

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 4.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.

No. 26

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

METHODIST.—Services at 1:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Orange Hill, at 2:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Greene, pastor. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. W. S. Bean Superintendent.

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

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

E. O. SWARTZ,
Barrister, Solicitor,
Conveyancer, Etc.

MONEY TO LOAN.
Office: Up stairs in Montague Hotel Block, MILDMAY.

R. E. CLAPP, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon.
GRADUATE, Toronto University and the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Reside on Main Street, nearly opposite the City Hotel. Office in the Drug Store, next door to Charles Bookings.

J. A. WILSON, M.D.

HONOR Graduate of Toronto University Medical College. Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office: Aberdeen Street, in rear of Drug Store. MILDMAY.

DR. WISSER, Dentist.

HONOR Graduate Department of Dentistry, Toronto University; Graduate Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.
AT COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MILDMAY. EVERY DAY.
Prices moderate, and all work guaranteed satisfactory.

J. J. WISSER, D.D.S., L.D.S.

W. H. HUCK, V. S.

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GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
REGISTERED Member of Ontario Veterinary Association. Also Honorary Fellowship of the Veterinary Medical Society.
Calls promptly attended to night or day.

JAMES ARMSTRONG,

Veterinary Surgeon

GRADUATE of Ontario Veterinary College and registered member of Ontario Veterinary Association.
Residence
Next to Methodist Parsonage,
ALBERT STREET, GORRIE, ONT.

Eggs for Hatching.

Of Pure Bred Stock.

Brown Leghorns, 50c per 13.
Large Black Ducks, White Breasted, 75 cents for 9.
White Turkeys, \$1.00 for 9.
Guiney Hens, 40c for 9.

Also pure bred Poland China Swine for sale, also Boar for Service.

Christ. Weiler.

20-23 Formosa, P. O.

BARGAINS

Bargains in Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery, on the

24th of May

Don't miss this chance if you wish to save money at

C. WENDT'S,

Mildmay

Blacksmithing.

For a First class Cart or Buggy call on

Jos. Kunkel,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH, Mildmay.

Repairing and Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Prices Guaranteed Right.

C. H. LOUNT, L. D. S., D. D. S.

SURGEON DENTIST, WALKERTON.
Will continue to conduct the practice of the art of Hughes & Lount, at the office always occupied by them in Walkerton.

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

UP TO DATE TAILORING

We take special pride in recommending our stock of clothes for

Gentlemen's Suitings

We had very little of last seasons goods left over, which gave us an opportunity to buy an almost entirely new stock. Bound to please anybody and everybody.

Garments made in the latest styles, good fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Black Worsteds suits to order \$11 to \$18
Fancy 10 to 16
Blue and Black Serge 7 50 to 16
Tweed suits 7 00 to 13

Great bargains in fancy and black painting. Butter, Eggs, Pork and other produce taken in exchange.

H. E. Liesemer,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

This Spot

BELONGS TO

A. Murat

MILDMAY.

It will pay you to keep posted on the well assorted stock of FURNITURE and his full line of UNDERTAKING he continually has for sale.

REMEMBER

A. Murat Sells Cheap

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:

Fall wheat per bu. \$ 85 to \$ 85
Spring " " 85 to 85
Oats, 38 to 37
Peas, 60 to 61
Barley, 40 to 45
Potatoes, 30 to 35
Smoked meat per lb. 7 to 9
Eggs per doz. 8 to 9
Butter per lb. 10 to 11
Dressed pork, \$4 25 to 4 70

A PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD

FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP

IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is put up by the Indian Tea growers as a sample of the best qualities of Indian Teas. Therefore they use the greatest care in the selection of the Tea and its blend, that is why they put it up themselves and sell it only in the original packages, thereby securing its purity and excellence. Put up in 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 3 lb. packages, and never sold in bulk.

ALL GOOD GROCERS KEEP IT.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to

STEELE, HAYTER & CO.
11 and 13 Front Street East, Toronto.

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

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

Save your Ammonia Soap wrappers When you have 25 Ammonia or 100 Ammonia Soap wrappers, send them to us and a 3 cent stamp for postage and we will mail you free a handsome picture for framing. A list of Pictures around each bar. Ammonia Soap has no equal—we recommend it. Write your name plainly on the outside of the wrapper and address W. A. BRADSHAW & Co., 48 & 50 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont. Sold by all general merchants and grocers. Give it a trial.

Huntingfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker, of Wilmot, are spending the holidays with E. Johnston.

Mrs. John Vogan is seriously ill. Dr. Clapp, of Mildmay, was called in. She is doing nicely.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to over one hundred communicants on Sunday last in McIntosh's church.

Picnics everywhere on the first were well-attended. Some of our folk went to Belmore, others went to Lakelet. They all report having had a good time.

One of our young men went out for a drive Saturday evening. He came home minus the buggy and harness.

This is the third runaway this young man has had this summer. He came off pretty safe with a few scratches and bruises, but the buggy is a complete wreck.

Belmore.

Lane & Lane have their shingle machine running in full blast now.

Some people seem to be in the sulks these days. Better take some Jue Jaw.

A number from here took in the picnic at Wm. Genmil's school on Monday last.

O. Y. B. boys are busy getting ready for July 12th. They are going to Harrieston.

Miss Annie Gallagher left for Wingham on Monday last where she has secured a situation.

D. N. McDonald, merchant, of this town is doing a rushing business. Goods away down.

James Fleming raised his new barn on Monday last which adds greatly to the appearance of the farm.

John Lamouby has put in new scales on Main street which will be a great benefit to the town and surrounding country.

Lakelet.

A nephew of Mr. Dulmage is visiting here at present.

Mr. Jas. Wright delivered his \$225 team in Wingham last Friday.

Mrs. Myles Scott is visiting at Belgrave with her sister at present.

Mr. Wm. Hubbard is laid up with a very sore back which he took quite suddenly to-day.

Mr. S. Darroch, who was visiting here for two weeks, left for his home, south of Harrieston on Sunday.

The church in the hall every Sunday evening is well attended. Mr. Hooper is popular with the people here.

Our sidewalks have been well repaired this week. Part of them have been converted from plank to gravel, which we think an improvement. Mr. Hooper, pathmaster, made the men do what was right.

Five pupils from our school wrote at the Leaving examination last week, 4 at Fordwich and 1 at Wroxeter. We believe the papers were a very fair test and the pupils who were well up on the subjects should pass easily.

Sunday Mr. Potter preached his farewell sermon here, and the church was full to the doors. The Rev. gentleman was much esteemed by every one here, and to his new home at Harrieston, he carries the best wishes of the whole community.

This Orange Lodge goes to Harrieston on the 12th, where we trust they will give a good account of themselves. Geo. Dixon will pound the drum and a Mr. Harper will play on the fife. This lodge is growing in membership and they are becoming very enthusiastic.

The Union S.S. and I. O. G. T. picnic held here yesterday was a decided success. There were hundreds of people on the grounds and all went home well pleased with the day's proceedings. Mr. Bell who owns the grounds, the best in the township, is deserving of the thanks of all those interested for the cheerful way in which he threw everything open for the entertainment of those present. Should those who

came from a distance in future bring along a little lunch or basket, a great deal of the responsibility and worry would be discarded from the minds of our ladies. Some dozen baskets are not sufficient to feed some hundreds of people.

Deemerton.

Born—In Carrick, June 30, the wife of Geo. A. Lobsinger, of a daughter.

Tuesday morning as Jno. Koelmstedt, the California swing man, was returning from Mildmay, his horse shied at something on the road and upset the rig into the ditch, throwing him out and injuring him severely. The wagon was badly smashed up.

Our grand demonstration for Dominion day is a thing of the past. The day was propitious and everything passed off without a hitch. At 10 a. m. the Neustadt band arrived in the village and the calithumpian procession was formed and marched through the principal streets. The parade was one of the most comical that has ever been seen in Bruce county, especially the goats hitched to a cart. After dinner the baseball match took place between Mildmay and Teeswater clubs. When the first inning of both sides were over the Teeswater club thought they had a snap, but in this they were fooled as the score will show. The Mildmay boys got down to work and showed what they were made of. They only allowed the opposition team to secure one or two runs each inning. Following is the score:—

Mildmay.	Runs	Outs	Left on bases
Schneider	5	2	2
Findlay	5	3	1
Miller	7	0	2
Diebel	6	1	1
Hume	5	3	1
Stiegler	1	6	4
Biehl	4	4	1
Lenahan	1	4	4
Butchart	3	2	4
Total number of runs 37.			

Teeswater.	Runs	Outs	L. on B.
Miller	6	2	1
Chapman	6	2	1
Mines	5	3	1
Zinger	4	2	2
Barber	4	2	2
McKenzie	4	2	2
Rupp	4	3	2
Hardy	1	3	6
McDonald	3	3	3
Total number of runs 37.			

J. E. Mulholland umpired the game to the general satisfaction of all.

Immediately after the above game, Mildmay junior and Ayton senior football clubs faced off and a very hard game was fought, many very brilliant plays being made by both teams. At the end of the game the score stood 2 goals to 1 in favor of Mildmay.

Next in order came the athletic sports which the following list will show how keenly they were contested.

Throwing heavy weight—Jacob Schmidt, Alf. Witmeyer, Philip Werner.

Throwing stone—Jacob Schmidt, Alf. Witmeyer, John Schill.

Standing jump—C. Chapman, L. Loos, W. G. Loos.

Running hop, step and jump—C. Chapman, W. G. Barber, A. Moyer.

100 yard foot race—W. G. Barber, McHardy.

Bicycle race—William Liesemer, McHardy.

A platform was erected upon the grounds where many of the young people tripped the light fantastic. This was kept up until the wee small hours.

After dark the fireworks were sent off and it was a grand display, in fact the finest that was ever in Deemerton. This brought Deemerton's big day to a close.

The horse buyers purchased three carloads of horses in Hanover last week. The average price paid was \$70.

Mr. Jas. Moore of Greenock sold a spring lamb the other day that weighed 72 lbs. Mr. Moore understands the sheep business.

The Elderslie and Glammis cheese factories shipped May make at Paisley last week. The price received was 7 1/2c as against 5 1/2c for the same month last year.

Baseball.

The baseball match between Otter Creek and Mildmay took place on Thursday evening as announced. The game proved an easy victory for the home club by 34 runs to 2. Following is the score by innings:—

Mildmay.	1	2	3
Schneider W. H.	2	1	0
Miller J. D.	2	0	1
Stiegler J. J.	2	0	2
Diebel F.	2	1	2
Wilson Dr.	2	1	2
Findlay L. A.	1	1	1
Curle Jno	1	0	2
Biehl Hy	2	0	1
Diebel Hy	2	1	2
Total	16	5	13

Otter Creek.	1	2	3	4
Wilton T.	0	0	0	0
Jasper J.	0	0	0	0
Smith G.	0	0	1	0
Wilton R.	0	0	1	0
Lembke C.	0	0	0	0
Riley G.	0	0	0	0
Smith C.	0	0	0	0
Jasper, T. H.	0	0	0	0
Russworm J.	0	0	0	0
Total	0	0	2	0

W. H. Huck umpired the game.

Last Friday evening the married and single men of the Star baseball club of Mildmay, played a very interesting match on the fair grounds. The game resulted in favor of the married men. Following is the score:

Single Men.	Married Men.
Dr. Wilson	0
J. J. Stiegler	1
H. Biehl	0
T. Hume	1
F. Diebel	2
G. Rume	1
P. Lenahan	1
J. Johnston	0
F. Hoefling	0
Total	6

Batteries: Biehl and Diebel, Schneider and Mulholland and McDonald.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

The Orangemen of P. Amerton will go to Drayton on July 12.

The Presbytery of Bruce will meet at Paisley on Tuesday July 9.

A family feud was settled with garden hoses and clubs opposite lot 6, corner Amabel, on Monday night.

When returning from Elphick's sale the other day John Cunningham of Greenock was thrown from his rig and considerably injured. He has been in bed ever since.

A lamp exploded in the Spencer house Hepworth, on Wednesday night and for a little while excitement ran pretty high. Further than the loss of the lamp, no damage was done.

John Hepilspach, a porter in the Hartley house was arrested on Wednesday, on a charge of detaining letters, sent to one Emma Bonner, one of the servants in the same hotel. The case was adjourned for a week.

Mr. Walter Simpson's residence on the 11th concession, Howick, was burned to the ground on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were away at Guelph at the time, the hired man was working in the field some distance away when he noticed the fire about 5 o'clock. There had been no fire in the stove since noon. We have not learned the amount of Mr. Simpson's loss.—Vidette

A somewhat serious accident befell Wm. Boyd of Buntineck last week. He it appears, was driving a load of slabs when owing to a recently made excavation the wagon upset throwing the slabs over the driver. Mr. Boyd's shoulder blade was broken and his head badly hurt. We sincerely hope that he may speedily recover. He is a genial, whole souled, industrious fellow and a general favorite among his acquaintances.

According to Prof. Robertson the Dairy Commissioner, arrangements have been completed for the transit of fresh made creamery butter to the country. Several steamers will be equipped with refrigerators, and a refrigerator car will be sent to pick up the butter the creameries in all parts of the province can make. One of the cars will be run on the Warton branch of the Grand Trunk, and another will run on the C. P. R. up as far as Teeswater.

HEART TO HEART;

OR, LOVE'S UNERRING CHOICE.

CHAPTER I.

"THOSE EYES OF BLUE."

"Violets, sweet violets, only a penny a bunch. For God's sake, sir, do buy a bunch," pleaded a childish, treble voice at Mark Deloraine's elbow, as he descended the steps of the "Pall Mall Restaurant," where he had been dining with some friends, and buttoned his ulster closely round him to protect himself from the bitter northeast wind that swept through the streets.

The speaker was only a poor little street Arab, bear-headed, bear-footed, clothed in tattered frock, which left her shoulders and arms uncovered. Long elf locks streamed down her back, and in spite of dirt and starvation her features, though pinched and wan, were refined and delicate.

Deloraine, who was as liberal a man as ever lived, thrust his hand into the pocket of his ulster and pulled out some loose coppers which he flung to the little girl, taking in return the bunch of white and purple blossoms, which she offered him.

"It's werry hard to live, sir, and thank'ee," exclaimed the child, lifting, as she spoke, a pair of the most exquisite eyes in the world to Deloraine's face.

He started as if he had been shot as he met the gaze of those childish eyes, and, turning aside, hurried down the steps and across the pavement to the hansom which was waiting for him, and giving the address to the sleepy cabby, flung himself back in the vehicle with a muttered exclamation of surprise and agitation.

His fashionable suit of chambers was soon reached, and his attentive valet stepped forward to take his master's coat, to wheel the easy chair closer to the blazing fire, and to set the spiritstand and box of cigars on the Chippendale table by Deloraine's side.

"You can go now, Austin," said his master. "I shall not require you again to-night."

As the man made his master a respectful good-night and noiselessly left the room, Deloraine mixed himself a glass of grog, lit a cigar, and, leaning back in his chair, relapsed into a reverie. It was the daintiest imaginable thing in the way of a sitting-room, this bachelor drawing-room in Mark Deloraine's chambers. The oak panelling was a delightful background for the Venetian mirrors, shelves of exquisite old china, richly-bound books, bronzes, brackets, choice hothouse flowers and water color drawings by the most famous artists of the day. The three tall windows were hung with curtains of sage green velvet, and the black and gold furniture was covered with the same costly stuff. A carved oak buffet was loaded with some huge gold salvers and racing cups and tankards. The room was lit with a profusion of wax candles—Deloraine abominated gas—and a splendid fire blazed on the wide hearth, by the side of which sat the owner of this pleasant room—a tall, dark, weary-looking man about forty years of age, with a tired, dissatisfied expression in his deep eyes and about the curves of his proud mouth which told a tale of suffering and sorrow—met, and perhaps endured—not too patiently.

While he smoked his cigar and gazed with a dreamy look into the red heart of the glowing fire his thoughts were busy with the almost forgotten past which had been recalled so painfully to his memory that night by the eyes—so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue—of the little flower girl.

"Good Heavens!" he said to himself, "how like she is to Kate, I have never seen so wonderful a resemblance! What a fool I must be when a pair of blue eyes—a chance likeness—should have power to move me in this way! Poor Katie!" with a bitter, restless sigh—poor, foolish, jealous girl! I wonder what has become of her! Ah, the wine of life has never had quite the same flavor since she left me."

And Deloraine drained his glass, and quickly refilled it, striving to drown recollections—perhaps remorse—as so uneasy a man has done before, in the cup which, if it cheers, most certainly inebriates.

"Plague on that child, with her blue eyes and her violets," he exclaimed, as he set down his empty glass and flung his cigar into the grate. "She has brought Katie into my mind to-night, and I thought all that folly was over and done with. A villa in St. John's Wood, a brougham and a tiger, sealskin and diamonds! That's been the end of my Katie, I fear! Heigh! I'm sick of London, I'll be out to the Abbey next week and have some trout fishing. By Jove!"—as the silvery tones of the time-piece chimed the hour—"It's one o'clock; I'll turn in now and forget all the folly of which that child so strangely reminded me, in a good night's rest."

Midnight in London! A bitter northeast wind blowing through the streets, and a shower of sleet falling sharply on the pavement. Overhead the bright stars were glittering in the steely blue heavens, and a young crescent moon was slowly rising over the tops of the houses. It was toward the end of March, and the London season was at its height. Carriages rolled through the streets conveying their occupants to every description of gaiety, frivolity and vice. From the doors of a splendid mansion in Belgrave square a striped awning stretched across the pavement, and several policemen stood by to prevent any one from crowding too closely upon the exquisitely dressed women and high bred men who were entering the mansion. Huddled up against one of the pillars of the portico was a little girl, weary, hungry and ragged, who covered her face for shelter from the stinging, sleety shower, which stung her bare shoulders and thin arms like whips of steel. She had a basket full of sweet spring violets and delicate primroses in her hand, which even up to this late hour she had been endeavoring to sell in the streets. Poor child! a few pence, hid up in the corner of her tattered pinafore, was all she had gained, and with a heavy heart and bitter tears she

stood looking at the dainty, silken-robed and jeweled women who were passing into Lord Craven's princely mansion. In the far-off past she could remember a woman, as young and beautiful as any of that gay company, bending, with sweeping silk garments and gleaming jewels, over the lace-trimmed cot where she had lain, to kiss her good-night before joining any scene of revelry. But that was long ago, and poor Hilda had known nothing but poverty and sorrow for half her young life. A policeman, spying her hiding place, told her in rough tones to move on, and the child was about to obey him when she caught sight of a gentleman leaving the house, in whose stalwart figure and dark, proud face she recognized the gentleman who had given her many pence on the preceding evening for a single bunch of violets. The poor, friendless little thing felt almost as if she had found a friend, and hurrying after him and timidly laying her hand upon his arm, she implored him to buy some violets for "mother's ill, and I don't know what to do," she sobbed.

Mr. Deloraine turned hastily to confront the child, whose marvellous eyes had awakened so many bitter memories in his heart the night before. "It must be fate," he muttered, then added, aloud: "What is the matter, my child?" for Hilda was weeping bitterly. "Mother's ill," she replied, lifting her eyes, like violets drenched with dew, to Mark Deloraine's face, "and the landlady says if she doesn't have a doctor she'll die, and, oh! I cannot get one to-night, I have no money," sobbing as she spoke.

"I will go with you," returned Deloraine, in a voice which trembled in spite of his efforts to calm himself, "and we will see what can be done for your mother. Has she been ill long?" he added as the driver of the cab he had hastily signalled drew up to the pavement. He opened the door and bade the child enter, pausing only to give the address Hilda had given to him to the cabman ere he followed her. During the short drive he heard all the poor child could tell me of her brief history. Her mother had earned a bare existence for herself and her child for some five years by singing at one of the music halls with which London abounds; a severe cold, caught the preceding Autumn, had settled on her chest, and for many months she had been too ill to leave her bed. They had lived for some time upon the money gained by the sale of their clothes and furniture, and now it was evident, from the little girl's artless narrative, that starvation was staring them in the face, unless speedy aid arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMPARATIVE NATIONAL WEALTH.

A Remarkable Development of Industry and Wealth on this Continent.

Mr. Mulhall's latest contribution in statistics is a review of the power and wealth of the United States. Much of it is very technical in character and can only be appreciated by the skilled student of such literature. It shows, however, a remarkable development of industry and wealth on this continent, and in which of course, Canadians have shared, which in a few years, if continued uninterruptedly will give America the greatest and richest community in the world. Mr. Mulhall first examines the material power by which commodities are produced, conveyed and distributed reducing the working power of able-bodied men, of horses, and of steam to what are known as foot tons. And he finds the following advance in the daily average per inhabitant: 1820, 446; 1850, 1,020; 1860, 1,240; 1880, 1,545; 1895, 1,943. This latter figure is greater than that appertaining to Great Britain, which is 1,470. Germany has only 912, France 910, Austria 560 and Italy 380. This superiority of productive power in the United States is making its influence felt in accumulated wealth, which has grown, according to Mr. Mulhall's figures, at the following rate, the first column giving the total and the second the average per capita:—

1820	\$ 1,960,000,000	\$ 205
1840	3,910,000,000	230
1860	16,160,000,000	514
1880	43,642,000,000	870
1890	65,037,000,000	1,039

It is interesting to note, however, that great as is the expansion thus shown, the average is still 20 per cent. less than that of Great Britain, 10 per cent. less than that of France, and a little less than that of Holland. It is noteworthy, too, in connection with present day political discussions, that the greatest growth has been in connection with urban production, and that, accompanying it, there has been a steady and large increase in the wage earnings of operatives, the rise being from \$239 in 1860 to \$485 in 1890. Summing up, Mr. Mulhall says:—"The United States in 1895 possess by far the greatest productive power in the world; that this power has more than trebled since 1860, rising from 39 to 129 milliards of foot tons daily; that the intellectual progress of the nation is attended to in a more liberal manner than in Europe, and that the accumulation of wealth averages \$7,000,000 daily." There is no Mulhall calculation of Canada's worth, but there is reason for thinking that it is not, according to population, far behind that of the United States. Very well qualified observers have held that the province of Ontario embraces within its bounds the best of community of its size in America, which, evidently, is equivalent to saying in the world. And the rest of Canada is doing very well by all accounts. If the United States passes the mother land in the average wealth of its people, it will find the British Dominion in America quite close at its heels.

A son of the Siamese Prince Damrong is to visit England. His name is ominous, but it is hoped he will prove a more satisfactory guest than the son of the Ameer of Afghanistan.

SUMMER SMILES.

Teddie—"What are Woman's Rights, pa?"
Pa—"Everything they want, my boy; always remember that."

"You seem to be cultivating old Kajones. What do you see about him to admire?"
"His daughter Laura."

Nell—"I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything." Belle (sweetly)—"You couldn't get into them, my dear."

Mrs. Hazeum—"How in the world did your husband get so terribly choked?"
Mrs. Snapper—"Eatin' boneless codfish."

Wife—"That's a perfect dream of a bonnet." Husband—"Yes; but I'll bet it cost a regular nightmare of a price."

Student (translating)—"And—er—then—er—er—went—er—and—er." Professor—"Don't laugh, gentlemen, to err is human."

Mrs. Anateur—"Are you musical, Prof. Bisten?" Prof. Bisten—"Yes; but if you are going to play anything, don't mind my feelings."

Trolley car conductor—"Settle, now, or get off!" Dignified citizen—"What do you take me for, sir?" Conductor—"Er cents, same as anybody else."

"I'll head the dance," he said to her.
Her cheeks glowed red, her eyes grew dim; they're married now and all is changed, and quite a dudge she's leading him.

"You told me, said the weary collector "to bring this bill the first." "Yes replied the editor, "but I meant the first time I had any money."

Whyte—"I thought you said your wife wrapped up this bundle." Browne—"I did." Whyte—"You must be mistaken. There isn't a pin in the wrapping-paper anywhere."

The grass was parched until all men who gazed on it were pained; He bought a garden hose, and then "It rained and rained and rained."

"I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of a girl pretty hard to get along with." "Oh, I guess I am all right. You see I am the ideal."

Dear summer maiden, I would say
The nicest way to woo
This season is to swing all day
In a hammock built for two.

"What's the matter, major?" "The matter, Miss Tomson?" "Well, why are you so sober?" "G—g—gracious, Miss Tomson! you wouldn't like me to be always intoxicated, would you?"

The flowers are streaming in the dew,
And ice cream now abounds;
While "Is it hot enough for you?"
Goes on its annual rounds.

Mrs. Fogg—"Only think of it! They do say that Mr. Figg was seen playing whist last Sunday. Isn't it awful?" Mr. Fogg—"But then you must remember that Figg plays so poorly."

Col. Brown—"By Jove! Miss Lilyblow, how the costumes and make-up alter people. I hardly knew you." Miss Lilyblow—"Do I look a fright, then?" Col. Brown—"On the contrary, you look charming."

Owner—"I want you to sell these horses for me." Auctioneer—"I see their tails are docked. We'll have to sell them at wholesale." Owner—"What!" Auctioneer—"Well, I can't retail them."

The torrid sunbeams now descend;
Forbearance is the rule.
But verily that rule must end
Toward him who says "Keep cool."

"My expenditures never exceed my receipts, said Hawkins. "Mine do," sighed Wilkins. "In fact, I am very much afraid I shall never have any receipts for some of my last year's expenditures."

Presiding magistrate—"How came you to enter the premises?" Prisoner—"Please, your worship, 2 a. m., no police about, an open window on the ground floor—you would have climbed in yourself!"

Wylde—"See that woman sitting alone in the corner? That's Miss Antiqua, the lecturer. The women rave about her, but I don't think she thoroughly grasps her subject." Mack—"What is it?" Wylde—"Men."

She—"What made you so late coming home night before last?" He—"Humph! You have been a long time remembering to ask me." "Yes; I thought I would give you time enough to get up a good excuse."

When you leave an article with your uncle—he of the three golden globes—it is a question in his mind, perhaps, whether or not you will redeem it; but it can truly be said that he awaits the result with interest.

Caller—"I'm going to send my little girl to cooking school at once." "Does she care for such things?" Caller—"Dear me, no; but I am sure she will make a good cook, she breaks so many lovely dishes."

In this peculiar year we are learning to fear
The mixing of temperature horrid.
When it is cold, it is very, very cold,
And when it is warm, it is torrid.

Wonderful Pocketknives.

Sheffield (England) cutlers have turned out some wonderful knives. One trophy exhibited by the President of one of the big Sheffield concerns is only five-eighths of an inch in length by two-tenths of the same measurement in width, yet it is a perfect knife of brass, steel and ivory, and has 20 blades. Another, only an inch in length when closed, has 70 blades, each of a different shape, illustrating every known form given to knife blades. Another, somewhat larger, of course, has 230 blades each exquisitely etched with portraits of British celebrities, scenery, etc. As far as the number of blades is concerned, the most wonderful knife ever made (one of the regular pocket size) was exhibited by the Sheffield Manufacturers' Union at its exposition in the fall of 1893. It was made of the very finest steel, brass, gold and pearl, and had 1,840 perfect blades! Each of these blades had its rivet and spring, and closed into the handle like any other knife blade. This curious specimen of cutlery is valued at a sum equal to \$500 either of the others mentioned could be bought for \$100. In the years past the Sheffield cutler's triumph was a 100-bladed knife made for George IV., which is still present at Windsor Castle.

THE HOME.

Canning Domestic Fruits.

Generally speaking, preserving means the cooking of fruits in an equal weight of sugar and cooking them long enough for the fruit to keep without being air-tight. On the other hand, canning can be done with little or no sugar and with just enough cooking to thoroughly heat the fruit, but the air must always be excluded. The fruit is prepared similarly for both forms, and the same general directions apply to each process. Preserves to be perfect must be made with great care and the best results are obtained by putting only a small amount of fruit at a time in the syrup after the syrup has been carefully prepared and clarified and the fruit made ready. The process of canning the different kinds of fruit varies very little except in the amount of sugar used, but only perfectly sound and fresh fruits should ever be used for the purpose.

Fruits may be canned with or without sugar, for since the introduction of air-tight jars and cans there is no danger of fermentation, and sugar takes no part in the preservation of the fruits. Never let the fruit cook long enough to destroy its natural flavor, and while boiling hot it should be poured into air-tight glass jars, filled to the top and quickly sealed. Heat the jars thoroughly before filling and stand them on a folded damp towel during the process to prevent breakage. Then stand the jars away in a warm place for one night; in the morning you can give the tops another turn, wipe the jars carefully and put away in a cool, dark closet. In a week or so examine the jars carefully and if you see no small air bubbles you may feel pretty sure that the fruit is keeping. If you find the opposite and that the liquid hasn't yet settled, the fruit is fermenting and must be taken out and recooked; and used for stewed fruit; not put back again. In filling the jars run a silver spoon handle about the inside of the jar, to break away any air bubbles that may be there. When canning small fruits sugar them two hours before cooking; some expert cooks advise adding a small proportion of alum so that they will keep their shape and be clear.

How to Destroy Moths.

Close all the windows and all doors leading from the room about to undergo treatment, open wide each drawer and closet, and hang the contents over chairs or upon clothes-horse brought into the room for the occasion. Take a piece of gum camphor (as large as a hazel-nut for an ordinary room, as large as a walnut for a room 20 by 16), put it in an iron pot or upon an iron stand. Set fire to the camphor. It burns very fiercely, so set it at a safe distance from furniture or hangings. The middle of the room is the best place for it, unless this be directly under a chandelier, in which case it can be placed more towards the side, as the heat is apt to injure the gilding or bronze. The dense smoke soon penetrates every nook and corner, and suffocates every insect that inhales it. Canary birds or goldfish are to be carried from the room before beginning operations, and as soon as the camphor begins to burn the operator may leave the room, as, provided she has taken the above precautions, there will be no danger of fire spreading. The camphor will burn from a quarter to half an hour, but it can be extinguished at any moment by placing over it a stove lid or the cover of the pot. Let the smoke remain in the room about half an hour, then open the windows wide, leaving them so all day. After a few hours' airing, the traces of smoke will be scarcely noticeable. All the rooms can be treated thus in succession or all at once, care being taken to guard against fire.

Flower Notes.

If one wants a very brilliant and showy bed, where there will be flowers till the coming of frost, select the nasturtium. This plant is easily grown from seed, requires only an ordinary soil, begins to blossom when quite small, and improves with age.

A farmer's wife writes to an exchange: How is it possible for an intelligent reading woman on a farm to get along without flowers? Indeed my flower beds form the art studio of the family. From the creeping and climbing vines, the queenly rose, the ever-blooming geranium in infinite variety, the ever welcome annuals which put forth their cheery blossoms from earliest spring and continue in charming and delightful succession and diversity until old Jack Frost nips them off as Christmas approaches, they form a delightful charm around the house for every member of the family, and every visitor and passer-by.

Balsams are among the most satisfactory annuals. They are easily grown, come into bloom early, and continue to flower until September or later. The lately introduced varieties are wonderfully fine, both in form and color. Indeed, the flowers are as large as many tea-roses, fully as double, and range through all shades of red, pink, crimson, mauve and flesh-color to pure white. Some kinds are striped with contrasting colors; others are beautifully spotted. They are profuse in bloom, each branch being so closely set with flowers that it resembles a wreath. Give a rich soil, made mellow to the depth of at least a foot. Plant in a comparatively shady location. Water well in a dry season.

First-rate Doughnuts.

One quart flour, 2 rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar, some nutmeg or cinnamon, salt to taste, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls cottolene, melted. Sift the flour, salt, spice and baking powder together. Beat the eggs, adding the sugar, milk and melted cottolene, stir in the flour, oil and cut into shape with a tin doughnut cutter. Have the kettle three-fourths full of cottolene; when the fat is hot enough a piece of dough dropped into it will rise to the top and brown. Drop in the dough-

nuts and fry 3 minutes. These are delicious and economical, neither heavy nor too sweet.

CANADA'S MINERAL PRODUCTION.

The Production of Mineral Substances in 1894 was the Largest on Record.

It has often been remarked that for a country so rich in minerals as Canada is reputed to be the returns of product do not make a very brave showing. The report of the mining department of the Geological survey on the production of mineral substances during 1894 goes to indicate that the reproach may before long be taken away. In a year of slow trade generally the mining men and their associated workers in the earth's materials increased their total output by over 9 per cent. It is to be noted, however, that, in spite of much booming of gold and silver fields, the humble brick maker at his clay bank contributes more to the wealth of the country than the digger for more precious substances, and in the value of the output, which is set down at \$1,800,000, is exceeded only by the coal miner, who runs up a grand total of production of 3,853,235 tons, valued at \$8,447,329, and by the nickel producer who, turning out 4,907,430 pounds of metal is credited with 2,061,120. The total value of metallic products is given as \$4,633,389. To this total gold gathered in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia and the Yukon county contributed \$954,451, the quantity being 52,992 ounces. The copper product, 8,481,636 pounds, was worth \$895,760, and the 649,586 ounces of silver is set down for \$409,239. The iron ore product was 109,991 tons, and was practically all converted into pig iron, yielding 49,967 tons, valued at the mines at \$64,447. Chromite ore, the deposits of which in several parts of Quebec province have lately attracted newspaper attention, was produced to the value of \$36,946, lead to the extent of \$188,262, and platinum to the amount of \$1,000. In the non-metallic list of mineral products petroleum heads the list with \$835,322, asbestos coming next with \$420,825, gypsum by natural gas with \$213,754, feldspar with \$202,031, and salt with \$170,687. The mineral water industry is credited with an output of \$95,040, and mica with \$50,940. Phosphates only amounted to \$43,940. Among structural materials building stone is set down for \$1,200,000, lime for \$900,000, sewer pipe for \$250,325, and drainage tiles for \$200,000. The total value of all mineral productions since 1886, as gathered by the department is given as follows:—

1894	\$20,900,000
1893	19,250,000
1892	19,500,000
1891	20,500,000
1890	18,000,000
1889	14,500,000
1888	13,500,000
1887	12,500,000
1886	12,000,000

It will be seen, therefore, that, though not astonishingly large the product of 1894 was the greatest in the record, exceeding that of 1891, the next highest on the list, by \$409,900. The growth since 1886, when the reports began to be issued, is from \$12,609,000, or over 70 per cent. That is a fairly healthy showing, and from present indications is likely to be kept up, a good many of the reputed rich deposits having fallen into the hands of people who hope to make money by working them. Heretofore too many have looked for gain only in selling to some one else, and the methods pursued have not always been over clean.

A HANDY FOOT-WARMER.

Warm His Feet With Heat Generated By an Electric Light-Bulb.

There is a good deal of misunderstanding as to the degree of heat thrown off by the incandescent lamp. An officer of the Austrian army has shown that an electric lamp of 16 candle power develops a maximum temperature of 94 degrees C., and a lamp of 25 candle power a temperature of 101 degrees C. Two lamps placed in a cavity of wood developed a temperature of 215 degrees C., decomposed cannon powder and other explosives, but without detonation. The cavity was filled with water which was brought to the boiling point in about 15 minutes. The cumulative effect of heat is little understood by the majority of people. Many persons cannot be brought to realize, even in the face of almost daily proof, that steam pipe can cause a fire. They argue: "You can't set wood on fire under about 400 degrees F., and water boils at 212 degrees, so how can you set fire when you lack 75 or 100 degrees of heat in your coils?" The solution of this little problem is that it is not wood that is set on fire; it is partially carbonized wood, which does not require, after arriving at that condition by a long process of daily heating, as high a heat as it formerly needed to break into flame. It is the same with paper and many other materials. It is dangerous to inclose the bulb of an electric lamp in any fabric, even as light as mosquito netting, and by this practice many fires are originated. Experiment has shown that an incandescent lamp globe closely wrapped with paper, so that no air can pass between it and the glass, will cause fire in a very few minutes. Another piece of testimony to the heat thrown off by an electric lamp is given by an electrician who was subject to cold feet. Being unable from this cause to sleep one bitter winter's night he put two incandescent lamps into his bed and turned on the light. He avers that in a very short time he had as much heat at his disposal as would be given by a brick fresh from the oven.

A Bagpipe in Pain.

Our George is very tender-hearted, so when he saw a bagpipe for the first time the other day he cried out: Oh, mamma! that man is squeezing something under his arm, and is hurting it awfully. I can hear it scream.

LADY AYLMEY.

CHAPTER XII.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

In a veranda of the Government House at Madras, Dick Aylmer sat smoking—smoking and brooding over the inexplicable tangle which we call life.

He had now been three months without one word from Dorothy. He did not know if the child had been born or not, if mother or child were living or dead, if Dorothy, his dear little wife, were false or true. He had heard from her once after reaching India, when she had written in good spirits and with many words of love for him, and in fondest anticipation of their meeting in a few months' time.

But after that letter there had been utter silence. He had written every week, he had telegraphed several times, and to-day the mail was in again, and there was still no news. He had three or four letters of no importance on the chair beside him, and the English papers, but nothing from her. He had had news of her—oh, yes—the news contained in that postscript of Lord Aylmer's letter, and he had dismissed that from his mind at once as an ill-natured lie, and for a week or two he had scarcely troubled himself about it. Yet as the weeks crept heavily by, each week bringing fresh disappointment, that letter came back to his thoughts over and over again. Could it be possible that his little girl—oh, no, no—nothing should make him believe it, nothing, nothing.

And yet, why did she not write? She must be at Palace Mansions yet, because his letter had never been returned, nor yet his telegrams. Once or twice he had thought of writing to the landlady, or rather the office at which he had taken the flat, but he shrank from doing that because he might be casting a slur upon Dorothy's fair name, which she would never be able to shake off.

No, that course would not do. He had thought and thought, he had turned it all over in his mind, and, except the idea of writing to a private detective and putting the case in his hands, he could think of no way of solving the mystery.

While he was sitting there brooding over his thoughts, a young man dressed in white garments, came through a doorway behind him, and pulled up a big chair a little nearer to Dick's, in which he carefully disposed himself.

"Really, Dick," he remarked, "I don't call this half a bad place. Not so jolly as London, of course, but still not half bad."

"I hate it," answered Dick, shortly.

The other, fresh from home, looked at him with amused pity. "Poor old chap! like town better. Yes, of course. Why did you come out, then, eh? You got the post that was meant for me?"

"Lord Aylmer got the appointment and I had to come—I had no choice. I shouldn't be here if I had, you may be sure." Dick answered.

"Ah! Lord Aylmer, queer old chap, eh?" "A wily old brute," said Dick, with a sigh, "but he happened for the present to be the ruler of my fortunes, and a thorough-going old martinet he is, too."

"Ah! I saw him the other day."

"Dick looked up with some interest. "Did you, though? In town?"

"Yes."

Now, town to Dick meant where Dorothy was, and for half an instant he had a wild idea that this man might be able to give him news of her. It died almost in its birth, however, and he said indifferently enough, "Were you in town long?"

"A fortnight altogether. My sister lives in town, you know."

"No, I didn't—didn't know you had a sister."

"Oh, yes; she's a widow—has a little flat."

"A flat?" Dick pricked up his ears. "Yes. Where?"

"In Kensington, Palace Mansions, they're called."

"In Palace Mansions," Dick managed to repeat.

The whole world seemed to be blotting out in a strange and insidious fashion, and it was two or three minutes before Dick came to his full senses again.

"I don't think she ought to live there," Marston went on, not looking at Dick, but attending to his pipe. "Living alone, except for the child. You never know what the other people are, don't you know. Now, there's a pretty little woman living in the flat below her."

"What number is your sister's?" Dick asked in a harsh, strained voice.

"No. 6," Marston answered.

In the flash of an instant Dick had made a wild calculation. Yes, he meant Dorothy by "a pretty little woman." "Well?" he said.

He felt sick and faint and cold; he knew that now he was on the eve of news, and Marston's tone had made him dread to hear it.

Marston, all in ignorance, went on speaking. "Such a pretty girl. I saw her several times—fairish hair and delicate-looking, almost like a lady. Well, she went to live in the flat below my sister's and was very quiet. Husband came and went. My sister fancied it was a bit suspicious, and was careful to get no acquaintance with her. Well, for some months all went smoothly and quietly enough, then she heard through her servants, I suppose, that Mrs. Harris's husband had gone off to India, and that she was going out later when the child was born."

"Was there a child?" Dick asked. He was trembling so that he could scarcely force his lips to frame the words.

Marston noticed nothing, but went on with the story. "A child. I don't know if there was one then—there's one now. I've seen it."

Dick sat still by a mighty effort—"Well?" he said.

"Well, only a few days after the poor chap had gone, my sister saw her handed into a smart carriage by an old gentleman—heard the footman call him 'my lord'—a pair of high-stepping horses—all in grand style. And now that carriage is always there, and who do you think the old gentleman is?"

"How should I know?" answered Dick, who was going over and over the postscript of his uncle's letter.

"You'll know when I tell you," said Marston, with a chuckle; "it was your old uncle, Lord Aylmer."

"Impossible!" Dick burst out.

"Not impossible at all, my dear chap," said Marston coolly. "I saw her driving with him myself; and jolly wretched she looked over it. I must say I pitied the poor devil out here, but I dare say he is having a very good time all the same. Eh? What?"

"He asked of a native servant, who had noiselessly approached him."

"My lady wishes to speak to you, sir," said the man, who spoke very good English.

"Oh, all right, I'll come," and Marston went in, leaving poor Dick to fight his battle of pain alone.

So that was it, after all. No, he wouldn't believe it, and yet—yet—how could he help believing it? Marston had told him the plain, unvarnished facts, not knowing that Dick Aylmer and Mrs. Harris's husband were one and the same man. So this was why his uncle had suddenly taken a guiding hand in his fortunes—this was why he shipped him off to India, at what might be called a moment's notice. "Ah! he had seen my Dorothy and wanted me out of the way and he got me out of the way, and my darling—but no, no—I will believe nothing—nothing until I have seen her."

For half an hour he sat in deep thought, trying to determine what would be the best to do, what would be the best course to take; trying, too, to unravel the rest of the tangle, part of which had been opened out before him. But that was an impossible task for him without further information, and he began to wonder how he could get home, and how arrange a plausible excuse to Lord Skeverleigh.

He must go home, that was certain; evidently his letters and telegrams had reached of no effect, probably they had never reached her at all. Why—perhaps that wicked old savage had found means of stopping them, and in that case perhaps Dorothy was fretting her heart out, wondering why he never wrote—perhaps—well, perhaps the child's birth would be in the papers. In spite of silence and mystery she might, as a last resource, have put that in, in the hope of catching his eye.

He began hurriedly to unfasten the paper lying on the top of the little heap beside him. Ah! the Standard: "Abington—Bowers—Eade—Duchess of Dreamland—Hington"—No, there was no little babe called Harris in the short list.

He put down the paper in dire disappointment. Poor Dick! He was getting so weary of being disappointed that each blow seemed to fall more and more heavily. And then just as he was letting the paper fall to his knee, two words caught his eye—two words—"Dinna Forget." With a great throw at his heart Dick caught the paper back again. Yes, it was a message from Dorothy, right out of the depths of despair.

"Dinna Forget. To Dick—This long silence is killing me—why do you not write. For God's sake put me out of suspense one way or the other. D. A."

For full five minutes Dick never moved; then he reverently took off his hat and thanked God that he had made the way plain at last.

Yet, though the way was plain, it was not an easy one. It would be difficult for him to get away from Madras, and neither letters or telegrams were evidently of any use, since Dorothy had not received those that he had sent. Decidedly, he must go home, even if he went the length of sending his papers in and trusting to chance and good fortune to be able to make some sort of a living—enough to keep Dorothy and the child. But in any case, home he must go, to set his wife's mind at rest, and to force that old sinner on his knees to sue for the mercy which he would not get.

As soon as Lord Skeverleigh returned to the house, Dick sent to ask him if he could see him, and to him he explained something of the position of affairs, ending with, "And I must go home; it costs me all I have in the world."

Now, it happened that Lord Skeverleigh, though he liked Dick very well, had particularly wished to make Marston his military secretary, and had been able to refuse his old friend Aylmer, he would certainly have done so. There were, however, certain pages of past history which practically precluded this possibility, but they did not preclude him from allowing Dick to throw up his appointment and betake himself home as soon as he liked; and with the very next steamer Dick said good-bye to India and to Government House and set sail for his native country, hurrying off the boat at Brindisi and journeying homeward overland, like an avenging spirit with whom the wicked old man who was at the head of his house, would have a very hard reckoning and but scant quarter.

For always in his heart there was that piteous appeal, "This long silence is killing me—for God's sake put me out of suspense, one way or the other."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Kindness of Heart.

Madame, he said wearily. I'm a discouraged man, I am. I've been trying for two days to get arrested so's I could get somethin' to eat an' a place to sleep.

And haven't you succeeded yet? she asked sympathetically.

No'm; I'm hungry and sleepy yet. I've got ter ask for assistance. An' I ain't goin' away till I get it.

Well, she answered thoughtfully, I'll help you.

You will?

Yes. My brother-in-law's a policeman, and he'll be home in 15 or 20 minutes. You just hang around here for that time and I'll use my influence with him to have you arrested.

MERRY MOMENTS.

Wyld—"Can't you ever overcome your thirst for rum?" Tramp—"Yes, sir, with a dime."

He—"I've been watching for a chance to kiss you for the last ten minutes." She—"You must be near-sighted."

He—"You reject me because I am poor." Heiress—"Say, rather, that you are poor because I reject you."

Kingly—"Does your wife ever try to boss you as much as she used to?" Bingo—"No; she doesn't even have to try now."

The Soft Answer—"He (just proposed)—"You hesitate. Have I a rival, then?" She—"Oh, no. On the contrary, you are my fiancee's rival."

"Father," said the boy, "what is insolvent?" "Insolvent," was the reply, "is merely a long word used to describe a short condition."

She—"I have an instinctive feeling that I can trust you." He (passionately)—"Ah, my darling, would that some others felt that way!"

New boarder—"What's the row upstairs?" Landlady—"It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening."

This world's a most eccentric place—The thought we can't dialogue—One-half is begging for the work The other wants to dodge.

"I hear, Miss Impudence, that you have the bicycle craze." "Yes. That is, I have the craze, but I'm sorry to say that I haven't the bicycle."

Stern father of the girl—"I saw you kiss my daughter as I passed the parlor a while ago, and I want you to know I don't like it." Young man—"You may not, but I do."

Proud father—"This is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know." Friend—"Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."

Perdita—"If you continue much longer to play poker with my father I won't marry you." Jack Dashing—"If your father continues to play poker much longer with me I won't need to."

Little Miss Muggs (haughtily)—"My sister never goes out without a chaperon." Little Miss Frockles (disdainfully)—"My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister."

Father—"Fritz, I saw you last evening helping home an intoxicated student. Don't do it again; it makes a bad impression." Fritz—"Oh, that's all right. I only did it to get even with him."

Debtor (apologetic)—"The payment of that account is a source of constant anxiety to me, I assure you." Creditor—"Very likely. You're afraid you might forget yourself and pay it."

Dr. Pulser—"The action of winking is not without its use; people wink to keep the eyeball moist." Soda water clerk—"Not much they don't. The people who come in here wink to keep their throats moist."

"If I could run across a horse called 'Money,'" said the gloomy man at the races, "I'd bet on it." "Why?" "Because that's the only thing that's sure to go fast enough around here."

Mrs. White—"And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?" Mrs. Black—"Always; except, of course, now and then when he's out of humor or pigheaded, or something of that sort."

"I'm very much afraid," his mother said, "that this pie needs more shortening." "Mamma," said the boy in an audible undertone, "that isn't what my piece needs." "Isn't it?" "No'm. My piece needs lengthening."

"Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it." "Perhaps," was the thoughtful reply; "and yet I've noticed the more I owe people the gladder they always seem to see me."

Roddater—"I say, old fellow, can you lend us a pair of scales for a few days?" Married chum—"We have a pair, but sorry to say they are out of order; they weigh heavy." Roddater (excitedly)—"The very thing; we're going fishing!"

Experience is a teacher rare; The festive youth, they say, His hat of straw declines to wear Until assured the weather fair Has really come to stay.

Outertown (enthusiastically)—"Citily, old man, you ought to move out to Lonely wood. Its peacefulness and quiet would make you live twice as long as you will." Citily—"But if I were living out there I shouldn't care to live twice as long."

Old Gentleman—"Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?" Suitor—"Oh, yes, sir, I am sure I can." Old Gentleman—"Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy."

Hobbs—"My stenographer is invaluable. I couldn't get along without one." Neilly—"But you don't have enough correspondence to keep a stenographer busy!" Hobbs—"I know; but do you suppose I'm going to let the men with whom I do business know that?"

"How did Hobson manage to become engaged to the wealthy Miss Antique? I thought she was a man-hater." "So she was, but when he advised her not to get a bell for her bicycle, for when she rode it there was already one on it, she immediately succumbed."

Judge—"Do you mean to say, sir, that you prosecuted this man for theft, when you have no better evidence of his guilt than that he had \$10 on his person?" Attorney—"Yes, sir." Judge—"How dare you ask a conviction on such evidence?" Attorney—"The man is a poet your honor."

"Doctor—"I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh-air, and dress in cool gowns." Husband (an hour later)—"What did the doctor say?" Wife—"He said I ought to go to a watering place, and afterwards to the mountains, and to get some new, light gowns at once."

He Indulged.

Mrs. Brown—Have you an indulgent husband?

Mrs. Green—Oh, yes, indeed—he comes home intoxicated nearly every night.

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Monday Morning Surprise.

"And help mamma all you can," Gracie was reading her Sunday-school paper, and looked up thoughtfully as she came to these words in a story that a far-off auntie had written to her niece. It was Monday morning, and out of the hot, close kitchen Gracie could hear the rub, rub of the clothes on the washboard, and the splash and ding of the water-pails, as the hired man in his heedless way filled boiler and tubs for Gracie's tired mother.

"And help mamma all you can." Gracie had turned the leaf, and the words were not on the leaf she was now reading, but they seemed to be on every page.

"That was what Aunt Clara wrote little Elsie, and it does not mean me at all," she thought, with a guilty flush creeping over her face, for Gracie knew that her own dear mamma needed help that very moment.

One, two, three columns of the paper were half read in her hurry to drive away uncomforable thoughts; but she could not, and the story she had been so eagerly following had lost all its interest.

"Help mamma all I can? Well, I will." And the paper was flung aside with such a rustle that grandpa looked up over his glasses to see what the noise meant. Gracie looked about the room in which she and grandpa were sitting.

"Oh, dear! it's all upset, and I do hate to sweep and dust. Mamma won't expect me to do it."

No, Gracie's mother did not; for she had found it so much harder work trying to teach her little ten-year-old girl to do such tasks neatly and thoroughly, and willingly, than to do them herself, that she had let all the work fall on to herself.

The chairs were in a huddle, the table was littered with crumpled papers, and every rug askew, with kicked-up corners. How tired and discouraged such disorderly rooms make a jaded mother feel, when she comes in from her hard, hot work in the kitchen to put another corner of her house to rights!

Watch your mother's face some day, little girl, and see if it does not grow rested and happy when she finds her thoughtful little daughter has neatly done the work that the mother thought was waiting.

Gracie knew just what the sitting-room needed. She tumbled the dusty rugs out on to the green grass in the yard, carried the chairs into the front entry to save them from an extra coat of dust, carefully folded and placed in a pile every paper except the one grandpa was reading, and put everything in perfect order. Then she stole out into the kitchen for broom and dust-pan, and Gracie's mother bent low over her wash, was so blind with steam and suds, and so deaf with the steady rub-rub, slosh-slosh of her clothes, she did not see, or hear the little girl who scudded past her.

Did you know that any ten-year-old girl can sweep quickly and well when her arms are strong and willing and careful? And I think the careful, willing part counts more than strength. Before grandpa had thought of moving out of the windward breeze of that Monday clearing up, there was the whisk of a busy broom around his chair, and Gracie's brown braids came between his eyes and the newspaper.

"Come, grandpa, please move. I want to sweep where you are sitting," sent him and his big chair trundling across the floor upon a patch of sunshine by the window, where the light was better, and the carpet brushed free from every speck of dust.

Scratch, whisk! went Gracie's strong turkey-wing into every corner and cranny of casing and furniture. Not a bit of use for a raveling or fuzz of dust to think of hiding in that room with Gracie's broom and duster whisking after them. She had watched her mother put it in the nicest order so many times she knew just what was needed to be done, only never before had she set herself so thoroughly to do it.

When it was finished, the rugs aired and spread out without a wrinkle or askew, the chairs rubbed till they shone, put in their places, table cover straightened, the brittle cedar boughs in the open grate replaced with fragrant, fresh ones, and two mantel vases filled with sweet-scented flowers from the garden, beaded with dew and bright with color, the room looked, and smelled, and felt restful. Grandpa must have thought so, for he went soundly to sleep in his arm-chair by the window, with his newspaper across his face, and the sunshine flooding him with a warm bath.

Gracie softly clicked the latch after her when she went out to hang broom and dusterpan in their places. Some way she felt happier and better satisfied with herself than if she had read half a dozen interesting stories that forenoon, and imagined she was the good girl in each.

"Help mamma all you can." The words of Aunt Clara's letter popped right to the top again, just as soon as Gracie stepped into the kitchen, for there was the wringer she could turn for her weary, heated mother, and starch to stir, and one, two, three baskets to help carry out and spread on the green grass in the back garden, and a hundred steps to take for mother in helping clear up the steamy, sloopy kitchen.

But the best of all came afterward, and that was when tubs and wringer had been put away until another Monday, and the last floor board had been rubbed bright. Gracie's mother gave her rolled-up sleeves an extra little hitch and twist to tighten them, coiled the loosened, gray-straked hair a little closer, and with such tired arms and face, reached for the broom and duster. Then she opened the sitting-room door, and, oh, I wish you helpful and unhelpful little girls could have seen her face then! It said Gracie twenty times over for all her work. Why, the very coolness and sweet restfulness of the fragrant, orderly room seemed to come right into her face.

I do think, if I were a ten-year-old girl, I would plan just such surprises for my mother every week I lived with her. Try it, little girls, and see if a sweet share of the rest and happiness you give your tired mother does not fill your own heart.

RESERVE FORCE OF BRITAIN.

The Vast Pecuniary Resources of the Empire if She Were Driven Into War.

For the information of cranky tail-twisters it may be useful to show some of the resources of that Empire upon which the sun never sets. Unreflecting people are apt to forget that Great Britain, with less than one-half its present population, and with India then a drag—and not as now a reserve—overcame Napoleon, then in his pride of place. He disposed of, and skillfully administered, the resources of France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and part of Germany; but on the English side, although there was bull-dog tenacity, governmental and administrative skill were lacking.

The childish and mischievous conduct of the State of Nicaragua in outraging British subjects, and refusing reparation until forcibly compelled to do so, has given an opportunity for the minority of tail-twisting cranks across the line—who are the laughing-stock of sensible Americans—to make a public exhibition of themselves.

The New York Nation, their leading literary-political journal, ridicules such men. It justly observes that "nations do not arbitrate insults." Common sense teaches that if A strikes and robs B that in no fit subject for arbitration, but one to be decided by superior force, namely,

THE ARM OF JUSTICE.

The Nation sarcastically observes that the discussions upon the affair in and out of Congress "have been worthy of the lunatic asylum."

In a recent issue attention was drawn to the fact that, including British India—but excluding all the colonies—England wields the resources of 250,000,000 of subjects, or fifteen times as many as when she faced Napoleon. Her position therefore is vastly stronger, both actually and relatively, to what it was in the early part of the century. The London Economist has recently drawn attention to a little known fact, showing the vast pecuniary resources at the immediate command of Great Britain if she were driven into war. Nowadays wars are swift in their course, and therefore those nations that have large means, immediately available, have a great advantage. The Economist explains what will be a surprise to almost all, that England has a practical reserve of £200,000,000 immediately available, which, owing to the enormous utilizable warlike resources of India, and to her vast mercantile marine, would suffice to equip and place 400,000 men in the field in any part of the world.

THIS PECUNIARY RESOURCE.

arises thus: There is a fixed sum of £25,000,000 annually allotted in the budget to pay the interest of the national debt, and also to reduce the amount. The interest is less than £19,000,000, so that every year there remains a balance of over £6,000,000 sterling towards diminishing the debt. During the last two years it has been reduced by £12,718,000, which is at the rate of £6,359,000 per annum. The economist explains that if a great war loan was necessary the latter sum would pay the interest upon a loan of £200,000,000 without the slightest increase of taxation. This would enable the Empire to promptly exert its full strength. The circulation of such a vast sum would make hundreds of thousands busy, and thus, by preventing discontent, would indirectly add to the national effectiveness. So far as can be seen there is now no fear of a great war, but the more the vast resources of Great Britain are realized the greater is the security for continued peace. What additionally increases its likelihood is the fact that the Liberal leader and Foreign Secretary are both masculine-minded statesmen. Patriotic men of all parties felt it as a relief when Lord Rosebery became Foreign Minister. Mr. Gladstone's retirement has increased the likelihood of permanent peace.

KNIGHT OF THE CREESE.

England's Famous Cricketer May be Made Sir William Gilbert Grace.

A despatch from London says:—It is rumored that Dr. William Gilbert Grace, the distinguished cricketer, is to be knighted.

Dr. W. G. Grace was born at Downend, near Bristol, England, in 1848, and his first appearance in important matches was with the West Gloucestershire eleven. Between 1864 and 1879 he made 29,842 runs in a total of 415 innings.

His exploits as a batsman, fielder and bowler became so celebrated that the title of "champion" was spontaneously conferred upon him. No amateur or professional has ever reached the batting average credited to "W. G.," who comes of a cricketing family.

He and his brothers, E. M. and G. F., were long known in the cricket world as the "Three Graces." The former, though in his fifty-first year still plays on the county eleven, and as a "point" he is still in the first rank. G. F. G. died in 1877 from typhoid fever, while in the height of his cricketing fame.

In July, 1879, at Lord's Cricket Ground, London, Dr. Grace was presented by his enthusiastic admirers with a testimonial amounting in value to £1,400. Only last week he scored his 100th century, playing for his county against Somersetshire.

Although pursuing the medical profession, he devotes most of the Summer months to his favorite pastime and his appearance on the field is always productive of an outburst of cheers. He is lionized wherever he goes, and is immensely popular with all classes. Dr. Grace is a non-smoker and a very moderate drinker.

He always says that he received his first lessons in cricket from his mother, who was, in addition to her fondness for that game, a first-rate shot and an excellent horsewoman. His elder brother, Dr. E. M. Grace, is Coroner for the western division of the County of Gloucestershire.

Who so escapes a duty avoids a gain.—Theodore Parker.

Letters to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the severe accident which befel Chas. Wegmiller, who is a stranger in our midst, and having no relatives in this country and of whom his employer said "I never had a better boy in my service," I think we should show our sympathy in a tangible way. A little from each would not be missed by us, and would assist in tiding him over a probably protracted illness. James 2; 15-16. Any contribution left with Mr. C. Liesemer or the undersigned will be properly applied.

J. H. MOORE.

Christian Endeavor.

Christian Endeavor society met in the basement of the Presbyterian church on Tuesday night. The president J. H. Moore is the chair. The topic for the evening was "The Ten Commandments in our lives." Mrs. Butchart opened the subject by delivering a carefully prepared comment on the lesson. It being the first meeting of the month (consecration meeting) the roll was called out and all the active member present answered to their names by reading verses of scriptures bearing on the subject or making some remarks. The roll of the associate members was also called and all present answered to their names. The attendance was not so large as usual but those present entered heartily into the discussion of the topic, and a very pleasant and profitable meeting was the result. The lesson read was Mark 12: 28-32, containing our Saviour's summary of the ten commandments, To love the Lord with all the heart, soul, mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves.

It was proved from scripture that the law being weak through the flesh could not give spiritual life to any son of Adam. No man could so keep the law as to have a claim to eternal life. But Jesus Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. In order to the right keeping of the commandments we must begin right by coming to God through Jesus Christ and receive the new heart and the right, then the righteousness of the law will be fulfilled in all who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit.

The topic for next meeting will be "For Christ and the church," Matt. 16: 13-20. Mr. McNamara will be the leader.

There was a marked improvement last Tuesday evening in regard to the members taking their seats to the front. The interest manifested in the discussion of the topic was much greater. Still there is room for greater improvement. Some of our young men would be less tempted to levity if moved forward from the back seats.

Press Com.

GENERAL ITEMS.

A Big Point farmer, Wm Emery, committed suicide by taking Paris green.

The American tug Grace, seized over a year ago, and now at Port Colborne, has been abandoned by her owners.

Nazrulla Khan visited the Queen at Windsor, and was received with military honors.

The shortage in London's water supply has been overcome by the new springs taken in.

Mrs. Magdalene Burke, of Berlin, Ont. died a few days ago in "Dr." Alexander Davies' so-called "Divine Healing" institution in Chicago, and an investigation has been ordered.

In the town of Hannel, Switlen, on Monday, lightning struck a building in which ten persons had taken shelter, killing seven of them, and injuring the other three so severely that they will die.

The municipality of Berlin has made arrangements with the Bell Telephone Co. by which they give the company a 5 years' franchise in exchange for a free fire alarm system and three telephones.

A remarkable achievement in barn raising is recorded in the Berlin News. A large barn belonging to Mr. Knarr, who lives near Rosedale, was destroyed by fire a short time ago. On the 10th inst. about 49 neighbors went into the woods and swamps to get out timber to rebuild. On the 14th the timber was all on the ground and on the 19th the barn was roofed and entirely enclosed. This is a record of quick work which will be hard to beat. It also shows that the generous and neighborly old substitute the "bee" has not become ob-

A laborer in Dublin was blown to pieces by a tin canister he picked up on Boyne street.

Edmund C. Sealey, a gunsmith, of Stratford, committed suicide there Tuesday by blowing the top off his head with a gun.

The Canadian rifle team which is to compete at Bisley arrived at Liverpool Tuesday morning and proceeded at once to the camp.

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

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

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

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

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

Jake Schaefer, an employe at Wooldridge's mill, Palmerston, carries his hand in a sling, the result of an accident which happened him while assisting in unloading an oil barrel from a wagon on Friday last.

The appointment of the legislative grant to public and separate schools for 1895 has been made by the Government. Walkerton public school gets \$294 and separate school \$92, total \$386; Kincardine gets \$355, Warton \$269, Paisley \$135, Port Elgin \$102, Chesley \$184, and Southampton \$169.

Three large booms of logs arrived this week at D. Campbell's saw mill. Port Elgin. The shore from Kincardine to Inverhuron is now cleared entirely. Mr. Campbell expects to get all the logs into Port Elgin harbor this season.

In Warton thirty masked men armed with horsewhips, dragged a man named Huff to the road on Saturday night and administered to him a severe flogging and ordered him to get out of town before midnight. Huff had been abusing his wife, it is said, and she took a dose of poison the other day but is now improving.

Mrs. Wm. Rowand of Brant died very suddenly on Tuesday afternoon. She had been ailing more or less for six weeks, but was well enough to go for a short drive the day before. She was a woman very highly esteemed by her neighbors, and all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. Mr. Rowand sustained an irreparable loss. The deceased was 50 years of age.

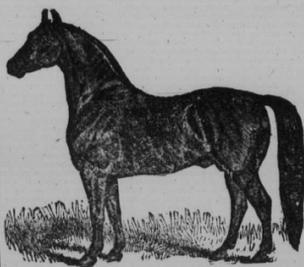
PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE

The Great English Remedy.
Six Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently cure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhea, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excesses, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, which soon lead to Insanity, Consumption and an early grave. Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honest Medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, include price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.
The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.
Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT
IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN.
CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION.
\$1.50 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.
An Agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by Mail, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per package. Samples free.
KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath. 25c.
For sale at the People's Drug Store Mildmay.

Carriage Stallion



BLACK LAURIER!
16½ Hands High.

Will stand for Mares at Lot 5, con. 6, for the season of 1895.

TERMS:—Single Leap, \$3, to insure a foal \$5, two for \$9. Payable February 1st, 1896. Insured mares must be returned regularly. Parties disposing of their mares before foaling time, will be charged whether in foal or not. All accidents at owner's risk.

J. D. Kinzie, Prop

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For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.
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Shoes! Shoes!
I have just received a stock of Shoes, and as you are all aware that Leather is increasing in price. It will pay you to come and examine my goods. Now shoes have raised from 20 to 25% and I bought this lot at the old price and I will run them off at a low figure. Come and examine goods and be convinced. No trouble to show goods. Here are a few lines which I will sell at a bargain:
Wos' Oxford Ties, \$1 10, now 80c
Wos' Tan Oxford Ties \$1 40, now \$1 00
Wos Dong Shoes, \$1 80, now \$1 50
Men's Fine Shoes, \$1 50, now 90c
" Dong Cong, latest toe, \$2 00
Also a large stock of children's Tan Oxfords, which I will sell at a bargain Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Highest price paid for farmers produce.

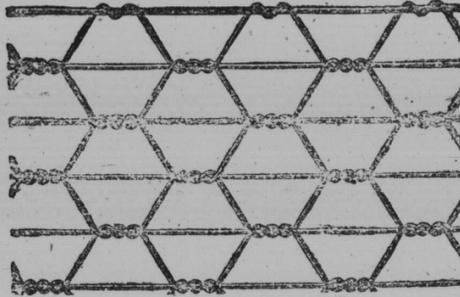
John Hunstein.

DOMINION
Organs and Pianos
are the best.
G. RIFE & SON
Durham st.,
WALKERTON
have them for sale.
MILDMAY
Planing Mills.
—AND—
Furniture Warerooms
G. & N. Schwalm.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in Sash, Doors, Lumber and all kinds of Building Material
Planing and Sawing done to order. CASH paid for all kinds of saw logs.
CONTRACTS for Buildings taken. Plans Specifications, and estimates furnished on application.
A large and well assorted stock of
FURNITURE
consisting of
Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Hall, Dining room and Kitchen Furniture,
Office Furniture of all kinds, Easy chairs, etc. etc. Prices Away Down.
worth your while to give us a call.
G. & N. Schwalm

Central Hardware

Good Goods! Low Prices!
Parties building will find it pay to Get Our Prices.

Most Durable.



Strongest.

The reduction in price of our Woven Fencing has caused quite a demand. Numbers of farmers say it is the best farm fence made. Orders attended to promptly. Weather and Waterproof Paint. Bags painted with it will hold water. Good for Binder Covers. Best paint for all kinds of work. Our Buggy Top Dressing will make your top look like new. Try it, any one can put it on. It costs you less than a dollar to paint your buggy with our prepared paint. Turnip seed at Bottom Prices. A few lines of Cutlery at Cost. We are prepared to quote prices in binder twine. You can save money buying from the Cash Hardware.

GEORGE CURLE

All-a-Samee
Cheroots 4 FOR 10c
All Imported Tobacco. 10c
Better than most 5 Cent Cigars.
As good as the ordinary 10 Cent Cigar.
It is the manufacturer's profit that has to be cut down when hard times come. Every smoker should try these Cheroots. Assorted colors. For sale by tobacco dealers everywhere.
Crema de la Crema Cigar Co., Montreal.

J. D. McDONALD,
HORSESHOER AND GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Shop opposite the Bank, mildmay, Ont.

Having had a long experience both in Canada and the United States, I am confident I can give satisfaction in every line of my trade. My most careful attention given to shoeing especially to horses with bad feet.

I also have a process and the tools for welding new steel plates on the cultivator teeth of Seed Drills, or I can sharpen the old ones (if they are not worn back too far) without drawing out the iron part, which leaves a solid steel point, the same as when new.

Charges low. Give me a call and be convinced.

J. D. McDONALD.

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Plain or Fancy
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- Bill Heads
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- Financial Reports
- School Reports
- Business Cards
- calling cards
- concert Tickets
- Invitations
- Programs
- Etc., etc.

Neat, Clean Work. Prices Modest.

The Gazette

MILDMAY, ONT.

CHURCHES.

EVANGELICAL.—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. C. Liesemer Superintendent. Postage praying meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Haist, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services 10:30 a.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. J. H. Moore, Superintendent. Praying meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. YERGAN, Pastor.

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

LUTHERAN.—Rev. Dr. Miller, pastor. Services the first three Sundays of every month at 2:30 p.m. Sunday School at 10:30 a.m.

METHODIST.—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. G. Curle, superintendent. Praying meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. A. Scratch, Pastor.

SOCIETIES.

C.M.P.A., No. 79—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. A. GORZ, Pres. R. WETTER, Sec.

C.O.F.—Court Mildmay, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and last Thursday in each month. Visitors always welcome. E. K. BURDART, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

C.O.C.F., No. 166—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. E. N. BURCHART, Coun. F. C. JASPER, Rec.

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

THE MILDWAY GAZETTE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST WILSON.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

One column.....	20	10	5
Half column.....	10	5	2.50
Quarter column.....	5	2.50	1.25
Eighth column.....	2.50	1.25	.62

Local notices, 5c. per line for first and 1c. per line for each subsequent insertion. Local business notices 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents. Contract advertising payable quarterly.

L. A. FINDLAY.

Grand Trunk Time Table.

Trains leave Mildway station as follows:

GOING SOUTH.	GOING NORTH.
Express..... 7:15 p.m.	Mixed..... 10:55 a.m.
Mail..... 11:55 "	Mail..... 9:25 p.m.
Mixed..... 5:20 p.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—Mr. A. Rome is enjoying his vacation at present.

—Miss K. Pleisch has engaged with A. J. Sarjeant & Co. as their milliner.

—Mr. A. Murat had an addition of \$1,000 added to his income. It is a boy.

—Miss E. M. King, of Barrie, spent the holiday with A. J. Sarjeant and family.

—Henry Filsinger is having new sleepers placed underneath his verandah.

—John Berscht, our worthy cobbler, is spending his vacation with friends in Wellesley.

—John D. Miller burned a kila of new brick this week, and is busy getting another in shape.

—The Mildmay and Otter Creek baseball clubs play a match at Otter Creek this Friday evening.

—Rev. Mr. McBain will preach his initiatory sermon in the Methodist church on Sunday next.

—Remember the GAZETTE will be sent to new subscribers till the end of 1895 for the small sum of 40 cents cash.

—A large number from Mildmay took in the sports at Deemerton and Walkerton on the first of July, there being no attractions here.

—If you need bill heads, letter heads note heads, circulars, envelopes, or anything in the printing line done. Give the GAZETTE a chance. We do all kinds of work in German or English.

—This week we have received a copy of Harriston's new paper, "The Review" which is the latest acquisition to the journalistic arena of the west. It is edited by Mr. E. H. Dewar. We welcome the new publisher into our ranks.

—Grasshoppers have become very prevalent amongst the growing crops. We heard one prominent farmer exclaim to another the other day, "that there were tens of billions of grasshoppers in timothy." They seem to flourish during a drought.

—Mr. Philip Hauck will be ordained deacon on the Feast of the Visitation, B.M.V. and will sing his first high mass at Formosa on Sunday next. Rev. Father Brohman left on Monday for Hamilton to assist at his ordination and bring him up to Formosa.

—Miss A. Moyer has severed her connections with A. J. Sarjeant & Co., and left for Buffalo on Monday, where she has engaged with A. Oliver, as head milliner. Miss Moyer will be greatly missed, especially by the Methodist people, she being the organist for that church. The Gazette joins her many friends in wishing her prosperity in Uncle Sam's domains.

—See C. Liesemer's change of advt. in this issue.

—Miss Katie Pleisch is at home with her parents.

—Mrs. S. Herringer is visiting friends in Guelph at present.

—Wm. Armour shipped 20,000 lbs. of butter to Montreal on Wednesday.

—Jos. Kunkel has been making some improvements to his blacksmith shop.

—At the Deemerton sports on the holiday, Military boys were to the front.

—The GAZETTE for the balance of the year to now subscribers for 40 cents cash.

—Fred Weller has the foundation completed for a new stable on his premises.

—A number of our wheelmen took in the annual meet of the C. W. A. at Waterloo on Monday.

—John Diebel & Son are seeking a well on Conrad Liesemer's premises, north of the GAZETTE office.

—See that elegant case of photographs placed in the Military station by Geo. Riwa, Walkerton.

—The Dominion Parliament is likely to prorogue next week. All accounts are being pushed forward with that end in view.

—Annie Blackwell, who has been with her grand parents in Hespar for the past few months, returned home on Tuesday.

—Mr. Cameron, principal of our public school, assisted Mr. Cleudening at the entrance examinations in Walkerton last week.

—Conrad Liesemer has a miniature fountain on exhibition in the show windows of his hardware store. George Liesemer is the projector of the scheme.

—Louis Pleisch having finished the erection of a new kitchen to the residence occupied by himself, is now busily engaged erecting one to the premises occupied by John Blackwell.

—The monument erected to the name of Sir John A. Macdonald by the people of Canada was unveiled in the Parliament grounds at Ottawa on Dominion Day before a large concourse of loyal Canadians.

—The annual meeting of the South Bruce Farmers' Institute will be held in Formosa on Tuesday, July 9th, at 2 p.m. Besides the transaction of general business, officers will be elected for the ensuing year.

—Merchant and others would do well to be on their guard for counterfeit quarter dollar pieces. The other day a leading Owen Sound business house had a sample passed upon it. The counterfeit was fairly true in appearance, but it lacked the ring of the genuine.

—The following advertisements appeared in a London, England, paper a few weeks ago:—Wanted, a young person who can cook and dress children. "A gentleman has a school for sale; contains two schoolrooms, which will accommodate 300 pupils, one above the other."

—A girl named Martel, nine years of age, and a resident of the City of Quebec, died the other day from excessive skipping. We don't want to frighten our little girls, but the doctors say that too much of this kind of exercise is injurious even if it don't result in death.

—The "Stars" B. B. C. of Mildmay played a friendly game of baseball with Teeswater at Deemerton on Monday. At the opening innings things looked rather blue for the "Stars," the score standing 13 to 3 in favor of Teeswater, but by changing pitchers they managed to pull the game out of the hole. When the nine innings were finished the score stood 37 to 37. Immediately after the above game the football boys took the field against Ayton and succeeded in winning the game by a score of two goals to one.

—John Blyth, the well known ex-M.P.P. of South Grey, and the popular Reeve of the Township of Normanby, died at his home in that township early Sunday morning, after a brief illness of inflammation of the bowels. His death is a great shock to the community, as he was one of the most highly esteemed men in this section, and was in the prime of life, 45 years of age, the picture of health and strength. Deceased who was a Conservative, represented South Grey for many years in the Legislature, with much ability, and has always been a prominent, useful and honest public man, as well as one of the most thrifty and successful agriculturists in the county. He leaves a widow and large family of small children to mourn his loss.

—Quoit pitching occupies the attention of our sports these evenings.

—John Herringer, of Mount Forest, is here with his brother at present.

—Messrs Herrgott & Co. are having the new platform erected at the station.

—Mrs. Guittard and Clara spent Sunday with friends in Southampton.

—Mr. Elliott shipped five carloads of stock from here to Montreal on Thursday.

—We are pleased to state that Geo. Muter is recovering from his severe illness.

—Miss Kuhry is at present the guest of the Misses Guittard at the Commercial.

—W. R. Hubbard, of Montreal, shipped a carload of butter to that city on Thursday.

—Two barn raisings are taking place as we go to press, one at H. Fink's and one at Mr. Bilger's.

—Joe. Lobsinger moved a building 46x64 for A. Kramer on Tuesday with Schneider's livery team.

—Peter Lenahan sr. has the contract for building the bridge across the Otter on the 10th con. Carrick.

—George Herringer has had his delivery wagon repainted and overhauled during the past few week.

—Dane Rumor asserts that a couple of our young men were married on Dominion Day. More particulars later.

—Messrs. Schmidt shipped two car loads of stock for Montreal on Thursday. One from Pinkerton and one from here.

—The examinations are now over and those who wrote thereon are anxiously awaiting the verdict upon their deductions.

—John D. Miller had the misfortunes to get one of his fingers crushed on Tuesday while placing a new grate underneath the boiler of his engine at the brickyard.

—The drought is still maintained and if rain and the earth fail to make connections ere long, the root crop will be very short as well as grain. The redeeming feature is that the nights are cool and the refreshing dews heavy.

—A sad drowning accident occurred at Teeswater Tuesday, when Louis Zinger, of Berlin College lost his life. Deceased accompanied by his two chums Albert Zinger and Albert Miller were visiting with friends in Teeswater and in the afternoon decided to go in for a bath. The gentlemen swam across the river once, and Louis decided to go and see how deep it was in the centre, and after coming up was seized with cramps and sank to rise no more alive. The remains were brought to Mildmay station on Wednesday and sent to his parents in Little Germany by the noon train.

—A severe accident occurred at Geo. Schwalm's saw mill Wednesday afternoon when Charles Wegmiller narrowly escaped with his life. He was driving a horse and light wagon into the yard when something connected with the rig gave way, the horse became unmanageable and ran away, throwing young Wegmiller between two logs. He was seriously injured, being badly cut about the face and the body. The horse was severely cut and bruised, while the wagon is in a dilapidated condition. Charlie is a young man who recently came here from Switzerland and has no relatives on this side of the broad Atlantic. At last report the young man was improving as well as could be expected.

Hotel Register.

The following guests were registered at the Commercial hotel on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week: James Aitchison, Hamilton, S. Williams, Montreal, G. J. Guinn, Toronto, W. H. Turpin, Hamilton, Chas. Stock, Stratford, H. Dallas, Toronto, H. G. Brown, Berlin, Geo. Dawson, Toronto, Jas. Walker, Galt, R. Bannerman, Toronto, Jas. Gamble, St. George, H. H. Jamieson, S. C. Stewart, Woodstock, W. Wilbee, Brantford.

At the British hotel:—Mr. and Mrs. Cox of Stratford, Wm. Johnston, Gode-rich, Robt. McKay, Kincardine, H. Hefernan, Walkerton, John Berberich, Dayton, Ohio, Rev. Philip Hauck, Berlin, Jos. Freeman Walkerton.

Prince Bismarck's health is very unsatisfactory.

Charles Brown, a well-known citizen of Toronto died suddenly Tuesday.

Sir Henry James will take the title of Baron Ayleston of Hereford.

Binder Twine

Church's Potato Bug Finish.
Strictly Pure Paris Green.
Hay Fork Ropes.
Patent Window Blinds.
Hardware, Paints and Oils, all at
Rock Bottom Prices.
AT
CONRAD LIESEMER'S.
The Corner Hardware.

MILDWAY DRUG STORE

DIAMOND AND TURKISH DYES
AT CUT PRICES
10 cent package for 8 cents,
Two 10 cent packages for 15 cents,
Four 10 cent packages for 25 cents.
COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS
AND
PATENT MEDICINES
Druggists' Sundries, Etc.
R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor

Wool Wanted!

100,000 Lbs,
OF
WOOL WANTED!
At the Wroxeter Woollen Mills,
FOR WHICH
The Highest Price Will be paid.
S. B. MCKELVIE.
The above Mr. McKelvie was formerly proprietor of the Mildmay Woollen Mill.

NEW DRUG STORE

Next Door West of J. D. Miller's
MILDWAY
BY
J. A. WILSON, M. D.
Full line of Pure Fresh Drugs, Patent Medicines, Trusses, Toilet Articles, also a full line of Wrisley's Toilet Soap. We have a full supply of the famous
Kickapoo Indian Medicines
FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS in stock, also the purest of PARIS GREEN.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT
This department is replete with the latest fads in writing paper, envelopes, etc. Prescriptions accurately compounded. Night calls promptly attended to.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

The Germans are vestibuling their passenger trains.

Lack of money is the chief cause of suicide in France.

There are 35 landowners in France to one in England.

Some of the dentists in Vienna stop teeth with glass.

Russia has five female astronomers who have submitted papers to the Academy of Science.

One of the finest villas in full view of the sea at Havre has been purchased by President Faure.

Manchester, England, has voted through its Town Council, a million dollars for a technical school.

Capt. Patrick de McMahon, the son of the marshal, is one of the volunteers for the Madagascar expedition.

It is proposed to erect a monument to Tecumseh at London, as a tribute to "one of the noblest allies of Britain."

When the Queen was at Nice, she interested the people greatly by sometimes driving her handsome donkey with her own hands.

The entente between England and Russia has led to elaborate preparations for an interchange of naval demonstrations in the fall.

Queen Victoria wants the picture of her grandson, the German Emperor, and has commissioned Mr. A. A. Cope to go to Berlin to paint it.

There is a spring in Pecos River, in San Miguel county, New Mexico, which throws out a stream fifteen feet wide and three feet deep.

In the British Isles during the present century seven instances have been recorded, in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

Prof. Schaeberle has seen a suspicious, looking object hovering around Neptune which, he thinks from his measurement, may prove a second satellite.

Kier Hardie, the labour reformer, believes that the days of trade unions are past and that an industrial commonwealth will shortly be evolved.

By an Italian law, any circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of \$500 for each offence.

The area of the British colonies is 8,000,000 square miles, that of the French 3,000,000, of the Dutch 600,000, of the Portuguese 295,000, of the Spanish 170,000, of the German 99,000 and of the Danish 74,000.

The House of Lords at present is made up of five princes of the blood royal, twenty-six archbishops and bishops, 482 peers of England, Great Britain and the United Kingdom, sixteen representative Scottish and twenty-eight representative Irish peers, in all 557 members.

Rev. Mr. Fairbanks, an American missionary in India, attributes a large part of his success to the use of a bicycle. Not only is he enabled to cover a most extensive territory with it, but the natural curiosity of the natives brings large crowds to see "a horse that needs neither grass nor grain."

Andreas Hafstas, the last veteran of the Greek war of liberty of 1821, died in Athens lately at the age of 161. One of his streets in Athens is named after him, and his funeral was a public one. He had often expressed the wish to live till 1901, in order to be able to say he had seen three centuries.

There died in Milan, Italy, the other day a woman with a remarkable history. She was Signora Caterina Passandotti, who took part in the revolutions in 1831, 1848, 1852, and 1864. Her house in Friaul in 1864 was the resting place of all revolutionists. She had great influence over Mazzini, and was called "The Spartan" by Garibaldi.

A curious custom obtains in some portions of Spain in regard to betrothals. A young man who looks with favour upon a handsome senorita and wishes to gain her hand, calls on the parents for three successive days at the same hour of the day. At the last call he leaves his walking stick, and if he is to win the desired bride the cane is handed to him when he calls again.

Mazepa's palace at Vaturno in the government of Kieff, once the official residence of the Hetman of the Ukraine Cossacks, and famous throughout Russia for its beauty and its picturesque park, has fallen into decay. The estate is now out down to thirty acres, and the neglect of the Jew into whose hands it came some years ago has made a ruin of the palace and a wilderness of the gardens.

An old lady of 112 named Rostowska presented herself recently at the prefecture at Lille to draw her pension. She served as a constant woman in Napoleon's campaign in Russia, was under fire in twelve other campaigns, was three times wounded, and wears the silver cross for valour in the field. She acted as surgeon in a Polish regiment in 1831. She brought up fifteen children, her last surviving son dying some years ago at 80.

Every year the bravest deed done in saving life in the British dominions is marked by the award of the Stanhope gold medal by the Royal Humane Society. It was given this year to William Mugford, of Boreway, who was caught in a sewer where he was at work with three companions when the sewer was flooded by a sudden thunderstorm, and saved two of the men by holding them up by main strength for seven hours until relief came.

Mr. Gladstone has been telling about his present manner of life. He gets up at 6 o'clock in the morning, having had about seven hours of sound sleep. He has his bath, shaves, goes into the garden, or (in rainy weather) sits down to breakfast, and at 7 sits down to church (every day), and on his return settles down to work on his correspondence. After luncheon he takes a walk or drive, if the weather permits.

He sits down to dinner at 8, and 10.30 finds him in his bedroom.

Of the 11,621,531 square miles that Africa comprises, England now holds 2,194,880, according to the latest figures compiled by Mr. Ravenstein of the Geographical Society. France has 3,326,700 square miles, including Algeria, Tunisia, and a large part of the Sahara; Germany 884,810, the greater part acquired since 1884; Portugal, which at one time had almost a monopoly of Africa, now owns only 826,730 square miles; Spain holds 153,834, chiefly on the Sahara coast, and Italy 548,880. The Congo Free State contains 905,090 square miles, and the Boer Republic 177,750. Europe, that is, has already seized upon more than three-fourths of the continent.

THREE FATALISTS.

"If I Am Going to be Shot, I Shall be Shot."

Soldiers are often heard to say, "If I am going to be shot, I shall be shot." Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, who was an ensign of the Fifty-second during the Indian Mutiny, says he never met but three men who carried into practice the adage. One of these men was a friend, who, on Wilberforce's arrival in front of Delhi, proposed a ride to show him the pickets, assuring him that the journey was safe. As they rode along Wilberforce suddenly heard the ping of a bullet, quickly followed by a second and a third.

"Hullo, what does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is only the rifle-pits; we are just on their line of fire," answered the friend.

Instantly, Wilberforce whipped up his steed and galloped into a safe place. Turning round, he saw that his friend had dismounted, and was picking up the whip that Wilberforce had dropped. Having done that, he slowly remounted and walked his horse into the place where Wilberforce was awaiting him.

On another occasion a live shell came inside a siege battery, and began burying itself in the ground. Everybody went down except this fatalist.

"Lie down, you fool!" they called out. Removing the cigar from his mouth, he said, "I am not going to put myself out for —" The sentence was interrupted, by the explosion of the shell. A fragment cut off a piece of the standing man's trousers. He pointed to the torn portion as an illustration of the truth of the adage.

The other man who lived up to this fatalist doctrine was seen by Wilberforce standing still to light a cigar in the middle of a street down which a heavy fire was pouring. Wilberforce, who was under shelter, called to him to come under cover. He looked up and said:

"How often have I told you that if I am to be shot I shall be shot, whether I am where I am or under cover?" Then, taking out another match, he finished the lighting process which his friend had interrupted.

The third instance occurred at the Delhi bank on the day of the assault. Seated on the steps of the bank between two men was Wilberforce's most intimate friend. The houses opposite were thickly lined with Sepoy rebels, who kept up a harassing fire, to which the three men were directly exposed.

Wilberforce called to them to join him under the shelter of a wall. The friend answered, "If I am to be shot, I shall be, no matter where I am." Scarcely had he spoken when his companions were killed. He himself was not touched, though seven bullets struck one companion, and two the other. He called attention to the fact as a proof of the truth of his theory.

Accommodating.



"Say, mister, won't you help a poor feller out?"



"Why, certainly."

A Lead Pencil Tomb.

One of the curiosities of the Haver (Germany) Cemetery is a tombstone made in the shape of a gigantic lead pencil. It is of "half rounds" of red Italian granite, fitted around a core of graphite over eight inches in diameter. The monument lies lengthwise of the grave, resting on pedestals at the head and foot. It was erected in honor of Von Gaberecht, the pencil maker, and is said to have cost 8,000 marks.

MRS. GALLUP'S WOES.

During the evening, as Mr. Gallup sat reading his weekly paper and softly digging at the chiblain spots in his heels, Mrs. Gallup sewed and rocked and hummed the air of several gospel songs. Now and then she broke off to speak to Mr. Gallup about dried apples or soft-soap or getting the nose of the tea-kettle mended, but she hadn't an ache or pain or complaint. As the clock struck 9 Mr. Gallup laid his paper aside, gave one last dig at his left heel through his sock, and then drove the cat out doors, wound up the clock and was ready for bed. While he was doing this Mrs. Gallup looked at the bread which had been set to rise and filled the tea-kettle in preparation for breakfast. When they finally went to bed there was not a shadow on their peace of mind. For two hours Mr. Gallup had slept and snored, and pushed his feet out of bed and pulled them in again, when he dreamed that a thunderbolt struck him as he was on his way to the barn to milk the cow. He was getting up out of the cucumber vines when he awoke sufficiently to make out that Mrs. Gallup was sitting up in bed and shaking him by the shoulder. As he uttered a long-drawn grunt, she exclaimed:

"Samuel Gallup, git out o' bed and run fur Mrs. Jackson and tell her I'm a dyin' woman!"

"W-wha-what!" he stammered as he felt around in the darkness.

"I'm a dyin' woman, Samuel—a dyin' woman, and if you want to say anythin' to me afore I sail away you must git up'n light the lamp!"

Mr. Gallup didn't get up. On the contrary, he fell back on his pillow and began to snore like a tramp on a haymow.

"Yes, Samuel, I've got to go!" said Mrs. Gallup as she wondered whether she had better wipe her eyes on the bed quilt or the sheet, and finally selected the sheet as offering superior advantages. "I was lyin' here, sleepin' as sweetly as a child, when all of once sunthin' woke me up. I thought it was robbers, or the house might be afire, but while I sat shakin' and shiverin' I heard a sound like somebody droppin' a dish-cloth on the floor, and then Mr. Irwin's horse neighed three times runnin'. Yes, he neighed three times, and he's a white horse at that! Samuel, I'm a dead woman!"

Mr. Gallup might have been surprised at the statement had he been awake, but as he was sound asleep and dreaming of being chased around a meadow by a vicious bull her words were lost in the darkness and the snuffle.

"You may say I was mistaken," said Mrs. Gallup, with a rush of tears, "but I know better. I know as many as five wimmen who woke up at night and heard their sounds and was dead afore daylight. It's a summons, Samuel—a summons from 'other world that my duty here is o'er and I'm called to my reward. I'd a little rather expire in the daytime, with mother and the naysurs soakin' my feet and speakin' farewell words, but I'm not goin' to complain about it. I was a Fuller when I married you, and the Fullers never complain. Some of 'em hev bin kicked to death by hosses—some squashed to death under sawlogs—some died in their spotless beds but none ever complained. Samuel, hain't you got no word for your dyin' wife?"

Mr. Gallup might have had under other circumstances, but as things were he continued to dodge that bull in his sleep and snore as if his escape depended on his nose. Realizing the situation of affairs, Mrs. Gallup dropped back on the pillow, wept for a couple of minutes, and then said:

"Never mind, Samuel—I kin perish alone and in the darkness as well as any other way. This is a purty small room fur me to spread my wings in when I get ready to flutter away, but I'll make it do, somehow. Mother and the naysurs will be askin' to-morrow, and you kin tell 'em that I died resigned. There hain't a more resigned person in the hull town than I be at this mornin'. If the Lord wants me to go to heaven and play on a harp and sing and fly about I'm perfectly willin', though somebody'll hev to give me lessons on the harp and my singin' will scare folks till they git used to it. Samuel, I've 'spose they are over-pertickler about sich things up there? They'll take it into account, won't they, that I never even saw a golden harp, and that I can't sing because you couldn't afford to let me get false teeth?"

She had no idea Mr. Gallup would answer her, but it eased her mind to ask the question, and she felt a good deal better as she fopped the pillow over and continued: "You kin hev all the bed to yourself when I'm gone, Samuel, and then you'll enjoy kickin' around and kickin' your feet out of bed and lyin' on your back. You won't miss me fur long. Fur about two days you'll feel as if the hog had got out of the pen and run off, and then your spirits will begin to return and you'll sort o' miss me at meal-time, but not for long. It won't be a month afore you'll be runnin' out nights and cuttin' up, and then will follow a second wife. Will you go on a bridle-tower—but if you want to take the cars and go a hundred miles with your second wife, I shan't complain. Shall you dye your hair and eyebrows and pass yourself off for a man of 40, or only git some new clothes and kick up your heels?"

That would have been a golden opportunity for Mr. Gallup to say something in reply, but in his dreams the bull had him up a tree and it was all he could do to hang on, without saying anything.

"When Mrs. Wilbur died," said Mrs. Gallup, after wiping away a half-grown tear which came straggling along after the rest, "she told Mr. Wilbur she'd haunt him if he ever married again. I was right there and heard her. He promised he wouldn't but in eight months he married the widdler Jenners. Folks say they haven't slept a night through sense the very first. Mrs. Wilbur's spirit won't let 'em. I hev said that I'd serve you the same way, but I guess I won't. No, Samuel, I won't haunt ye. You kin go right ahead and take a second wife, and if anybody rattles the pans in the buttery at

midnight it won't be me. I shall be flyin' around in that land without a sorer, and it would be mean to come spookin' around and raise a fuss. Shall you cry at the funeral, Samuel? If I was you, I would. I wouldn't take on too much, but jest squeeze out a few tears and let 'em run down so as folks kin see 'em. That'll be 'nuff to let 'em know ye miss me, an' not 'nuff for 'em to say you'll be married ag'in in three months. Your Sunday coat has a rip under the arm and I was goin' to fix it to-morrow. You'll hev to wear it jest as 'tis. When anyone is called to go they can't stop fur rips. If you wash your feet on the day of the funeral, don't forget to rub some camphor on your heels afore putting on your socks. Lemme see? Is there anythin' else? Yes, about the cellar. There's two bad squashes, a lot of turnips and most a barrel of 'taters you'll hev to bring up and feed the hog, and that jar of soap-grease you kin give to Mr. Gregory with my dyin' farewell. She allus admired my soap-grease and I allus said I'd leave her some when I died. That's all, Samuel. I can't think of nuthin' more to say and so I'll die and hev it off my mind."

She turned over and slept, and Mr. Gallup slept, and though there came other sounds as of falling dish-cloths, and the white horse neighed again, and the dishpan fell off the kitchen shelf, the sleepers slept on and all was well.

ONE GOT WORK, THE OTHER A WIFE.

Two Tales of Remarkable Honesty in Paris and the Rewards that Were Conferred.

According to a Paris paper Louis Lasarre, a workman without work, was walking along the Pont Neuf when he saw a soiled, dirt-begrimed envelope lying in the gutter. He picked it up and almost fainted when he broke the seal, for the envelope contained bank notes to the value of 1,250 francs. Lasarre had eaten nothing since the night before, when he had spent his last centime for a bowl of soup. He had slept in one of the night refuges which Parisian charity provides for those unfortunates too poor to buy the meanest of lodgings.

Before he had time to thoroughly realize, perhaps, that in his hand lay a small fortune, enough to support him comfortably for a year—he started on a run for the nearest police official, to whom he surrendered the money.

Such honesty is as rare in Paris as it would be in London, and the astonished official overwhelmed Lasarre with praises, and ended by asking for his address, so that he might send to him the reward which the owner of the notes would doubtless give when he should reclaim them.

"Alas, Monsieur," Lasarre answered sadly, "I have no address to give you. I have no money and no home. This evening I am going to try to gain admission at the Hospitale de la Nuit."

"Very well," replied the yet more astonished official, "if the owner comes to claim his money, I will send for you there. Hold! You look starved. Here's a franc. Get yourself something to eat." He held out the coin, and as Lasarre seemed to hesitate about accepting it, said, "I'll lend you this, and you can repay me when you get your reward."

Late that evening the owner of the bank notes went to the lodging house in search of the finder, to whom he gave 250 francs as a reward. Not only this, for generosity as well as honesty is rare in such cases. He happened to be a large furniture manufacturer, and as Lasarre's trade was cabinet making, he gave him lucrative and steady employment next day.

Another Parisian tale of treasure trove has a different ending. The real names of the characters in the little drama, which is one of the most noticeable peculiarities of the Paris press, are concealed in the newspaper account under the masks of Monsieur Georges N. and Mile. Angele X.

As Georges N. was passing along the Rue Montmartre about dusk one evening he saw a purse lying on the sidewalk, which he found contained 500 francs in gold. Georges N., though not rich, had a clerkship at a thousand francs a year, and was therefore in easy circumstances, from a Parisian point of view. When one picks up a purse, "finding is keepings," is the rule generally adhered to, so Georges N. deserves much credit for taking it to a Commissaire's.

There a young and pretty girl was tearfully relating how she had lost her purse containing 500 francs in gold—all her savings. Georges N. asked her to describe her purse and, as the description fitted the one he had found, he immediately restored it to her with a flowery, complimentary speech.

Smiles chased the tears from her face, and the young couple straightway became oblivious to the presence of the Commissaire, she, in lauding Georges' honesty to the skies, and he in modestly depreciating his virtues. They left arm in arm, and a few days later the banns for the marriage of this young couple were announced.

Wonders of Animal Training.



Elijah didn't depend upon a committee to build up the broken down altar.

HEALTH.

The Second Summer.

The second summer of a child's life is often referred to by the mother as being the most critical period of childhood. Just which summer this may be is not always clear, since in case of the child's birthday falling in July or August, it may be a question whether the summer of birth is, or is not, to be included in the calculation.

As a matter of fact, physicians do not recognize any such restricted period of special danger; but they are agreed that the period succeeding the time of weaning whenever that may occur, is of profound importance, and demands critical oversight. When this period falls in the summer, special care must be directed to the preparation and administration of the substituted food, which is, of course, usually some preparation of milk.

Unfortunately, no rule for the feeding of infants will apply in all cases, and the problem of successfully nourishing the child will often tax most severely the ingenuity of the physician himself.

Children lose their bodily heat very rapidly, and, as a consequence, they take cold readily. Hence some part of the body often suffers from "catarrh." In winter this is more often the bronchial tubes, while in summer, the intestinal tract is easily affected. In either case, the attack may be ushered in by convulsions, or "fits," which indicate the extremely nervous organization of childhood.

The dangers of teething, in themselves considered, are often exaggerated. It is true, however, that the nervous irritability produced by the cutting of teeth may predispose the child to various disorders, just as nervous worry predisposes adults to certain diseases.

Each season of life has its own special dangers. The most common cause of summer illness in young children is doubtless the indigestion of food which has been allowed to come in contact with some impure substance, or to stand till it is partially decomposed. But caution in this direction is to be exercised at all times of the year.

No unusual anxiety, then, should cloud the mind of the mother regarding special dangers to be encountered during the baby's second summer. Proper clothing, which should include at least one covering of woolen material, proper food at regular intervals, plenty of fresh air and means of exercise, and avoidance of extremes of all kinds—these are the essentials of a healthy childhood.

Medicines Most Frequently Abused.

Aperients perhaps head the list. Some of the patent medicines of this class consist simply of aloes, soap, and ginger. If very small they probably contain that dangerous drug, podophyllin—a word which metres with villain. People who sit much and live on too dainty food are subject to constipation. These pills give temporary relief, and so they get into a habit of taking them; to the lasting injury of the digestive canal, liver, and perhaps even kidneys. Heaven help them then! Next come narcotics. People who live a too busy life keep the brain in a state of congestion, all the capillaries lose their resiliency and then insomnia ensues. At first it is but partial. If they took time by the forelock and went in for rest and renovation all would be well. They take narcotics instead. This, of course, makes matters worse and worse. Insomnia is frequently the beginning of insanity, and helps to fill the grave of many a suicide. Tonics are terribly abused. They should never be taken without consulting a doctor, else they may lead to all kinds of mischief. Alteratives, sometimes called "blood purifiers," are great favorites with many ignorant people. The ignorance fills the pockets of the worst class of quacks, and their own constitutions are ruined. Cough drops are always useless, and often dangerous. Liniments and ointments are used in the most reckless and foolish fashion. There are many of what are supposed by ignorant people to be "cure all" remedies of this class. It is impossible for any liniment or embrocation to be much more than simply useful. But if at our schools a little physiology were taught and the pupils learned even a smattering of the causation of disease, they would know all their lives that the first thing to be done in fighting any ailment is to find out what the cause is, and remedy or remove that.

Self-Doctoring and the Evils Thereof.

The belief in the efficacy of drugs alone in curing ailments of every description really amounts to superstition. And not only is this so among the ignorant, but among all classes, from princes down to peasants. If such were not the case, the wretched quacks, would fall and fall "Down to the vile dust from which they sprang, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." But it is not against quackery this paragraph is aimed, but against the injurious custom of self-doctoring. People get hold by the tail-end of some drug or another that did them good at one time, when prescribed by some regular doctor. They think it is going to do good every time, without any reticence to the cause of the ailment, and they not only take it themselves but give it to others wholesale and higgledy-piggledy. "Can you tell me what is a good thing for dyspepsia?" said a friend of mine to me the other day. He seemed surprised to be told that the cure depended on the cause or causes, that these must be removed, and that medicine might form no part of the cure. People of this sort soon forget that medicine is a science, and a deep and intricate one too, and that there are hardly two cases even of the same ailment that can be treated on the same line. So self-doctoring slays its ten thousands every year, and will continue to do so until people are wiser, and until a bill is passed that shall crush the quack doctor murderers that have become quite as much an institution in this country as in America.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There is a current notion that to every practised and searching eye the characters of men are written unmistakably upon their faces. In the May number of Blackwood the grounds for this prevalent belief are sifted and rejected. Dr. Louis Robinson, who is known to have been for some time a student of the subject, examines the internal and external conditions which tend to mould facial expression, and arrives at the conclusion that it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to interpret character aright by the general effect of the countenance.

According to Dr. Robinson, facial expression tells us not so much what a man is as what he tries to be; and, as he tries to be what he is not, we find him wearing a mask which conceals his shortcomings, though to a keen glance it may reveal his aims. For example, a compressed lip is supposed to indicate strength of will, whereas what it really expresses is the habit of struggling against inclinations and temptations. In fact, therefore, it tells rather of weakness than of strength. By way of confirming this paradox, Dr. Robinson points out that the leading members of the medical and legal professions do not display the facial symbols to anything like the same extent as the rank and file. So, too, the sea captain, whose authority is seldom questioned, exhibits no sign of a constant endeavor to repress mutiny, such as is often visible in the face of a school teacher who cannot control his boys. Then, again, an artist's face grows into the expression of the ideal after which he is always aspiring, not into that which reflects his own predominant qualities. In a word, if we accept this theory, we must hold that our countenances are not tell-tales, but masks, on which the habitual attitude of our character is mirrored; but the habitual attitude of a character is an index not of its greatest strength, but sometimes of its greatest weakness.

The effect of external circumstances upon the countenance may be to mislead the observer entirely. Dr. Robinson maintains, for instance, that the faces of the riveters and boiler smiths in a shipbuilding town, mask completely their true character by expressing mainly the muscular effort of the brow to keep the eye closed against the fragments of metal which fly about, and partly the slight deafness which gives them the expression of trying to hear what they cannot easily hear by reason of the surrounding din. The horsey look acquired by men who are chiefly engaged in training horses, represents mainly the predominance of the physical effort needed to control the animal, and throws no light on the underlying mental and moral qualities. The true actor's face is pronounced almost necessarily a mask, since it takes on the form of so many different emotions in turn that they counteract each other and leave a kind of neutral expression. An actor's countenance becomes the playground, so to speak, of so many attitudes of mind that no record of his individual preferences can be engraved on it.

We are inclined to think that Dr. Robinson makes out his case up to a certain point. He undoubtedly shows that in many instances physical and moral causes conspire to prevent the face from betraying the true mind. The fact is nevertheless indisputable, that men whose business imposes on them the necessity of an unerring choice of agents, generals, naval commanders, politicians, do, in proportion to their professional success, read character instantly and correctly on an inspection of the face. Nor will any one deny to the great portrait maker the possession of the penetrating vision which Tennyson has ascribed to him: "As when a painter, poring on a face, Divinely through all hindrance, finds the man Behind it, and so paints him that the face, The shape and color of a mind and life, Lives for his children, ever at its best, And fullest."

Deliberately Cuts Her Throat.

Cora Blummer is aged 23 and is a school-teacher at Napoleon, Ohio. Thursday was her last day of school. After the scholars had assembled she asked if any of the boys possessed a large penknife. Several were tendered and she selected a jack knife belonging to Isaac Patterson. She then excluded the entire school on the plea that it was not yet time for school to take up and closed all the windows and doors. The scholars after a half hour became suspicious and notified neighboring farmers. The door was burst open and the sight that presented itself caused the hardy farmers to cry out in terror. Miss Blummer was lying on the floor in a pool of blood which flowed from two large gashes in her neck. One was the entire length of her neck, while the other ran almost from ear to ear. She was conveyed to a neighboring farm house and the doctors have little hope of her recovery. After her school closed she was to have lived with her stepmother whom it is claimed she disliked, and it is thought that this coupled with having lost a valuable gold watch several days ago unbalanced her mind.

Every man is exceptional.—Emerson. Patch grief with proverbs.—Shakespeare. It is easy to see, hard to freeze.—Franklin. He had a face like a benediction.—Cervantes.

A GRATEFUL MOTHER

Relates How Her Daughter's Life Was Saved.

Anæmia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave.—Physicians Held Out No Hope of Recovery.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life Saver.

From the Ottawa Free Press. A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anæmia and general debility, has apparently awakened more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irretrievably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wall paper and paint and glass establishment is at 146 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whilom invalid, vacillating between death and life, is a promising young lady of seventeen years.



SHE LAY ON A COUCH LIKE ONE DYING.

She is a student under the nuns of St. Jean Baptiste school on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing and even powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said. "We had been told again and again that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now to say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day the liveliest of the lively. It began like this: The poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaiming, 'Oh, ma; I have such a terrible headache. I cannot stand the pain of it.' This went on for a long time, weeks in fact, until we began to look at it in a very serious light. We had almost every French doctor in the city called in, but with no result. Sophie got worse and worse. Her face was small and yellow while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed to the popular belief that she was going to die. It was agonizing to look at her, but we had partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press somewhat similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some and began giving them to her one at a time. Before long we saw an improvement, and gradually increased the dose from one to two and then to three at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit for we had stopped doctor's medicine, and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the happy rosy-cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvellously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this wonderful medicine.

Just as the reporter was leaving Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests her faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

Charlatans and Quacks. Have long plied their vocation on the suffering people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

Healthy Children

come from healthy mothers. And mothers will certainly be healthy if they'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Nothing can equal it in building up a woman's strength, in regulating and assisting all her natural functions. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, supports and strengthens weak, nursing mothers, and promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing and bracing nerve, and a remedy for woman's ills and ailments. In every chronic "female complaint" or weakness, it acts so beneficially that, once used, it is always in favor.

Delicate Diseases affecting male or female however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book sent sealed to ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary, Medical Association, 663 Main Street Buffalo, N. Y.

West Shore Through Sleeping Car to New York.

One of the handsomest sleeping cars that has ever been turned out of the factory is now running from Toronto to New York without change via the popular West Shore route. It is a buffet car, and refreshments can be obtained on route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4.55 p. m. reaching New York next morning at 10.10 a. m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in this sleeping car. Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNNECESSARY.

One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure will Give Relief in the Most Distressing Cases of Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually suffering can be removed, if one knows of the means and way. Much suffering is borne by those who are troubled with kidney disease. The distress at times is keen. But in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a kidney specific and nothing more though nothing less, a sure, safe, and speedy remedy is to be found. Relief is sure in less than six hours.

Another Way.

Anna, your lover was again in the kitchen till 10 o'clock last night. I can not tell that any more.

I, too, have been thinking if we couldn't have supper a little earlier.

A Matter Now Beyond Dispute.

The fact that St. Leon Mineral Water is the only recognized perfect medicinal water on the continent is now beyond dispute. That it cures Indigestion, Rheumatism, Bilioussness and Kidney troubles is proven by the numerous instances in which it has cured where other remedies failed. Our leading physicians recommend it for these diseases, and, besides, the proprietors guarantee it. Sold by all reputable dealers.

Precepts are like seeds; they are little things which do much good.—Seneca.

Get Rid of Neuralgia.

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attend the employment of Polson's Nerviline. Nerviline is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold every where, 25 cents a bottle.

All habits gather by unseen degrees.—Dryden.

Alma Ladies' College.

Do you want your daughter to receive a thorough training in English, Music, Fine Arts or Commercial Science? Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont., offers first-class advantages at comparatively low rates. For Announcement address Principal Austin, B. D.

O majestic night! Nature's great ancestor.—Young.

"I Took One Half Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and Obtained Perfect Relief"—This Remedy Gives Relief in a Few Hours, and Usually Cures in One to Three Days.

J. H. Garrett, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S., makes, for the benefit of the public the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my foot to the floor. I tried everything and all local physicians, but my suffering continued. At last I was prevailed upon to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I obtained perfect relief before I had taken half a bottle of the remedy, and to-day regard it as the only radical cure for rheumatism."

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Recipe.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adam's Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lakewood Water.....two gallons
Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.
The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 50 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

Good is positive. All evil is so much death or nonentity.—Emerson.

Tobacco Stinking Breath

Not pleasant to always carry around but it don't compare with the nerve destroying power that tobacco keeps a work night and day to make you weak and impotent. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Escape up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure, quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St, Montreal.

What orators want in depth, they give you in length.—Montesquien.

Death Seemed Preferable to the Agonizing Pain.

Mrs. Roadhouse, of Williscroft P. O., Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart since last fall, having taken in all nine bottles, and I now feel entirely like another woman. I am 54 years old, and have been troubled with heart disease for more than twenty years; sometimes for than five hours at a time suffering such agony that death seemed preferable to the pain. The cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face. Dr. Agnew's Cure gave me relief from almost the first dose and has proved a great blessing.
You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think by so doing any good may be accomplished.

Cold in the head. Nasabalm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails. A. P. 768.

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STAMMERING Permanently cured by a strictly Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE, 65 Baiter St., Toronto.

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FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris has simple cloth pieces for quilts. 35c and 50c for trial lot, good value. 27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED for the Farmers' Friend and Account Book, highly recommended by the several Ministers of Agriculture for Canada. Prices low. Terms liberal. Write for circulars. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, Ont.

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THIS IS GOOD FOR \$25. SEND TO CREELMAN BROS. MFRS. GEORGETOWN, ONT.

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It's no because I'm Scotch but you can't smoke a better Cigar than

"ROB ROY," They cost 5c.

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Live Stock Markets.

Toronto, June 28.—The market at the Western cattle yards this morning was in a very mixed and altogether unsatisfactory condition, and the export trade was slow; butchers' cattle were considerably off, sheep and lambs were weaker, and hogs alone maintained their price. Prices indeed were so poor that more than one drover shipped his cattle back, and much stuff remains unsold in the yard.

All told our receipts here to-day amounted to 61 loads, including 1,700 sheep and lambs, 600 hogs, and 112 calves. The market was overstocked all round, and this of course had much to do with the general depression in prices.

Export cattle—Shipping cattle ranged to-day from 5c as the top price quite down to 4c per lb; most of the usual shipping were idle to-day, Mr. James Aikens being the principal buyer. His deals comprised several loads that ranged from \$4.30 to \$4.70 per cwt. Prices ranged from \$4.50 to \$4.75 for ordinary good shipping stuff to-day; in a few cases 5c was paid but trade was slow, and sales if given, would be of no public value.

Butchers' cattle—The local trade was nowhere to-day; some of the best buyers of butchers' meat have left the city for the holidays, the warm weather largely decreases the demand for butchers' meat, and the decreasing supplies of fruit and eggs add to the depression. For choice picked lots as much as 3½c, and one or twice 4c was paid for stalled cattle, averaging 800 lbs, sold at 3½c per lb. Here are a few sales:—A load of 20 averaging 1,000 lbs, sold at 3½c and \$5 over; 20 averaging 1,070 lbs, at 3½c per lb; a load averaging 1,070 lbs, at 3½c per lb; 5 averaging 1,070 lbs, at \$3.40 per cwt, and \$1.50 per head back; many deals were effected at 3c, and some as low as 2½c. As usual when things are bad shape, neither buyers nor sellers cared to talk about what they had sold for or paid. Much stuff remained over.

Milk cows—There were only a few here and it was as well. To indicate the position of milkers in the market at the present moment would necessitate the repeating of language at which most modest newspaper men are accustomed to blush, so we solve the difficulty by saying that just now in these yards milk cows are simply unsaleable. There appears to be no enquiry for stockers.

Sheep and lambs—Both are weaker; good export sheep are worth from 3 to 3 c per pound, and butchers' sold at \$2.50 to \$3 each. Lambs were selling at from \$1.50 to \$3 each, but we had too many here; one bunch of 130 sold at \$2.80 each; a bunch of 23 sold at \$3; and a bunch of 27 sold at \$2 each and \$5 back.

Calves—Good calves will sell up to \$6.50 each. A bunch of 28 averaging 140 lbs, sold at \$5.12½ each; a bunch of 11, averaging 120 lbs, sold at \$3.50 each. Poor calves are almost unsaleable.

East Buffalo, June 28.—Cattle—Receipts almost nil. Hogs—Receipts 22 cars; market fairly active and higher; yorkers, \$4.95 to \$5; mixed packers, \$5.05 to \$5.10; mediums, \$5.10 to \$5.15; pigs, \$4.80 to \$4.85; roughs, \$4 to \$4.40; stags \$3 to \$3.75. Sheep and lambs—11 cars, market dull and lower for exports, unchanged for others; export ewes and wethers, \$3.25 to \$3.50; good to prime wethers, \$3.15 to \$3.50; fair to good mixed, \$3.65 to \$3.85; good to choice yearlings, \$3.60 to \$4.24; fair to good, \$3.25 to \$5; spring lambs \$3.50 to \$6.

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

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

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

Still they Come!

The bargains at the New Store.

We were in the City last week picking up Snaps, and are now showing some

WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

Just see our beautiful Victoria Lawn 36 inches wide for 6c
Special Drive in Black Cotton Hose 8c a pair
About 50 pairs of Boots selling at about half price this week at
The Popular Cash Store

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GIVING UP BUSINESS

The undersigned has determined to give up business and from this date will sell his goods at cost or under in order to clear out the stock. This will be a **GENUINE SALE** and every one will be used alike while stock lasts.

I will keep a full stock of Staples while running off other stock and will sell at cost.

Come and see for yourselves. You will find something different from our usual Selling Out Sales. Terms: Cash. Produce taken at cash price.

JAMES JOHNSTON

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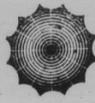
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