

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 4.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1895.

No. 48

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

ENGLISH.—Services at Fordwich, 10:30 a. m., at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m.; at Wroxeter, 4:30 p. m. R. v. Mr. Brownlee, 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. Greene, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. W. E. Bean Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services at Fordwich at 11 a. m., at Gorrie, 2:30 p. m. Bible Class at Fordwich in the evening. Sabbath School at Gorrie 10:30 a. 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 evenings at 7:30. Rev. Mr. Edmunds, pastor.

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Barrister, Solicitor,
Conveyancer, Etc.
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Physician and Surgeon.
GRADUATE, Toronto University and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Residence, 450 Union St., nearly opposite the Livery stable. Office in the Drug Store, next door to Carriek Banking Co. MILDMAY.

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H. E. Liesemer,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:

Soft wheat per bu.....	\$ 65 to \$ 67
Spring " " " " " "	65 to 67
Oats.....	24 to 25
Peas.....	50 to 52
Barley.....	35 to 40
Potatoes.....	80 to 85
Smoked meat per lb.....	7 to 9
Eggs per doz.....	15 to 15
Butter per lb.....	15 to 15
Dressed pork.....	\$4 25 to 4 70

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THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
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Huntingfield.

Party on hand for Friday night. Get ready boys.

Mr. John Haskins has got most of the stones off the Burnett place. It looks better.

Miss Emma Vogan of the 2nd con. is visiting at her sister, Mr. Brooks, this week in Wawanosh.

Mr. John Weaver had a wood bee last week. He got quite a lot of wood cut. They had a dance in the evening.

Some of our boys were over to Mr. John Duffy's to a wood bee and a dance at night. They report having had a good time.

Quite a number of our farmers delivered their hogs to Mr. John Halladay at Clifford on Thursday. The prices are very low. Hope for better.

OTTER CREEK

Mr. Adam Seegmiller has purchased a new feed cutter.

Miss H. Wilton gave a friendly call upon Miss C. McKay last week.

Misses Mercer and Reynolds were visiting Miss Emma Steinmiller last week.

There is considerable talk about a beef ring being organized in this locality. We hope it a success.

Mr. Jacob Steinmiller has put a new floor in part of the first flat of his mill and is going to put a new waterwheel in to run his dynamo.

Mr. John McPhail threshed his grain over on Mr. Young's place on Friday and was busy hauling it home on Saturday. I suppose he was on the alert for long fingers.

Mr. John McKenzie, who has been hired as teacher for S. S. No. 2, has resigned as he got a higher salary in Hanover, and Miss Annie Thompson has got possession. We believe she is a good teacher.

Lakelot.

Mr. Carss of Harriston purposes starting an implement shop in the burg Success to him.

Mr. Thos. Scott of Galt was visiting his brothers, John and Adam, of this place last week.

Mr. Gregg sold the remainder of the cheese in the Sprinbank factory last week. We did not hear how much he received.

During the past week the I. O. G. T. hall has undergone a thorough renovation and is now as neat and comfortable a one as there is in the township.

We can knock them all out in the chopping line. The very best work done for three cents a bag. The boys certainly should have more for it.

There will be a Christmas tree in connection with the Episcopal church of this place in the hall on the 23rd inst. A good time and crowd are expected.

We were all pleased with Mr. McBain of your town on Sunday. He is an earnest young man and handled his subject well. There was a full church to hear him.

Mr. Jos. Hubbard returned home from Manitoba last week. He put in three good hard months over there, and came home with about 15 pounds additional flesh.

Mr. J. T. Wiggins of Fordwich was in the hamlet on Friday collecting tax money and received, we are told, about \$1000. The farmers find it hard work to even pay their taxes this year.

The members of the I. O. G. T. are going to hold a concert in their hall on the 13th. An excellent time is expected. They will be assisted by Mr. Pearce, ventriloquist, of Paisley, Misses and Mr. Ritchie of Belmore, A. W. Halladay of the burg, Ruttan brothers and Misses Powers and Ross of Clifford. The admission is only 15 and 10 cents, but it will be a 25 cent program.

A man in the peninsula was fined \$100 last week for keeping an elicit still.

There is an agitation among the people of the Peninsula, to have hunting with dogs prohibited.

Christian Endeavor.

The Christian Endeavor society met in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday night, Vice-Pres., Miss S. Zinn in the chair. The topic for the evening was "God's triumph in the mission field."

The leader, Mr. Hastie gave a very interesting talk on the difficulties and triumphs of the foreign missionary and specially of Dr. Paton's work in the mission field.

The foreign missionary has above all Christian workers, need of strong faith in God's promises, but resting on the promises of Him who never fails, he goes on sowing the good seed of the kingdom and an abundant harvest is sure to follow.

The roll of the active and associate members of the society was then called and in answer to their names the members present responded by reading verses of scripture or making a few remarks on the topic. The attendance was good and among them was Mr. Ross Whiting, who after being absent since last spring received a warm welcome. The topic for next week will be "What is true friendship" Prov. 29: 9, 10, 17-19, Miss Lottie Berry, leader.

The President Rev. Mr. McBain and Vice-Pres. J. H. Moore were much missed from the meeting, both being unwell.

PRESS COM.

Belmore.

The Kickapoo have left town.

Lane Bros. are doing a rushing business in the chopping line.

Dr. Gifford of Wingham will preach missionary sermons in the Methodist church here next Sabbath.

This town was lively on Saturday, there being a large crowd in attendance at the combination sale. Everything sold well.

We understand that the Methodist Sabbath School intend having a Christmas Tree and Entertainment in the near future.

The Presbyterians of this place had during the past summer a neat brick kitchen built to the manse and of late to add more to the convenience have added a new woodshed.

The Epworth League drove down to Salem on Thanksgiving evening and there met Wroxeter League. An enjoyable time was spent. Salem League presenting the programme.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church held a social in the basement on Tuesday evening last week. The evening passed off pleasantly with songs, readings, and refreshments. The proceeds will be devoted to church improvements.

A few of the members of the Methodist church had erected a new shed for the accommodation of the public, previous to the heavy windstorm of last week and had everything in ship shape for shingling, but alas, the next morning everything was in ruins in consequence of the frolicsome winds.

The December Number of the Delineator is called "the Christmas Number" and is filled with holiday good things. The exposition of Winter styles is complete and the Season's Millinery is attractively presented. There is a special holiday article on dolls and their dressing and another on novel home-made Christmas gifts, a theme pleasantly supplemented by the conclusion of Tillie Roome Littell's account of how to make crepe paper brownies, and by a chatty glance at current novelties in around the tea table. The practical side of the Christmas dinner has an exposition all its own. Sara Miller Kirby concluded the present series of papers on kindergarten work, the great success of which has caused a supplementary series of three to be arranged for floral work for the month, a look into the newest books and a review of novelties in knitting, tatting and lace making are among the other features. Subscription price of the Delineator is \$1 per year or 15c per single copy. Address all communications to the Delineator Publishing Co of Toronto, limited, 38 Richmond st. west, Toronto, Ont.

Visit to Manitoba.

Continued.

On Monday before leaving Innisfail Mr. Wynn and wife drove Mrs. Lucas and I, with his beautiful carriage team of horses, out into the country to see a farm that he was intending to buy. I like the country very much. As there was plenty of wood and hay land and also nice farming land, I thought it would be a good place for many in Ontario who are working their day's work, that they might have a comfortable home there with very little means.

We drove home and took dinner and drove out in the afternoon in another part of the country and visited a man by the name of Scenter from Ontario. He is out there three years, and has three hundred and twenty acres, fenced all round. He has a good stable for his horses and cattle, and a good roothouse as handy as we have in Ontario. He had about 25 acres of crop. The land was so rich, and a little too much rain during the summer. He got his crop in a little too late in the spring, and it did not ripen before the frost came to spoil it, so he could not depend a great deal upon his crop.

We went to the house and had tea, after which we started for home again. Just as we were opening the gate, his came up and I never saw nicer cattle they were all so fat. Mr. Scenter likes the country there better than he did in Ontario when he was working by the day or month.

We got home a little after dark and the next day we started homeward and arrived in Brandon on Thursday, 26th, Leaving the main line we took the train for Lander, a distance of about 44 miles from Brandon. We got to Souris about six o'clock. We had to wait there about an hour and a half as the train from Winnipeg was late, and arrived at Lander about eight o'clock and found that my nephew was living five miles from Lander. I had to hire a livery rig to drive me in. We arrived there about nine o'clock, found him and his family all well. We stopped there from Thursday morning until the next Tuesday morning. It is a very beautiful prairie country and my nephew has 320 acres of good land and about 120 acres in crop. He has a very fine crop of wheat and oats this year and the root crop was something wonderful. Some of the wheat around there was slightly touched with frost. He and his man was stacking most of the time. I was there.

I went out several miles through the prairies looking at the crops and the beautiful land. I had some notion of buying about 320 acres. My nephew told me that I could buy from the C. P. R. company at \$4 and \$5 per acre and my own time to pay it, and for every acre that I would brake they would allow me 50 cents of a rebate. I like the country around there, but one thing I did not like. They had to go 84 miles for wood. The farmers there appear to be doing well. My nephew thought he would not get any more than 25 cents for his wheat but since I came home I get a letter stating that he had threshed and sold for 80 to 48c. He said he was not discouraged, that he had lots of money to pay all his debts and some to spare, although he said he lost some by fire, to the amount of 600 bushels. It was caused by a spark from the C. P. R. engine from Lander. The fire ran at the rate of 60 miles per hour. He was just finishing threshing at the time. They had to take all the implements and put them on the summerfallow and kept 4 teams ploughing in order to save his house and grainery. Many of the farmers in that section got all their crop burned and others had half destroyed.

WM. LUCAS.
The Hanover Furniture Co., have placed in their building a new 90 horse power boiler.
Last Saturday one of Jake Sutcliffe's boys, 12th con. Sullivan, was kicked by a horse on the skull and fatally hurt. Dr. Bonnar who was summoned, removed three pieces of broken skull from the young fellow's brain. It is not expected the lad will survive.

THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER VII.

"Life has rising hills."—Dyer.

"Papa, papa," says Miss Peyton, impatiently, without eliciting any response.

It is half-past ten, and breakfast is on the table! So are two little white pigeons, who have flown in through the open window, and are sitting, one on Clarissa's shoulder, the other on the edge of the table, picking crumbs out of her plate. The sun is streaming hotly in, the breath of flowers floating faintly in his train. A bowl of roses, half opened and filled with the dew of early morning, lies near Clarissa's plate. Upon the window-sill, outside, another little pigeon, brown-tinted and timid, stands peeping shyly in, envying his bolder brothers, and longing for the pretty cooing voice of his mistress that shall make him brave to enter.

But to-day the welcome summons does not come. Miss Peyton has an open letter in her hand, the contents of which have plainly disturbed and interested her to an unusual degree; so that the little bird, whose pretty brown plumage is being transformed by the sun into richest bronze, grows each moment more dejected. Not for him the crumbs and the "flesh-pots of Egypt."

"One—two— If you don't answer me before I say three, papa, I shall do something desperate," she says, again, raising her voice a little.

But still papa takes no heed. At this moment, poor man, he is deep in Mr. Forster's Irish Distress Bill, is deaf to all surroundings.

Clarissa loses patience. Taking up a teaspoon, she makes a sharp "assault and battery" upon an offending teacup, thereby creating a din compared to which the noise of tomtoms would be sweetest music.

George Peyton is not proof against this tattoo. He looks up irritably, and for a moment withdraws his mind from Mr. Forster's Bill.

"My dear Clarissa," he says, very justly incensed, "what is it? What on earth is the matter with you? My dear, whatever it is, do stop that unpleasant noise: it plays the very mischief with one's nerves."

"It is only a teaspoon," begins Miss Peyton, delighted with her success.

"And a cup, I think," says Mr. Peyton. "Separately they are unoffending, together they can annoy. If you will put that spoon out of your hand, my dear, you will make me much happier."

"It was only when I was actually hoarse, from trying to attract your attention, that I resorted to violent measures," says Clarissa, severely.

"I beg your pardon," returns he, submissively.

"Now listen to my letter," says Clarissa. "I want your advice. It is such a dear letter, and such a sad one; and—something must be done at once."

"I quite agree with you," murmurs her father, dreamily. "Once again his mind is losing itself in the folds of the fragrant 'Times.'"

"Mannerton, Tuesday, September 24
"My Dear Clarissa,—
"So long a time has elapsed since last I saw or heard of you that I half fear as you read this, it will puzzle you to remember the writer. Am I quite forgotten? I hope not; as I want you to do me a great service. This reason for wishing myself still in your memory sounds selfish, almost rude; but what can I do? Must I not speak the truth? And indeed I am in sore trouble. I am friendless, all but homeless, and utterly alone in the world. But, as I am quite determined to fight my own way, I have decided on going out as a governess, and I want you, dear, dear Cissy, to get somebody to try me, somebody who would not be too hard upon me, just at first, until I had accustomed myself to the life and to the children's ways. You may say I can paint very well, and, though not a brilliant pianist, I have a good voice. (Do you recollect how, at school, you used to say you liked to hear me sing when the day was dying?) I can speak French and German, but I know nothing of Italian or Latin, and I was never very much at arithmetic, or that. I think I could get on, after a little training; and at all events I know I must try, as life here is not endurable.

"Oh, Cissy, if time has changed you, if you have grown cold and careless, as all the rest of this cruel world, what shall I do? But I will not believe that even a hundred years could make you unkind or unfeeling. Do you think you will be very long answering this? Every hour I shall be listening for the post: write to me then, as soon as you can. I am very unhappy here with Aunt Elizabeth, who does not care for me.

"I am, dear Clarissa,
"Your affectionate friend,
"George Broughton.

"P.S.—If you could get me pretty children, I should be so glad; but of course it must not make any difference, and I dare say ugly ones are just as nice, when one gets used to them. I am dreadfully afraid of boys; but perhaps there may be a few found somewhere amenable to reason, and at least one or two who do not object to kneels in their knickerbockers. Do you remember the gardener's babies at Brussels, and how fond they were of me? Dear Cissy, write soon."

This is the letter, with all its pathetic little confidences, its "do you remember?" and "have you forgotten?" and its tone—half proud and half beseech—that has touched Miss Peyton so deeply. Her mouth trembles, there are tears in her voice and eyes, as she finishes the last word and turns her face to her father. Something she sees in that vague but kindly man checks her endeavor for a moment; a thought but

"Listening, my dear? Of course I have. Yes, certainly, with all my might," returns he, with unusual and therefore doubtful alacrity. As a matter of fact, I don't think much would be said about his "distinguished answering" were he to be examined in the letter just read; but all the more for this reason does he assume an air of surprise at Clarissa's question, and covers himself with an expression of injured innocence. Unfortunately for him, however, Miss Peyton is a person not to be done.

"No, you have not," she says, severe but calm. "You have not heard a single syllable. Your mind was full of that miserable paper all the time, and I am positive you were putting together some silly speech that you imagine would electrify those absurd men in the House of Commons."

"I don't think it was a very silly speech, my dear Clarissa," remonstrates Mr. Peyton, feebly.

"Oh, then you do acknowledge you were miles away in thought," says Clarissa, triumphant, if disgusted.

"My dear girl, how you do misjudge me!" protests poor Mr. Peyton, at his wits' end. "I assure you, I was all attention to that very excellent letter from beginning to end."

"Were you?" returns she, sweetly. "Then, of course, you can tell me what was the last word."

She has placed her elbows on the table, and has let her pretty face sink into the palms of her hands, and is now regarding her father with a smile, half mocking, half malicious.

"The last word! Oh, nonsense, my dear Cissy! who ever remembered the last word of anything, unless it happened to be 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' or 'Beautiful Star,' or something that way? But I know your letter was all about a young woman who has got herself into a mess and wants to come to you now as maid or laundress. But there is always danger in that sort of thing, you know, and you mightn't like it afterward; and—"

"Oh, what an engrossing speech that imaginary one of yours must have been!" says Clarissa, with a little distracted shake of her head. "I knew you were in the room, didn't I? No, no, no, you are altogether wrong; this is no letter from maid or laundress, but from George Broughton. (You must remember her name, I have so often mentioned it to you.) She is the dearest little thing in the world, quite that, and more. And she writes to tell me she is miserably poor, and wants to go out as a governess."

"Poor girl! Of all unhappy resources, the last."

"Yes; isn't it wretched? But, you see, she is bound to do something, and wearing out one's heart in a dingy school-room seems to be the only course left open to a pretty girl like Georgie."

"Try Mrs. Redmond, then. She is looking out for a governess for the children; and your friend might drop in there without further trouble."

"Oh, papa, but all those children! and Mrs. Redmond herself, too, so fretful and so irritable,—so utterly impossible in every way. Her very 'How d'ye do?' would frighten Georgie to death."

"People don't die of chills of that description; and your poor little friend can scarcely expect to find everything couleur de rose. Besides, the only children you speak of just resolve themselves into two, as the boys are at school, and Cissy calls herself grown up. I should think Cissy would be, in fact, a great comfort to her, and would be amenable to her, and gentle—and that."

At this, Miss Peyton laughs a little, and bites her lip.

"Amenable," she says, slowly. "Do you know, I am afraid my Georgie is even younger than Cissy?"

"Younger!"

"Well, she will certainly look younger; she has such a little, fresh, babyish rosetud of a face. Do you think—"

"—anxiously—"that would matter much?"

"It doesn't sound promising; but, if she is a good girl, one might forgive the great crime of being young and fresh. Dear me, it is very awkward. If she had been a nice, sensible, ugly, middle-aged person, now, all would have gone well; but, after all, poor child, of course she can't help her appearance."

"No, she certainly cannot," says Clarissa, with a sigh, heartfelt pity in her tone. "And her eyes are the very color of forget-me-nots,—quite the prettiest I ever saw. It is really too bad."

"Redmond, himself, would make no difficulty about it. He prefers to have young people about him, and was always, you know, rather—rather melancholy when in Miss Proude's society. If she had been a nice, sensible, ugly, middle-aged person, now, all would have gone well; but, after all, poor child, of course she can't help her appearance."

"Mr. Hastings?" says Clarissa, with animation, brightening visibly. "Why, really, so she might. Such a good-looking man, too, and clever. It is only a day or two ago since somebody said to me, 'He has the very sort of face they make bishops of nowadays.'"

"What a very disinterested girl you are!" says her father, with a smile, faint but amused; "without a moment's hesitation you surrender every hope of making this embryo bishop your own. Take my advice, and as your heart is set upon this thing, go down to the vicarage to-day, tell Mrs. Redmond you have secured a governess for her; do not discuss the subject,—simply state the fact; and I think you will find her deeply grateful, in that you have put an end to her difficulties, without compelling her brain to bear upon the matter."

"Machiavelli was a poor creature, when compared with you," says Miss Peyton, saucily. "What plots and plans swell out of your busy brain! I shall go to the vicarage to-day, as you advise, and be as sweet as honey to Mrs. Redmond, and win my cause against all obstacles. But first, turning with a soft movement to caress the snowy pigeon that rests upon her shoulder—"little home friends must be fed."

The bird, as though comprehending her words, flies through the open window, and, as the honey outside, to nestle

fair than they, follows him, to fling breadcrumbs for their morning meal. A little later, having dressed herself, she starts upon her errand, ready to take the vicarage by storm.

CHAPTER VIII.

"'Tis love, love, love, that makes the world go round."

The hot September sun beats fiercely on her as she walks along; the day is full of languor and sweet peace. The summer is almost done, and is dying, rich in beauty, and warm with the ripeness of strength perfected. From out the thickets, little birds that three months ago scarce knew the power of breath, now warble soft melodies that thrill the air with joy. Clarissa, blind, and full of purpose, feels her heart at one with the tiny heaven-taught musicians, as she follows the path beneath the leafy trees that leads to the vicarage.

As she descends the tinted wood, and gains the road that runs by the old mill, she finds herself face to face with Horace Branscombe, coming toward her in somewhat lagging fashion. His brow is darkened by a frown; his whole expression is moody and oppressed with discontent.

As he sees Clarissa, his features—though compelled by a powerful will—undergo a complete change, and he smiles, and comes forward with outstretched hand to greet her.

"Horace! you here again, and so soon?" she says, quickly. "Surprise lends haste to her tongue. She has believed him in London; and now to see him thus unexpectedly, and without the usual friendly warning conveyed by letter, causes her not only pleasure, but a vague uneasiness."

"Does it seem 'so soon' to you?" replies he in a carefully inspired tone. "To me the last two months have appeared almost a year, so heavily have dragged the days spent away from Pullingham."

It is a very stereotyped little sentence, old and world-worn, and smacking faintly of insincerity; but when a woman loves a man she rarely measures his words.

"I speak as I speak," says Clarissa with a soft smile. "But you will understand me. And you know you told me you did not intend to return before Christmas."

"Yes, I know." He is silent for a little while, and then, rousing himself, as though by an effort, says, slowly,—"Did you miss me?"

"I always miss you," returns she, simply; you know that. "She flushes warmly, and lets her long lashes fall leisurely, until at length they hide from view the sweet confession of her eyes. There is a pause that embraces a full minute, and then she speaks again. "You have not yet told me the reason of your return," she says, gently.

"I wearied of town," replies he. "A stranger's acknowledgment for one like me, but true. For once, I honestly pined for the country—inspired as I have always deemed it—and craved unceasingly for something fresh, new, innocent, something unused to gas, and the glare and unholy glitter of a city."

He speaks bitterly—almost passionately—and as though for the moment he has altogether forgotten the existence of his companion. An instant later, however, he recovers himself.

"I felt I should be happier, more fitted to cope with my work, if I could get even one glimpse of you!"

"And you not happy, then?" asks she, glancing at her watch, as though her color growing and lessening rapidly.

"Happy? No. Can a man be happy while a perpetual doubt distracts him? Can he know even the meaning of the word Peace, whilst devoured with a fear that he shall never possess the one great blessing he desires?"

Again his thoughts appear to wander; and some passion, not born of the present moment, but borrowed from some other hour, fills his tone.

"Yes," says Clarissa, nervously, questioning, feeling poor in words, now that the great crisis of her life has come.

"So I am here," he goes on, softly. "To solve my doubt, to gain at least a rest from the gnawing suspense that for so long I have endured. Need I tell you that I love you—that (he pauses, and a faint contraction of the features, that dies almost as it is born, disfigures his face for a second)—that you are the one woman in all the world upon whom I have set my heart?"

There is silence. For Clarissa, an intense joy holds her mute; the very intensity of her happiness checks the flow of speech. He too, seems lost in thought. Presently, however, he breaks the silence, and this time a faint anxiety may be discernible in his voice, though his face is calm and composed, as usual.

"You do not speak, Clarissa. I have told you of my love, and you are silent. I now ask if you can love me? At least give me an answer. Dearest,—glancing at her averted face, and seeing the shy blush that adds another charm to its beauty,—"tell me the truth."

"I can; I do love you!" says Clarissa, sweetly, and with perfect trust. She slips her hand into his. Raising his lips, he kisses them; and then, together—still hand in hand—they walk along, speechless, yet seemingly content.

The road is dusty; and a few drops of rain fall, like mild blessings, into its parched furrows. The roadside flowers, drooping and languid, fling their rich perfume, with lavish generosity, upon the motionless air. Some sheep, in a far-off meadow, bleat mournfully, and answer back the echo that mocks their lament.

"You have made me happier than I ever hoped to be; but you have not yet said you will marry me." The words come from Horace, but sound curiously far away, the very stillness and sadness of the evening rendering them more distant. Clarissa, glancing at him, can see he is as white as Death.

"How pale he is!" she thinks, and then makes herself happy in the belief that he is terribly in earnest about this matter, and that his love for her is infinite.

"Yes, I shall marry you," she says, with tender seriousness. "To her, this promise is a solemn bond, that nothing but death or falsehood can cancel.

though she would willingly have added the words "so sweet;" and a little happily, far-away look creeps into and illumines her eyes. "Why are you so impatient?"

"Impatient!" returns he, a touch of vehemence in his tone. "Of course I am impatient. The sooner it is all got over the better." He checks himself, draws his breath somewhat quickly, and goes on in a calmer fashion: "What sort of a lover should I be, if I showed no anxiety to claim you as soon as possible? You should be the last to blame me for undue haste in this matter. When shall it be, then—in one month? two? three?"

He speaks again, almost excitedly. "Oh, no, no, no," gently, but shrinking from him a little. "That would be impossible. Why, think!—it is only this moment you have told me you love me, and now you would have me name our wedding-day!"

"Not exactly that. But tell me some definite time, near at hand, to which I can be looking forward. Everything rests with you now, remember that." His last words convey an unconscious warning, but Clarissa neither heeds nor understands it.

"Papa will miss me so terribly," she says, dreamily; it seems selfish, almost as though I were willfully deserting him. I should, at least, like another Christmas at home with him. And see,—turning to him with gentle earnestness—"are we not quite happy as we now are, loving and trusting in each other? Why, then, should we not continue this present happiness for another year? You are silent, Horace! You do not answer! Are you angry with me?" She lays her hand lightly on his arm.

"No; not angry." His eyes are on the ground; and he takes no notice of the tender pressure on his arm. "But a year is a long time to wait! So many things may happen in twelve months; and needs once done, forever leave their mark."

"Do not speak like that, it is as though you would foretell evil," says Clarissa, a faint feeling of superstitious horror making her nervous.

Branscombe, raising his head, regards her. "Why should there be evil to foretell?" he says, slowly. "And yet, Clarissa, I would ask you always to remember this hour, and the fact that it was you, not I, who wished the postponement of our marriage. If it must be as you say, it will be better to keep our engagement as quiet as possible; perfectly secret will indeed be best."

"Yes; if you wish it. That will please me, too. Only papa need know of it, and—James Scrope."

"And why Sir James?" with a scrutinizing gaze.

"Why?"—with some surprise. "Well, I suppose because papa and I never do anything important without telling him of it. He is quite our oldest friend. We should hardly get on now without Jim."

"Not so old, either. I hope, by and by, you will be able to manage without Sir James as a father-confessor."

"By and by shall have you," says Clarissa, sweetly, with a smile and a soft blush.

"True! I wonder if you will find that sufficient? I doubt I'm half such a good fellow, Clarissa, as you believe me."

In which he comes nearer the truth than ever he came before.

"You are good enough for me," says Clarissa, with fond conviction. "Will you come with me as far as the vicarage? I must go there to-day, and the walk is such a pretty one, and,—with a little happy laugh,—"now you are quite your own property, I think I should like to make use of you. Look! there is Ruth Annersley standing at her gate. Good-morning, Ruth! What a charming day, is it not? after all yesterday's rain?"

Ruth—who, the moment before, had made a faint movement as though she would willingly have stepped behind the huge rose bush nearest to her and so have escaped observation—comes slowly forward. She is pale; but the intense heat of the day makes itself felt by all, and has deprived even Miss Peyton's cheeks of some of their usual warmth. She accepts Clarissa's proffered hand, and smiles a faint welcome.

But when Horace would, too, have shaken hands with her, she declines to see his meaning, and, bowing slightly, turns aside to listen to his companion's words.

(To be Continued.)

IT IS A PRINCESS.

The Royal Baby Born to the Russian Emperor is a Daughter and Her Name is Olga.

A despatch from Vienna says that a telegram received there from St. Petersburg announces that the Czarina was safely accouched of a daughter at 10 o'clock on Friday evening.

Other despatches from St. Petersburg confirm the report of the birth of a daughter from the Czarina.

A bulletin that has just been issued states that the condition of the Czarina and her daughter is entirely satisfactory. At the religious services held after the birth, the infant was named Olga.

FORTY-EIGHT DROWNED.

Deplorable Calamity to a British Steam Launch.

A despatch from London says:—The Admiralty have received information that a steam launch belonging to the British Cruiser Edgar was lost near Nagasaki on November 13, and it is believed that all of the 48 persons on board were drowned. Later despatches state that the missing steam launch has been found. No details accompany this statement, however, and it is not yet known whether the crew of the boat was saved or not.

Dire Distress in Newfoundland.

The St. John's, Nfld., Herald prints a series of letters from correspondents along the south and west coast to the effect that dire distress prevails among the poorest class of people residing there, especially those receiving pauper relief. The retrenchment policy of the Government necessitated the cutting off of half the pauper grants, and the fisheries being poor, many find themselves in wretched circumstances. The correspondents predict starvation in numerous instances unless prompt help is supplied by the authorities.

RUSSIAN PERSECUTIONS.

How Russia, the Champion of Armenia, Uses Her Own Subjects.

Russia has posed as one of the three powers anxious to bring about a better state of things in Armenia. The trouble in Turkey has mainly arisen through the irregular payment of functionaries and the police, and the consequent disorganization and semi-anarchy. Count Kellay, who, as an Austrian official governs Bosnia—now in a flourishing condition—officially reports that he administers the Turkish laws (which he states are really good) with some slight alterations. This proves that it is the bad administration of the law in Turkey which is the great trouble. Although the Christians have been the greatest sufferers, yet the Moslems, who amount to two-thirds of the population, have also been victims.

But, in regard to persecution, Russia is as great a sinner as Turkey; especially considering that although the pay of her officials is inadequate, yet it is punctually forthcoming; and it has a vastly larger proportion of well-educated office-bearers. Its state religion is that of the Orthodox Greek Church, but the Dissenters number many millions, and they have had, and still have, a hard time. Besides this, the Catholics, who number nine millions, have much to complain of—especially attempts at

FORCIBLE CONVERSION.

The treatment of the Russian Jews, who number four millions, has been—though in different ways—as bad or worse than that of the Armenians; but European public opinion has brought about an amelioration.

Count Tolstoi, the well-known Russian writer, an author of world-wide fame, has, with rare moral courage, written to the London Times (October 29) with an account of the dreadful persecution of a small off-shoot from the Greek Church, known as the Dukhobortsy, who number only a few thousands. Their doctrines comprise something of the Quaker and Plymouth Brethren beliefs, combined with some of the tenets of the Unitarians. They are opposed to war—even to bearing arms; to taking oaths, and to litigation. Tolstoi describes them as industrious, honest, sober, and well-conducted—practically far above the level of the Russian peasantry. Ten of them refused to serve in the army, and were consequently sentenced to serve in a disciplinary battalion, a sort of earthly purgatory. A large number of the elders were also imprisoned. The Governor of the Caucasus then ordered all of the sect to assemble at a given spot, but, apparently anticipating gross outrages, they did not come, whereupon the Cossacks were let loose upon them and quartered in their houses, being allowed to

DO AS THEY PLEASED.

Numbers were severely flogged and women were outraged, and all their effects were either stolen or destroyed.

Initially 464 families were driven penniless from their homes to starve. Tolstoi's detailed account is harrowing, and it is safe to assert that there is no other Russian with sufficient moral courage to expose such tyranny, but he holds such a high literary position that angry officials must be careful what they do. Doubtless the Emperor is personally aware of these and numbers of other horrors, but now that it has been brought to his notice (for he sees the Times) there will be a change for the better. He who publicly exposes official tyranny in Russia is liable to be sent to Siberia without any ceremony, and probably any other person would be sent there, and the Czar would not be allowed to know the truth. Tolstoi's partial lifting of the veil is a fine example of the use of a high literary position for a beneficent purpose, and his action must certainly be reckoned as greatly to his credit in any attempt to properly estimate his character.

RUSSIA'S SPLENDID OLD LIBRARY.

Some Facts of Interest About This Collection of Books.

The University of St. Petersburg has the largest and best oriental faculty in Europe; its professors lecture in Arabic, Persian, Turkish, Tartar, Armenian, Georgian, Mongolian, and many others. Particular facilities are always given to students of oriental languages to pursue their studies, and many of them have been sent to China, Japan, Persia, and elsewhere at the expense of the Russian Government. For instance, Prof. Wasseiff, the veteran orientalist and professor of Chinese, was sent to China. These are some of the peaceful means by which the Imperial library has been added to, but war and revolution have also contributed their quota. Gen. Suvarof, with his motto, "Forward and strike," has been just as great a benefactor in his way to this great institution as the wealthy Czars and merchant princes. The sack of Warsaw, in which 9,000 Poles were slain, made him master of that town and master of the valuable Zaluski library. But the benefit which the Russians reaped from the French revolution is, perhaps the most noteworthy of all. Count Dubrovski, a libidinous, was attached to the Russian Embassy in Paris when the great upheaval took place. During this time museums and palaces were pillaged by the raging populace and collections and libraries burnt and scattered to the winds; hundreds of manuscripts and books were ruthlessly destroyed. Some, however, escaped the hands of the destroyer, and were sold by the government of the day to small shopkeepers, from whom Dubrovski bought them for a song. Thus Russia has become the custodian of unique treasures. Among the letters which were thus acquired are several written by Henry VII., Henry VIII., Richelieu, and Catherine de Medicis.

The earliest printed book in Russia, which is in keeping there, is a history of the apostles, with the date 1561 on its title page. As regards the public library building there is not much to be said; it is not a very imposing building, nor is it so well adapted to library requirements as other large libraries.

THE FARM.

Feeding Lambs.

"One of the hardest things to do just now is to get the lambs on a grain diet. It is quite essential that they should be fed grain by the time cold weather comes, and it takes considerable good management to put them on the grain diet successfully," says E. P. Smith. "New grain is generally injurious to them because they are not used to it. New corn undigested may kill a lamb, or make half a flock sick and bring on inflammation of the bowels. A young lamb knows no more how to eat grain than a baby understands how to chew meat. In either case the habit of using food properly must be taught. If the child should swallow the meat without masticating it he would suffer as a consequence, and so with the lambs. A great many think that moist bran is the best grain diet to give to the lambs at first, but soft, mushy food is apt to cause trouble in the stomach as hard, lump grain. Oats and bran mixed together cause the least trouble. Corn is not a good grain to begin with, unless it is ground into meal. A few oats with moist bran sprinkled in them will tempt the lambs as much as any grain, and they will suffer the least from such a diet. A little bran should be scattered around the feeding trough to tempt them to try the grain. After licking up this they will begin to eat the oats and bran mixed together. Lambs should be fed a grain diet very carefully. Give them at first just enough to tempt them to come again. Do not overfeed them with grain. One false step in this direction may cost you the lives of several of the choicest animals. When they come readily to the feeding trough when called the diet should be increased a trifle each day, but they should not be placed upon a full diet of all that they will eat up clean inside of a month. If they are fed all they can eat in two weeks, after first tempted with grain they are apt to have some bowel trouble that will make them weak all through the winter. The time of feeding should be at regular stated intervals. Irregularity in the time and quantity of the food are sources of a great deal of trouble with the winter lambs. Oats and bran should be fed the first week or two, and then wheat or rye can be mixed in and after a month corn can be fed. The latter grain is the hardest for the lambs to digest, and it should not be made a part of their grain diet until their stomachs have become accustomed to coarse food."

Money in Mutton.

The best time to buy sheep is in late summer or fall. It will soon be in order to couple sheep, and as early lambs add largely to the profit the management of sheep in the fall is as important as during any other season. The ram should be pure bred and procured from a flock where the sheep are thrifty. All ewes that are not robust, or which show the least evidence of unsoundness, should be discarded. By careful selection and bringing the ewes into the winter in good condition they will have no difficulty in withstanding the cold, and their lambs will be strong and thrifty in the early portion of the year. Dogs can be kept from sheep by judicious use of barbed wire, the lower strand being on the ground or buried two inches beneath the surface, and the next strand four inches above the lower one. Sheep do not often receive injury from barbed wire, the wool being a protection. If dogs can be kept from sheep they can be raised with but little labor, and will partially support themselves while plants are growing, both weeds and grass being consumed by them, and they will enrich the soil with their droppings, which are evenly distributed and trodden in.

When farmers recognize that wool is not the only product of sheep they will improve their flocks and make larger profits. While there are individual sheep with good records as producers of heavy fleeces, yet the average clipping of wool is not over four pounds per sheep, due to breeding sheep that can thrive on scanty pastures and ignoring size. The present flocks can be almost entirely changed in two seasons, and at less expense than with any other class of stock. In England the farmers have ceased to attach importance to wool, breeding for mutton and lamb, with wool as a secondary product, and the long experience of the English farmers should be a guide to farmers in this country. In England the farmer pays a high rent and uses roots as a special food for sheep, the object being to produce a mutton of choice quality. In our large markets choice mutton sells readily, but it must be admitted that the large number of inferior sheep that reach the markets assist in keeping down prices to a certain extent, yet those farmers who have sent good ones to market have not been disappointed in profits.

Only Good Treatment Necessary.

Good food and good care are essential to successful poultry raising, but this does not by any means imply that it is necessary to be constantly fussing with them. It is possible to go to an extreme either way—to put in too much time adding and working with them, or neglecting them almost entirely, simply allowing them to take care of themselves. Good feed and good water with shade are almost all that are needed from spring until fall, if the fowls can be given a good range with healthy stock to begin with and then good treatment is given them, they will need no artificial preparations to keep them healthy, and the feeding of codliver oil feeds is an injury rather than a benefit. No lotion is sufficient to make up the daily wastes of the system. Material to make a steady growth is what is required, and the more completely this is supplied, the better will be the results in every way,

and this should be supplied at as low cost as possible in order to be able to realize the largest profit.

Maxims of an Old Teamster.

Bad-tempered driver—bad tempered team.
There are more balky drivers than balky horses.
Big loads, little profits.
Whips are like emetics, to be used very seldom.
Noisy drivers are like noisy wagons—both empty.
Axle grease modifies the grain bill.
A horse's power is proportionate to his food.
Regular and plentiful feeding is good economy.
Five cents' worth of sugar is better than a dollar in whips.
Blinders are worth more on the driver than on the horse.
He who cannot govern himself cannot govern horses.
The blacksmith is father to much lameness.
Few farm horses need shoes.
Horses need food and water whenever their driver does.
The golden rule applies to horses the same as to men.
The more whip the less horsemanship.

REMARKABLE GROUP OF PINES.

A Thousand to be Seen in a Cemetery in New Brunswick.

It is seldom that the mutilation of trees adds to their impressiveness, but a cemetery in St. Stephen, N. B., contains some hundreds of white pines, of unusual size and singular beauty, which shows the curious spectacle of branching, some three feet from the ground, into numerous great limbs, sometimes as much as seven feet in circumference. A hundred or so of these trees have attained large size, the most massive of them being 75 feet high and 11 feet and more in circumference, and the aspect of the huge horizontal or perpendicular branches, laden with heavy foliage, and the rugged, knotty boles from which they spring, is striking in character, while they have a certain dignity and solemnity especially befitting a cemetery.

As the ground on which they stand is supposed to have been burned over in 1801, when the adjacent country was laid waste by fire, the trees are all of

SECOND GROWTH.

Such of them as have been cut show 80 to 90 concentric rings, so that their age is less than 100 years, and they are still full of health and vigour, and promise to endure for years to come. Around them have sprung up hundreds of other stately trees, often six or seven feet in girth three feet from the ground; and the forest cemetery has the unusual charm from the solemnizing effect of these noble pines, through which the wind ever murmurs a gentle requiem for the departed.

Impressive as is the spectacle of the lofty unbranched trunks, which now and then indicate the site of a primeval forest in Maine or New Brunswick, there is something in the character of these distorted giants more imposing still, so that every visitor to this woodland burial place wanders through its shades, over the soft brown needles which carpet its undulating surface with a sentiment skin to awe. The checking of the upward growth in their youth has caused some of the trees to send up as many as fourteen branches, each of a different size and proportions of a leader, and some of them five or six feet in girth. One of the trees shows a sort of Siamese twin connecting link between two mighty trunks which rise almost perpendicularly to a considerable height.

The keeper estimates that there are

ONE THOUSAND

good-sized pines in the enclosure, several hundred of which are between five and ten feet in circumference. Of the curious branching trees of great size there are over one hundred, the largest of which is 11 feet eight inches in girth, with fourteen limbs forty to sixty feet long, some of them seven feet in circumference. Its height is seventy feet. Another, which is seventy-five feet high, has a girth of ten feet. Adjacent pines, less remarkable in growth, measure from seven and a half to nine and a half feet round.

Fine, well-kept gravel roads wind among these giants, and from certain open spaces of rising ground there are noble views of the St. Croix river, with chains of wooded hills marking its course. From the river the ground on the British side rises in a series of ridges, on one of which the cemetery is situated, at some distance from the busy little town of St. Stephen, which connects by a bridge with Calais, Maine. The whole river is remarkable for its fine landscape effects, enhanced by the rich coloring of its red granite shores and beaches. Its great tides, coming from the Bay of Fundy, rise at St. Stephen to the height of twenty-five feet, and recede, leaving but a thread of a stream to indicate its course, though it is a quarter of a mile in width at its headwaters, broadening at its mouth into Passamaquoddy Bay, with 600 islands breaking its imposing surface.

Youngest Medalist.

France, as well as England, has her decorations for those who save human lives. The other day at Trocadero, the Sauveteurs awarded their medal to Eugene Poirat, a baby 3 years old. A few months ago when the boy was playing with his younger brother in the yard of his home at Marly-la-Ville, the latter, aged 2, fell head foremost into a tub of water. Eugene, "a big fellow of 3," rushed to the rescue, but succeeded only in holding his brother by his clothes. His loud cries for "mamma" were not heard, and the little fists could hardly hold their heavy burden any longer. Then he fell upon the idea of calling "Julie," the name by which his father called his mother. This brought the mother upon the scene; in another moment she had her two children in her arms, and a few hours afterward the little ones had forgotten their adventure.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Trick With Fire.

A clever boy can do some mystifying conjuring and have no end of fun if he will only keep his wits about him and make each move at the proper time. The main thing is to keep the attention of the audience away from the pivotal point of the trick till the climax.

We heard about an easy one the other day, the preparation for which may all be done beforehand.

Did you ever see a conjurer hold up a bit of white paper, touch a match to it, and have a tiny flame start in the center of the paper and wind around until it had drawn the outlines of an animal or spelled somebody's name, and then die out, leaving the lines burned in the paper as though they had been cut-out? It probably seemed very wonderful to you, but it is easily done.

Take some salt-peter and dissolve in water until the water will take up no more. Then with a wooden point, such as the sharpened end of a match, use this solution as ink and write your name or draw a pattern on paper. Any paper will do, but unsized paper will not show the mark when the liquid dries, which it will very soon do.

How are you to know where to start from? Make a pencil mark at the spot. When you are ready apply to the mark a tiny coal or glowing stick that is not actually aflame. You will see the burning spread until it has run all along the line you made, and it will mystify as well as amuse everybody who watches it.

After you have learned to do it successfully you can prepare a lot of papers with queer patterns and funny animals and have them tacked up on little frames, and perhaps give a little "show" all your own.

The Chinese Way.

Somebody has been observing Chinese methods and says that they do everything backward. Their compass points to the south instead of the north. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil their's in a knot. The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backwards, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and the bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maids, their functionaries are old women. The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of one whom they would greet. Vessels are launched sideways, and horses are mounted from the off side. They commence their dinner with dessert, and end up with soup and fish. In shaving, the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hairs; and the performance is completed by removing the wax from the ears with a piece of cotton wool on a wire.

What Puzzled Margery.

This is Margery's first year in school, and she is greatly interested in everything that occurs. One morning recently she came home greatly excited.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "what do you think? Our teacher stopped right in the middle of a music lesson, and asked us how many turpins there are in a bushel. We just couldn't understand what that had to do with our music."

Mamma couldn't understand it, either, and the more positive Margery grew about this matter, the more her mamma felt she must be mistaken. Finally, to satisfy her own mind, one morning when she met the teacher Margery's mamma asked her what she meant by asking the children how many turpins there were in a bushel during a music lesson.

The teacher, too, was just as puzzled as Margery had been.

"Why, surely, I didn't ask such a question as that," she said. Then, after thinking a moment, she said, laughing: "Why, I asked the children how many beads there were in a measure!"

Margery's bright mind had done the rest.

A Trick With a Needle.

Although steel is harder than copper or silver, it would be a difficult feat to penetrate a coin with a needle in the ordinary way; but if it is thrust into a cork of just the same length as a needle, and given a quick, heavy blow with the hammer, the needle will be driven completely through it.

To insure the success of the experiment, the needle should be exactly covered by the cork, and must be placed so that it stands directly vertical to the face of the coin; but several trials may be necessary before this is accomplished. The coin may rest upon a piece of soft wood.

This trick is due to the principle of inertia, the quick blow driving the steel needle supported by the cork through the soft metal before it has had time to bend or break.

Magnetism in Man.

Every watchmaker knows that the human frame is an excellent magnet. A man will carry a watch for years, and be proud of its accuracy; then he will sicken, the watch will lie on the mantelpiece or on the chest of drawers, and will develop great inaccuracy and unreliability. The only explanation given is that the absence of magnetism upsets the time-announcer, and the best proof of this is that when the man recovers and takes his watch it soon gets right again. No two men appear to have the same magnetism in their frames, and it is seldom two can use the same watch satisfactorily.

SEEN IN NEW GUINEA.

Strange Life, Human and Other, in the Interior of the Island.

The only white man known to have crossed the island of New Guinea from shore to shore, to have actually traversed the vast unknown interior and seen the aboriginal Papuans face to face in their native forests, is Van Gestel.

"I started in 1874 from the mouth of the Fly river, in the Gulf of Papua, on the South coast of New Guinea, to run the frontier line. There was talk at that time of the annexation of New Guinea by the Government of Queensland, Australia, and so the Dutch Government resolved to define its possessions. I entered Papua with a detachment of a hundred Dutch soldiers, in their tidy uniforms of light blue linen, and a band of as many coolies to carry supplies.

"The interior of New Guinea is one vast mass of upheaved granite, without traces of minerals or metal ores, the strata tilted and piled top-sy-turvy. Everywhere the work of volcanic eruptions is to be seen. Such a thinly populated region, considering the fact that it was an absolutely new country and that fruits and small game were so plentiful, I did not suppose could exist. The natives we saw from time to time, at a distance mostly; they never molested us. Their heads were flat on top, with long, curly, black hair; they went entirely naked. Their buttocks extended out eight and even ten inches, this repulsive deformity constituting a fleshy support amply capable of sustaining a child in

A SITTING POSITION.

Nor was this their most marked peculiarity. Some of the nursing mothers thrust breasts back over their shoulders or under their arms, at will, to feed the infant carried in a sling between their shoulders.

"The Papuans are a very unattractive race to look upon. In arms they were primitive to a degree that was astounding. They had neither bows nor spears that I saw, their only weapons being stone hatchets. Of the use of metals they seemed to be entirely ignorant. In the dry season they made their homes in caves, which they found or excavated for themselves. Some of these cave dwellings I visited, discovering fragments of their repasts and occasionally a broken stone axe. In the rainy season they live high in the trees, where they build rude houses of sticks laid around and intertwined with the branches, thatched with dried along-along, and reached by shaky-looking stick ladders.

"Most startling was the solitude, the desolation of life and motion, in the great central plateaus which we reached in our gradual ascent from the river level. There were plenty of small creatures of the squirrel tribe, some of the peculiar pig-headed deer we have in Java, and an occasional little tiger cat, rather handsome than hurtful looking. That was all. I saw in my whole journey, from the mouth of the Fly river on the southeast coast to Geelvink Bay on the northwest, not a single beast of prey, unless those pretty little spotted tree cats could be dignified by that name. Not a kangaroo or either the tree-climbing or grass-jumping variety was seen, nor any of the dingoes or wild dogs elsewhere reported. I did see a number of specimens of

THE GREAT BAT.

called by the natives kalong or 'flying dog,' with its curious coat of light brown hair and its wing expanse of six feet—truly a formidable looking creature, but not hurtful as I found it.

"But of birds there is, I verily believe, a vaster profusion of more beautiful tints and delicate plumage in New Guinea than anywhere else in the world. They fairly flamed through those sombre forests, which but for their bright hues and sharp cries would have been funereally suggestive. What a paradise the interior of New Guinea would be for a naturalist! From the great cobb, which devours stones, and the cassowary, through all the species of peafowl and the bird of paradise, down to the cockatoos and the wood pigeons, there were birds of beauty in never ceasing variety and numbers.

"At suitable stations along the route I had the soldiers nail up on trees the Dutch flag and iron charts of the Dutch coat of arms, on most of which no white man's eyes have since fallen. When we reached Geelvink Bay, and realized that our task was finished, and that Holland's part of New Guinea was so definitely determined then and thenceforth that no other nation could lay claim to it, we gave a rousing cheer, and it must have been music in the ears of the solitary post holder whom the Government had even then for some years maintained on the coast. The poor fellow probably didn't see a friendly face more than half a dozen times a year. He lived in a block house, watching the coaling station for the Dutch war vessels in those waters."

Undoubtedly.

The people of Holland are commonly as matter-of-fact as the Scotch; and a figurative phrase bothers them sorely. Not long ago a traveller found in a cafe at Amsterdam a Dutchman who had travelled much, and who spoke English perfectly well.

The Dutchman was smoking a china pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the traveller, as an admirer and collector of such price-brac, took the liberty to comment upon it.

You could not stumble upon a pipe like that every day, said the traveller. The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe, and then slowly removed it from his mouth.

Certainly not without breaking it, he said, gravely.

Well Named.

Why do you refer to the trees as acrobats? Because their limbs are always in the air.

The Scorcher May be Scorched.

Have you a bicycle suit, Larkin? I have. Does it fit? My lawyer fears it will when it comes to trial.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Ottawa wants a curfew bell. Kingston's population is 17,950. The fall wheat plant is looking well. Safe blowers are at work in Stratford. Belle River recently held its first fair. At Wingham bread is four cents a loaf.

There are 10,000 Icelanders in Manitoba.

New oil territory is being opened at Bothwell.

Fifty houses will be built in Picton next season.

An athletic association is to be formed at Hespelear.

The Woodstock hospital is trying to get out of debt.

Gravenhurst's tax rate is 31-2 cents on the dollar.

The buildings put up in Berlin this year cost \$117,885.

A London boy has just harvested a good crop of peanuts.

Work on the Y. M. C. A.'s new building, London, has begun.

Recently a 30-pound porcupine was shot near Alliston.

The North Bay Public Library has been opened to the public.

Rev. John Curry, of the Orillia Baptist church, has resigned.

Three companies are competing for the Tottenham water works.

The new St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, has been formally opened.

McKutcheon's mill, Alton, has been burned at a loss of \$4,000.

Rev. F. Whelan, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, will resign.

Hunter and Crossley are holding revival meetings in New Brunswick.

Cattle roam over the streets of Owen Sound at their own sweet will.

Shipment of Canadian fruit to England by cold storage is not a success.

Goderich will soon have a checker tournament for young men under 19.

Interesting relics have been dug up in an old cemetery at Amherstburg.

Last year Stratford spent \$85,425 in improvements and new buildings.

The new curling and skating rink at Goderich has been formally opened.

Rev. W. H. Bradley, Alvinston, is to be called to Knox Church, Mitchell.

A Sombra farmer raised a potato weighing three pounds 7-2 ounces.

The Longford Lumber Company will take out 9,000,000 feet this winter.

Two skeletons of Indians were dug up from an Orillia street the other day.

Last year Manitoba's cattle shipments were 22,000; this year they are 30,000.

The old Baptist church building and lot, Stratford, have been sold by auction.

In Hamilton church property is exempt from taxation to the value of \$1,086,470.

The G. T. R. will probably make Georgetown the terminus of one of its divisions.

About 265,000,000 feet of lumber have been cut this season by the Ottawa mills.

Dr. Jennie Hill, Bond Head, is appointed superintendent of a hospital in China.

Waterloo is talking of raising \$50,000 to buy its share of the water works plant.

Every night at Kingston young men gamble away hundreds of dollars playing poker.

A West Zorra farmer grew a cucumber 18 inches long and a foot in circumference.

Next season a tally-ho coach will run between Port Cockburn and the Parry Sound railway.

A Port Dover man shows a table made of 200 different kinds of wood, and containing 19,000 pieces.

David Broughton, of Stamford, has fallen heir to a big fortune in the States by the death of a grand uncle.

The Livingstons, of Waterloo county, are arranging to buy 1,000,000 bushels of flax-seed in the North-west.

The Assize Court grand jury at Stratford was so pleased with the city hospital that it contributed \$13 to it.

London has two men who sit in adjoining pews in the same church, and yet never recognize each other on the street.

Wm. Curtis, mail carrier, between Muirkirk and Palmyra, asserts that his hair has not been cut since 1834, almost sixty-one years ago. He is ninety years old.

Jos. Forder, son of Bandmaster Forder of the 29th Battalion band, Berlin, died recently in the 16th year of his age. When fourteen he composed the Aberdeen Waltz, and was a promising musician.

A shark recently washed ashore at Midian, British Columbia, had two distinct tails, three perfect eyes, and what appeared to be the rudiment of a fin or flapper hanging to the under jaw.

A discovery of a new deposit of placer gold bearing gravel has been discovered near Vernon, B.C., in a rather remarkable manner. The wife of a rancher named Smith, on killing a fowl, found in the bird's crop several nuggets of gold, evidently picked up in the gravel pile to which the hen daily resorted.

The ground in the vicinity has been staked out and will be worked.

A Difficult Requirement.

The curious effect that may be produced by a very small transposition of words and ideas is illustrated by this slightly "mixed" construction, recently given by an officer at drill to a company of men:

When I give the foot command, 'Halt!' you will bring the foot which is on the ground to the side of the one which is in the air, and remain motionless!

The Rivals.

Mr. Richfello—"Miss De Slimm is evidently a woman of many fine points."

Rival Belle—"I should say so. Did you see her elbows?"

Live Stock Markets.

There was a very poor market to-day chiefly the result of heavy offerings of inferior cattle. Too much poor stuff continues to come in. There were 45 carloads of stuff, which included 700 sheep and lambs, 2,100 hogs, about 15 milch cows and eight calves. A couple of carloads of butchers' cattle were picked up here for the Montreal market.

Butchers' cattle—Trade was dull and prices were low. The weak tone is caused chiefly by too many inferior cattle being on the boards. There were a good many deals to-day in the region of 2c and 2½c per lb. Mostly the top price was 8c per lb, only a few choice head touching 8½c per lb. Very few were even good enough to bring 8c per lb. There is too much stuff coming in for the demand. There are so great quantities of fowl being consumed and butchers are cutting figures to the retailer so much that cattle cannot be sold live weight at prices to remunerate for the trouble of handling them. There were a few odds and ends of poor cattle left over at the close of the market. Three cows, 1,200 lbs average, which the drover was holding at \$80, got a bid no higher than \$70 for the lot. The seller had paid \$80 for the bunch in the country, and was willing to lose the freight charges. Sales:—15 cattle, about 1,000 lbs average, 2c per lb; 27 cattle, 950 lbs average, \$19 per head; 6 cattle, 1,100 lbs average, \$280 per cwt; 6 cows, 6,050 lbs weight, \$28 each; 2 cattle 900 lbs average, \$30 for the two; one carload cattle, 1,000 lbs average, 8c per lb; 1 carload cattle, 980 lbs average \$290 per cwt; four cattle, 1,000 lbs average, 8c per lb.

Bulls—Trade was somewhat slow. A few are being bought for export. Prices rule from 2½c to 3c per lb. One bull, weighing 1,700 lbs, for export, sold for 2½c per lb. Another one to go to Montreal, a good one, sold for \$260 per cwt.

Sheep—Shipping sheep are dull, the reports of scab having been found in a ship's cargo having further depressed the trade. There are a few head moving at from 2½c to 2½c per lb.

Lambs—There was also a weaker feeling in this line caused by this discovery of scab. Dealers report that it makes a difference of three shillings or 75 cents per head on each lamb sold in the old country, the fact that they have to be slaughtered immediately on landing. There were sales here at from \$8 to \$10 per cwt, the latter for the very best.

Calves—Trade was a little better to-day. Good veals are wanted. Prices ruled from \$4 to \$7 per head, according to quality. About a dozen more could have been easily sold to-day.

Milch cows and springers—Only about 15 head offered to-day, and the sold pretty well. Prices ranged from \$20 to \$35 per head, the latter for choice. Only the best ones are wanted.

Hogs—Heavy offerings helped to keep the market depressed to-day, there being, all told, 2,100 head on the boards. About the top price paid for hogs was \$370 per cwt, only four extra choice lots touching \$375 per cwt, weighed off the cars. The ruling figures were from \$350 to \$375, according to quality. Stock hogs are not wanted at all. Thick fat hogs are not quotable, there being enough of these picked up mixed in with the others. Too many stores are coming forward. Sows fetch 3c per lb, and stags go at 2c per lb. Rough hogs are not wanted.

Horses—Offerings are far too heavy. So many are coming in for the fertilizer factory that they cannot handle them. Dealers must hold off for about three weeks. The case of alleged starving of horses against Mr. Harris in the Police Court, instigated by the Humane Society, was remanded to-day until next Wednesday.

East Buffalo, Nov. 25.—Cattle—208 cars through and 6 on sale; market quiet and steady for good butchers' grades and slow for common cows; stockers and feeders firm; good stockers, \$275 to \$349; choice feeders \$350 to \$375; veals steady at \$675 to \$725 extra \$750. Hogs—11 cars through and 99 on sale; market fairly active but easier; bulk sales, Yorkers, mixed and mediums at \$370; good weight and medium heavy \$375; pigs, good to choice, \$375; roughs, \$315 to \$330; stags, \$250 to \$4.

Sheep and lambs—7 cars through, and 54 on sale; market strong and active; good to prime lambs, \$390 to \$410, extra \$425; light to fair, \$325 to \$375; mixed sheep \$225 to \$250.

common to fair, \$2 to \$2 15; export sheep \$325 to \$350. Cattle closed about steady. Hogs closed very dull and 5c to 10c lower; late sales were generally made at \$365 for Yorkers; good mixed and mediums, \$365 to \$377; pigs \$380. Sheep and lambs closed steady; 12 loads of Canada lambs on sale brought \$415 and \$420; few extra \$430; heavy export lambs, \$435 to \$440; heavy sheep, \$350 to \$385.

School Report.

The following is the report of the Mildmay public school for the month of November.

Sr Fourth—Phoebe Berry 160, Henry Miller 153, Allie Curle 152, John Berry 150, Albert Ziegler 150, Harry Moore 145, Sophia Loose 139, Garf Cameron 136, Ezra Haist 124.

Jr. Fourth—Nelson Holtzmann 137, Fred Glebe 132, Nelson Pletsch 121, A. Martin 119, I. a Rosnow 106, Willie Edmunson 105, Whittie Curle 104, Wil. Clubine 10.

A. CAMERON, Principal.

Sr. Third—Ema McIntyre, Jean McGavin, Eddie Berry, Ferdinand Wicke, Charlie Biehl; Fred Perschbacher and Mary Warner, equal.

Jr. Third—Fanny Maslen, Sara Filinger, Milton Schweitzer, Harvey Jasper, Annie Eifert, Willie McCulloch.

Sr. Second—Ma tha McCulloch, Jessie Land, Ka ie Wicke.

Jr. Secon -- Tillie Voigt, Maggie Schweitzer, Maggie Filinger, Maggie Miller, Johnnie McGavin, Bella McCulloch.

MISS WEKS, Teacher.

1st class—Milton Holtzmann, Charlie Rosenow, Hilda Clapp.

2nd class—Ethel Red ton, Charlie Glebe, Katie Blackwell.

3rd class—Verna Filinger, Webster Curle; Florence Cameron and Mary Holtzmann, equal.

4th class—Sara Holtzmann, Lauretta Holtzmann, Annie Blackwell and Viatta Butchart equal.

5th class—Manuel Holtzmann, Myrtle Jasper, Setma Liesemer.

MISS MCCONNELL, Teacher.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures 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.

Old age brings many aches and pains which must be looked after if health is to be maintained. This depends more than anything else on the kidneys. I am 85 years old, writes A. Duffin, Aultsville, Ont., and have had kidney trouble five years. My son advised Chase's Kidney Liver Pills, and I obtained immediate relief. I shall owe them to my life's end. You will find Chase's Pills equally effective for that lame back.

R-I-P-A-N-S

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

KOOTENAY

About ten years ago I first became afflicted with Rheumatism and Gout, and during the last ten years I have been treated by several physicians, and they all advised me that it was impossible to cure me here, and that the only remedy for me was to go to a warmer climate. I was confined to my house last December owing to this disease, and was unable to do any work whatever. I commenced taking the Kootenay Cure which Mr. S. S. Ryckman, M. P., gave me about the middle of April last, and after about one week's use of this medicine I was sufficiently cured to be able to start driving a bread wagon, which work required me constantly getting on and off my wagon.

The pains which I always had in my sides are now completely gone, and I am now able to work without any pain whatever.

In the past I have suffered almost indescribable agony from this disease. My general health has wonderfully improved since taking this medicine. Sworn to by MICHAEL H. DWYER, 32 Leeming Street, Hamilton.

Send for pamphlet to S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Hamilton, Ont.

CURES

RHEUMATISM

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 by passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by Mildmay Drug Store.

Save your Ammonia Soap wrapper. When you have 25 Ammonia or 10 Pure Soap wrappers, send them to us and a cent stamp for postage and we will mail you free a hand-some picture for framing. A list of Pictures around each box 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.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE

The Great English Remedy.

Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Insanity, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$11 six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold at Mildmay and every where by druggists.

Strayed!

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, 34, con. D. Carrick, on or about Nov. 18, 1895. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

ARCH REDDON, Mildmay.

Estray!

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, 14, con. 2, Carrick, on or about August 31st, one cow and lamb. Owner is requested to come and prove property, pay expenses and take same away.

CHRISTIAN WAACK, Mildmay, P. O.

Boar for Service!

THOROUGHBRED Berkshire Boar, registered pedigree hog, will be kept for service on lot 8, con. 18, Howick. Terms \$100, payable at time of service with privilege of returning if necessary.

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

Farm for Sale!

THAT valuable piece of property situated on part of lot 14 and 15, con. 6, Carrick tp, containing 30 acres. On the premises are a good frame house and barn; good orchard and good bush; well watered and well fenced. Mile and quarter from Mildmay. For further particulars apply to

WM. MCGAVIN, Mildmay P. O.

Wanted RELIABLE MAN to sell our IMPROVED FARM SEEDS! Paying side line. HIGHEST 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.

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

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

ONE DOLLAR!

The FREE PRESS is the Leading Liberal-Conservative Journal of Western Ontario. It contains each week a complete summary of the news and comment of the times.

The Commercial pages of the WEEKLY FREE PRESS are up to date, and simple for the country merchant, farmer and dairyman.

The FARM AND HOME contains each week able articles on Agricultural subjects and Live Stock. The farmer and cattle and horse breeder will find in its pages abundant topics of special interest.

A Serial Tale of absorbing interest will be an interesting feature of the WEEKLY FREE PRESS.

Both Papers Combined for \$1 from Now Until December 31st, 1896.

Agents wanted everywhere. Address all communications to the

FREE PRESS PRINTING CO. LONDON, ONTARIO.

The Mildmay Gazette

until January 1st 1897,

for

One Dollar.

PRINTING

Plain or Fancy Of Every Description

- Bill Heads
- Note Heads
- Letter Heads
- Envelopes
- Receipts
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- Posters
- Dodgers
- Pamphlets
- Sale Bills
- Financial Reports
- School Reports
- Business Cards
- Printing Cards
- concert Tickets
- Invitations
- Programs
- Etc., etc.

Neat, Clean Work Prices Moderate

Remember the place

Gazette Office

MILDMAY, ONT.

CHURCHES.

ANGELICAL.—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. —C. Liesemer, superintendent. Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Hainst, 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. YEOHAN, Pastor.

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

LUTHERAN.—Rev. Dr. Miller, pastor. Services the last three Sundays of every month at 2:30 p.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m.

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

SOCIETIES.

C. M. B. A., No. 70—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month.
K. WELKER, Sec. A. GOETZ, Pres.

C. O. F.—Court Hillway, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and fourth Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome.
G. H. LIESEMER, 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, Rec.

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

THE MILDWAY GAZETTE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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 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 "	Mail..... 2:5 p.m.
Mixed..... 5:20 p.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—200 cords wood wanted, also all kinds raw furs and sheep skins. L. A. Hinsperger.

—Business is booming at the corner store, since they adopted the cash system, and the reduced prices.

—T. P. Smith, eye specialist of Elora will be in Mildmay on the first or second week in January. All in need of spectacles should wait for him.

—For neat bill heads call at the GAZETTE office and get up-to-date styles. See our samples and be convinced that our work is superior to any office in the county.

—Go to C. Liesemer for your hardware, stoves and tinware. Have on hand 3 or 4 second hand cook stoves, also box stoves which will be sold very cheap. Give us a call.

—There will be offered for sale by public auction at the village of Mildmay on Friday, Dec. 13th, 1895, at 2 p.m., the Wagner block, immediately south of the Royal hotel. Terms made known on day of sale.

—The fire company had the engine out for testing last Friday evening, and everything worked fine. These practices are the very thing that should be done and thereby if anything is wrong with the engine, it is found out before any great conflagration takes place.

—The celebrated Hyams trial came to an end on Saturday. The jury after 85 minutes deliberation returned a verdict of not guilty. This has been one of the most sensational trials on the Canadian criminal record. Immediately after the above verdict had been returned the twins were re-arrested on a charge of conspiracy to kill Mrs. Harry Place Hyams.

—James A. Lamb, of Walkerton, secretary of the South Bruce Farmers' Institute will be at the Commercial Hotel, Mildmay, on Monday next at 2 p.m., to arrange for the annual winter meeting to be held on the 10th of January, 1896. As the Government go to the expense of sending out these able and practical speakers, it behooves all the members to turn out and help make the meetings a grand success.

—We wish our readers to bear in mind that on and after the first of February this paper will be conducted on a strictly cash in advance system. All who are now in arrears we would request them to call in and pay up, as we need money in the worst way. There are also a number who owe us for job work and who have had their accounts presented. We would be very thankful if they would whack up. We cannot do business without money, therefore we must have it. Come along friends and help the printer out of his dilemma.

—John Wendt is in Clifford this week with his uncle Henry.

—Jacob Schmidt shipped a car of stock to Buffalo Tuesday.

—Urban Schmidt shipped a carload of cattle to Toronto Monday.

—Jimmie McDonald wears a gladstone smile these days. Its a girl.

—George H. Liesemer is the happy papa of a bouncing baby boy.

—For sale—A black collie dog. Apply to John Palm, at the Commercial.

—Our blacksmiths are kept busy sheehing horses since the advent of winter.

22 pairs men's shoes, credit price was \$1 75 and \$2, now \$1 50 at the cash store, A. J. Sarjeant & Co.

—Jonas Hergott has vacated the Schurter residence opposite the foundry and moved into the house recently purchased by him.

—The ponds have become frozen over and the youth and beauty of Mildmay may be seen disporting themselves nightly thereon.

—Herringer & Scheffer have had a neat sign placed in front of their store this week announcing that they run a strictly cash business.

—The boys are earnestly wishing that the skating rink was ready for occupation. It would save them the bother of cleaning the ice on the ponds.

—Notice—I will not be responsible for any debts contracted, nor will I accept any cattle or stock purchased by Jacob Schmidt. I have nothing whatever to do with him. URBAN SCHMIDT, Mildmay.

—We would like to have a correspondent in Neustadt, Carlsruhe, Ayton, Balaklava, Badenoch, Walkerton, and Clifford. Parties who will wield the pen for the GAZETTE will be furnished with stationery.

—"Tony" Schnieder having disposed of his share in the livery business, has decided to start farming and has purchased Mr. Helwig's 100 acres adjoining the town. We understand he paid a good figure for same.

—Wanted by Feb. 1st 1896, \$300. As there are quite a number of our readers who are in arrears for their subscription we would be greatly obliged if they would call in and pay up. We need money and must have it.

—To-night (Thursday) a social will be held at the residence of Mr. George Curle. Refreshments, parlor games and a literary and musical program will be the attraction of the evening. Admission 15c. Everybody made welcome.

—Ross Whiting returned home on Saturday last. During the past summer, he with his brothers Will and Herb, have been doing a rushing business in Uncle Sam's domains. Ross looks as though the climate agreed with him over there.

—A few more inches of the beautiful will make grand sleighing. Since the recent fall of snow business has picked up, and the merry jingle of the bells has made things have a joyful sound. Saw logs are beginning to come in and ere long the merry hum of the buzz saw may be heard daily.

—We are again called upon this week to write another article anent Sabbath disturbances. The gay youths from other towns who visit us and imagine they can run the town to suit their own purposes will be brought up with a sudden jerk some of these fine days. The inhabitants of this town are quiet, law abiding people and do not propose to have the good name which has gone abroad in reference to our quiet Sabbaths defamed by outsiders who should have sense enough to conduct themselves as gentlemen. They evidently have no respect for themselves nor anybody else. If this thing is carried on much farther we will publish the names of all parties connected therewith.

—The 29th of next February, it is not generally known, will be the only 29th of February till 1904, since the year 1900, which most people are looking forward to as leap year, will really be an ordinary year. For the solar or actual year consists of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 10 seconds, or 11 minutes 10 seconds less than the 865 1/2 days with which the calendar, by intercalating a 29th of February every four years, credits it; and so in the course of a century the calendar goes wrong by 18 hours 36 minutes and 40 seconds. Accordingly at the end of the century, in order to get tolerably right again, the calendar, three times in four centuries, drops a 24th of February, and makes a leap year an ordinary year. It thus, instead of going wrong almost a day every century, it goes wrong only about a day every 5,000 years.

—See H. E. Liesemer's change of ad.

—Rev. J. H. McBain is slightly under the weather at present.

—Hector Cameron left Tuesday for a visit with his uncle in Paisley.

—Henry Wendt, of Clifford, spent Sunday with Miss K. Pletsch and other friends.

—George Culliton purchased J. D. McDonald's farm this week for the sum of \$4025.

—Another sack of that good coffee to hand yesterday at the cash store, A. J. Sarjeant & Co.

—If you have a farm for sale or rent or a house and lot for sale, advertise it in the GAZETTE.

—Mrs. Grundy says a wedding takes place in about three weeks. Who are the unluck parties.

—The skating rink is assuming shape part of the studding for the sides and the rafters being up.

—The Canadian Express Co. have opened out a money order office in town Jas. Johnston in charge.

—Rev. J. H. McBain will deliver a sermon to young men in the Methodist church next Sabbath evening.

—George E. Liesemer has changed his residence and moved into the house recently vacated by Henry Holtzman.

—25 pairs woman's laced shoes, glove grain with standard sew, were \$1 25, now \$1 at the cash store, A. J. Sarjeant & Co.

—As the holiday season is coming on our merchants are putting forth great efforts to meet the demand of their numerous customers.

—Came to the premises of Geo. Lambert, on or about the 18th inst., a collie dog. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

—20% can be saved on all kinds of harness, robes, blankets and bells. Big stock to select from. Call and get prices at L. A. Hinsperger.

—Holmes, the wholesale murderer, has been refused a new trial and sentenced to be hanged. The date is not fixed when the rope will usher him into eternity.

—C. Wendt, Mildmay, has just received a large assortment of albums, celluloid and plush cases, photo frames, etc., suitable for holiday gifts, at the lowest prices.

—Hard times! hard times! is the cry. Why so, when you can buy a 3 oz coin silver O. F. 11 jewelled Waltham K W watch for \$8 and save \$4 at C. Wendt's Mildmay.

—A number of the young people from the town and surrounding country spent a pleasant evening at the residence of John Haines, 8th con., last Friday tripping the light fantastic.

—Thursday evening last a contingent of the Salvation Army held a meeting of song and salvation in the Methodist church here. The church was literally packed, seats being at a premium.

—Any person purchasing \$1 worth of goods for cash has a chance of winning a beautiful silver tea service, valued at \$13. Second prize, portrait and frame, worth \$3.50. These articles are now on exhibition at our store. Herringer & Scheffer.

—The following paragraph from the Wingham Advance is one more testimony to the power of advertising: "A Wingham merchant told us a few days ago that a person had called in his place of business and informed him that owing to a merchant's free use of printers' ink, he would have to give up business in one of the neighboring villages, as his trade had been killed."

Shiloh's Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. Only one cent a dose, 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00. For sale at the People's Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

CATARRH RELIEVED in 10 to 60 minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal 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.

On behalf of the Fred Victor Mission Bible class I wish to express our gratitude to you for the box of Chase's Ointment which you supplied in aid of our charitable work to the infant child of Mrs. Brownrig. Ten days ago the child was awfully afflicted with scald head, the face being literally one scab from forehead to chin, and in that brief time a complete cure has been effected. Surely your gift was worth more than its weight in gold. Edmund Yeigh.

Cheap 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

Berry's Patent Horse Controller



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

Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.

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.

NEW * DRUG * STORE

Next Door West of J. D. Miller's

MILDMAY

HAVE YOU TRIED?

Our Own Baking Powder?

Second to none ???

First-class stock of Medicinal Liquors and Sacramental Wines kept constantly on hand
Prescriptions accurately compounded.

Night calls promptly attended to.
J. A. WILSON, M. D.

CURRENT NOTES.

The revision of the Bible, which was commenced in 1870, is now completed, and the present month will witness the publication of the Apocryphal books, the last of the labors of the learned body of men who began their work between twenty-five and twenty-six years ago.

While this translation is more critically exact than any that has preceded it, and has the commendation of scholars, it has not supplanted and probably will not supplant the authorized version, which has been for three centuries the pride and admiration of the English world.

In view of the critical relations of Great Britain and Venezuela, it becomes interesting to note what naval force Vice-Admiral James Elphinstone Erskine, commanding the North American and West Indies station has in or near Caribbean waters. At Barbadoes is the Canada, of 2,380 tons, 2,000 horse power, and ten guns.

Venezuela has no navy of consequence, most of her few vessels, we believe, being sailing craft, carrying small companies of coast guards or marines. Of her ports that might possibly be seized, the most prominent are La Guayra, Porto Cabello, Maracaibo, and Ciudad-Bolivar.

How to Estimate Trolley Car Speed.

There is in the public mind a confusion of ideas as to the speed of electric street cars. Two inexpert observers guessing at this speed will rarely come within miles of the correct estimate. Yet it is possible for anybody, by a simple calculation, to arrive at very nearly accurate information.

His Real Danger.

Prisoner—I am afraid the judge will condemn me this time for all I can do. Counsel—Be thankful if he doesn't condemn you for all you didn't do.

THE HOME.

Renewing Worn Garments.

A great many of us these hard times have to make over our old dresses or wear shabby, old style gowns and of the two, the neatly made-over dress is preferable, and if it is nicely fitted and the goods have been cleaned and pressed it will look "amaist as gude as new."

The successful woman goes at it differently. She realizes that what she cannot spend in money must be made up by painstaking ingenuity. In the first place she carefully rips the garment seam from seam, no two pieces being permitted to remain together.

For an ordinary garment ten cents worth of soap bark, obtained at the druggist's, will be sufficient. Put the bark to soak in a clean crock or china dish that has not held anything greasy—grease invariably soaks into the porous stone or earthen ware.

Push, velvet and woolen goods with raised surfaces, may have the wrinkles steamed out by tipping back a hot iron, laying upon it a wet cloth, and with its back to the cloth, the velvet.

The most important point after the garment is out, is the basting. The reason why a basque wrinkles or a skirt hangs badly, is because the basting has not been carefully done.

The next important feature of the waist is its toning. An old basque newly boned will have its youth renewed. To properly bone a garment is first a knowledge and then a knack—the casing must be firm enough to admit of much stretching, and the bones of a quality that will bend without breaking.

Correct Servicing.

The first essentials of a capable waiting maid are that she should be neat, quick and quiet. Neatness is an attribute indispensable in the dining-room above all other places. Plain, neat clothing should be worn. The hair should be arranged as plainly as possible.

Always go to the right of each person to remove the dishes. The waiting maid must be responsible for the proper heating of dishes before they are brought to the table. Except in case of accident which she cannot remedy, a maid should never speak to the hostess, who should be looked upon as a guest at her own table for the time being, and treated accordingly.

A maid who is watchful will never permit one guest to help another in the passing of food. Avoid all appearance of haste, though one must move quickly in order to accomplish all there is to be done.

Useful Recipes.

Chili Sauce.—For every dozen of large ripe tomatoes have two green peppers, two onions, one and a half tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of vinegar, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. Peel the tomatoes and mince fine.

Bread Pudding.—One pint of bread crumbs, one can of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, mixed with one quart of boiling water. Pour over crumbs. The yolks of four eggs, beaten light, a pinch of salt, flavor to taste.

Apple Butter.—Making this is well understood by most farmers' wives, but people who live in cities, and depend on the market and the family grocer to furnish them all such articles ready prepared, do not know how vastly more economical and purer it is to make it themselves.

The butterfly collection belonging to Prof. Nennmoegen, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is valued at \$60,000. There were 11,890 persons in penal servitude in Great Britain and Australia in 1870 and only 4,345 in 1895.

A connoisseur in cats, living in Westfield, Mass., has twenty-three cats in his house. One he values at \$1,000. In some portions of Upper Egypt rain is absolutely unknown, and in Lower Egypt there is sometimes no rain for years.

During the sealing season of 1895, now ended, the Canadian fleet secured 72,413 seals. Eight vessels of this fleet were lost with all on board. A man named Walker found near Sebree, Ky., recently, a buried jug marked by a ramrod sticking above the ground. It contained \$500 in gold.

An enterprising butcher on Third avenue, New York, has a piano in the back of his shop, upon which a colored man plays popular tunes every night. Telegraph communication with Midford, N.Y., was cut off for four hours last Friday by a tame bear, which, after climbing a telegraph pole, tore down the wire.

Statistics show that in British East India an average of sixty-five persons are killed by snakes, tigers, leopards, wolves, bears, hyenas, etc., every day—about 24,000 every year. Professor Joly, of Paris, says that in France crime is increasing, while the population is decreasing.

So much fruit has been raised in California this season that the local markets have been glutted, and in San Francisco tons of melons, pears and plums have been thrown into the sea. The operatives in Japan mills are not to be envied. They work every day, there being no Sunday, and the hours range from twelve to seventeen.

A messenger by carrier-pigeon from Capt. F. W. Patten's ship, off the coast of England, recently came to Arthur Sewall & Co., of Bath. The little bird flew by chance one day and was dispatched with the note, which, after many adventures, at last found its way to Maine, although the winged messenger dropped dead in France.

The curious fact has been observed while buildings generally are more liable to accidents from lightning during the first half of the year than during last, barns form an exception in this rule. In attempting to account for this it has been suggested that a full barn is warmer than an empty one, and that the heated and somewhat moist air rising from the straw or hay is more conducive than cooler air and "attracts" lightning.

The only man in the world, perhaps, that ever drove a horse wearing shoes made from metal which but a few weeks before had been in space, is Frank Morris of Worthington, W. Va. A few years ago a small colt, composed of pure iron, fell near Mr. Morris' homestead. He obtained possession of it and had a portion of it made into shoes for his favorite horse. These moonstones are usually highly prized and seldom used for such base purposes.

The Conscientious Astronomer. Housekeeper—Did you ever have any regular business, profession, or trade? Tramp—Oh, yes, mum, I user be a astronomer. Housekeeper—Of all things! Why didn't you keep at it? Tramp—I was too conscientious to make that there astronomy business pay, mum. A feller has gotter do some tall talkin' to make a livin' as a astronomer nowadays, mum, an' I'm too honest to look at a little red ball up in th' sky an' claim to see folks diggin' canals an' boys throwin' snow-balls at th' teacher. So I traded my instrument to a street fakir for a free-lunch route.

Soon Managed It. A Liverpool merchant recently went to his head clerk and said: John I owe about £10,000 and all I possess is £4,000, which is locked up in the safe. A feller has gotter do some tall talkin' to make a livin' as a astronomer nowadays, mum, an' I'm too honest to look at a little red ball up in th' sky an' claim to see folks diggin' canals an' boys throwin' snow-balls at th' teacher. So I traded my instrument to a street fakir for a free-lunch route.

From His Uncle's Wardrobe. Why do you call that a dress suit when it is only a business rig? asked Jorkin of his friend McSwell. It has figured at three balls just the same, retorted McSwell. An Intelligent Witness. A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question and not talk about what he might think the question meant was interrogated as follows: You drive a wagon? No, sir, I do not. Why, sir, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment? No, sir, I did not. Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath. Do you drive a wagon? No, sir. What is your occupation, then? I drive a horse.

MESSAGE BY MACHINERY.

ATHLETES MADE WITHOUT EXERCISE ON THEIR PART.

Lazy and Infirm Persons Supplied With Curious Mechanical Contrivances That Serve to Develop Every Part of the Body—One May Dance and Kick and Never Move a Muscle by Act of His Own Will.

This is the age of machinery, and the genius of mechanism pervades all departments of life. It is, however, none the less startling to be confronted with apparatus which lays hold on you in whatsoever manner you desire, strokes you gently, pats you, shakes you, twists you, in fine, manipulates you as you please, and that so gently and so daintily that your nerves give no hint of rebellion.

These apparatus are the invention of Dr. G. Zander, of Stockholm, who has spent the bulk of his life in perfecting his system of mechanico-therapeutic contrivances for the treatment of disease and for the general development of the physique. To a great extent and in the more novel forms the instruments are designed to afford mechanical substitutes for massage—manipulation by human attendants.

Within the last twenty years massage has come to be recognized as of marvelous worth in the treatment of the human body for its restoration or for its development. That it has been made the means of abuses does not detract from its value where JUDICIOUSLY EMPLOYED.

It may be said that massage in simple form has been practiced by all men of all times, as, for illustration, in rubbing and friction, but its scope has been so much enlarged and its importance so much esteemed of late that it is practically the invention of the generation. For its proper service it is essential that the operators should possess a variety of abilities, which, unfortunately, are not commonly united in one person.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

News About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling attends to all of her husband's correspondence, and carefully guards him against would-be intruders. Mr. H. B. Cotton, bow oar of the Oxford crew in the last four races with Cambridge, and a son of Lord Justice Cotton, died recently of consumption at Davos Platz.

William E. Gladstone's physicians find it impossible to compel the grand old man to do less mental work. He pursues his studies as energetically as he did at the age of twenty. George Vanderbilt intends to make Bitmore, in North Carolina, a Mecca for all those who are seriously interested in the study of forestry, scientific farming, and horticulture.

Lord Rosebery has for some years been forming a portrait gallery of epoch-making men. He was fortunate enough some years ago to secure a rare copy of a portrait of Washington. D. L. Moody's revival services in Atlanta are attracting enormous crowds. At every service seats in the big tabernacle are at a premium, though it will accommodate about six thousand people.

Two young men of Palermo, Italy, named Notabartolo, have left that city to go to Turin and back without a penny in their pockets. They will swim the Straits of Messina. They are wealthy, but are suffering from ennui. Right Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole, who has just completed his ninety-third year, was three times Home Secretary under Lord Derby, and has drawn a political pension of \$10,000 a year for over twenty-eight years.

Miss Mathew, the bride-elect of John Dillon, the Irish member of Parliament, is the eldest daughter of Justice Mathew, a member of the family of Mathew, of Thomastown, Kilkenny, and a great-grandniece of Father Mathew. Sir James Mathew is one of the few Roman Catholic judges on the English bench.

A short time since a paragraph announced that Madame Sarah Bernhardt intends to make a tour in Germany. The following letter has been read:—"Please contradict the paragraph from German papers reproduced in the Figaro, saying that I am about to play in Germany. I don't deal in politics; I don't blame anyone; but I won't act in Germany."

Miss Kate Terry, the sister of the eminent actress, has faith in agriculture, as far as rearing of cattle goes, as she has formed a remarkably fine herd of Jerseys. She gave a calf to Miss Emily Moon, of Leatherhead who has likewise been most successful in rearing splendid cattle, and gained renown as the most successful lady farmer in the home counties.—London Court Journal.

Henry Irving's two sons are making a good record on the English stage, and are members of Ben Greet's provincial company, which has sent so many well-trained actors to the London boards. On the last night of the company's recent engagement in Liverpool they appeared in "Othello." H. B. Irving in the title role and his brother, Laurence, as Iago. H. B. has also recently successfully essayed Digby Grant in "The Two Roses," a part in which his father won renown years ago.

Professor Fuertes, of the College of Civil Engineering of Cornell University, is reported to have received the largest fee perhaps ever paid to an engineer—\$120,000. This is for services in planning a system of sanitation for the city of Santos Brazil. Santos is the output city for Brazilian coffee, and the death rate from yellow fever and similar causes has averaged 205 to 1,000 a year. The entire city is to be practically torn down and rebuilt on sanitary principles, at a cost to the Brazilian Government of some \$4,000,000.

The Queen speaks English to Prince Henry of Battenberg, and even to the Grand Duke of Hesse and the Duchess of Coburg-Gotha, and the Prince of Wales writes almost always in English to his mother and to his other relatives living in England. German is only spoken in conversation with German and Austrian Ambassadors, and during an audience by German or Austrian subjects. With all other diplomatists French is always spoken. But in intercourse with the Danish Royal family German is nearly always the language spoken.

A Peculiar Disease. A medical case of the greatest interest to physicians has been discovered in New York, and the faculty and students of two colleges are studying it with much curiosity. The patient is John Molansky, a cracker manufacturer, who for the last year and a half has been changing in voice and feature until persons who knew him two years ago would hardly recognize him now.

To the physicians this change is known as acromygalia, and is one of the rarest of ailments. So unusual is it that they cannot agree about it, and some claim it is not a disease but a physical form of atavism, or a retrogression from the human to some primitive type of man. However that may be, Molansky is undergoing a gradual physical metamorphosis. His face is slowly changing from its natural type, until already it has come to show a strong resemblance to the head of an animal. Physicians are undecided about it, some of the leading European scientists holding that it is a species of physical atavism, while others say it is a nervous disease. Molansky's case is the first to be reported in America.

Know How It Would Be. The simplicity of children is sometimes hard to fathom. In the following case, for instance, reported by an exchange, was the boy's innocence real or affected? He brought home his monthly school report, which made a poor showing. This is very unsatisfactory, said his father, as he looked it over; I am not at all pleased with it. I knew you wouldn't be, answered the little boy; I told the teacher so, but she said she couldn't change it.

Catch On To The Best Opportunity !!

Of a life time for buying cheap.

It's a quick turn on very close margin to satisfy a lively demand.

JUST TO HAND

10 doz pairs ladies' black, all wool cashmere gloves, sizes, 6½, 7, 7½, and 8, at 10c pair, sold at 20c anywhere else
 Ladies' white wool Ringwood gloves at 25c pair.
 Ladies' black wool cashmere mitts at 25c pair
 Ladies' black wool knitted gloves at 25c pair
 60 doz fancy belt pins in black silver and gilt regularly sold at 5c, our price 1c each
 5 doz fancy silk handkerchiefs, large size, 20c
 Another line " 50c, extra value
 32 inch standard flannelett, full line of patterns, 7c
 Full range of colors, 44 inch, all wool Henrietta, 38c per yard, regular price
 Men's fine Scotch knitted underwear 85c suit
 Men's wool knitted top shirts, 39c each
 " sox, 3 pair for 25c
 Only 25 pair gray blankets left at 69c pair
 10 pieces home made flannel, all wool, at 19c yd

No sale is expected unless we prove this.

We are anxious to show you our goods, but we ask for your patronage, only when they give complete satisfaction.

J. D. MILLER,

Shiloh's Cure, the great Cough and Croup Cure is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five, only 2c. Children love it. Sold at Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn. says, "Shiloh's Vitalizer Saved My Life. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts. For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

Captain Sweeney, San Diego, Col. says: Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good. Price 50c. Sold at Peoples' drug store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the Great South American Kidney Cure. You cannot afford to pass this magic relief and cure. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store.

Karl's Clover Root, the great Blood purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25 cts, 50 cts, \$1.00. For sale at the Peoples' Drug store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, Pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold at Mildmay Drug Store.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT
 CURES THE BLOOD
 CURES CONSUMPTION
 CURES RHEUMATISM
 CURES SCROFULA
 CURES ALL SKIN DISEASES
 CURES ALL BRUISES
 CURES ALL WOUNDS
 CURES ALL SORES
 CURES ALL FEVERS
 CURES ALL AGES IT WILL NOT CURE.

An Agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC.
 Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.
KO NO
 The Favorite YOUTH PROMOVER for the Teeth and Breaths.

For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store Mildmay.

John Burke, 28 Mary St., Hamilton had pains in the back and Rheumatism. Have taken one bottle of Kootenay Cure. Never had anything to do me much good.

The number of deer killed on the Bruce Peninsula this year is estimated at from 150 to 200.

The Arab Colony which left Walkerton some time ago to make their home in Hamilton have returned.

Prof. Tauney has been appointed preceptor of the Presbyterian church, Chesley, at a salary of \$300 a year.

The Chatsworth News says: Burglars blew open the safe in the office of the Woodstock Sentinel Review, and carried off \$39.40. This is the first instance on record of money being found in a printing office.

As little Margery Mason was sleigh-riding with some other little girls on the hill in rear of Mr. Thos. Dixon's Walkerton, she was unfortunate enough to break her arm between the elbow and the shoulder. The break is a clean one and will confine her to the house for some time.

He will take no Risks.

Shrewdness of a wellknown City Merchant.

HE KNEW WHAT WAS GOOD FOR HIM.

In winter when Canadians spend a large portion of their time indoors and cannot have the same variety of fresh food as in summer and fall, indigestion and dyspepsia afflict a majority. "If anybody will tell me that dyspepsia in its advanced stages is perfectly curable," said a Toronto merchant, "I will take his word. Personally I run no risks. As soon as I feel a sense of weight in the stomach, after a meal, I know that my blood is sluggish in circulation. In my business I cannot take much exercise, and I fight the first sign of stomach troubles with Scott's Sarsaparilla. It has never failed me, and has saved me many a doctor's bill."

Scott's Sarsaparilla possesses medicinal properties superior to all other so-called sarsaparillas made. As a remedy for indigestion, rheumatism, pimples, scrofula and all blood diseases, physicians state that its equal was never known. Sold at \$1 per bottle, of all dealers.

For sale at the Peoples' Drug store by J. A. Wilson.

ART AND LITERATURE IN CANADA.

There are cynics who say that there is no public opinion in Canada, no literature. At a dinner given recently by the publishers of Toronto to Mr. Hall Caine, the great novelist, this question was discussed, and a leading publisher remarked that literature would never make rapid advance in this country because it is difficult to induce Canadians to read the works of a Canadian author. This statement, however, is not true with regard to *Toronto Saturday Night*, which has as large a circulation as any newspaper of its class in America. Its Christmas Number, which will be issued Dec. 1, 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 him and 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 artistic attempt ever made to carry us back to the old days when Canada was little more than a geographical term. The other four pictures are done in sixteen colors, and the book itself, consisting of over forty pages, contains the four prize stories in the *Saturday Night* competition. Following is a list of contents:

1st prize, "A Reconnaissance at Fort Ellice," by William Bleasdel Cameron. Illustrations by J. C. Innes.
 2nd prize, "Boh Shwey's Ruby," by W. A. Fraser. Illustrations from photographs.
 3rd prize, "A Matter of Necessity," by John McCrae. Illustrations by F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.
 4th prize, "Willow Molony," by J. C. Innes. Illustrations by the author.

"Jim Lancy's Pass," by E. E. Sheppard. Illustrated.

"From the Sublime," by Warren H. Warren. Illustrations by G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

"Nanton's Sister," by Alice Ashworth. Illustrated.

"Hendershott of Strathgannon," by Joe Clark. Illustrations by Carl Ahrens, A.R.C.A., and Beatrice Sullivan.

"So-Long," an etching by "Don."
 "Hawkie's Dream," (poem), by Alexander McLaughlin.

"The Love of the World Detected," (poem), by William Cowper. Illustrations by J. W. Bengough.

"Life of Champlain," by George Stewart, M.A., D.C.L.

"As a Little Child," (poem), by Evelyn Durand.

"A Song," (poem), by Gertrude Barlett.

The price of the number, postpaid to any address, in a pasteboard tube to protect it from damage in the mails, is 50 cents, and in point of literary excellence and the quantity and quality of the supplements it far exceeds anything offered by foreign holiday publications. Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools for Toronto, has said that the Champlain picture should be framed and hung in "every schoolroom in Canada," and schoolteachers everywhere should take an interest in bringing it before the public. Teachers and young people can do a good work by sending for a Christmas Number of *Saturday Night*, and a better work by acting as agent for it and inducing their neighbors to send for it as well. A liberal commission is allowed. Address The Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited, Adelaide Street west, Toronto. The price of the regular edition of *Saturday Night*, which undoubtedly stands alone as Canada's most interesting and thoroughly high-class illustrated weekly, is \$2 per year.

All-a-Samee

Cheroots 4 FOR

All Imported Tobacco. 10c

Better than most 5 Cent Cigars.

As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar.

It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere.

Creme de la Creme Cigar Co., Montreal.

Mr. W. Wendorf sold his livery at Hanover on Monday to Mr. Thomas Gunnis.

The storm on Monday night levelled both smokestacks of Mr. Strome's mill at Fordwich; also wrecked the new stable which he is erecting on the lot occupied by W. Adair. Many fences were levelled in that locality.

DANGEROUS CONSOLATION.

All Right in a Day or Two, But the Day Never Comes.

"All right in a day or two" is the thought that consoles every one who is suffering from any indisposition that does not prostrate him. In the case of a person bedridden for months with disease of the Kidneys being asked, "Did you not have any warning of this condition you are now in?" "Yes, I was bothered at first with back-ache, with occasional headaches, but did not consider myself sick or the necessity of medicine further than a plaster on my back or rubbing with my favorite liniment. It was months before I began to realize that it was useless to further force myself to ignore my condition. The backache had become a pain in the back and sides, weak and tired feeling, high-colored urine with obstructions and stoppage, pain in the bladder, palpitation of the heart, poor appetite, indigestion, and a dull, languid feeling, with entire lack of energy." Had the first signal of distress from the Kidneys—Back-ache—received the assistance of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the after state of misery and suffering would have been avoided. A few doses dispel first symptoms; delay results in liver, heart and stomach becoming affected. It is useless to expect to overcome this complication without a persistent and regular use of Chase's K. and L. Pills. Price 25c., sold by all dealers, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Blacksmithing.

For a First class Cart or Buggy call on

Jos. Kunkel,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH, Mildmay.

Repairing and Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Prices Guaranteed Right.

This Spot

BELONGS TO

A. Murat

MILDMAY.

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