me, Miss," says Sir James, regarding the injured innocent with a parent's eye. "He knows me. I'll treat him proper," raising his old honest weather-beaten face to Clarissa, in a solemn-reassuring manner, "you be bound. Yet them pups (disgracefully) is like children, allus ungrateful. For the sake of your handsome face, now, he'd go to you now if he could, forgetful of all my kindness to him. Well, 'tis the way of the world, I believe, winds up old Joe, rising from his knees,—cheered, perhaps, by the thought that his favorite pup, if only following the common dictates of animals, is no worse than all others.

He grumbles something else in an undertone, and finally carries off the pup to his kennel.

"I am too amazed for speech," says Sir James, rising also to his feet, and contemplating Clarissa with admiration. "That man," pointing to Joe's retiring figure, "has been in my father's service, and in mine, for fifty years, and never before did I hear a civil word from his lips. I think he said your face was handsome, just now—or was I deceived?"

"I like Joe," says Miss Peyton, elevating her rounded chin. "I don't right esteem him. He knows where beauty lies."

"How he differs from the rest of the world!" says Scrope, not looking at her.

"Does he? That is unkind, I think. Why," says Clarissa, with a soft laugh, full of mischief, "should any one be blind to the claims of beauty?"

"Why, indeed? It is, as I have been told, 'A joy forever.' No one nowadays disputes anything they are told, do they?"

"Don't be cynical, Jim," says Miss Peyton, softly. "What an awful thing it will be if, now when her story is ably sympathetically told—"

"Well, I won't," says Scrope, amiably, which much relieves her. And then he looks lovingly at the pup behind his back ever since her arrival, and sighs heavily, and proceeds to knock the ashes out of it.

"Oh, don't do that," says Clarissa, entreatingly. "I really wish you wouldn't!" (This is the strict truth.) "You know you are dying for a smoke, and I—perfectly love the smell of tobacco. There is, therefore, no reason why you should deny yourself."

"Are you really quite sure?" says Scrope, politely and hopefully.

"Quite utterly. But it is in your mouth again. And—do you mind—under her soft flush hat,—I want you to come for a little walk with me."

"To the end of the world, with you, would be a short walk," says Scrope, with a half-laugh, but a ring in his tone that, to a woman heart-whole and unoccupied with thoughts of another man, must have meant much. "Command me, madam."

"I have something very—very—very important to tell you," says Miss Peyton, earnestly. "This time she looks at her long black gloves, not at him, and makes a desperate dash to button an already obedient little bit of ivory.

They have turned into the orchard, now bereft of blossom, and are strolling carelessly along one of its side-paths. The earth is looking green, and the trees bare; for autumn—green, and autumn—has stretched its hand "to reap the world," and you listening to me?" asks she, presently, seeing he makes no response to her first move.

"Intently." He has not the very faintest idea of her meaning, so speaks in a tone light and half-amused that leads her to betray her secret sooner than otherwise she might have done. "Is it an honest mystery," he says carelessly, "or a common ghost-story, or a state secret? Break it to me gently."

"There is nothing to break," says Clarissa, softly. "Then she looks down at the strawberry borders at her side, now brown and aged—and then says, in a very low tone, "I am going to be married!"

There is a dead silence. Sir James says nothing. He walks on beside her, an unflinching footstep, his hands clasped in their behind his back. The sun glimmers on the birds as warbling (under protest) thickly; yet, I think the sun, nor heeds for the moment with him, after that huskily, yet with possession that

the middle of the path. His face when gray, but his manner is quite as it is!" he asks, presently, very coldly.

"Branscombe,"—coldly.

"It had been Dorian," he says, emphatically.

"And why?" demands she, angrily. She is feeling wounded, disappointed at his receipt of her news; and now the climax has come. Like her father, he, too, prefers Dorian,—nay, by his tone, casts a slur upon Horace. The implied dislike cuts her bitterly to the heart.

"What evil thing have you to say of Horace," she goes on, vehemently, "that you so emphatically declare in favor of Dorian? What you are with him you profess great friendship for him, and now behind his back you seek to malign him to the woman he loves."

"You are unjust," says Scrope, wearily. "I know nothing bad of Horace. I merely wished it had been Dorian. No, I have nothing to say against Horace."

"Then why do you look as if you had?" says Miss Peyton, pettishly, frowning a little, and letting her eyes rest on him for a moment only, to withdraw thought and hope, but for a moment. "Your manner suggests many things. You are like papa—"

She pauses, feeling she has made a false move, and wishes vainly her last words unsaid.

"Does your father disapprove, then?" asks he, more through idleness than a desire to know.

Instinctively he feels that, no matter what obstacles may be thrown in this girl's way, still she will carry her point and marry the man she has elected to love. Nay, will not difficulties but increase her steadfastness and make stronger her devotion that is growing in her heart?

Not until now, this moment, when hope has died and despair sprung into life, does he know how freely, how altogether, he has lavished the entire affection of his soul upon her. During all these past few months he has lived and thought and hoped and planned for her; and now—all is at an end.

Like a heavy blow from some unseen hand this terrible news has fallen upon him, leaving him spent and broken, and filled with something that is agonized surprise at the depth of the misfortune that has overtaken him. It is as a revelation, the awakening to a sense of the longing that has been his,—to the knowledge of the cruel strength of the tenderness that binds his heart to hers.

With a slow wonder he lifts his eyes and gazes at her. There is a petulant expression round her mobile lips, a frown, and her brows that speak of anger, yet, withal, she is quite lovely—so sweet, yet so unsympathetic; so gentle, yet so ignorant of all he is at present feeling.

With a sickening dread he looks forward to the future that she may be before him. It seems to him that he can view, lying stretched out in the far distance, a lonely cheerless road, over which he must travel whether he will or not—a road bare and dusty and companionless, devoid of shade, or rest or joy, or that love that could transform the barrenness of the world into a garden.

"He that loses hope," says Scrope, "may part with anything." To Scrope, just now, it seems as if hope and he had parted company forever. The past has been so dear, with all its vague beliefs and uncertain dreamings—all too sweet to be let go—that the present appears unendurable.

The very air seems dark, the sky leadens, the clouds sad and lowering. Vainly he tries to understand how he has come to love, with such a boundless passion, this girl who loves him not at all, but has surrendered herself wholly to one unworthy of her, utterly incapable of comprehending the nobility and truthfulness of her nature.

The world, that only yesterday seemed so desirable a place, to-day has lost its charm.

What is life when stripped of its disguise? A thing to be desired it cannot be. With him, it seems to end at an end. An unsatisfactory thing, too, at its best,—a mere "glimpse into the world of might have been."

Some words read a week ago come to him now, and ring their changes on his brain. "Rien ne va plus,—the faithful words return to him with a pertinacity not to be subdued. It is with difficulty he refrains from uttering them aloud.

"No; he does not disapprove," says Clarissa, interrupting his reflections at this moment; "he has given his full consent to my engagement." She speaks somewhat slowly, as if remembrance weighs upon her. "And, even if he had not, there is still something that must give me happiness: it is the certainty that Horace loves me, and I love him."

Though unmet, this is a cruel blow. Sir James turns away and calling helpfully,—had she cared to see it,—plucks a tiny piece of bark from the old tree against which he is leaning.

There is something in his face that, though she understands it not, moves Clarissa to pity.

"You will wish me some good wish, after all, Jim, won't you?" she says very sweetly, almost pathetically.

"No, I cannot," returns he, with a brusquerie foreign to him. "To do so would be actual hypocrisy."

There is silence for a moment: Clarissa grows a little pale, in her turn. In his turn, he takes no notice of her emotion, having his face averted. Then, in a low, faint, choked voice, she breaks the silence.

"If I had been wise," she says, "I should have stayed at home this morning, and kept my confidences to myself. Yet I wanted to tell you. So I came, thinking, believing, I should receive sympathy from you; and now what have I got? Only harsh cruel words! If I had known—"

"Clarissa!"

"Yes! If any one had told me you would so treat me, I should—should—"

or sound of her voice, he hesitates, then is lost, and finally coming back again to where she is standing, hidden by a cambric handkerchief, lays his hand upon her arm. At his touch her sob increases.

"Don't do that!" he says, so roughly that she knows his heart is bleeding. "Do you hear me, Clarissa! Stop crying! It isn't doing you any good, and it is driving me mad. What has happened?—what is making you so unhappy?"

"You are," says Miss Peyton, with a final sob, and a whole octave of re-echoing in her voice. "Anything so unkind I never knew. And just when I had come all the way over here to tell you what I would tell nobody else except papa! There was a time, Jim," (with a soft but upbraiding glance), "when you would have been sweet and kind and good to me on an occasion like this."

She moves a step nearer to him, and lays her hand—the little, warm, pulsing hand he loves so passionately—upon his arm. Her glance is half-offended, half-beseeching: Scrope's strength of will gives way, and, metaphorically speaking, he yields himself at her feet.

"If I have been unkind to you, forgive me," he says, taking her hand from his arm, and holding it closely in his own. "You do not know; you cannot understand; and I am glad you do not. Be happy! There is no subtlety in reason why you should not extract from life every sweet it can afford: you are young, the world is before you, and the love you desire is yours. Dry your eyes, Clarissa: your tears pierce my heart."

He has quite regained his self-control by this time, and, having conquered emotion, speaks dispassionately. Clarissa, as he has said, does not understand the terrible struggle it costs him to utter these words in an ordinary tone, and with a face which, if still pale, betrays no mental excitement.

She smiles. Her tears vanish. She sighs contentedly, and moves the hand that rests in his.

"I am so glad we are friends again," she says. "And now tell me why you were so horrid at first: you might just as well have begun as you have ended; and (reproachfully) all my tears."

"Perhaps I told you so highly that I hate the thought of losing you," says Scrope, palliating the ugliness of his conduct as best he may. His voice is very earnest.

"How fond you are of me!" says Miss Peyton, with some wonder and surprise.

To this he finds it impossible to make any answer.

"Whenever I wish I had had a brother, I always think of you," goes on she, pleasantly, "you are so—so quiet, and your soulings so half-hearted. Now, even though rather late, wish me joy."

"My dear, dear girl," says Scrope, "if I were to speak forever, I could not tell you how I long for and desire your happiness. If your life proves as calm and peaceful as I wish it, it will be a desirable life indeed! You have thought of me as your brother; let me be your brother, indeed,—one in whom you can confide and trust should trouble overtake you."

He says this very solemnly, and again Clarissa's eyes fill with tears. She does not now that she has not done since she was a little, impulsive, loving girl: she lifts her head and presses her lips to his cheek.

For one brief moment he holds her in his arms, returning her caress, warmly, it is true, but with ineffable sadness. To her, this embrace is but the sealing of a fresh bond between them. To him it is a silent farewell, a final wrenching of the old sweet ties that have endured so long.

Up to this she had been everything to him,—far more than he ever dreamed until the rude awakening came,—but now all is spot in his existence; but now all is changed, and she belongs to another.

He puts her gently from him, and, with a kindly word and smile, leads her to the garden gate, and so round to where her ponies are impatiently awaiting her coming: after which he bids her good-bye, and, turning, goes in doors, and locks himself into his own private den. (To be Continued.)

Christmas Proverbs.

If ice will bear a man before Christmas, it will not bear a man afterward.

If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll break it; if he finds none, he'll make one.

The shepherd would sooner see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun.

Mrs. X: "Does your husband ever come home late at night?" Mrs. Y: "Never, at Christmas time they always send him home."

In eighty thousand years, it is said, the earth is to be incased in a solid mass of ice. There will then, at least, be no one to grumble about green Christmas-masses.

Miss Cumso: "I don't know what to give papa for a Christmas present." Mrs. Cumso: "Give him one of those long handled umbrellas. I need one over so badly."

What Christ Taught.

Before Christ came men did not know God. They did not understand his fatherhood and affection. They had all along supposed that whoever would enjoy God's favor must purchase it in some way, and so before the coming of Christ men crouched and trembled before God as though he were an almighty tyrant and they worshiped before him with sacrifices of slavish fear.

But the coming of Christ brought a new element into human faith. He taught not the Jew alone, but he taught all men everywhere that God loves them; that he loves them as sinners; that he loves them with a love that is more devoted and tender than any other bears her child; that he is not only ready to forgive them all that is past of transgression and sin, but to make them heirs of a glorious and eternal inheritance; that all God asks of man is love.

Importance of Vaccination.

The Journal of Medicine and Science calls the attention of opponents of vaccination to Italy, where it is only sporadically carried out, and where, in consequence, outbreaks of smallpox are frequent, while blindness from smallpox, which is nearly stamped out in England, still has many victims in Italy.

KING PETER GREEN.

He Reigns Over a Small Island in the South Atlantic.

One of her Majesty's men-of-war recently paid the annual visit to Tristan d'Acunha, a small volcanic island in the South Atlantic, to bring home letters from the little community of ninety persons who live in that isolated spot. These have just reached England, and it appears from the communications that Mr. Peter Green, the venerable chief of the island, is still alive, and has again been instrumental in saving the lives of shipwrecked crews. The old man's record of life-saving on his lonely islet is probably unique.

The Government of King Humbert has sent Mr. Green a handsome silver medal and diploma, together with a sum of \$200 to divide among his people, in recognition of the gallantry displayed by them in rescuing the crew of an Italian vessel which was wrecked on the rocky shore of Tristan.

The President of the United States had previously sent the sturdy old hero a chronometer and chain as a token of his appreciation of a similar noble action in the case of an American vessel.

Green by reason of his protracted residence at Tristan, has become quite attached to the island, and now expresses his intention of ending his days there. It is some sixty years since he saw any one of his relatives. He has latterly become vested with the duty of solemnizing marriages, and on one memorable day "spliced" no fewer than five couples—two of them natives of Tristan, two of them belonging to Italy and one couple from England.

The aged chieftain records with satisfaction a visit to Tristan d'Acunha from the Governor of St. Helena, who was on his way to that island, and states that the latter was successful in "putting to rights" his clock which had stopped for a long time.

At the urgent request of Mr. Green a "national anthem" for Tristan has been specially written by G. Newman, of Finsbury road, Woodgreen. The latter had a relative—Captain Anderson, of the ship Benares—who was shipwrecked off Tristan in 1868, rescued and succored by Green, and since then Mr. Newman has corresponded with him.

For several years his letters were sent by ships of war from the Admiralty; of late a man-of-war has called there once a year with mails.

FRENCH AND BRITISH CABINETS

Timely Comparison Made as to their Length of Service.

The French opposition papers are commenting with envy on a remark in one of Lord Salisbury's speeches the other day when he insisted on continuous and consistent governmental action as necessary for any country desiring to keep its place in the world and deprecating a change in the foreign policy of a modern state. M. Bourgeois' ministry is the thirty-third since the foundation of the republic in 1870. Lord Salisbury's ministry is the thirty-third during the century. Moreover, the Pitt ministry, which was in power at the beginning of the century, had lasted since 1783. This gives an average length of three and a half years for English ministers, and greatly to the advantage of England in the matter of the stability and consistency of her foreign policy.

But the advantage is not quite so great as it seems for a large part of the foreign policy of France is controlled by tradition and red tape, which no ministry however radical would dare to break through. Take, for example, the friendship between France and Russia. It has lasted since the early years of the republic, was affirmed at Cronstadt in 1891, and by the return visit of the Russian fleet to France in 1893, and shows no sign of breaking up. Work is now in progress at the Hotel de Ville to fit up a place to receive the latest visible sign of this alliance—the gift of the late czar to the city of Paris.

It is a beautiful jasper vase, ordered by Alexander III., who personally designed it. It is ten feet high, weighs eight tons, and is valued at \$50,000. The body of the vase has two large bronze handles, ornamented by two women's heads, one with a diadem to represent Russia and the other with a Phrygian cap representing France. This Phrygian liberty cap by the way, has been causing an amusing discussion in some of the papers as to whether Alexander's selection of the revolutionary emblem did not indicate a secret leaning toward republican ideas! On account of the enormous weight of the czar's gift, means are being taken to strengthen the floor of the Hotel de Ville to fit up a place to receive the latest visible sign of this alliance—the gift of the late czar to the city of Paris.

Waiting for Santa Claus.

Mr. and Mrs. Bimber, loaded with good things for the stockings of the two little Bimbbers, paused on the threshold of the bedchamber to reconnoitre the ground. It was quite still, and their bosoms swelled with the emotion peculiar to Santa Claus on such happy occasions.

"The darlings are asleep," said Mr. Bimber, "and we can go in."

But they had not advanced three steps before there was a crackling of the bed, a rustling of the clothes, and the half-smothered accents of a wee girl's voice, saying:

"Wake up, Willy; it's time for dad to be coming down the chimney."

His Natural Bent.

Fond Father—If that boy of mine has any particular bent I can't find it. Philosopher—What experiments have you made to find out?

Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial, or what, and I know no more than I did before.

What did he do with them?

Smashed them all up.

Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture mover.

CURRENT NOTES.

In these days of very complicated political conditions and diversified social phenomena we hear a great deal said with reference to the preachers attitude to politics and civic affairs. That he has some relations to public questions is conceded on all sides—that has become a commonplace of popular conviction. But just how far the preacher should go, and how far he can go, in any given case is a very nice question. Shall he have his say on all topics of national or local interest, or shall he (as far as his public ministry is concerned) remain an inscrutable sphinx? Questions of detail as to political duty can only be decided by the individual minister himself, if not just selfishly for himself. It is probable, however, that a consensus of opinion obtains among intelligent Christian people to the effect that it is entirely possible for the preacher to be a power in civic affairs without becoming a partisan of this or that political endeavor, or at any rate, without announcing his partisanship offensively from the sacred desk. Perhaps we may characterize this ideal of a preacher's civic opportunity as an argument, not so much for politics in the pulpit as for the influence of the pulpit in politics.

It is entirely unnecessary, and quite repugnant to the gospel purpose of sermonic address, to bring the passing problems and noisy discussions of the platform into the services of the sanctuary, while it is not inappropriate, but rather a bounden duty for the pulpit to make itself felt as a live, telling force in politics—as a practical power which must be reckoned with, because of (and not in spite of) the fact that it is a power which makes not only for a righteousness which is already in sight along the lower levels of the average politician's vision, but also for an ideal which far transcends humanity's ordinary quest. Can the pulpit be in politics as a force and permeate influence unless politics with its catchwords and party cries be voiced in the pulpit? Certainly; but in order to that result the pulpit must be manned not merely occupied by figureheads; and the gospel that is preached must be of that virile, practical type which announces its relations to time as well as to eternity, and to earth as well as to heaven. If the author of the epistle of James were to occupy any one of our pulpits for a few Sabbaths his influence upon the political situation would be immediately felt, even though he failed to quote the watchwords or to echo the rallying cries of any party. In time of great civic crises there may possibly be a demand for politics in the pulpit, but during the "off years" (and through all the year) there is call for the vigorous exertion of the influence of the pulpit in politics.

HUGE TIDAL WAVES.

Those That Sweep the Coast of China at Least Twice Every Year.

Twice a year—at each equinox—the famous Tsien-Tang river, that flows from the borders of Kiangsi, Fukien, and Chekiang to Hang Chow bay, attain their greatest height, and a bore of sometimes over forty feet in height sweeps irresistibly up its shallow and funnel-shaped estuary, often producing tremendous havoc to the surrounding country—hence its name, "money-dyke," from the amount expended in successive centuries on its embankment.

It is seen at its best at Hang Chow, the prefectural city not far from its mouth. Twelve or fourteen minutes before it is visible a dull, distant roar heard, momentarily swelled until all of muddy water, takes the form of the biggest liner, sweeping down as a glacier, sweeps into the bend a mile or so from the city.

Christmas Bells.

Ring out the merry Christmas chime, Proclaim the message far and near, Peace and good will in every clime, To rich and poor sweet Christmas cheer.

Loudly proclaim o'er land and sea What love divine for men did plan, The setting of the captive free, The nobler brotherhood of man.

Surcease of grief to those that mourn, Rest to the weary, heaven to win, A fuller life beyond death's bourne To such as seek to enter in.

Peal forth with no uncertain tone That love leaves none beneath the ban, And they alone are blessed that own Their duty to their fellow man.

Proclaim as loudly as you can The tidings glad to old and young, Peace upon earth, good will to man, First by the angel chorists sung.

Christmas Marriage.

Park Village East is a quiet street in London, near Regent's Park. The houses are small and old-fashioned, and one or two of them are so overrun with vines that not the slightest glimpse of the masonry of the walls is seen. These houses are small and old-fashioned, and lywood Terrace," "The Lindens," or "Somner Villa." They are of picturesque, whimsical design, and one fancies they must originally have been peopled by picturesque, whimsical people. The present occupants of the street are musicians, actresses and singers, who come and go with amazing rapidity.

The denizens of Park Village enjoy almost absolute stillness, for the noise of the omnibuses on Albany street does not penetrate here; nor does the great traffic of Kentish Town and Camden Town that flows through Hampton Road in any wise disturb its peace. The milkman who enters this tranquil spot involuntarily "meows" in a lower key, and even that daring light-horseman, the butcher boy, reluctantly checks his pace on entering here, when he sees there is nothing to run over.

The residents are of a retiring nature, little disposed to trouble themselves with their neighbors' affairs. They dig in their gardens and trim their vines without a thought of what is going on next door. But though the days are quiet, the nights are not. The lights of hansom cabs flash in and out of the winding streets; they drive up to the houses at all hours; people get in or get out, and the cabs disappear in the Serpentine Road. The policeman walking his solitary beat thrusts his lantern suspiciously in the gardens and peers over the walls, for the neighborhood offers every opportunity for thieves. The Albany street police station chronicles many a thrilling episode that has happened hereabouts. Behind the houses on one side of the street flows the sluggish waters of the canal, in whose muddy depths many unfortunates have ended their wretched lives.

In this locality resided Mrs. Polworth, an actress of much cleverness and considerable means. She had lived her greatest triumphs, and had now set herself to a life of retirement, devoted herself to deeds of charity and piety.

Many years before the opening of this story a secret marriage occurred on Christmas Day at Bath, England. After the ceremony the young couple issued from the church and were about to enter their carriage, when officers of the law arrested the bridegroom for some petty crime. The lady thus unceremoniously separated from her husband, cried a little at first, then, drying her eyes with her handkerchief, she slipped the wedding ring from her finger and returned home. Years passed, and she met a Mr. Polworth, whom she married, keeping silent about her secret marriage. They were said to be very devoted to each other.

On the morning of the opening of this tale, Mrs. Polworth, bent upon charity, came down her front steps, crossed the pretty garden, and, stylishly attired, stood in the gateway. She glanced up and down the winding street,

peace. bodies a They sit in changing remi in the great hall cally in their garden ers or vegetables, to move about the neighb wandering along the watching the barges crossing the river a tersea Park—or ga windows on King's street. The art Chelsea frequen sit to them as thus earned the porter.

The birds were gardens. In the shades of green delicate leaves evergreen, whose motionless and heavy, somber sort than the of the lighter foliage. on a bench was an old man in the customary blue coat of the pensioner. He had a short white beard and his deeply-wrinkled face was pitted with the smallpox. He had lived thirty years in Africa and, strange to say, it seemed as if the character of his face had been affected by his residence there. The wings of his nose had become flattened and his lips were thick like a negro's. His face bore an expression of suffering and resignation.

The lady had distributed her crowns and half-crowns plentifully among the old soldiers, and was about to return when her glance fell upon the aged soldier. Then a vale was torn from the past. The secret marriage again came to her; she heard the words of the clergyman in the country church, and murmuring "My husband!" she turned and fled from the pathetic, lonely figure. She almost ran past the little garden decorated with cockle-shells, and white and agitated, re-entered her cab.

The week that followed was like a dream; her youth and romance came to her as a bright vision and all that intervened vanished and faded away. All London was asleep on that morning preceding Hospital Sunday. Along the embankment everything was hushed and the mighty river going out with the tide made no apparent sound as it washed against the solid stone bulwark. In the east was indicated the breaking of day. The color changed on the face of the water and the houses along the riverside assumed a more vivid outline. The gas jets which followed the winding line of the embankment now began to grow pale.

Suddenly from Battersea Park a bird's note was heard, rising clear and penetrating out of the silence. Other songsters caught up the note until the whole park was filled with music. These sounds were wafted across the still water and then the birds in the Chelsea Hospital gardens resounded. The light became more apparent in the east the melodies arose louder and louder, ringing out Nature's song in the very heart of London—redemption for all mankind. The first beams of the rising sun touched the housetops. Then the birds abruptly ceased to sing. The overture was done.

To-day the drama to be enacted by London is "Hospital Sunday." It appeals to everyone, for it is suffering that makes the whole world kin. Mrs. Polworth entered the gardens. Every old man stood near his small square of ground.

"Oh," said a visitor, "this garden with a pretty window." Mrs. Polworth trembled. A man handed her a bunch of flowers. "Thank you," she said in a low voice.

At the sound of her name, "Carrie," she turned. "Tom," she said, "me?"

His lips moved. When suddenly he pressed his heart and without a groan fell to the ground. Mrs. Polworth fell on her knees by his side and then, in the fervor of a nature that had been pressed for years burst its bonds, wept and pressed her lips to the man's brow. The doctor was summoned, but his services could be of no avail. Toward nightfall a pensioner who had been an old comrade of Tom's met his way toward the dead-house. The door was locked, but standing on the he peered through the window. The motionless form was lying on the bed. The aged face was as white as snow. "Poor Tom was a-cold!"

Two days later the pensioner had the body to the grave in the same fashion when one of their comrades was away. In the cemetery the dress and celebrated work was covered with flowers. The pensioners alone remained.

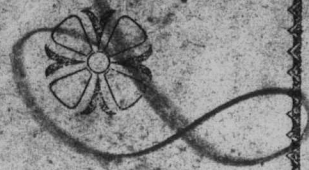
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are critics who say that there is no literary union in Canada, no literature given recently by the publishers. Mr. Hall Caine, the great English novelist, has recently published a book in which he makes a number of remarks on that literature. He says that literature never makes real advance in any country because it is so much influenced by the conditions of the country. His statement, however, is with regard to *novels* only, which have a large circulation in this newspaper of the United States. The Christmas Number, which will be issued on the 1st, is the eighth in a series of art numbers. It will be accompanied this year by five splendid colored supplements; the largest, a reproduction of a painting by a Canadian artist, done specially for *Saturday Night*, is 24 x 33 inches in size. Its title is "Champlain the Explorer," and depicts the mouth of a flotilla of war canoes entering the mouth of a river on Lake Huron. The picture has been praised by the Historical Association as the most interesting and valuable attempt ever made to carry us back to the old days when Canada was a geographical term. The pictures are done in sixteen colors. The book itself, consisting of 100 pages, contains the four prize drawings of the *Night* competition.

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