

AGRICULTURAL.

Standard Points of a Milch Cow. Head 4.—Medium length, forehead broad and slightly dished, nostrils large and prominent.

Eyes 5.—Large, bright, prominent, mild, surrounded by a circle of orange colored skin.

Horns 2.—Small or medium, oval preferred, close waxy with slight yellow tinge.

Ears 2.—Medium sized, covered with fine hair; inside skin of a yellowish orange color.

Neck 4.—Fine slender, rather long and curve superiorly attachment to head and shoulders, neat and strong.

Chest 4.—Moderately deep, but not wide.

Back 2.—Peak of shoulder elevated, droop toward tail catches, indicating strength of loin.

Organs 10.—Full, so that arms will appear to be well under body; girls here indicates large organs and sound constitution.

Babes 10.—Large, round, capacious; ribs sprung out from back-bone, and should waxy both laterally and inferiorly, gradually increasing in girth towards hips.

Loins 6.—Broad, slightly arched. Three factors in strength of loin, droop toward tail, arched transversely and distance between posterior ribs and hook bone not too great.

Flank 2.—Should extend well down, covering as much of udder as possible, but should not be thick.

Pinnons 3.—Fine, prominent and wide apart.

Hips.—Wide between hips, to make plenty of room for udder. Here the muscles should be developed extensively.

Udder 16.—Should be well tucked up behind, wide, but not fleshy, to point out in every direction, those from forward and outward, those behind downwards and outwards.

Teats should be of medium but convenient size for pressure from all the fingers in milking. There should be two false teats either behind or one on each side. Milk veins visibly distinct all over udder; skin on udder thin, fine and showing yellowing an oily secretion, and showing yellow under the ham. Hair, fine, short and soft; milk veins, winding and knotty-like, going well forward into the barrel.

Scutcheon 2.—Distinctly marked, wide, covering a large area of posterior of udder and extending as high up between hips as possible.

Hind 9.—Medium thickness, fine texture, loose, soft, covered with a yellowish dandruff under the hair. Hair fine, soft and dense.

Tail 2.—Rather long, two or three inches below hook, slim tapering to a large, heavy switch; point sharp and covered with a dark yellowish skin.

Feet 10.—Large, but compact, bones of fine texture, legs strong and short. Bones below knee and hocks flat, while front showing a wedge shape with sharp end in front, when a person stands directly in front of the animal.

A cow with all the standard points indicated above is very rare. But in breeding for the dairy the aim is to get as many as possible.

The Silo.

An excellent bulletin on the silo and corn ensilage, by Mr. C. C. James, the Deputy Minister of Agriculture, has been issued by the Department of Agriculture. The value of the bulletin is especially enhanced inasmuch as it has been compiled from replies received from forty correspondents who have had experience of from one to eleven years in growing corn and in making and feeding ensilage, and those who have made good, sweet ensilage speak most highly of its value. The following useful information is given as to building a silo:

The silo with a few exceptions the silos of Ontario have been built in the corners of the barn, sometimes utilizing the root cellars in the basement as the lower part. The silo should be from 16 to 25 ft. high, and should be built to withstand enormous pressure. The main features of tried silos are as follows: Upon a substantial stone foundation or concrete base, firmly imbedded in the foundation or secured to it by iron rods firmly bolted down. The studs should be 2x10 inch, cut 12 inches apart, mortised into sills. Leave the two studs 18 inches apart where doors are to be placed. Secure the plates and rafters firmly so that there will be no necessity for iron rods to prevent or overcome spreading.

Board up the outside with one layer of inch lumber, battening the joints. On the inside first place a layer of inch lumber, pine or hemlock, which need not be planed; over that one, or better, two layers of tarred paper; over the tarred paper a layer of dressed inch lumber running up and down, which should be tongued and grooved or jointed. Into the corners should be fitted boards with bevelled edges, the space behind packed with sawdust or grout. Over the entire smooth and perfectly air tight surface of the interior thus obtained apply one or two coats of linseed oil or of hot coal tar and resin (one gallon coal tar to three pounds of resin). The floor may be made of cement or packed clay well drained, and should be made level or a little higher in the centre. Upon the floor spread a little cut straw before putting in corn. No rough stone should be left exposed, but any foundation above the floor should also be covered with sheeting. The walls should be left hollow. The door is made by cutting down from the plate sills between the two studs, left eighteen inches apart, hanging close-fitting doors on the outside to close this opening, each door being about four feet long. As the silo is filled the inner wall is boarded up tight, the door closed, and the space between filled with sawdust. If the doors for removing ensilage are not conveniently placed for filling, a small door will be necessary, situated according to requirements. Ventilate by roof or gable. If the silo is more than sixteen feet long it is advisable to divide by removable plank partition. The two most important points to be observed in construction are to have it very strong and perfectly air-tight.

Cost and Capacity of Silo.—One ton of ensilage will fill about fifty cubic feet. The cost of silo depends upon so many circumstances that it might be advisable to give a few examples:

Table with 2 columns: Dimensions and Cost. 24x15x27 ft. Separate, brick, four rooms \$20 \$1,600. Mows of barn 175 100. Separate with wooden 225 200. 12x12x20 Root house fixed over 120 75. 16x12x21 Bay of barn 120 75. 16x12x21 In corner of barn 85 85. 16x12x21 In bay of barn 100 50. 12x12x15 In bay of barn 100 40. It will be seen that where a root cellar or corner of a barn is utilized, the cost may be easily kept under \$1 for each ton capacity. A root cellar under is not deep enough for silo.

Summer Management of Cows.

In mixed farming the cow plays an important part, and upon her management depends, in a great measure, the amount of product in the form of butter or cheese. It is presupposed that the cows are good ones, speaking in the general acceptance of the pasturage, not overworked, and the result may be quite satisfactory if it is red clover. But pastures of white clover or alkali have been condemned by observing butter makers as rendering the cream produced difficult to convert into butter. In its growing state there is more flesh and milk producing element in a pound of timothy than in a pound of clover, and the former is more the natural food of the domestic animals than is the latter.

Fresh, pure water is another very important requirement. While cows will, and do, drink stagnant water with apparent relish, yet too often it is a matter of complaint. At all times, and more especially in warm weather, they should have free access to water, and not wait for the attendant to pump it night and morning. During the heated term they may be observed going to the creek several times a day, and no domestic animal will drink a greater quantity of water than a milch cow. During July, August, and September, when flies are troublesome, cows should not be kept in a dry, open yard at night. During the heat of the day they spend a large portion of their time in the shade, or are so tormented by flies that they do not eat as much food as they need. If the cow pasture is visited any amount at night, they should have fresh water near midnight. This means an increased quantity of milk. Another important matter concerning this night pasturage is the more even distribution of the increment, the liquid portion of which is all certainly lost if they are kept from 8 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon during hot days. In the evening stable with a supply of green, succulent food at noon it would be better than yarding at night. This will cause more work, but it will pay well in the increased production of milk, says the "American Agriculturist."

Salting is another important matter. The true way is to have a supply of salt before hand at all times. If barrel salt is used, it may be placed in a box in the pasture and covered to keep out the rain. Better yet is to place a piece of rock salt at some place in the pasture, where they may obtain a supply by licking it off as they may need for reasons not necessary to here enumerate. See strictly to it that the cows are quietly driven to and from the pasture. Have regular hours for milking, and try and divide the time into twelve hours each, especially in June, when the production of milk is the greatest. Treat them kindly and in such a manner that they will come at the calling. If you send a dog for them don't allow him to chase or bite them. Don't tell stories or talk while milking, but attend to it quietly and rapidly.

Fixed Purpose of the Farm. There are two well-defined classes of farms and farmers in this country. The one is a farmer who has formed an adequate conception of what it is he purposes to do. He has not set himself down as a farmer, but from this to that with every idle change of the wind. From carefully learned lessons in his past experience he is enabled to generalize upon current information that he gathers on all hands in his daily walks, and he shapes his affairs accordingly. In the deeper insight, proceeding from an intensity of purpose, he has a better general grasp of the needs of the world and is, therefore, better prepared to meet them, though perhaps, it may seem in a small way, yet it amounts to a good deal for a single individual. Aside from knowing about what is to be done on the details of things, along the lines of production, and plans his mode of operation, he may be to meet the unexpected. This farmer will always be known by his farm. The farm is always the reflection of the owner's thoughts and resolver. The fences will not be found down nor the gate off its hinges. If the fruit season chances to be a dull one the orchard trees will none the less be found flourishing and in full vigor for another year. The hogs will not be found squealing for corn because the price of pork is a little off. The pastures are not overcrowded with scrub stock. The fields are well tilled. The crops are sown in good season. The best of seed and of perfect condition and vigor only is used. The quality of the grain he grows and the average yield per acre are both very high to be above that of his neighbor who holds to no system in these things. He does not necessarily go on the jump from morning until night. The man who stops occasionally to think and scratch his head is the fellow who generally comes under the wire in the lead.

But, as we have intimated, there is another sort of a fellow who "stays" on the farm. In truth there are several varieties here that may all be brought under the one head of indifferent farmers. Men can only do good and successful farmers from a fixity of purpose and from following all their aims and ends out to a legitimate conclusion. But there are various ways of failing to meet the requirements necessary to be called a good farmer. A few fall from sheer indolence. A few fall from ill-health. But more of those who do no more than live from hand to mouth on the farms fall from a lack of system. They perhaps do as much physical labor and often more than the man who makes a fair success of his work under the same surroundings. But it is somehow not done to the same or right purpose. It doesn't do joints well and the ends don't meet up as they should. Such a man never has a very clear idea as to the cause of the trouble. He is more apt to believe that the trouble lies in his surroundings than in himself for not understanding them better and making the most of them. He doesn't mix with his brother farmers at farmers' institutes and never gets at the real gist of many things that are much better understood by those who meet together for the consideration of questions affecting the mutual interests of all farmers of the community. Yet there is an improvement upon the old order of things. There are more men in a neighborhood who take an active interest in the winter session of the institutes than there used to be. More of them read agricultural journals. They more generally buy pure-bred stock for breeding purposes, and all advanced ideas in special lines of farming. These are all encouraging features of the latter-day order of things. It is an uphill movement, but willing shoulders are at the wheel and the old cart has got to move.

MEN OF MILLIONS.

Something About the Great Jewish Banking Family of the Rothschilds. London, July 12.—There are so many Rothschilds, and they are so much alike in many respects, that the individuality of each is to some extent lost, and in England at least, they are spoken of more as a family than as separate personages. They form, in fact, a most singular group of men and exercise a vast weight in politics and society as well as in finance.

It is a curious thing that there are fewer Jews in England than in any other country in Europe, though they enjoy more perfect equality there than in any other. Until forty years ago, indeed, they remained under certain political disabilities, for the reason that they could not conscientiously take the oath to certain public positions. But for many years before the Jewish disabilities were abolished by special act of Parliament, public opinion had entirely condemned them, and social sentiment had ignored them. The late Baron Lionel Rothschild was four times elected member of the House of Commons for the city of London, Englishman can occupy, before he was able to speak or vote. He sat "without the bar" for some sixteen years, a silent witness of gross injustice and a monstrous absurdity; and his constituents, the proud and loyal community in the world, preferred to be represented by him in that humiliating situation rather than by any one else who could enjoy all the rights and privileges of a member of Parliament.

On the last occasion when the Jewish disabilities bill was brought forward, the Earl of Derby, then leader of the opposition in the House of Lords, spoke strongly against it on the ground that Jews were not fit to sit in a Christian legislature. An admirable cartoon was published at the time representing the well-known scene in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," where Isaac Knight seeks to take the hand of the Knight Templar, Brian de Bois Gilbert. In the novel, the Templar repels him with scorn, exclaiming "Back Jew! I would misbelievers save with the sword!" In the caricature Lord Derby was represented saying to Baron Rothschild: "Back Jew! I touch not misbelievers save with the beating book." What will you do about the Bill? Bink Bonny was Lord Derby's famous mare that won the stakes in '63, and the allusion was to the well-known fact of the haughty earl being an intimate friend of the Jewish banker on the turf.

The bill was passed into law that year, and Baron Rothschild took his seat in the House of Commons amid cheers and congratulations from all sides, and the English Jews, than whom the Queen possesses no more loyal or public-spirited subjects, entered into the full rights of citizenship.

Long before then, of course, men of Jewish blood had held all sorts of high positions. Disraeli had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Bernal Osborne had sat in Parliament for years. But these were either Christianized Jews, or, at all events, they had no scruple about taking any kind of oath that was tendered to them. Baron Rothschild was the first Jew adhering openly and avowedly to the faith of his forefathers, who was enabled to hold office in England, and no more creditable representative of his people could have been chosen.

With their legal disabilities, the prejudices of other kinds against the Jews rapidly disappeared. One of their number, Sir George Jessel, who has elevated to the judicial bench, proved one of its noblest ornaments.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the centenary philanthropist, rather honored the rank of baronet than was honored by it; and in all departments of life it soon came to be recognized that English Jews were in every respect worthy of the liberties of Englishmen. Now it is difficult to realize that any country should have been so backward in subject, existing within the life of middle-aged people now living.

There was a fear that when Jews were admitted to perfect equality in England, they would swarm in from the continent and dominate the country by their wealth and clannishness. That, however, was totally unfounded. For some reason not easily explained, Jews have never become numerous in England.

Moreover, the English Jews have never shown that tendency to hold themselves aloof and remain a peculiar people which they display elsewhere. On the contrary, they become thoroughly English in habits and ideas in a few generations after merged by marriage in the general population. Even their foreign names are changed in time or undergo a change into an English form. This interesting subject is admirably dealt with by Disraeli in "Endymion," where in the character of Mr. Neufchatel, he draws a life-like portrait of Baron Rothschild, the founder of the most English of all Jewish families.

Baron Rothschild, though bearing a foreign title and presiding over a great Jewish bank in the city, was essentially an English country gentleman; and his sons have taken after him. He died in 1879, and the family now consist of his three sons, Nathaniel Mayer, Lionel, and Leopold, with their country houses, and a fourth son, the head of the house of Rothschild in Vienna, who is a naturalized British subject, and thoroughly English in all but birth. The beautiful county of Buckinghamshire seems to have some special attraction for the great Jewish families. It was there that Disraeli made his home, in the romantic manor house of Hughenden, and it is there that the Rothschilds have planted themselves, as firmly as if they were native to the soil. The town of Aylesbury is the very centre of their influence. Nathaniel Mayer Rothschild was member of the House of Commons for Aylesbury for twenty years, and when in 1886 he was elected to the House of Lords, his cousin, Baron Ferdinand, was elected his successor and still retains the seat. The several Rothschild estates adjoin one another and cover a large extent of the most picturesque country in England, and the noble mansions where they live in princely splendor are the most conspicuous objects in many a mile of landscape.

Since Nathaniel Mayer was created Lord Rothschild, the first Jew who ever was ennobled in England, his branch of the family have dropped their foreign title of baron and are content to be plain esquires, like the gentry with whom they rank; and when "Baron Rothschild" is mentioned in the press, it is always Baron Ferdinand, M. P., for Aylesbury, and lord of the magnificent estate of Waddesdon, that is referred to. Lord Rothschild lives at Tring Park on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, and is one of the best landlords and most popular of country gentlemen. He is a keen sportsman, a master of foxhounds, and a good horse, and runs them to win, and he shares with the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Westminster, and other men of the highest rank, the credit of maintaining the pres-

Sketch of Imagination.

First day at school, the dainty mite, Swept as a rose in bloom, Old in her dainty robe of white To visit sister's room.

Blue eyes grew round, with wonder all As maps and globes she spied. "Dottie may stay if she sits still," "Me stay all day," she cried.

"Please take your places at the board, Class number one and two." A patting step, voice slightly lowered, "Dot do some things too."

Back to her seat with heightened flush We led the little maid, A quivering lip and deepening blush Her grieving heart betrayed.

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—(Primrose Fuller.)

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Tuesday—A gardener who wants to grow nothing but the best of apples would first make a proper selection of the seed; and the man who manages the nursery does not leave the seeds to manage themselves. The seed of the apple is carefully put into the ground, and is the beginning of a young tree. The seed, if left alone after it comes above the ground, will be an inferior, sour, and a natural kind of fruit. In order to bring forth good fruit, when the young tree has reached a certain stage, its top is cut off, and a tender sprig is selected with great care from a well-known good apple tree, and is fastened to the stock, it being joined with such care that complete adhesion is the result. Now the stock grows down to the ground, and the sprig that is ingrafted grows up and is the source of wonderful fruit bearing upon the same nature that only trees of the same kind can be grafted in this way.—(W. M. Taylor.)

Wednesday—Those who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted.—(Buddell.)

Thursday—For my own part I never could think that the soul while in a mortal body lives, but when departed out of it dies; or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal all, the human frame is broken by death, tell us, what becomes of its parts? It is visible whether the materials of other beings were translated; namely, to the source from whence they had their birth. The soul alone, neither present or departed, is the object of our eyes.—(Cyrus the Elder.)

Friday—It is not so much what you say, As the manner in which you say it; It is not so much the language you use As the tone in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said, "And the baby cooed and wept; "Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled, "And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair, And the tones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as the summer air, And the tones may break the heart.

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The words may be mild and fair, And the tones may pierce like a dart; The words may be soft as the summer air, And the tones may break the heart.

OAKVILLE MIRACLE

Remarkable Case of Mr. John W. Condon.

A Helpless Cripple For Years—Treated by the Staff of the Toronto General Hospital and Discharged as Incurable—The Story of his Miraculous Recovery as Investigated by an Empire Reporter.

For more than a year past the readers of the Empire have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the Hamilton Spectator and Times, the Halifax Herald, Toronto Globe, Le Monde, Montreal, Detroit News, Albany, N.Y., Journal, Albany Express and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumors have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The Empire determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condon (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condon at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing. This now rugged young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick-bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the Empire representative announced the purpose of his visit Mr. Condon cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condon, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now 29 years of age, and it was when about 14 years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was frequent in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of opium and potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my eyes being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in husky whispers. Really, I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually increasing, and frequently when I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the Hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there was about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September 1890 to the end of January 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labor in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw several, strong testimonies to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood purifier and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair, I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five

boxes when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of 60 pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play baseball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I must go to sleep. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that it is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told you can gauge the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength.

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condon's remarkable story the Empire representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condon. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen-and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still the result is perfect satisfaction." Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about 15 years, was cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

The Empire reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory in which Mr. Condon is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condon had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one for Condon worked steadily at heavy labor in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man from the grave and his wondrous deliverance from the grave and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condon in the above interview, the Reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital record and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condon had said. Thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the price are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Suicide by the Smoke Route.

There are multitudes of young men smoking themselves to death. Nervous, cadaverous, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the Hospital on June 20th, 1890, and remained there until September 20th of the same year. But notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there was about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September 1890 to the end of January 1891, I went to the hospital once a week for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something toward my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labor in a buggy and carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw several, strong testimonies to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood purifier and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair, I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five

Five Helpful Hints.

Pure beeswax and clean, unsalted butter make an excellent substitute for creams and balms.

Sage-tea, or oat-meat gruel, sweetened with honey, are good for chapped hands or any sort of roughness.

A slice of apple or tomato rubbed over the hands will remove ink or berry stains.

In growing nails, if serious, should receive the doctor's attention. In the first stage they can be helped by raising the edge and slipping a bit of raw cotton under the nail. Sometimes a drop of tallow, scalding hot, will effect a cure.

Whenever a nail gets broken into the quick, wear a leather stall over it until nature heels the breach.

TAKEN CAPTIVE BY CANNIBALS.

Experiences of an English Missionary.

In May of last year an English missionary, Dr. Montague, who occupied a station near the coast in the western part of British New Guinea, suddenly disappeared, and for some time nothing was known as to his fate. It was discovered finally that while out in the forests beyond his station he had been captured by the Tugore cannibals, a tribe living further west in Dutch New Guinea, that had never before been known to venture so far east. The savages carried Dr. Montague off to their own country, a land that was practically unknown to white people. There he lived until February, when he was rescued by a Dutch steamer. Very little news has yet been received with regard to Dr. Montague's experiences. We know only that as a captive he had nothing seriously to complain of, except the poor quality of the food served to him. The

PEOPLE WHO CAPTURED HIM

still live in the stone age. The eastern limit of their country begins about twenty miles west of the Dutch-British boundary and extends westward to Prince Frederick Hendrik Island. Along this extensive coast live a number of warlike branches of this tribe, and the region is thickly populated. They inhabit large villages both on the coast and inland, and on the coast the towns are so numerous that the whole shore seems to be lined with unbroken rows of huts. In their intellectual and physical development, these people belong to the finest of the New Guinea tribes. The men are handsome, muscular, well-built fellows, with high foreheads, and many of them are light yellow in color. Although they wear no clothing whatever, they lavishly paint and adorn their bodies. They wear nose rings, and their weapons consist of bows and arrows and stone clubs. Their arrow tips are poisoned. They build rude canoes from thirty to forty feet in length, which they propel with paddles. All the subdivisions of this large family maintain with one another the friendliest relations. Among their household animals are pigs and dogs, both of which are esteemed as table delicacies. The dogs are used on kangaroo hunts, which are a favourite diversion with the natives. Sago, yams, and sugar cane are cultivated. Food is in great abundance, and the fruits of harvest are stored away for future use. Along the coasts and in the interior the cocoa palms thrive freely, and the lowlands are very rich and fruitful. The improved area is very extensive. The fields are kept in excellent condition, and the natives have quite advanced ideas of irrigation, which they practise to some extent in their agriculture. The plains are specially adapted for raising rice. The cane and sugar cane, and Dr. Montague believed that portions of this new region could be turned into profitable plantations under European management.

THE FORESTS

swarm with butterflies, birds of paradise, and various kinds of pigeons, and abound also with the most valuable sorts of wood, such as cedar, sandal wood and other kinds. The rivers and the lagoons along the coast are full of fish and water fowl. The climate says Dr. Montague, is as good as can be found anywhere in tropical countries, and is far more healthful than most other parts of New Guinea. Dr. Montague lived in the country nine months, and although his food was bad, he enjoyed excellent health. Only one language, with some dialectic differences, is spoken along the whole coast and the missionary is now engaged upon the preparation of a dictionary of the language. He found that the people are afflicted to some extent with leprosy.

That Welcoming Smile.

Far be it from me to sneer at it! That smile, so honored in tradition, story and song, with which the good wife always greets her returning husband, that very popular smile!

I have nothing to say against it (though I have laughed at "Samantha Allen's" story of the deacon, coming in from the barn with a badly cut finger, and shouting to his pattern wife on the doorstep, "What ye grinning at, ye dum' fool? Git me a piece of that smile, please, for the missionary is now engaged upon the preparation of a dictionary of the language. He found that the people are afflicted to some extent with leprosy.

A Terrible Warning.

Judge (to a woman arrested for shoplifting) "When did you begin this sort of thing?" Woman (weeping): "I began by picking my husband's pockets at nights when he was asleep. Then the descent was easy."

Railroad Enterprise.

The Great Northern Railway will inaugurate a regular daily train service from St. Paul to Spokane, Washington, on Aug. 1st. This line will be superior on account of its being thirty-five miles shorter than the Northern Pacific with better roadway and lower grades, the lowest of any transcontinental line through the mountains, thus giving great advantage in time and comfort. The entire equipment will be entirely new and decidedly first-class. The road will run its own dining and sleeping cars, and nothing will be lacking to make a perfect train service. Any information regarding rates, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by their Canadian agent, J. M. Hocking, Palmer House Block, Toronto.

The Widow of Hotchkiss, inventor of the famous gun, has left a million dollars for the Fresh Air Fund Aid Society in New York.

There are sometimes unavoidable delays and worrying hindrances in his homeward path. But teach him that he must excuse, at such times, the absence of that smile. Reform him, if you can, by gentle, firm measures. Let him set the hours for rising and for meals to suit his own convenience as far as possible, and then try to have him keep to them. If you will, remember his other virtues—and forgive him.

But be sure of this: Teach your children to be punctual. Remember you are training Jack and Benny and Phil to be somebody's husbands, and be sure that somebody will "smile" all the more because of your training.

MARTIAL.

She Couldn't Find A Place.

A gentleman who had been absent for a considerable time and who during his absence had raised a luxuriant crop of whiskers, etc., visited a relative, whose child, an artless little girl of seven years, he was very fond of.

The little girl made no demonstration towards saluting him with a kiss, as was usual.

"Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give uncle John a kiss?"

"Why ma," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."

Have you Got it?

To cure cramps take Nerviline. To break up a cold nothing is as good as Nerviline. If lumbago, neuralgia, or rheumatism troubles you resort to Nerviline. It never fails to relieve. Nerviline is a powerful, penetrating substance, which goes at once to the bottom and speedily dissolves all pain. Nerviline is better, stronger, and more certain in action than any other pain remedy in the market. Nerviline is sold by all dealers, only 25 cents.

The Most Beautiful Sight.

"Now, this is one of the most delightful mornings, Farmer Hayseed," said his city guest in her enthusiasm.

"Yes, miss, it's a very proper mornin'; but you should 'a' been up half an hour earlier."

"Why? Were the sunlight tints more beautiful upon the hills than now? I inquired the young lady, fearing she had missed an opportunity for artistic ecstasy.

"I don't know about that; but you ought to have seen the rainbow Josh had with the white-faced huffs." She kicked the loptom out of his path and landed him 't'other side of 'yard in a hurry."

GRIMSBY, July 21st, 1892.

Chief Medical Officer, Gold Cure Institute, Grimsby.

DEAR SIR—Being personally acquainted with the staff of your institute and having knowledge of the methods and results of your treatment, it affords me great pleasure to say that we consider you are engaged in a work which must result in benefiting humanity. Indeed we feel it our duty to do all in our power to induce those within the sphere of our influence, requiring your treatment, to consult you.

We have visited your institute, and have found it exceedingly well equipped, every care being taken of the patients under your charge, and an air of general satisfaction pervading among them. We have noticed some cases in which we thought cure almost impossible, but under your treatment these have been effected in a truly remarkable manner.

Chas. Cluthe's AUTOMATIC TRUSS

Patented 1892 by Chas. Cluthe

The Automatic is a marvel of mechanism, it centralizes differences between contraction and expansion of body, caused by motion of legs, coughing, sneezing, etc., direct to the aperture of Hernia, automatically.

THE SAME TRUSS FOR LIGHT AND SEVERE CASES.

Only sold through Physicians, Druggists, or direct from the House. Pamphlet free.

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Its Excellent Qualities

Command public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

True valor is like honesty it enters into all that a man sees or does.

The proper care of his machinery is of vital importance to the farmer, as in these days so large a part of his earnings is invested in this kind of plant. The successful farmer protects his machinery in every possible manner—from the weather, from accidents—and last but not least, the successful farmer keeps the bearings well lubricated with Rogers' Peerless Machine Oil.

The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.

"WARNING" ask your Druggist for GIBSON'S TOOTHACHE GUM, take no substitutes.

Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth.

A. P. GIBSON.

Are a BLOOD EXHAUSTED and NERVE TONIC.

They supply in condensed form ALL the substances needed to enrich the blood and to rebuild the nerves, thus making them a certain and speedy cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, and shattered nerves, such as paralysis, spinal diseases, rheumatism, sciatica, loss of memory, erysipelas, prostration of the heart, scrofula, chlorosis or green sickness, that tired feeling that affects so many, etc. They help both men and women, restoring lost vigor.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

WEAK MEN

(Young and old), suffering from mental worry, overwork, insomnia, excesses, or self-abuse, should take these PILLS. They will restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

SUFFERING WOMEN

afflicted with the weaknesses peculiar to their sex, such as suppression of the periods, bearing down pains, weak back, ulcerations, etc., will find these pills an unfailing cure.

PALE AND SALLOW GIRLS

should take these Pills. They enrich the blood, restore health's roses to the cheeks and correct all irregularities.

BRANDS OF IRRITATIONS. These Pills are sold by all dealers only in boxes bearing our trade mark or will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box or 6 for \$2.50.

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Brockville, Ont., or MORRISTOWN, N.Y.

TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO make the best goods. Try them and see.

GARFIELD TEA cures Constipation, Sick Headache, restores the Complexion and gives Relief at GARFIELD TEA AGENCY 317 Church St. Toron.

WANTED—500 Teachers to canvass for one or more of our first-class subscription books. Send for illustrated catalogue, and terms. Wm. Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

The Montana Mining, Loan and Investment Co. (INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF MONTANA) PAID UP CAPITAL, \$25,000.00. Loans money anywhere in the United States, Canada or Mexico, without security. If you need money, apply to Local Agents or write to HENRY L. HAUPF, President, BUTTE CITY, MONTANA. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

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The Automatic is a marvel of mechanism, it centralizes differences between contraction and expansion of body, caused by motion of legs, coughing, sneezing, etc., direct to the aperture of Hernia, automatically.

THE SAME TRUSS FOR LIGHT AND SEVERE CASES.

Only sold through Physicians, Druggists, or direct from the House. Pamphlet free.

ADDRESS CHAS. CLUTHE, SURGICAL MACHINIST, 134 King St. West, TORONTO, ONT.

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taught by Miss Chubb, general agent for Ontario, 256 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto Ont.

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR—A Manufacturer's Offer. We are the largest makers in the Dominion. To advertise the quality and make of our goods we will send to any address by Express, securely packed, one of our Union silk parasols or umbrellas, parasol frame, plain or fancy handle, on receipt of \$1—regular \$2 umbrella. Try one. Note the address, EASTY Manufacturing, 355 & 370 Yonge St., Toronto.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

Of Complete Steam Locomotives from 20 to 31 1/2 "Acme Coal-Oil Boilers and Engines" from 1 to 3 H.P. Large sizes. Coal or wood fuel. "The Marsh Steam Pump" the best boiler feeder in the market. Returns exhaust into feed water heating it from 40 to 120 degrees. For catalogue send 3c. stamp. JOHN GILLES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

CONDITIONS OF HAPPINESS.

The first is bodily health. To secure this Drink the ROYAL DANDELION COFFEE which contains a proportion of German Dandelion Root, with fine coffee as a base. It contains the health-giving properties of this well known plant with the refreshing and dietetic properties of Coffee. Prepared only by ELLEN & KEIGHTLEY, Toronto.

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"THE DOLLAR" MAKER

ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT—OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS. PRICE LIST SAMPLES. COTTON YARN, ETC. OF OUR KNITTING MACHINES. GREENMAN BROS. M.G.P.S. 1170001 GEORGETOWN, ONT.

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Over 300 graduates in literary course also a large and experienced faculty. University affiliation, thorough instruction in University work, as well as preparatory in Music, Art, Education, Delsarte and Physical Culture. Bookkeeping, etc.; rational system of instruction and discipline, and the social advantages of a city. For terms address the Principal, A. BURNS, S.T.D., LL.D.



Rice Flour for Infants Food

Cannot be surpassed. The great preventive for Cholera and Summer Complaint. TRY IT FOR YOUR BABY. To prepare it properly send for a Recipe Book, which will be forwarded free. The Mount Royal Milling Co., Montreal

KOOTENAY SILVER MINES.

Canadians have invested in 9-10 of the real estate of the new towns in Kootenay, while Americans 9-10 of the mines. The success of the towns depends on the success of the mines. The Kootenay Mining Investment Co. represent four duly incorporated Silver Mining Companies, owning twelve mines in British Columbia and two in Montana on the same rich belt, the richest in the world. They afford the safest and most profitable investment in Canada. The first issue of stock places investors on the ground floor and is nearly all taken up. The second issue will be 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. higher. Then its advancement will be rapid owing to great development work. Now is the opportunity. Don't let it slip. It is not often investors have such a chance as this. Call at office, 104 of Trade Building, Toronto.

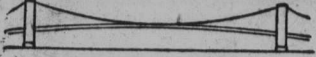
KOOTENAY SILVER MINES.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

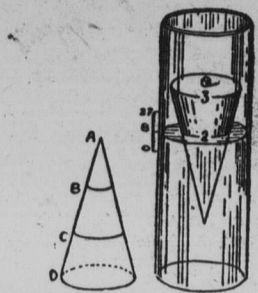
INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS CULLED FROM VARIOUS FIELDS.

Invention and Discovery—Geo. Iles Writes About the Brooklyn Bridge—A Simple Scientific Lesson With the Cone as the Illustration.

One of the noblest bridges in the world is the structure which unites New York and Brooklyn. A curious fact in regard to it, and to every other bridge of the suspension type, is that, were its design turned upside down, the outline would indicate a capital plan for an old-fashioned arched bridge. The strength of the steel in the cables spanning the East River is employed to hold up a burden hanging beneath them. The lines along which the metal is most effectively disposed for this duty are sub-



stantially the reverse of the lines most suitable were the load not beneath the steel, but above it. As in the case of the Brooklyn Bridge, so with other familiar objects. We are apt to think of them only in the single aspect in which we usually see them. We forget that the rule according to which they



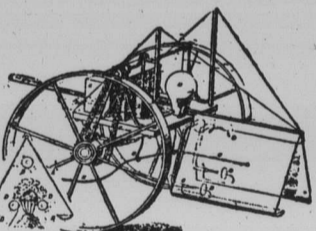
were built or made work both ways, so that were these familiar things but looked at in the reverse they might be quite as interesting or useful.

Ask the next schoolboy you meet to draw for you the outline of a cone. His sketch will give you the figure resting very naturally on its base. Were you next to ask him how an apparatus for extracting cube root could be put together he would very probably shake his head and fall to thinking about highly complicated cogwheels and levers. And yet a simple cone has only to be immersed in a cylindrical jar half full of water to extract cube root with precision. It must, however, be inverted; and, that the water may rise as much as possible the jar should be only a trifle wider than the base of the cone, and the cone should be tall and slender.

A cone increases in contents as the cube of its height—hardly any fact in Euclid is more familiar. A D in the figure has twenty-seven times and A C eight times the contents of A B. Inverted and immersed in water, displacement increases in exactly the same ratio. Had the cone been seen as often with its apex downward as in its ordinary position, this little invention would have been given to the schools long ago, and not, as in the case, only the other day.—Geo. Iles, in New York Sun.

A Hint to Canadian Inventors.

A potato spraying machine is figured in the Mark Lane Express that may suggest ideas to Canadian inventors and manufacturers. It is so generally necessary to spray potatoes with the Bordeaux mixture and some poison added, so as to both prevent blight and kill bugs, that a machine to do several rows at a time is needed. It should also be adopted for similar use on tomatoes and other crops. The larger cut outlines the machine: A, hood for passing over rows of potatoes to confine the mist-like spray, and thereby prevent waste of the mixture; B B B, discs for arresting the forced, sharp streams, and dispersing them as mist; C C C, nozzles for discharging the streams from the force-pump tubes; D, air chamber for causing the streams to be uniform or constant, and not fitful; E, pump; F, chain for driving pump; G, re-



servoir or tank for carrying a supply of the mixture; H H H, separator and elevator, in the form of a suspended curved steel rod or saline of wood, for dividing and raising fallen stems to an erect position, and guiding them through the hood over or clear of the lower discs. The small figure in the left-hand corner is a section of the hood; B B, troughs for catching in the hood the spray condensed there, which would otherwise fly to waste; C C C, the spray-producing discs; D D D, the spray of mist as generated, and showing that about one-fifth of the mixture is utilized by impinging on the potato leaves and stems, and the four-fifths strike the hood for condensation and recovery.

Why Bicycles Are So Dear.

The question why the high-grade bicycle costs so much—a sum beyond the means of the ordinary wage-earner—is often asked. The Iron Age gives some interesting information in answer. In the first place the bicycle must be made on the interchangeable principle, so that a missing or broken part can be supplied by the factory at once. All of such parts undergo a rigid system of inspection, being submitted to while the machine is in use. Main parts, like the sprocket wheel, hubs, bearings, etc., are gauged, the allowance for variation being one-quarter of a thousandth. A variation in excess of this throws the piece out. The method of "strapping" the wheel is thus described: "The outer side of the spokes are threaded in order to enter the hardened brass nipple, the cap of which is, of course, on the outer side of the rim. The boy who strings the wheel up merely tightens the nipples sufficiently to hold the parts together. After this the wheel goes to an expert workman, who tightens the spokes, bringing them all under the desired tension. The wheel is then mounted on an axle and turned, a piece of chalk held near the rim serving to indicate any irregularity. To correct such defects and make the wheel perfectly true, the nipples are tightened or loosened. This is a simple matter, and yet one requiring great judgment. The bracing of the joints and the making of the felloe or iron to receive the rubber tire are also operations requiring the greatest precision and delicacy of handling. In short, there is no part of the modern bicycle that can be made factory-fashion.

The East Huron Gazette.

Published every Thursday

The Newsiest Local Paper in North Huron.

Gorrie, Ont.,

A splendid staff of able correspondents in every part of this section.

ONLY

\$1 Per YEAR

or less than 2c. a week.

Job Printing.

We have a splendid printing outfit, including the very latest faces of type, the most modern appliances,

Fast Job Presses.

Fine Poster Type.

We can turn out

- Wedding Cards,
- Calling Cards,
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- Bill Heads,
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- Insurance Policies,
- Pamphlets,
- Circulars,
- Hand-Bills,
- Posters,
- Streamers,

or anything in the printing line in the neatest style of the art, and

On the most reasonable Terms.

Estimates Furnished

J. W. GREEN, Editor.

Notice to Gentlemen!

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

OF

Hard and Soft Felt Hats! Black and Colored,

At 50 cents Each.

A few more of those STRAW HATS left

At 25c.

Call Early and make your Choice.

Best Bargains Ever Offered in Gorrie.

W. S. BEAN,

Montreal House,

Gorrie.

Auction Sale

OF VALUABLE FURNITURE FACTORY, AND PLANING MILL AND MACHINERY CONNECTED THEREWITH, In the Village of Wroxeter, in the County of Huron.

THERE will be sold on SATURDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1892, At One o'clock in the afternoon, At the GORTON HOUSE in the Village of Wroxeter, by virtue of powers of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the sale, the following property: Lot 18, on the west side of Gibson Street, in the said village of Wroxeter, containing one fourth of an acre, more or less. The following improvements are said to be erected on the premises: Planing Mill, a Frame Furniture Factory and sundry machinery. TERMS:—50 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down on the day of sale. For balance terms will be made known at the sale. For further particulars apply to JONES BROTHERS & MACKENZIE, Solicitors, Toronto Street, Toronto. Or to Wm. LAURIE, Esq., Wroxeter.

Voters' List, 1892.

MUNICIPALITY OF THE VILLAGE OF WROXETER, COUNTY OF HURON. NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in sections 5 and 6 of the Ontario Voters' List Act, 1892, the copies required by said sections to be transmitted or delivered of the List, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Wroxeter, on the 6th day of August, 1892, and remains there for inspection. Electors are called upon to examine the said list, and if any omissions or any other errors are found therein to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law. JOSEPH COWAN, Clerk. Dated at Wroxeter, this 6th day of August, 1892.

WOOL WANTED.

Listowel Woollen Factory.

Highest Prices Paid. Cash or Trade.

Largest Wool Market in Ontario.

Everybody come and see our tremendous big stock in all kinds of woollen goods which we offer at bottom prices for cash or in exchange for wool.

New and Fresh Stock,

We have never been so well fitted and equipped for a wool season's business as at the present one, and have never felt so completely confident of our ability to serve you with the best of goods at bottom prices. A specially attractive feature of our new lines of Finest, strictly NEW STYLES, far surpasses any wool season yet.

FINE WOOL SCOTCH SKIRTINGS

(Something new offered to the trade.) We are the only woollen factory in Canada that make this line of goods and offer them for one-half the price you pay in the city of Glasgow.

WARNING

We wish to warn the farmers not to be deceived by shoddy peddlers going through the country selling unseasoned goods. We have no pedlars handling our goods and they can only be bought by dealing direct at the factory.

Roll Carding, Spinning and Manufacturing, Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, &c.

Thanking our numerous customers for their past favors, would beg to say come and bring your neighbor to see our stock, as you will be highly pleased to see goods so low in price. You will find us ready to give the most prompt and careful attention to all.

B. F. BROOK & SON.

Fordwich Roller Mills.

WILSON BROS., Props.

First-class Manitoba Wheat Flour manufactured and always kept in Stock and sold in any quantities.

FLOUR.....per cwt. \$2 25 to \$2 50
BRAN.....per ton. 14 00
SHORTS.....per ton. 16 00

Special attention given to GRISTING, which is done on the shortest possible notice.

Highest Price Paid for Grain.

The mill is fitted throughout with the very best roller process machinery and appliances and we are confident of being able to give perfect satisfaction.

PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

WILSON BROS.

Fordwich Drug Store

A SPENCE, M. D., Proprietor.

J. C. BELL, Manager.

A FULL LINE OF

Drugs and Druggists' Supplies,

Stationery and Fancy Goods,

WALL PAPER

In endless variety and at every price.

W. C. HAZLEWOOD

City Boot and Shoe Store,

WROXETER

A Neat Walking Boot

Is not only a comfort to the wearer but a pleasure to every one who admires a pretty foot. We have them—the boots, we mean. And they ARE cheap.

Our stock of Ladies and gents' slippers is unusually large and choice. See them.

A splendid assortment of Ladies' wear of all kinds is now displayed on our shelves.

GENTS' can be supplied in any line.

Heavy kip and calf and the lighter Oxford, Dongolas, Wankenphasts, etc.

Don't go past the City Boot and Shoe Store for the most satisfying article at most reasonable price.

LONDON'S NEW COUNCIL.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT IN MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION.

The Scope, Powers and Organization of London's New County Council Clearly and Succinctly Stated—The Population Affected—An Inscrutable Body of Men.

The most remarkable experiment ever made in the way of municipal administration is now going on among that vast conglomeration of human beings which De Quincey called the "nation" of London. The scope, powers, and organization of the new London County Council and the programmes of its leaders are discussed at length in the April number of the Review of Reviews. We are indebted to the American editor of that periodical, Dr. Albert Shaw, for more light upon this interesting subject than has hitherto been attainable on this side of the Atlantic.

What is known as the Metropolitan Police District covers an area defined by a radius of fifteen miles from Charing-Cross, and comprises several hundred square miles. It comprehends a population of nearly 6,000,000. Outside of the small inner nucleus bearing the historical title of the City of London, which at present has only about 30,000 residents, the huge British metropolis was up to 1889 split into a number of irregular small divisions and governed by parish vestries and district boards. There was no unified municipal spirit, and there was universal apathy and ignorance with regard to the methods and doings of the parish vestries. Four years ago a man might have walked the streets of London ten hours a day for a month, buttonholing every intelligent citizen he met, and the chances were that he would not in that time have found a solitary person who could have explained to him how London was governed. It is true that for the main drainage system and some of the more important street improvements, together with a few other purposes of general concern, there was established some twenty years ago a so-called "Metropolitan Board of Works," made up of delegates from the local district boards and parish vestries. This body, having no direct accountability to anybody, was neither efficient nor well constituted.

The great change which has taken place is not the outcome of any vehement agitation in London itself, but an incidental result of the County Council Act applied to the whole of England in 1889. By that measure the larger part of the parishes which had come to be known as the metropolis, were erected into a separate county, and provision was made for a County Council, which was, in fact, to be a great Municipal Parliament, elected by the people of London. The districts of the metropolis, from each of which two councillors are chosen, are for the present identical with the fifty-nine electoral divisions from which members are sent to Parliament. The old City of London is thus far permitted to retain its separate government, and it is allowed representation in the County Council as one of the districts constituting the larger municipality. We should add that the 118 Councillors elected add to their number by choosing nineteen citizens to sit and act with them under the title of Aldermen. They are presided over by one of their members, who is chosen Chairman, and who exercises some of the functions which in other cities pertain to the office of Mayor. It should be mentioned that the County of London, imposing as it is, is not so large as it soon will be. It is by no means continuous with the Metropolitan Police District. It has an area of only about 120 square miles, and the population under the jurisdiction of its Council scarcely exceeds four millions and a half. One of the extensions of power which will probably be demanded by the Progressives, who control the Council recently elected by a majority of some 3 to 1, is the concession of control over the Metropolitan Police. When that demand is granted, the area governed by the Council will coincide with that of the Metropolitan Police District, and will embrace a population of about 6,000,000.

As yet, however, the London County Council is only a framework of a great municipal government which future acts of Parliament are expected to fill in and complete. For the moment its authority is comparatively limited. It took over all the powers that had been vested in the old Metropolitan Board of Works, and various other powers were conferred by the statute creating it. But many matters of municipal concern were left under the management of local districts and parishes; and its water supply, its markets, its gas works, its tramways, and its docks remain in the hands of private owners. The programme of the Progressives, who are now the unchallenged masters of the London County Council, contemplates a vast expansion of its powers, and there is no doubt that their wishes will be heeded if the Gladstonians are dominant in the next House of Commons. Among the demands in which all the Progressives are agreed are the following: First, that taxation reform shall make the great landlords and holders of ground rents pay their share of municipal revenue; secondly, that the rights of the eight private water companies shall be transferred to the municipality; and thirdly, that trenchant measures shall be taken for an amelioration of the housing conditions of the poor. Not included in the official programme, but urgently pressed by the representatives of workmen to whom the recent victory of the Progressives is mainly due, are demands for an equalization of taxes throughout the metropolis, for trade union wages and an eight-hour day in the case of all persons employed by the Council, and for the substitution of public for private ownership and management, not only as regards the water supply, but as regards the gas works, tramways, markets, and docks. The workmen insist, moreover, that the people of London ought, through their County Council, to manage their police and all their parks and open spaces, and it is probable that this demand will be backed by a large majority of the newly elected Councillors.

The London Councillors serve without any compensation. As to the fidelity with which they apply themselves to their duties we have the testimony of Mr. W. T. Stead. He

tell us that besides the dozen men who may be said to live in committee rooms and in the supervision of the municipal service, there are at least fifty men who give half their time to the government of London. The remaining sixty probably do not give more than one day in the week. On an average, it appears that each Councillor devotes two days a week to the service of the town. A more incorruptible body of men never assembled for the government of a great city. From Lord Rosebery, Lord Compton, Lord Lingen, Lord Hobhouse, and Sir John Lubbock at the top, to Mr. John Burns, the Socialist, at the bottom, there is not one of the 137 members who has even been suspected of corruption or of abusing a trust. A new broom sweeps clean, and how long this exemplary state of things will continue to exist is of course open to question; but that it is the present outcome of the London municipal experiment is acknowledged on all hands.

MISSING LINKS.

Some Bright and Breezy Paragraphs of Curious Information.

Should a man in China be unfortunate enough to save the life of another from drowning he is saddled with the expense of supporting the saved one for the remainder of that person's life.

A superb new bridge has been constructed in Rome over the picturesque Tiber, and it is considered one of the finest modern works in the city. It has been christened Ponte Margherita by their majesties of Italy.

Paper quilts are said to be coming into extensive use abroad for the poorer classes. They are composed of sheets of white paper sewed together and perforated all over at a distance of an inch or two apart.

Dr. Herzog recently discovered in a library at Aarau, Switzerland, a copy of the first edition of Holbein's "Dance of Death." The same volume includes forty-six wood cuts of the same artist, illustrating scenes from the Bible.

Mrs. Newberry, a very wealthy woman who resides in Detroit, is having the Herreshoffs build for her a large steam yacht in which she can cruise on the lakes. Among other luxuries it is to have a mahogany dining room on deck.

The man who lifted himself over a fence by his boot straps was rivalled by an old German bachelor in Iowa, who put a loop around his neck, threw the rope over a knob, put his foot in the loop in the other end, hoisted himself up and hanged himself.

The minimum age of employment on the continent is generally 12 or from 12 to 14. But then English children only work twenty-eight hours per week, while in France and Germany the hours are thirty-six, in Italy and Hungary forty-eight, in Holland sixty-six, and in Belgium seventy-two.

There are said to be 200 women in New York who go to Europe twice a year to buy their dresses. The number of men who cross the water for their new wardrobe is much greater, as many men take the opportunity to run over to the other side for rest, recreation and business all combined.

A notable decrease in the number of deaths from hydrophobia is observed by the registrar general of London. The deaths from this disease had been thirty in 1869 and had averaged twenty-four annually in three years, 1897, 1898, 1899; but there were only eight in 1900 and fewer than in any year since 1868.

Instinct teaches the hen that it would be no good to warm only one side of her eggs, and so when she feels that they are "done" on one side she turns them gently round. Anyone who has watched setting hens has seen them rise every now and then and shuffle about for a few moments on the nest. That is when they turn the eggs over.

The Influenza Bacillus.

Drs. Pfeiffer and Canon, to whom belongs the honor of the discovery of the influenza bacillus, have been lecturing upon that pestiferous atom before the surgeons of the Charite Hospital at Berlin. There is nothing particularly cheerful to the victims in what they had to say, for they evidently have no idea of what to do with the microbe now that they have got him. One of his peculiarities is said to be his immobility, a most discouraging attribute so far as mankind is concerned. He is found, it appears, in various positions, singly, in chains, and in strings. His chief characteristic, however, is his size, or rather his lack of it. He is the smallest microbe yet known to science, not half so big as his congener, the bacillus of blood-poisoning, hitherto considered the least of the tribe. The new microbe, moreover, possesses the further distinction of being oval, not round, though a creature so minute has very little cause for priding himself on his shape. Of his activity, malevolence, and potency there is no doubt, as the unlucky rats, guinea-pigs, mice, pigeons, rabbits, and monkeys into whose veins he has been injected know only too well. He has been propagated already to the fifth generation, and thus will soon be able to boast of a pedigree.

A Good Idea.

Many eastern drug stores have adopted the precautionary measure of having two persons attend the preparation of any prescription containing poisonous drugs. The Medical Record calls attention to the Harris murder trial in New York as an illustration of the importance of this check, because "if a single clerk received the prescription, prepared the capsules and delivered them it might readily have been claimed by the defense that a mistake had been made by the druggist. As it was, the druggist was able to go on the stand and testify that an assistant had also read the prescription and seen the amount of morphine which it called for properly weighed and dispensed."

Cholera and Coffee.

It seems like taking a wild premature leap to talk of cholera, but it's a well thing to know that every home in the land has in it the necessary ammunition to slay the cholera bacillus. It is some time since a Dutch physiologist announced it as his discovery that coffee is a germicide—a sure killer of the cholera bacillus in a few hours. It is now reported from North Bantulpur, in Beragal, that the coffee remedy for cholera is being put into practice there with astonishing success.

August.

The farmers are busy and business is usually dull at this season, Those who are looking for good value, and can spare the time, should see the following lines which are reduced to close out:

Prints,

All lines at and some below cost.

Embroideries,

Some good bargains.

Art Muslins,

A good article at 8c. and 10c.

Straw Hats,

At cost.

Felt Hats,

A new, full stock and prices all reduced.

Men's Tweed Pants.

A good line at \$1.

Toweling.

A fine assortment at 5c. per yard and upwards.

Men's Union Socks.

Wool and Cotton, 13c. per pair.

BOOTS and SHOES

We are showing a Ladies' Oxford Slipper @ \$1 to \$1.25 which are, without doubt, the best value in the market.

If contemplating purchasing a Suit or Fall Overcoat we would ask you to see our Stock and Prices. If you buy you will save money, and if you don't buy it will not cost you anything to see the goods.

See our

Saturday Bargain

Miscellaneous Counter.

P. S.—Prices quoted for goods on the Counter are for Saturday only.

ALL INVITED.

McLaughlin & Co.,

Glasgow House.

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

Half the people of our County don't know the position of one Township from another. They can now overcome this difficulty by consulting the.

COOPER MAP

OF THE COUNTY OF HURON, Which has been long needed and looked for. The size is four feet by five feet mounted on linen and wood rollers. Six coloring are used, which makes it very distinct and effective.

THE SCHOOL SECTION NEEDS ONE,

THE FARMER NEEDS ONE,

THE BUSINESS MAN NEEDS ONE

PRICE, \$3.50.

Published by W. Cooper & Co., Clinton, Ont.,

Booksellers and Stationers

School Globes and all kinds of Maps and School Supplies. Write for prices and our traveller will call on you.

James Sutherland's

TIN STORE

(North end of the Leech Block

GORRIE, ONT.

A FINE LINE OF PARLOR, BOX, and COOK Stoves,

JUST RECEIVED.

Special Value in Cook Stoves.

Special Value in Heaters.

Special Value in Drums.

Special Value in Cutlery

STOVE FURNITURE

—IN—

Every Variety.

Have Troughing a Specialty

A Choice Selection of Lamps & Lamp Goods

Highest Cash Price Paid for HIDES and SHEEP SKINS.

TINWARE

of every description, on HAND and made to ORDER.

Repairing of all kinds promptly done.

THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL IS THE NEW PREMIUM



Given to every subscriber, new or old, of THE WEEKLY EMPIRE for 1898. Thousands of dollars have been spent in its preparation. Its success is fully assured; it is a highly valued souvenir of the greatest statesman and the most honored leader ever known in Canadian history. This beautiful Memorial Album contains 15 full-page illustrations of interesting scenes in connection with the history of Sir John, and presents to the thousands of admirers of our late chief many new and valuable portraits.

READ THE LIST.

Full-page Portraits of Sir John and Karenac Macdonald; Birthplace of Sir John in Glasgow; Portrait of Sir John when a young man; Portrait of Sir John's Mother, the only one ever published; The Old Bannockburn at Kingston, occupied by Sir John during the Rebellion of 1837; Karsacville, Sir John's Residence at Ottawa; Interior of Senate Chamber, Ottawa, showing the Guard of Honor and Body Lying in State; Exterior View of Houses of Parliament, with Funeral Procession forming in the foreground; View of Eastern Block, Parliament Buildings, with Funeral Procession passing; Fine View City Hall, Kingston, Draped in Mourning, as it appeared the day Sir John's Body reached Kingston and Lay in State; Grave at Cataract Cemetery, with Floral Tributes from his Thousands of Followers; View of Westminster Abbey, in which the Memorial Service was held; Interior View of Westminster; View of St. Paul's Cathedral, in which a Memorial Tablet will be erected to Sir John's Memory; Interior View of St. Paul's Cathedral. All these views are fine half-toned Photogravures on heavy enameled paper, and suitably bound, with an illuminated and embossed cover. A really valuable souvenir that will be a suitable ornament on parlor or library table. The demand for this work promises to be great. Send in your orders early, with ONE DOLLAR, and get THE WEEKLY EMPIRE for one year and this MEMORIAL ALBUM.

New subscribers will receive THE WEEKLY EMPIRE, free for balance of this year.

WITH IRON WILL

BY THOMAS ST. R. HAKE.

CHAPTER I.

My boat is lying motionless in a shady nook, and I am looking down dreamily into the stream. Scarcely a cloud crosses the blue depth of sky, and the reflected sunlight finds its way between the shadows of branches and clusters of leaves. It is an ideal landscape—a landscape trembling in liquid light and shade. I am still looking downwards into this sunlit, leafy scene, and living more within it than in the material world around me, when I become conscious of maiden eyes gazing up laughingly into mine. Never was I so well mirrored in Nature's looking-glass. The eyes are large and dark, with a liquid light of their own beam between the black quivering lashes; the full lips are half parted with inquisitive surprise; and round oval face there is a halo of reddish-brown hair resembling the autumn foliage in its russet tint.

The faces are gone. A slight movement of my boat has blurred my watery mirror, and there is nothing more to be seen down there. So I return to earth. I glance up at the high bank under which my boat is moored, where the pendent branches almost meet overhead. I look round me with a vague hope that the face is not a disembodied shadow—a mere "creation of a poet's fancy." The landscape which I had seen repeated in the river, is visible in all its actual beauty, with the sunlight breaking in between the leaves. But no laughing eyes now meet mine.

I sink down into my boat, but not with any sense of despair. I am hopeful of meeting my water-nymph again. I loose my boat and let it glide of its own free will down stream. I have no thought of hurrying away. I am still in the deep heart of the wood, and this shady stream is its life, flowing gently through it.

I came out of this deep solitude at last. The river broadened; and I pulled vigorously up stream in the hot dazzling sunlight. Presently a pretty river-side inn was reached, and I was greeted by the landlady with a long pitiful face. Not that she suspected me of possessing a spark of romance. It was my dinner that troubled her. It had been "put back," as she expressed it, a dozen times, and was nearly spoiled. Nor did matters improve when she discovered that I had lost my appetite, and was even less inclined than usual to be talkative, or more strictly speaking, to tolerate her talk. She naturally concluded that her cooking was at fault. I hastened to assure her that it was "the weather," her cooking had nothing to do with it. She appeared pacified; and I now took the opportunity of putting a question which had been on the tip of my tongue all dinner-time.

"Who lives?"—and I tried to speak with as much indifference as possible—"who lives in that fine park with a white house on the slope? That little river down stream, whatever it's called, runs through the property. Any one of importance?"

"Why, that's Wakering Hall! Colonel Hethersett lives there." I allowed an exclamation of surprise to escape me, of which I soon repented. Not that I wished to hide from the landlady, for any deep reason, that the name of Hethersett was familiar to me. But I quickly realized that I had loosened her tongue.

I knew all, more at least than she did, about the owners of Wakering Hall; I was quite convinced of that. The question was: how to put an end to her loquacity? I dispensed with ceremony, if any was expected of me; so hastily left my seat at the table, and broke up the "conference" by politely asking for a match. Scarcely pausing to light my cigarette, I made an escape into the open air, and turned my steps in the direction of Wakering Hall.

Some ten years ago, while I was still a student at St. Bartholomew's in London, a serious affair had come under my notice. A man was brought into the hospital, late one night, seriously injured. He had been found in one of the by-roads in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in an unconscious state. It was apparently a case of attempted murder; though what would be the assassin's actual motive had been for the time being ascertained. No robbery had been committed; and when my patient recovered, after some weeks of suffering, he knew no light upon the matter. I was in constant attendance upon him, and it was my unexpressed belief that he could have partially solved the mystery if so disposed. But he volunteered no explanation. The business was, so he declared, in his lawyer's hands; and it did not appear to be any one else's right to interfere.

And yet I was deeply interested, not only in the case, but in the striking appearance of my patient, and many remarkable traits in his character. A word, often a mere look from him, would instantly obtain obedience. He never showed a sign of ill-temper; and yet he made one feel that he was naturally passionate, and that to attempt to provoke him would be a dangerous experiment. His very name expressed his indomitable will. His name was Hethersett, and I now distinctly remembered; Colonel Hethersett, of Wakering Hall; and on taking leave of me, he had extracted a promise that should I ever happen to be in the neighbourhood of Wakering, I would pay him a visit. His name, even the name of the village, had almost entirely escaped my memory. Ten years in the midst of a busy professional life in London will force a man to forget everything except his immediate surroundings.

The twilight is nearly gone; the last rays die out as the clouds rise and cover the sky. The day is over; and when I gain the high road, dark and lonely with its steep hills on either side, it is night. At a turn in the road, and only a few yards ahead of me, I observe a broad stretch of light stretching across the highway. On the hill-side, at the point from which the light appears to issue, bluish transparent flames rise like lambent tongues of fire towards the dark sky. As I approach nearer and come within the space of light, I find that it proceeds from a large limbeck standing back some paces from the road, and built against the hill. A man springs up suddenly from the ground. I accost him with a cheery "Good-evening." The watchman, as I conclude him to be, gruffly echoes my greeting.

"Why, my friend, I venture to remark, 'you're warm enough here to roast an ox!'" "It is warm," replies the watchman. "But it is worse, much worse, on a blazing hot day, I can tell you. And there," he adds, "is one reason why I choose the night."

I begin to feel that this great furnace by the roadside has a certain fascination for me. Its huge iron doorway is red-hot, and the fire within roars lustily.

"Does it need much stoking?" I inquire. "It looks furious." "Ay, more stoking," says the man, "thaw you might suppose. I seem always at it. I never think of taking a wink of sleep all night long. I lie down and smoke and watch that. That's what I do; smoke and watch that fire. He never feeding five or, may

be, six times in the hour—Looks hungry now, don't he?" The man approaches the kiln as he speaks with a long pole in his hand. It looks to me like a large pole with iron hook and pike.

"Do you live here?" I ask him; for I am growing interested in the man as well as the fire.

"Why, yes; that's my home," and he jerks his thumb over his shoulder towards a small wooden hut beside the kiln. "At daybreak my mate relieves me, and I turn in. You'll not often catch me coming out of my kennel, as he calls it, till after dark."

"The life seems to agree with you," I glance, while saying this, at his muscular figure.

"Agree with me?" he repeats with an odd laugh. "Ay; it suits my purpose, guv'nor. I don't complain."

And now he pulls open the iron door, and through the chinks between the bars the fierce fire lights up his face. I have followed him while talking; but the intense heat forces me to step some paces back. He is in his shirt sleeves, which are rolled up almost to his shoulders. He is certainly a remarkably powerful-looking fellow, with the arms of a stalwart blacksmith. His beard is thick, and intensely red; and his small eyes have a fierce expression—which he may have caught from the fire.

Under red, bushy eyebrows; and as he presently lifts his cap aside, to wipe the perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand, I notice an ugly scar across his forehead.

He appears disinclined for further talk; so I bid him "Good-night" and go on my way.

When I reach Wakering Hall, a few minutes later, I am shown into a luxurious smoking divan. The room is lit with lamps, the green shades being of some semi-transparent texture which gives to every object a subdued appearance. The walls are thickly ornamented with spears and guns and a dozen other warlike implements. I have scarcely time to glance about me, and get confused ideas of hunting scenes and jungles, when a step on the terrace attracts my attention. A gentleman comes in at the open casement. He looks at my card, which he holds in his fingers—looks at me—and then steps quickly forward. "Why, you're the surgeon who saved my life! This is a pleasure."

He is a man of about sixty, not strikingly tall, but with an appearance of unusual breadth and strength. Ten years ago appear to have wrought little change in him, certainly no change for the worse. It is the same handsome face, the same firm and fearless expression that I now recall to mind as it was only yesterday. He waves me towards an armchair near the window, brings me cigarettes, remembers my favorite drink, and in a word, makes me as welcome as if I were his own son.

He has been walking about the room, principally occupied in looking after my comforts, talking the while about matters of little, or at least no special importance, whatever it's called, runs through the property. Any one of importance?"

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Not even now does Colonel Hethersett evince the least shade of surprise; nor does the weird light, that seems to me like a threatening torch lifted up in the black night by some invisible trembling arm, entice him to take his eyes off me.

"You knew him by the scar," he quietly assumes.

"Yes; I knew him when you touched your forehead a moment ago," I reply. "It's a hideous mark."

The Colonel looks troubled. "Poor fellow! But I must tame him now," he says with a sudden change in his face, "or he'll spring at me again behind my back."

"Do you really mean," I say, in a tone of reproach, "to take the law into your own hands?"

"I mean to tame him," he replies in a firm voice.

His manner is polite, but so decisive that I make no attempt to utter another word. I stand there, and his eye is still upon me. I feel powerless in the presence of this strong-willed man. He flings away the end of his cigar and beckons me with a playful wave of the hand. I follow.

"Sybil, my dear," I hear the Colonel say, "this is Philip Sherwin, the gentleman who saved my life."

I am standing in a brilliantly-lighted drawing-room. A young girl in pale green attire is rising from the piano and is coming towards me. I cannot be mistaken. It is the lovely face that I had seen, only a few days ago, mirrored in the midst of sunlight and foliage by the river-side.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How She Bought Them.

She was daintily crossing Sixth avenue at 23d street. Here attire was very smart, with one hand she held up the train of her long gown. Having gained the opposite sidewalk, she hesitated a moment, then made for the door of a well-known bootmaker.

A suave salesman met her, and showed her into a room. She enquired for blouses; and presently the salesman was on his knees before her, with a comprehensive stock of the articles at hand.

He attempted to assist her; but she preferred to do the thing alone. Having divested her right foot of its covering, she took up one of the new shoes and put it on. She did not seize it by the sides, she rode her toe into it, and pulled until she was red in the face and all out of breath as men do. She pulled it on carefully part way, twined it off again instantly and looked inside to see if she had the right one, then pulled it on for good and looked at it dreamily.

"It seems just right," she said.

The salesman smiled, and thought so too. She stopped to take another look smoothly over a wrinkle over the arch and twisted herself around and looked at the boot sideways.

"Mercy! how loose it is!" she exclaimed. The salesman thought it was a "beautiful fit."

"I'll never do it all," she announced, looking the shoe all over. "They're entirely too large; let me see a size smaller, please."

The salesman procured a size smaller. She put on one of them—as far as she could get it—while her face assumed an expression of injury.

"What size are these?" she inquired indignantly.

"They are two and a half, lady," replied the salesman suavely.

"Oh, they can't be!" she exclaimed. "I never wore anything larger than two in my life, and these—why, you can see for yourself they don't fit! They're—there's such a peculiar shape!"

"They're too tight, perhaps," suggested the salesman. But the disconcerting look she gave him prompted him to add hastily, something about the sizes of different makers varying.

"I guess they must," she replied. "Please let me try some other maker."

The shoe was pulled off, and not only one but several other makes were tried, but none proving satisfactory the salesman stepped aside and got an entirely fresh pair.

BY A SWORD STROKE

A Tale of Indian Despatch and British Bravery.

One afternoon in the early part of the season, the younger British officers of the Anglo-Indian cantonment of Meera Meer (a few miles from Lahore, the capital of the Punjab) were stirred into no small excitement by the news that a Hindoo swordsman had presented himself in the camp, and offered to perform in their presence the feat of slicing in two, with one slash of his tulwar (short sword) a lemon placed on the palm of a man's bare hand, without drawing blood.

As many of my readers are doubtless aware, this exploit is quite a common one among the native warriors of Northern India, but it happened that none of these officers had ever seen it, and the first mention of such a sensational experiment made them all as eager and excited as boys.

"Let's have the old chap in by all means, and see what he can do," cried Percy Hallowell, the 34th Sikh Infantry, "and if he wants a rupee (twenty-five cents) or two to encourage him before starting, I'm game to stand it."

"But look here—who's going to hold the lemon for him?" objected Frank Edwards, of the 34th Sikh Infantry. "I'm not going to chance getting my hand chopped to pieces—no, not if I know it!"

"Oh, we'll order up one of the Ressaldars (native non-commissioned officers), said Hallowell, coolly, "they know all about such tricks and they won't care a straw."

"Why, do you really suppose the fellow means to halve a lemon on a man's bare hand before your very eyes?" laughed Harry Parkhurst, of the Punjab Cavalry, very aptly named "Headlong Harry" by his brother officers, for he was as headlong in his judgments as in everything else. "My dear boys it's nothing more than a mere juggling trick, all very well, but a man who is green enough to believe in it!"

Whether by accident or design, these jeering words were spoken quite loud enough to be heard by the Hindoo swordsman—who had come to the front of the broad shady veranda in which the young Englishmen were seated.

It is plain that the sneer had cut him deeply, for his handsome face darkened at once, and a momentary quiver of his firm lip told how much it pained him to be laughed at by his inexperienced boys.

"Sahib," said he firmly, speaking in very plain English, "I ask your pardon if I venture to contradict you; but when I offered to do this thing I meant to do it fairly and openly, by simple skill of hand and sword, without any juggling whatever; and if you will find me a man to hold the lemon for me I will do it here before your eyes!"

"Oh, will you?" cried Parkhurst. "Well, seeing that you say that, I'll hold it for you myself, in the full dress of a Rohilla warrior—who had come to the front of the broad shady veranda in which the young Englishmen were seated."

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English and a powerful mountain chief of that district, whose real name no one knew, but who had lately become famous under the nickname of "Kala Dahi." After giving the British troops a good deal of trouble, he had at length been driven back upon his chief fortress (which was believed to be somewhere near the head of this pass) and a scouting party of light horse had been sent to find out, if possible, exactly where he was and what he intended to do.

On both these points they were soon enlightened. A flash and crackle of rifles broke from the thickets in front of them, and then came the wild yell of the mountain war cry, mingled with a thunder of charging hoofs. They were attacked.

But the Major and his men were old soldiers, and not to be scared by any assault, however sudden and formidable. While some of his So-wars (troopers) returned the fire with cool aim and considerable effect, others kept the charge at bay, stoutly contesting every step and skillfully availing themselves of every inequality of the ground and every hand-breadth of cover.

Well was it then for Major Parkhurst that he was no longer "Headlong Harry." Amid the maddening uproar and confusion of this murderous hurly-burly—horses prancing, combatants shouting and yelling, swords clashing, rifles crackling, bullets whistling, men falling on every side—ordinary man would have lost his head at once. But the Major seemed only to grow cooler as the danger deepened, and appeared to have his watchful eyes everywhere at once.

As the pass began to widen, however, giving the enemy's superior numbers more room to act, the pressure of the assault became harder and harder; and the fierce mountain warriors, furious at seeing their prey about to escape them, came rushing on like famished tigers, led by a tall, handsome man on a splendid black horse, whose back-face was half-buried in a huge black beard.

"By jove!" cried the major, catching sight of him. "That must be Kala Dahi himself, and if I can only knock him over to one we'll lick 'em yet! Here goes!"

And, spurring his horse, he dashed at the Hindoo leader, sword in hand; but just then his horse, struck by a bullet, fell with him and crashed him beneath it, and he remembered no more.

When our hero recovered his senses he found himself lying upon a low couch on what appeared to be the terrace of a native hill fort, overlooking the valley that had been the scene of the fight, along which the first rays of sunrise were just beginning to stream.

It seemed that his captors must be kindly disposed toward him for his wounded head and right arm had been carefully bandaged, and food and water placed within his reach, to which he applied himself eagerly. But he had not made much progress with his meal, when a certain that hung at the far end of the terrace was suddenly thrown back, and forth from behind it stepped the renowned "Black Beard" himself, in the full dress of a mountain warrior, helmet on head and sword by side.

Before the major had time to address him, Kala Dahi, with a very curious smile on his bold, swarthy face held out a lemon to the palm of his extended left hand, and made a gesture with his right as if striking at it with a sword.

Then the truth flashed upon Major Parkhurst all in a moment.

"What!" cried he, starting up. "Are you the Rohilla swordsman of Meera Meer?" The Hindoo smiled gravely and answered with an affirmative sign.

"And so you've got to be a king, then, since I saw you last—not such bad promotion after all," said Parkhurst, eyeing with soldier-like admiration the fine athletic figure and gorgeous dress of his enemy.

"And you too, Sahib, seem to have risen since we first met," rejoined the Black-Beard chief; "and I see that you know how to make your men follow you. When they saw you go down in the midst of us last night, they turned back upon us like tigers, to try and rescue you; and if there had been half a dozen more of them, I believe they'd have done it."

"Aye, they would follow me anywhere, the brave fellows!" said the major with a look of soldierly pride on his firm, sun-browned features. "Well, chief, of course, I know what I have to expect, and I don't mean to make any fuss about it—it's all the fortune of war. I'll just ask you to grant me one favor though; if it's all the same to you, I should prefer being shot, for I don't take to the idea of being strung up like a dog."

The Hindoo leader looked doubtfully at him for a moment, as if he hardly understood his meaning; and then a reproachful frown darkened the mountain chief's fine, expressive countenance.

"Sahib," said he, with a look and tone of manly indignation which suited him extremely well, "I see that you English do not quite understand us yet. We Paharries (mountaineers) are soldiers, not murderers; and we never kill any man in cold blood unless he has betrayed us or done us grievous wrong. But even were it otherwise you are the last man living whom I would wish to harm."

"And why should you spare me more than anyone else?" asked Parkhurst.

"Because," answered the other, looking fixedly at him, "on that day at Meera Meer, an English officer, apologetic to me before, and offered me your hand as if I had been your comrade. I have never forgotten it; and I never shall."

Indeed, it was quickly seen that he had not; for, as soon as the Major's wound allowed him to travel, Kala Dahi sent him back unharmed to the nearest British outposts; and this appeared to the English authorities such a handsome act on the part of an enemy that it opened the way for a negotiation which put an end to the war.

And now, as I hear, Harry Parkhurst never loses a chance of getting a fortnight's leave to go shooting in the hills with his old friend, Kala Dahi.

DAVID KER.

Woman and Her Shoes.

The observant person knows very well that the woman who wears a pretty dress and bonnet with shabby gloves or untidy shoes has the right quantity of self-respect. If women would follow men's example in their matter of shoes, instead of copying their men and waistcoats, it would really be something to be thankful for. It is quite the exception to see a well-dressed man badly shod. But the majority of women are shockingly careless about their feet. It is proverbial that they are, and you have every opportunity of proving the truth of this when you are in a street car or going to the steps to the elevated trains. Women find it more difficult to walk than men do, and a good deal of walking of course is their lot. The best way of keeping their feet from being soiled is to put them on last, when they are taken off.

In Great Britain 6,000 women work around mines.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Glass originally came from India. Sales by auction were formerly held by candle light. Weaving was practised in China more than 1,300 years before it was known elsewhere.

Cuban barbers lather their patrons with their hands, from a bowl made to fit under the chin. No brush is used. Parchment used for covering drums, banjos, etc., is made from the skins of asses, cats, or wolves, those of wolves being considered the best.

The hair dressing of ladies was an expensive affair in the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth at one time was possessed of no fewer than eighty attires of false hair. The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.—(F. B. Sanborn.)

Organ Grinders are scarcely tolerated at Pittsburgh. A local justice has just ruled that it is not an assault to throw a paill of water upon an organ grinder when the water is thrown by a householder who is on his own premises and annoyed by the strolling artist.

A ton of coal yields nearly 30,000 feet of gas. The Persians shave themselves as a sign of mourning. Four English nobleman are said to be engaged to marry variety stage women.

The province of Bhopal, India, is celebrated for the unusually great administrative powers of its female sovereigns. Grasshoppers attain their greatest size in South America, where they grow to a length of 5 inches, and their wings spread out 10 inches.

The total yearly income of the French nation has been estimated by M. Leroy Beaulieu at £1,000,000,000, of which three-fifths is the product of personal labor.

A certain New York lady has a weakness for murderers. She spends all her pocket-money on bouquets, which she herself carries to the condemned cell and presents to the occupant.

Mr. T. A. Edison is 5 feet 10 inches in height. Laplanders often skate a distance of 150 miles a day. The Krupp Works at Essen contain 2,542 furnaces. These consume 1,666 tons of coal and coke daily.

The quantity of blood in the human body varies, but is generally about one-tenth the total weight of the body. One of the simplest and most efficient means of fumigating a room is by dropping vinegar slowly upon a very hot iron shovel over from the kitchen range answer very well.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the American President, has a passion for orchids, and has them in profusion in the rooms of the executive mansion. The White House conservatory contains over 150 varieties of the orchid—about 5,000 of the plants in all.

Japanese auctions are silent. Each bidder writes his name and bid upon a slip of paper, which he places in a box. The box is opened by the auctioneer and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

The famous Kishnah tunnel of India pierces the Khyber Anuran mountains about sixty miles north of Inetta, at an elevation of 6,400 feet. It is 12,800 feet long, and was constructed broad enough to carry a double line of rails.

The unique and well-nigh exhaustive collection of postage stamps which formed the subject of the late Mr. T. K. Tapling's bequest to the British Museum has now been received at that institution, where it has for the present been taken charge of by the authorities of the department of printed books.

Currents of water serve to a vast extent the purpose of distributing seeds. Walnut, butternut and pecan trees are found close to streams, where they drop their nuts into the passing flood, to be carried far away and start other groves perhaps hundreds of miles distant. Tree seeds of many sorts are carried by oceanic currents.

Seven handsome orange trees have been conveyed from Hampton Court Palace to Windsor Castle, and will be placed on the East Terrace, opposite the Royal apartments. The trees are very old, and it is said were brought to Hampton Court in the time of Prince William of Orange.

A monster bell, one of the largest of its kind, specially cast for the new Church of the Sacred Heart, on the heights of Montmartre, has been completed at Ancey in Savoy. This immense instrument, which when hung in its lofty position will be audible all over Paris, weighs, with its clapper, nearly 25 tons.

The growth of the United States Patent Office has been very remarkable.

The Lime Kiln Club.

In the absence of the President, who is making a lecturing tour among the Branch Clubs in the North west the Vice-President took the chair at the last regular meeting. The dust of the 9th concession was on his boots while a fragrant bottle of refreshing vinegar protruded from his coat pocket.

"Bred'en" he said, "I conjured dis meetin' fo' de puppos ob dissolv'in' a sore'us subjec'. We are free subjec's, an' it grieves us to tink dat Yankee flag wot oppressed our fo' fadders and mudders in slavery fer so many years should be a floatin' and a flauntin' itsef above the town-hall, on de pole wot we helped to strip de bark off. If our President was here de flag wood-a been tooked down long ago; but if it *must* float tili he cum back, let it be at half mast in honah of de dear departed."

He took his seat behind the high desk amidst silence which was only broken by the gurgle from the vinegar bottle, and the grunt of disgust which followed his discovery of the mistake. After firing the delusive bottle through an open window and scowling down a smile that was just being born on Bro. Providence's face, discussion of the question was invited.

Bro. Give-adam Jones was of the opinion that the flag woudn't rot before fall and—

"It won't fall before it rots," broke in Bro. Physics (the youngest member) who was suspended indefinitely for his vile pun.

It was suggested that Bro. Sleeman be paid 38 cents and all the cigar stubs now in the club's possession to "shin up de pole an' pull de rope outen de pulley-hole."

Bro. Sleeman objected on the grounds that he had recently cut his toe nails and wasn't in condition to hang on.

Brother Twist reported having made an effort to climb, but out of a personal regard for the safety of the pole he desisted. His idea was to have Flying Angel go up for the banner.

The chairman glared at Bro. Twist. "Am you tryin' to wuk in another pun? I'se gwine to sot down hard on foolin' wid dis yere solemn subjec, and all jokes will be punished by 'spension."

Bro. Twist apologized. The Judge thought a balloon might be used with success, but none of the brethren present were willing to trust themselves so near heaven till after the next revival.

For a few minutes there was absolute silence during which the clanking of the brethren's brains could be plainly heard as they struggled with the mighty problem till at last Bro. Shinheat envolved the scheme of sending to Wroxeter to borrow the old salt-well hole and place it under the flag pole, then let the pole slide down into it gradually till the flag came even with the ground, when it could be easily removed and the pole again hoisted with the club's big union jack nailed to it. Tears of joy ran down faces as the brethren cheered his happy solution of the difficult problem. He was at once appointed a committee to go over and make the loan, and Bro. Penstock kindly lent his horse for the occasion, a collection among those present failing to raise sufficient to hire a livery.

The Club adjourned for three hours and the time was spent in breathless anxiety awaiting his return. Shortly after midnight he re-entered the hall and announced that he was unable to awaken anybody over there except the Bailiff, who informed him that "dot hole vas in use yooost at bresent." Andrew Carnage had sneaked over from Scotland and crawled into it and drew it in after him. The Homestead riots were tame beside the scene which ensued. Denunciations and execrations followed each other thick and fast, and it was resolved to dig him out as soon as the moon got low enough.

A motion to adjourn was carried, after receiving the following applications for initiation at the next regular meeting: Messrs. V. McKiver, Gen. Serman, Big Push, Headstrong Blunderbluss, Ichadod Pegasis.

A lot of letters and new business was left over as the hour was late and the chairman felt that the brethren needed fresh air and fumigation after their long, heated session.

Food That Will Beautify

It cannot be doubted that what one eats will make or mar the skin, writes Mrs. Mallon in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. The famous French writer on food, Brillat-Savarin, says, "rich food makes beautiful women." But this was badly translated; he meant by it, not rich as indicating greasy, or oily, or heavy food, but he meant good food, that which is properly cooked and which is fresh. The pale pasty complexion of many of our women is attributed, without any extra thought, to too much pastry, too many sweets, over-done meats, and an insufficient quantity of fresh vegetables. The green salad in any shape, from the long curling lettuce

leaf to the crisp little watercress, is constant beautifier, and more than this, regularly eaten, it quiets your nerves and gives you a pleasant sleep. But you flood it with vinegar and powder it with sugar you have simply made for yourself a dish that will have no effect upon you whatever, unless it should be by the force of the vinegar to break the enamel of your teeth.

The right way for you to eat this most beautifying of dishes is to have upon it a good French dressing, that is, one formed of pepper, salt, a small portion of good sweet olive oil; if you do not care for this then eat your salad as did the hermits of old, dipping a leaf in some salt and having with it a piece of bread and butter. All fresh vegetables, especially asparagus, tend to improve the skin. I do not say give up all sweets, but I do say eat them in their proper place; that is, after you have had your dinner and when you will not require a great quantity. Pastry, if eaten at all, must be so light that it is above reproach; then it will not have any apparent effect on the skin, but it will tend to fatten you.

Wingham.

Work has been started in the new bank again, to fix up what damage the late fire did.

School opened in Lower Wingham on Monday last.

Mr. Rob. Flouty, of the *Advance*, who has been very sick for some time past, is now gaining nicely.

Mr. Gilchrist has retired from the firm of Gilchrist & Green, furniture manufacturers, and the business is now being run by the latter.

The stonework on the new St. Paul's church was finished on Monday last.

Friday, Aug. 26th, has been proclaimed by the Mayor as civic holiday for Wingham. A grand picnic will be held on that day in the town.

Mr. W. Galbraith, who was proprietor of the "Patrons' Store, has moved from Upper to Lower Wingham and is opening out business there.

Harriston Entrance Examinations.

The following pupils passed at the entrance exams. in Harriston, held last month:

- Mary Armstrong.
- Annie Blackwood.
- Mary E. Bride.
- Fannie Eaglesham.
- Laura Fallis.
- Essie Fallis.
- Annie Fraser.
- Lydia Harding.
- Dellina Hicks.
- Ida Hotell.
- John Howard.
- John Lang.
- Tona McIntyre.
- Nessie McLean.
- Mary E. McLean.
- Annie McQueen.
- Mary Reynolds.
- Mary Shannon.
- Jessie Sheppard.
- Ida Spence.
- Louisa Spotton.
- Jane Wiggins.
- Jennie A. Warrell.
- Louisa Copeland.
- Frank Bodie.
- Milton Carter.
- Fred Cooper.
- Harry Fallis.
- Joseph Fisher.
- John Gordon.
- Samuel Hyndman.
- Donald Keen.
- Morley Lemon.
- Wm. Mabood.
- George Markham.
- Geo. M. Murray.
- Chester Nicholson.
- Herbert Phillips.
- Hugo Ringel.
- John B. Smith.
- Levi Snyder.
- Richard H. Stinson.
- George Thomas.
- Willie Young.
- Robert Wenger.
- Geo. Gregg.

Public School leaving examination: George Spotton.

TNOS. RAE

Has just Purchased the Entire

Hardware

AND

Grocery Business

Lately carried on by W. H. Clegg,

And will carry on business at the Old Stand, Gorrie.

Look for Great Bargains,

Gorrie Jewelry Store

Bargains are Flying and there is no reason why YOU should not catch one!

Come and see them anyway! We take pleasure in showing our elegant stock.

Watches of all kinds.
Clox of all kinds.
Silverware of all kinds.
Jewelry of all kinds.

Spectacles and Eye-glasses in endless variety.

Repairing done in the neatest style.

W. DOIG.

Taman, the Tailor,

Has removed to the McGill building, next north of Bean's store.

Adv. next week.

JNO. BRET HOUR,

FIRE AND STOCK

Insurance Agent

WROXETER.

REPRESENTS:

- Wellington Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
- Waterloo Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
- Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
- Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
- Mercantile Insurance Co.
- Etna Insurance Co.
- Ontario Mutual Live Stock Insurance Co.

Give John A Call.

Full to the Top!

OVER

3,000 Rolls

—OF—

New Wall Paper

Cheap, Dear, Light, Dark, Canadian, American, Micas, Gilt, with Borders & match, and Ceiling Decorations for Rich or Poor, Grit or Tory, Kitchen or Parlor.

Any reasonable person can select what he requires from our large stock. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH MY SAMPLE BOOKS.

Express Wagons. We have a fine lot of wagons this season, made by best makers. A good iron-axle wagon for \$1.35; a heavier one for \$1.50. Iron wheel wagon at \$2 and \$2.50.

Baby Carriages. We sell these by catalogue this season. If you want to get very close, one come and examine my catalogue and prices. Will sell you close.

Sewing Machine Needles. We have received a stock of these so that any person wanting anything in this line can be accommodated.

N. M'LAUGHLIN,

Druggist, Gorrie.

Just Received!

At Allison's

A Fresh lot of

Oranges, Lemons,

Bananas, Cocoanuts, Dates,

A fine assortment of Confections and Canned Goods.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats and Feathers and Flowers

Are being Sold Very Cheap for a few weeks.

* **Fordwich** *

Hardware * Store.

DARBY BROS.'

Alphabet:

- A xle Grease.
- B nder Twine.
- C ream Cans.
- D airy Supplies.
- E ave Trough.
- F orks.
- G lass.
- H arvest Mits.
- I rons.
- J elly Cake Plates.
- K nives.
- L ocks.
- M ilk Cans.
- N ails.
- O ils.
- P aints.
- Q uilt Frames, etc.
- R ope.
- S cythes.
- T urpentine.
- U pholsterer's Tacks.
- V arnish.
- W ringers.
- X-cut Saws.
- Y ellow Ochre.
- Z inc.
- € we sell them very cheap.

We have bought a Complete New Set of Tin-smith's Tools, and are prepared to furnish all kinds of Tinware, and do all kind of Repairing on short notice.

DARBY BROS.



Special Announcement.

Having purchased a first-class full plate glass Hearse I am in a better position to do the undertaking of this community than before, and owing to reductions in the wholesale prices of our goods I am in a position to give the use of this magnificent Hearse free, that is to say my charges will be no more and in some cases less than before.

J. R. WILLIAMS,

Furniture Dealer and Undertaker

Member of Ontario School of Embalming.