



# STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

"Monsieur Gerard appears to be a little puffed up," said he. "He is too young to see things in their just proportion. As he grows older he may understand that it is not always very discreet for a subaltern of cavalry to give such very abrupt refusals."

I did not know what to say to this, but Lasalle came to my aid in his down-right fashion.

"The lad is quite right," said he. "If I had known that there was a promise I should not have questioned him. You know very well, Monsieur de Talleyrand, that if he had answered you, you would have laughed in your sleeve and thought as much about him as I think of the bottle when the burgundy is gone. As for me, I promise you that the Tenth would have had no room for him, and that we should have lost our best swordsman if I had heard him give up the Emperor's secret."

But the statesman became only the more bitter when he saw that I had the support of my Colonel.

"I have heard, Colonel de Lasalle," said he, with an icy dignity, "that your opinion is of great weight upon the subject of light cavalry. Should I have occasion to seek information about that branch of the army, I shall be very happy to apply to you. At present, however, the matter concerns diplomacy, and you will permit me to form my own views upon that question. As long as the welfare of France and the safety of the Emperor's person are largely committed to my care, I will use every means in my power to secure them, even if it should be against the Emperor's own temporary wishes. I have the honour, Colonel de Lasalle, to wish you a very good-day!"

He shot a most unamiable glance in my direction, and, turning upon his heel, he walked with little, quick, noiseless steps out of the room.

I could see from Lasalle's face that he did not at all relish finding himself at enmity with the powerful Minister. He rapped out an oath or two, and then, catching up his sabre and his cap, he clattered away down the stairs. As I looked out of the window I saw the two of them, the big blue man and the little black one, going up the street together, and Talleyrand was walking very rigidly, and Lasalle was waving his hands and talking, so I suppose that he was trying to make his peace.

The Emperor had told me not to think, and I endeavored to obey him. I took up the cards from the table where Morat had left them, and I tried to work out a few combinations at cards. But I could not remember which were trumps, and I threw them under the table in despair. Then I drew my sabre and practised giving point until I was weary, but it was all of no use at all. My mind would work, in spite of myself. At ten o'clock I was to meet the Emperor in forest. Of all extraordinary combinations of events in the whole world, surely this was the last which would have occurred to me when I rose from my couch that morning. But the responsibility—the dreadful responsibility! It was all upon my shoulders. There was no one to halve it with me. It made me cold all over.

Often as I have faced death upon the battlefield, I have never known what real fear was until that moment. But then I considered that after all I could do my best like a brave and honorable gentleman, and above all obey the orders which I had received, to the very letter. And, if all went well, this would surely be the foundation of my fortunes. Thus, swaying between my fears and my hopes, I spent the long, long evening until it was time for me to keep my appointment.

I put on my military overcoat, as I did not know how much of the night I might have to spend in the woods, and I fastened my sword outside it. I pulled off my hussar boots also gaiters, that I might be lighter upon my feet. Then I stole out of my quarters and made for the forest, feeling very much easier in my mind, for I am always at my best when the time of thought has passed and the moment for action arrived.

I passed the barracks of the Chasseurs of the Guards, and the line of cafes all filled with uniforms. I caught a glimpse as I went by of the blue and gold of some of my comrades, amid the swart of dark infantry coats and the light green of the Guides. There they sat, sipping their wine and smoking their cigars, little dreaming what their comrade had on hand. One of them, the chief of my squadron, caught sight of me in the lamplight, and came shouting after me into the street. I hurried on, however, pretending not to hear him, so he, with a curse at my deafness, went back at last to his wine bottle.

It is not very hard to get into the forest at Fontainebleau. The scattered trees steal their way into the very streets, like the traileurs in front of a column. I turned into a path, which led to the edge of the woods, and then I pushed rapidly forward towards the old fir-tree. It was a place which, as I have hinted, I had my own reasons for knowing well, and I could only thank the Fates that it was not one of the nights upon which Leonie would be waiting for me. The poor child would have died of terror at the sight of the Emperor. He might have been too harsh with her, and worse still, he might have been too kind.

There was a half moon shining, and as I came up to the first clearing, I saw that I was not the first to arrive. The Emperor was pacing up and down, his hands behind him and his face sunk somewhat forward upon his breast. He wore a grey great-coat with a capote over his head. I had seen him in such a dress in our winter campaign in Poland, and it was said that he used it because the hood was such an excellent disguise. He was always fond whether in the camp or in Paris, of walking round at night, and overhearing the talk in the cafés or round the fires. His figure, however, and his way of carrying his head and his hands, were so well known that he was always recognized, and then the talkers would just say whatever they thought would please him best.

My first thought was that he would be angry with me for having kept him waiting, but as I approached him, we heard the big church clock of Fontainebleau clang out the hour of ten. It was evident, therefore, that it was he who was too soon and not I too late. I remembered his order that I should make no remark, so contented myself with halting within four paces of him, clicking my spurs together, grounding my sabre, and saluting. He glanced at me, and then without a word he turned and walked slowly through the forest, I keeping always about the same distance behind him. Once or twice he seemed to me to look apprehensively to right and to left, as if he feared that someone was observing us. I looked also, but although I have keenest sight, it was quite impossible to see anything except the ragged patches of moonshine between the great black shadows of the trees. My ears are as quick as my eyes, and once or twice I thought I heard a twig crack; but you know how many sounds there are in a forest at night, and how difficult it is even to say what direction they come from.

We walked for rather more than a mile, and I knew exactly what our destination was, long before we got there. In the centre of one of the glades there is the shattered stump of what must at some time have been a most gigantic tree. It is called the Abbot's Beech, and there are so many ghostly stories about it, that I know many a brave soldier who would not care about mounting sentinel over it. However, I cared as little for such fables as the Emperor did, so we crossed the glade and made straight for the old broken trunk. As we approached, I saw that two men were waiting for us beneath it.

When I first caught sight of them they were standing rather behind it, as if they were not anxious to be seen, but as we came nearer they emerged from its shadow and walked forward to meet us. The Emperor glanced back at me, and slackened his pace a little, so that I came within arm's length of him. You may think that I had a very good look at these two people who were approaching us. The one was tall, remarkably so, and of a very spare frame, while the other was rather below the usual height, and had a brisk, determined way of walking. They each wore black cloaks, which were slung right across their figures, and hung down upon one side, like the mantles of Murat's dragoons. They had flat black caps, like those which I have since seen in Spain, which threw their faces into darkness, though I could see the gleam of their eyes from beneath them. With the moon behind them and their long black shadows walking in front, they were such figures as one might expect to meet at night near the Abbot's Beech. I can remember that they had a stealthy way of moving, and that as they approached, the moonshine formed two white diamonds between their legs and the legs of their shadows.

The Emperor had paused, and these two strangers came to a stand also within a few paces of us. I had drawn up close to my companion's elbow, so that the four of us were facing each other without a word spoken. My eyes were particularly fixed upon the taller one, because he was slightly nearer to me, and I became certain as I watched him that he was in the last state of nervousness. His lean figure was quivering all over, and I heard a quick, thin panting like that of a tired dog. Suddenly one of them gave a short, hissing signal. The tall man bent his back and his knees like a diver about to spring, but before he could move, I had jumped with drawn sabre in front of him. At the same instant the smaller man bounded past me, and buried a long poniard in the Emperor's heart.

My God! the horror of that moment! It is a marvel that I did not drop dead myself. As in a dream, I saw the grey coat whirl convulsively round, and caught a glimpse in the moonlight of three inches of red point which jutted out from between the shoulders. Then down he fell with a dead man's gasp upon the grass, and the assassin, leaving his weapon buried in his victim, threw up both his hands and shrieked with joy. But I—I drove my sword through his midriff with such frantic force, that the mere blow of the hilt against the end of his breast-bone sent him six paces before he fell, and left my reeking blade ready for the other. I sprang round upon him with such a lust for blood upon me as I had never felt, and never have felt, in all my days. As I turned, a dagger flashed before my eyes, and I felt the cold wind of it pass my neck and the villainous wrist jar upon my shoulder. I shortened my sword, but he wined away from me, and an instant afterwards was in full flight, bounding like a deer across the glade in the moonlight.

But he was not to escape me thus. I knew that the murderer's poniard had done its work. Young as I was, I had seen enough of war to know a mortal blow. I paused but for an instant to touch the cold hand. "Sire! Sire!" I cried, in an agony; and then as no sound came back and nothing moved, save an ever-widening dark circle in the moonlight, I knew that all was indeed over. I sprang madly to my feet, threw off my great-coat, and ran at the top of my speed after the remaining assassin.

Ah, how I blessed the wisdom which had caused me to come in shoes and gaiters! And the happy thought which had thrown off my coat. He could not get rid of his mantle, this wretch or else he was too frightened to think of it, so it was that I gained upon him from the beginning. He must have been out of his wits, for he never tried to bury himself in the darker parts of the woods, but he flew on from glade to glade, until he came to the heath-land which leads up to the great Fontainebleau quarry. There I had him in full sight, and knew that he could not escape me. He ran well, it is true—ran as a coward runs when his life is at stake. But I ran as Destiny runs when it gets behind a man's heels. Yard by yard I drew in upon him. He was rolling and staggering. I could hear the rasping and cracking of his breath. The great gulf of the quarry suddenly yawned in front of his path, and glancing at me over his shoulder, he gave a shriek of despair. The next instant he had vanished from my sight.

Vanished utterly, you understand. I rushed to the spot, and gazed down into the black abyss. Had he hurled himself over? I had almost made up my mind that he had done so, when a gentle sound rind and falling came out of the darkness beneath

me. It was his breathing once more, and it showed me where he must be. He was hiding in the tool-house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A NATIVE DANCE AT BULUWAYO.

Description of Some African Terpsichorean Orgies.

A correspondent in South Africa writes describing a visit he paid to Buluwayo. During his stay in that town the native commissioner, Mr. J. Colenbrander, sent an invitation to the various adjoining chiefs to bring in their men and hold a big dance in his compound, near this town, for the benefit of the ladies and other visitors.

Owing to the shortness of the notice, and the fact that smallpox was raging among many of the kraals, only a few came in; but enough were present, including women and girls—to give an idea of what a native dance was like.

When all was ready first came two splendidly made Matabele warriors, of pure blood, dressed up fully in war costume, with ostrich feather head-dresses and shoulder capes, skin waist dresses, armlets and leglets, shield, assegais and battle-axe, who went through an imitation battle, accompanying their easily understood actions with war cries, shouts and horrible noises.

After this groups of natives, in every variety of native costume, with particularly turbans and water-belts of spotted calico or limbo, as it is termed out here—mixing somewhat incongruously with the more purely native portions of their dress—started dancing in separate groups, with only sticks and knobkerries in their hands, chanting meanwhile very melodiously a rather plaintive song and chorus, to the effect that they all wished the old times back again.

The dance lasted over an hour, and the scene at the finish, when each excited group had tried to outvie the others, was very wild and impressive, though to many of the onlookers there was something pathetic in the contrast between the dependent position of the men then dancing before them that day and what they were only a few short months ago.

As an encouragement to the men—for the dusky warriors are only men like ourselves, and always do better in front of their wives and sweethearts—the native women and children started a funny kind of dance and song among themselves on one side, stamping alternately with each foot, and swaying their bodies about in the most extraordinary manner, to the not unpleasant music of rattles, which were fixed to their ankles, and the beating of sticks, one of which they held in each hand.

Some of the married ones held their little black, glistening babies slung in a skin on their backs, and the tiny archins seemed to quite enjoy the dance themselves as much as their fathers had several oxen killed for their refreshment; and the native commissioner and his servants looked well after the bodily welfare of chiefs and men alike.

## BICYCLES NOW AND NEXT YEAR.

The Wheel of the Future May be of Wood—All Sorts of Prophecies, but Little Beyond Conjecture.

The flood of inventions that is being poured into the bicycle market is almost unprecedented. Bicycle tires, gears, lamps, stands and every part of a bicycle have been used as a basis of experiment. A clever Canadian offered to a manufacturer a neat and practicable little device to make bicycles stand. It could, he said, be carried on every wheel, and he wanted a royalty. He was met by the response that bicyclists were stripping their wheels of every ounce of superfluous weight, and that in the struggle for lightness many men went so far as to leave the tool bags off their wheels, and in case of breakdowns on the road they depended on kindly disposed bicyclists who carry theirs along. Several devices have been invented for facilitating the manufacture of wheels. It is said that the woman's machine is a difficult thing for the maker to produce and keep up to date, for the reason that the improvements are being made at a rapid rate, the needs of the woman bicyclist being better understood. Saddles are turned out at a terrific rate by a new machine. One machine cuts the leather into assorted sizes. These are passed into another machine, and when they appear again they are complete. The hub, washers, spoke nipples and all the other small parts are handled separately by skilled men. One authority maintains that the wheel of the future will be of wood, and believes that the hickory bicycle will lead all others in popular favor. There are all sorts of prophecies as to next year's bicycles, but so far there is little beyond conjecture.

What is announced is that the wheel will be heavier by a few pounds and vastly stronger. The tendency is to reaction against the lightness and flimsiness of wheels that can not stand wear and tear. It is also said that the wheels will have a greater diameter, and the tire will be about one-half larger than that now in use. This increase in the size of the tire will be mainly in the thickness of the rubber tubing, which will lessen the liability to puncture; six-ply rubber will not tear as readily as two or three-ply. Makers are looking to expend their skill on lessening friction and increasing speed. Although the coming wheel is to be heavier, it will probably carry a rider much farther upon a like expenditure of physical energy than the wheel of to-day, and, moreover, a large Western syndicate is to put wheels on the market next year for \$30 each. This cheap wheel will increase the number of riders, for many persons will buy it, and thus become prospective purchasers of a wheel that will last, who would not learn to ride for many years yet if they were compelled to pay standard prices.

## THE FARM.

### Fall Seeding for Pasture.

The early drought that has prevailed over many sections and the failure of clover and grass seed sown has placed many farmers in seriously close places as regards pasture. Permanent pastures show failing spots and have not yielded their usual amount of forage. Now the farmer who is short in amount of pasture and has failed to get a stand from last fall and spring's seeding is doing some solid thinking and planning as to how he shall prevent a similar occurrence next year and come out without too serious a loss. In many sections Timothy is sown as the pasture and hay crop, other grasses being indigenous to some extent, blue grass and red top. Where these latter do not come in naturally, Timothy is often the whole dependence. Without special care, top dressing with manure or other fertilizers, it will get poorer every year. If clover is sown with it the period of usefulness of the Timothy will be prolonged as it feeds on the nitrogen deposited by the clover.

Fields that the farmer intended to plow next spring will have to be held another year for pasture. Possibly they were poor this year, and will be less valuable next year without help of some kind to improve them. And many fields used as permanent pastures under dry weather conditions have shown sparse plants where it is naturally expected to find the best pasture. These pastures can be much improved by cutting up these spots where the grass has failed or is very thin with a disc machine of some pattern, working till a good seed bed is secured with the use of a drag harrow or roller. When the land is in prime order a light seeding of rye, three pecks or one bushel per acre, should be sown as soon as possible, and under favorable weather conditions will give a fair amount of pasture this fall. When cooler weather comes, the usual time for fall seeding to Timothy, at least four quarts of Timothy seed per acre should be sown. This will be sufficient quantity of Timothy if it is to be followed with other grasses, blue grass red top, and orchard grass. Such of these are suited to the locality and use for which it is desired. Blue grass naturally belongs to limestone soils, but will do well in the prairie soils of the west. It does well sown with Timothy late in the fall at the rate of one bushel per acre. One advantage in sowing rye as a protecting crop, it gives a quicker growth to forage than anything else that can be sown at this time of the year. The stock grazing the rye any time that the land is in condition for them to go on it will not injure the young Timothy; and the blue grass, as it is slow to start, will come on by the time the Timothy begins to fail.

Many places in pastures where the land is spouty or wet, red top will thrive better than Timothy or blue grass. In fact the first places that Timothy fails in our fields are these wet spots. It will thrive well if sown with Timothy in rye as a protecting crop. Blue grass or red top would doubtless thrive remarkably well after clover, sown on fields when the clover has begun to fail. While it is claimed that it will not do so clover and blue grass together, it is a fact that blue grass thrives best with some leguminous plant to feed the soil.

Orchard grass can also be sown in fall in connection with other grasses mentioned. It needs to be sown on well prepared soil and lightly covered. We often fail in attempted combinations for pasture, because we are not careful enough about seeding and not using varieties suited to the soil. Nature does not leave us entirely without resources if we have the wisdom to avail ourselves of that within reach.

### Watering Horses.

An English veterinarian writing to the London Live Stock Journal, says: "Prejudice dies hard, but the hardest of all to die in the minds of grooms is that it is injurious to give a horse a drink of cold water when he is heated from exercise: Years ago, when I used to train horses for racing in India, I grappled with this prejudice, and clung to it with such tenacity that I used constantly to have horses 'off' their feed after a strong gallop. One day I returned to the messhouse very hot and very tired after a long run, and suddenly thought fit to mentally put myself in the place of a race horse. 'Shall I have,' I asked myself, 'a better appetite for breakfast if I refrain from drinking till I have cooled off or if I have a drink right off?' Knowing that I could not eat heartily unless I had first of all a drink, I took it, and thereupon felt so fit to eat, and went so strong over a course of beefsteak, ham and eggs, quail, muffins, etc., that I resolved to try the same treatment on my horses. My lead was attained with such success that nowadays all the trainers in India give their race horses about half a bucket of cold water to drink immediately after a gallop, and with the best results as regards the appetites and health. I have not alone never seen, but have never even heard or read of any harm to a horse from drinking cold water when he was heated. I have, however, seen hundreds of cases of colic occur in horses from drinking water after being fed on occasions when they had, previous to eating been deprived of water for some time. Were all grooms to follow my advice as to watering, I am afraid that many an honest and hard working veterinary surgeon would find his income from colic cases seriously diminished."

### Poultry Notes.

The best poultry keeper is a woman; she has more patience and a better knack for the details of the business; but when this duty is left to the wife lead a hand at the hard work, for there is hard work about it.

Disease and disaster are reasonably sure to follow when flocks, particularly soft stuffs, are thrown down among the dirt and filth of the floor. It soon sores, and it absorbs a portion of the surrounding filth; on general principles it is a bad practice.

A well bred fowl will lay more eggs and grow to marketable size sooner.

Therefore, there is more profit from it, and it is the fowl for you to have. Grade up your stock with good males, at least, and have a better lot of chickens in the next generation.

Sharp grit, meat scraps and green food must be included in the diet of all poultry confined to runs. Without these articles hens cannot make eggs. Feed all scraps to the fowls while they are strictly fresh; nothing will more quickly cause disease than decomposing food.

The Embden, with its white feathers, and the Toulouse, with its gray, are perhaps the best breeds of geese. The former will often dress at from twelve to fourteen pounds, while a pair of the Toulouse have now and then reached the enormous weight of sixty pounds. These are rather too heavy for market.

Geese are more hardy and much less trouble than chickens and turkeys, and the profits are very much larger. During the summer all they need is a good pasture. They begin laying when a year old and lay from thirty to forty eggs in the season. Three geese are enough for the company of one gander.

During the rapid growth of wing feathers and other plumage when about two or three weeks old is a dangerous period for wee chickens; but a more risky time comes four or five months later, when the young fowls are changing their coats. A great drought seems to be made upon the constitution, and this must be met with nourishing foods.

### POISONED YOUNG PITEZEL.

Gave the Boy Cyanide of Potassium—Feet of the Victim Uncarried Partially Burned.

A despatch from Indianapolis, Ind., says:—The coroner's jury has brought in a verdict that the remains of the body found in the chimney hole of the house at Irvington are the remains of young Howard Pitezel, and that he came to his death through the instrumentality of cyanide of potassium administered by H. H. Holmes.

Interesting testimony was given by Druggist Navin and Perry. John Navin said that Holmes visited his store frequently during the first week of October. Several times he purchased a solution of cocaine, and one time called for four grains of morphia, dissolved in a two-drachm vial of water. Dr. Navin readily recognized him by the photograph. Druggist Perry sold Holmes at one time a pound of chloroform. This was on Oct. 2. Holmes several times lounged about his drug store, accompanied by a little boy, whom he said was his son, and for whom he bought candies. As recognized by the photograph, the boy was little Howard. Dentists and doctors also contributed to the evidence that the remains were those of young Pitezel.

### THE BONES AND THE TEETH.

Drs. Thompson and Barnhill cleaned up some of the bones found. The lower part of the intestines and stomach, with parts of the liver and spleen, were found; also the first vertebrae at the base of the skull, the Adam's apple and the cheek bones. The physicians say there is no doubt that these are the remains of a boy the age of Howard Pitezel. In the charred mass that was pulled out of the chimney hole 15 teeth were found. Dr. J. Q. Byram, a dentist, sorted the teeth and found seven upper and eight lower teeth. He set these in imitation jaws of plaster paris, and they were put away in the box that went to the coroner, where was also found a piece of the lower left jawbone containing the sockets of a six-year-old molar.

### HOW IT IS SUPPOSED HE DID IT.

The physicians are of the opinion that Holmes gave the boy cyanide of potassium and while he was under the influence doubled the body up and put it into the stove, after which he covered it with coals, pieces of the trunk and chunks of wood. Then he saturated the pile with coal oil and reduced everything, as he supposed, to ashes. After the body was destroyed and the stove cooled down, he shoveled the ashes into the stove hole. The stove was in the kitchen, and Holmes was not aware that there was an opening in the flue in the cellar beneath where the stove stood. It was failure to find this opening that brought about the discovery of the charred remains.

Boys digging under the Holmes house, in an unfinished portion of the cellar found the two feet of Howard Pitezel. They had been burned, but not destroyed, and were evidently too bulky to put into the chimney hole.

### Three Hundred Persons Killed.

The London Daily News publishes a despatch from Trieste saying that newspapers there report that an explosion occurred on Monday at the artillery barracks at Tools, capital of the Government of that name, in Russia. Three hundred persons are said to have been killed, including many officers. The barracks are a heap of ruins. An examination into the cause of the explosion led to the discovery that the barracks had been undermined everywhere. Many arrests have been made of persons suspected of being implicated in the outrage, which is supposed to have been the work of Nihilists.

### Distinction, No Differences.

Pips, the lawyer, has a profound knowledge of human nature, and is in the habit of weighing cause and effect with nice discrimination. When he has won a case he writes to his client:

I have won the case against A.  
But when he has lost the case he writes:  
You have lost your lawsuit with B.

### One of the Common Herd.

Mrs. De Style—I am afraid that young man who called on you last evening is not accustomed to good society.  
Daughter—Why, mother?  
Mrs. De Style—Whenever he speaks, he says something.

## LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT ENFORCES THE LAW IN NEW YORK.

The Saloons Now Observe the Law—New York is Now a Law-Abiding Community. Clean, Decent and Sober—Something of the History of the Man Who Has Made This Change—All Young Men Should Study the Character.

The city of New York is in a great state of amazement; it hardly knows itself at all. Its streets are clean as a New England floor; you might eat off them. Houses of ill-fame, no longer able to bribe the police, have disappeared at last from public gaze. The saloons, no longer blackmailed in the interests of political parties, have the fear of higher authorities before their eyes, and observe the law. Even laws prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday can be, and are enforced, and New York enjoys a sober day of rest. The police courts deal out justice impartially, and the police forces are now arrayed against instead of on the side of the lawless. New York has, in fact, become a decent law-abiding community, and with some regard for public cleanliness. It is perhaps typical of the new state of affairs that Mulberry bend, the worst and wickedest slum perhaps in the world, is now being turned into a public garden or park. "Can such things be?" New York itself exclaims. "Surely the laws cannot be enforced; certainly they were never made to be enforced! The people will go mad unless they can get drunk on Sunday and debauch themselves after the most diabolical fashion, as they have always been used to doing. Whoever heard or thought of a dry Sunday for New York?" Theodore Roosevelt, the president of the police commission of New York, says, "The laws can be enforced, and I intend to enforce them," and enforced they have been, to the amazement of New York. "I would rather," said Theodore Roosevelt, "that the police commission and its administration should be turned out of office for enforcing the laws, than that they should remain in and not enforce the laws."

Who and what is the man who speaks and acts so boldly and who has transformed the city of New York into

#### A LAW-ABIDING COMMUNITY.

so clean and decent and sober that it cannot believe in the reality of the change? He is a comparatively young man, a member of one of New York's oldest families, who has been among the foremost in the public agitation for years for good government for New York, and who for that reason and because of his great ability and energy, as well as his high integrity, was appointed by Mayor Strong on the new police commission, which includes, besides Messrs. Park, Grant and Andrews who elected him president. The police commissioners are the engineers of the vast police machinery through which New York was misgoverned and is now well governed. Under the old commissioners the police misgoverned in order to blackmail in the interests of politicians; under the new commissioners the laws are enforced and the law-abiding are protected and order reigns.

Mr. Roosevelt's career should be an inspiration and an example to the young men of Canada who are ambitious to cleanse and reform municipal administration. His father, Theodore Roosevelt, an industrious, shrewd merchant was also philanthropic having established the newsboys' lodgings system at present in operation and the allotment commission, which did so much to relieve the misery and distress of the war time. "By him," said Roosevelt, "I was brought up to be active and industrious, to work hard whether at money-making or whatever. I must be up and doing, working, and at decent work. I was taught that no one had a right to merely lumber the earth; that the most contemptible of created beings is the man who voluntarily does nothing." Mr. Roosevelt was a sickly pigeon-breasted boy, slow to learn and physically languid, but desiring to be strong he ran races, sparred, wrestled and took a prominent part in all athletics and became the captain of the polo team. On leaving Harvard college he took to mountain climbing for his health and by ascending the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn he qualified for membership of the Alpine Club. He joined the Eighth Regiment of militia in order to fit himself for military life should it be necessary and rose to

#### A CAPTAIN'S COMMISSION.

At the age of twenty-seven, in order to confirm his growing good health and strength, he went west and took up ranching. He hunted a great deal with both Indians and whites and became widely and favorably known among all classes, and his rancho on the little Missouri river still flourishes. In 1883 there was a revolt against the Republican-machine organization in New York and Mr. Roosevelt was chosen by the revolted as their candidate and elected to the assembly. During the seasons of 1883, 1884, 1885 he fought manfully and persistently against corruption and evil legislation and became the leader of the band of which Walter Howe and Louis K. Church were prominent members who stood up and opposed the "ring jobs," and "steals" of that time. He was hated and feared, too, by the bosses. Perhaps his greatest service to New York as an assemblyman was the introduction and passage of a bill which took away from the aldermen the power of confirmation or rejection of the Mayor's appointments of municipal officers in New York. He attempted to set on foot an investigation of the misgovernment, fraud and blackmail of the police of New York, but in the absence of public opinion at that time failed. He secured an enquiry, however, which let some light on an appointment to high office at that time and helped the passage of his aldermanic bill. His services were recognized, for he was chosen to stand for mayor but was defeated by Abraham S. Hewitt. President Harrison, seeing the

value of his services, appointed him to the Civil Service Commission and he worked so hard that he was instrumental in having the scope of the Reform law applied to twenty thousand additional offices during his term, and the law was never so well executed. When Mayor Strong looked about him for honest, able administrators to carry out the reforms for which the Parkhurst agitation had prepared the way, Mr. Roosevelt naturally became manifest, and to him was offered the position of

#### STREET CLEANING COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Roosevelt was very busy at work which he thought more important than that duty, for which other good men offered, and he declined. When the Mayor asked him to enter the Board he accepted. "I thought the Board should be a commission itself and so I took it. It was a fine piece of practical work. I like to take hold of work that has been done by a Tammany leader and do it as well only by approaching it from the opposite direction. The thing that attracted me to it was that it was to be done in the burly burly."

He has a great deal of faith in the soundness of heart of the people and distrusts the judgement of the men who will have nothing to do with politics, because they are so dirty, and who despair of reform. Writing in 1890, four years before the Parkhurst campaign revealed the truth of his declarations, he stated: "If the citizens can be thoroughly waked up and a plain, naked issue of right and wrong presented to them, they can always be trusted. The trouble is that in ordinary times the self-seeking political mercenaries are the only persons who both keep alert and understand the situation. The man of ignorant and vicious voters—especially among those of foreign origin—forms a treacherous weapon forged ready to their hands and presents a standing menace to our prosperity and the selfish and shortsighted indifference of decent men is only one degree less dangerous. Yet of recent years there has been, among men of character and good standing, a steady growth of interest in and of a feeling of responsibility for our politics."

Mr. Roosevelt is not blind to the seriousness of the social and political problems which confront the United States and especially the larger cities, but,

#### HE IS NOT AFRAID

of what may come. "There are grave social dangers and evils to meet, but there are plenty of earnest men and women who devote their minds and energies to meeting them. . . . but though there is every reason why we should realize the gravity of the perils ahead of us, there is none why we should not face them with confidence and resolute hope, if only each of us, according to the measure of his capacity, will, with manly honesty and good faith, do his full share of the all-important duties incident to American citizenship." Mr. Roosevelt is a representative of the young men who are every where prominent in the fight against misgovernment and especially municipal corruption and maladministration. Everywhere regardless of politics they are studying and organizing and working. To such Mr. Roosevelt's career is interesting. Asked what advice he would give the young men of New York, Mr. Roosevelt recently said—"I do advise the rich young men to work and to work with any man heedless of that person's qualifications so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest. I'd like to teach the young man of wealth that he who has not got wealth owes his first duty to his family, but he who has means owes his first duty to the State. It is ignoble to try to heap money on money. I would preach the doctrine of work to all, and to the men of wealth the doctrine of unremunerative work."

#### Catherine's Generals.

The soldiers to whom Catherine was indebted for the glory of the Russian arms included: Rumiantsov, the conqueror of Kagoul; the savage Kamienki, who would bite pieces of flesh out of his men at the manoeuvres, and who stripped his prisoners in 30 degrees of cold and dashed cold water over them until they were literally frozen; the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, who was beaten by Gustavus Sweden at Svenskund; Joseph Ribas, upon whom was written the unusual epitaph, that "by his own wife he became a good general, an excellent diplomat, and even an honest man;" and, most famous of all, Suvorof, or Suwarow. This celebrated general, who figured inaccurately in Byron's "Don Juan," was never defeated in the field. He was short of stature, being only five feet four inches in height. Suvorof was idolized by his soldiers. He had implicit faith in his star, his conceit was unbounded, and he behaved something like araving lunatic. He would come out of his tent stark naked and turn somersets on the grass. His other eccentricities were equally amazing. At times apparently humane and averse to the shedding of blood, on other occasions he sanctioned the most awful massacres. It was his deliberate conviction that there were only three great generals in the history of modern warfare—Turenne, Laudon and Suvorof.

#### Modes of Execution.

Spain—garotte, public.  
Austria—gallows, public.  
Brunswick—axe, private.  
Ecuador—musket, public.  
Prussia—sword, private.  
Portugal—gallows, public.  
France—guillotine, public.  
Saxony—guillotine, public.  
Oldenburg—musket, public.  
Belgium—guillotine, public.  
Denmark—guillotine, public.  
Hanover—guillotine, private.  
Bavaria—guillotine, private.  
China—sword, or cord, public.  
Netherlands—gallows, public.  
Great Britain—gallows, private.  
Italy—capital punishment abolished.  
Russia—musket, gallows or sword, public.  
United States, other than New York—gallows, mostly private.  
Switzerland—fifteen cantons, sword, public; two cantons, guillotine, public; two cantons, guillotine, private.

## BEARS A CHARMED LIFE.

### MANY HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES OF A RAILROAD ENGINEER.

He Has Been in All Sorts of Accidents, but Always Came Out Alive—A Leg and an Eye Gone, but He Won't Give Up His Engine Even for a Pension.

Horace Wakeman, engineer on the Pennsylvania Railroad, has a record of narrow escapes that it will be hard to beat. Wakeman is now 75 years old and has but one leg and one eye and his body bears scars that tell in part the story of a most eventful career of railroad engineering.

Railroad men are a suspicious set of men, and the impression prevails among them that Wakeman bears a charmed life, and this belief seems to be warranted by the man's history.

He sprang from a family of locomotive engineers. His grandfather had something to do with the running of the first successful locomotive, and his father was counted one of the best engineers in Pennsylvania years ago. Horace served with his father as fireman several years, and finally took a passenger engine on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, where he worked about twenty years; then he went into the employ of the Pennsylvania road, and has remained with them ever since.

The interesting story of Wakeman's life was brought out about a week ago by an occurrence that came pretty near putting an end to his earthly career. He was taking the Belvidere train from Trenton to Monks Chunk, Penn. When about two miles from Belvidere the train drove into a thunder storm. It was along towards evening and pretty dark. Wakeman sat in the cab with one hand on the throttle-leaving out of the window looking out for washouts that are liable to occur in that locality. While he was in this position there was a sudden flash of lightning, and Wakeman was knocked across the cab against the fireman, who was looking out of the opposite window.

The fireman looked around and the engineer lay on the floor of the cab, apparently lifeless. The fireman stopped the train and about trying to bring Wakeman back to life. There happened to be a physician on the train and with his assistance the old engineer was brought around. His left arm was paralyzed and the steel joints in his artificial leg were broken so that the limbs fell apart. The old chap insisted that he be allowed to take the train into Belvidere, but was finally persuaded to let the fireman do that, and he rode into town propped up with cushions on the seat of the cab. He was unable to work for a week but at the end of that time went back to his post on the engine in as good health, apparently, as he ever was.

That was a narrow escape, but it didn't shake Wakeman's nerve, and he goes to his work every day as bravely as an engineer when he first began his career as he went when

#### AN ILLUSTRATION OF HIS COURAGE.

The bravery of this remarkable man is best illustrated by an act of his when he was about 30 years old. It was his first year as a locomotive engineer. He was running on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and one day when he rounded a curve under a full head of steam he saw on the track, walking, a woman.

Wakeman blew the whistle, and the woman stopped as if paralyzed by the sound, and looked back. Wakeman saw that the woman was evidently fear-stricken, and he resolved to save her life, if possible. Leaving the cab after he had reversed the engine, he ran out on the pilot, and when the locomotive was about 10 feet away from the woman, he threw himself towards her, and wrapping his arms around her, they both went off the track and rolled down a steep embankment into a shallow pool of water.

The woman was rendered insensible by the shock, but Wakeman got off without serious effect. The fireman stopped the train, and with the aid of the passengers, the girl soon recovered her senses. She suffered a fracture of the collar-bone, but was otherwise all right.

The young woman's name was Mary Wright, and she was the daughter of a farmer who lived near the railroad not far from the spot where the affair happened. While Mary was convalescing Wakeman would wave his hat at her as the train passed the house, and when Mary's arm was well enough to permit the signal to him. In this way the young people became acquainted, and one day Wakeman walked into Farmer Wright's house and asked him if he could have Mary.

"Git her if ye can, my boy; ye've earned her," replied the farmer, and Horace immediately asked the girl whose life he had saved if she would marry him. She said "Yes," and a little while after that they were married. They have lived together all these years happily and Mrs. Wakeman has nursed her husband through a good many trying times.

#### DUMPED INTO A CANAL.

Three years after Wakeman married Mary Wright he was taking an engine up the road, along the Delaware and Raritan Canal. It was in the night, and it was unusually dark at that. He never knew how it happened, but something caused the engine to leave the track and turn a somersault into the canal. The thing was done so quick that Wakeman didn't know what had happened until he was under water. The engine lay on its side and he held his breath long enough to enable him to find his way out, and he bobbed up on the surface a little short of breath, but still full of nerve. The fireman was drowned, but Wakeman swam to the bank and crawled out pretty wet, but in other respects all right.

The average man after these experiences would have quit the business, but Wakeman took a philosophical view of it and declared that if it was ordained that he die on the track it would probably turn out that way, and he went right on railroad engineering.

Fifteen years ago Wakeman got mixed up in a railroad collision that gave him a

pretty close call for his life. He was running a passenger train, and through a blunder of the train despatcher met a heavy freight train that was coming down a steep grade. The fireman saw the danger and jumped, but Wakeman stood by his post. The freight train crashed into the passenger train and smashed two cars into kindling wood. Several persons were killed, and Wakeman was buried under the twisted forms of the engines. It required several men three hours he was alive. He lay in an open space between the bodies of the engines where they had moved up against each other. One of his legs was held down by a driving wheel, and he directed the workmen how to liberate it.

He was finally released, but his leg was so badly crushed that it was necessary to amputate it. The railroad company wanted to put Wakeman to work as a watchman at a crossing in Trenton after that, but he got an artificial leg, and pleaded to be given back his engine. His request was granted, and he went at the work again as cheerfully as if he had never met with a railroad accident in his life. The leg didn't hamper him in the performance of his work and to this day he is about as spry around the engine as he was when he was 30 years old.

#### CAUGHT TRAIN WRECKERS.

A few years ago Wakeman got a medal from the railroad company for bravery that he is exceedingly proud of. One evening he was putting his engine along at a lively pace through a lonesome country, and when near a piece of woods he saw a pile of ties on the track. The moon was shining, and about the time he saw the ties he caught a glimpse of a figure moving behind a fence near by. Reversing his engine, Wakeman waited until the train had slowed up considerably, then he leaped. He struck on his feet, but the impetus sent him revolving like a wheel over the ground. He wasn't hurt, however, and when he got up he started as fast as he could run with one game leg in the direction of the spot where he had seen the figures behind the fence. Two men jumped up and ran for the woods.

Wakeman knew that he couldn't run them down, and he shouted to them to stop or he'd shoot. The men stopped, and when the engineer reached them he started in to take them back to the train. They made a desperate fight, but Wakeman kept them busy till a couple of brakemen came up and helped subdue them. They got twenty years in the State prison for their bit of fun.

Three years ago, while his train was standing at a small station called Raven Rock, he took the oil can and went around to grease up the bearings a little. He was standing near the driving wheels, when the boiler exploded and blew the engine into a lot of junk iron. When Wakeman was discovered he was lodged in the top of a tree that stood near the track. He was badly mixed as to locality, and his game leg was gone, besides one eye was scooped out as clean as if it had been taken out by a scapel; but the old veteran wasn't dead, and said he had no intention of giving up the fight. He lay around the house about a month, then he got a new leg and went onto the road again. The company wants to retire him on a pension, but he says he don't feel like laying off yet, and he continues to work.

#### A GREAT DIPLOMAT.

Sir Edward Malet Has Won Renown as Many Courts.

Sir Edward Malet's retirement from the diplomatic service will deprive the country, says the St. James' Budget, of a representative who has done brilliant work in cementing the friendliness of the Anglo-German peoples. His career covers the past thirty-five years; but he is still only in the prime of life, though not, unfortunately, of health. His first service was in the sixties as an attaché in the Brazils; from Rio he went to Lisbon, from Lisbon to Constantinople, and from the Turkish capital to Paris. It was here that his name came to the front in the story of diplomacy; for in 1870 he was sent through the lines with despatches for Prince Bismarck, returning under a flag of truce. During the siege of Paris he was with the British embassy at Tours and Bordeaux. For his services in this period he was given a C. B., and promoted to Peking. During the next ten years he moved from post to post, perfecting himself in knowledge and diplomatic art in Rome, Constantinople, Brussels and in Egypt. For his services as agent and minister plenipotentiary in the latter country he was made a K. C. B., and received the medal and Khedive's star. He was accredited to Berlin in October, 1884, in succession to the late Lord Amthill; and for the past twelve years his hands have been full with difficult and delicate questions. His personal popularity in Berlin, and that of his wife, Lady Ermyndrude (a daughter of the ninth Duke of Bedford) is unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by that of any other ambassador.

#### A Story of Wolfe.

An old story about the hero of Quebec has been resuscitated. In his earliest career Wolfe was aide-de-camp to General Hanley, who accompanied the Duke of Cumberland in that campaign which culminated at Culloden moor. Dr. Wilson shall tell the story: "As the Duke rode over the deserted ground, with the young aide-de-camp in his train, the colonel of the Fraser—a youth who had fallen at the head of his clansmen—raised himself with an effort to gaze upon the face of the victor. 'Shoot that Highland scoundrel who dares to look on me with so insolent a stare!' exclaimed the Duke, turning to Wolfe. Pausing for a moment at the brutal order, according to the narrative of an eye witness, Wolfe replied: 'My commission is at your Royal Highness' disposal; I am a soldier, not an executioner.' Some meaner hand had to be found for the deed of butchery." Wolfe was a young man then of twenty years.

#### A Poor Plan.

Miss De Fashion—Mother, what shall we send Miss De Style for her wedding present?  
Mrs. De Fashion—Will the list be published in the paper?  
No; she says that's vulgar.  
Send her a plated saltspoon.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### The Japanese School Boy.

Just now when the eyes of the world are turned toward Japan, anything about that always attractive country is read with new interest.

Some years ago an American gentleman went to Japan as teacher in a boys' school, and he tells many very amusing things about it. He loved his work, and the natural gentleness of the Japanese children and their respect for a teacher made his task easier than that of the average teacher of English in a foreign country.

The Japanese youth is anxious to become a good scholar. Indeed in some cases they study so hard as to injure their health. There are mischievous boys in Japan as well as in this country, and they have to be punished for breaking the rules. Some of the punishments seem very funny to us, though no doubt the little Japanese take them seriously.

One way is to stand the bad boy up before the school and make him hold a piece of burning punk a foot long perhaps, which is held until it is burned up. Sometimes the bad boy slyly breaks off a piece of the punk to shorten the time, but if he is found out he wishes he hadn't done so. Another time the boy is made to hold a cup full of water for an hour or so, and if he spills a drop all the worse for him.

The greatest hindrance a teacher has to meet in a Japanese school is the frequent absence of pupils. If asked what kept them away they answer: "Oh, it was business." But this "business" may mean buying some trifle for the house, or attending the funeral of a friend or relative.

The principal amusement of a Japanese youth out of school hours is kite flying. This is not confined to school-boys, for men of all ages delight in this pastime. When the wind is favorable the sky is filled with eagles, dragons, fish and all sorts of paper monsters. So skillful are they all in managing their kites, they seldom get the various strings "snarled up."

Some of the first attempts of the Japanese children in writing their ideas in English are very comical, as may be seen by the following sentences saved by their teacher: "A gentleman divided his property into his four sons at the point of death." "She could do what she hath." "Remorring his foolish and having ashamed he was forgave."

Tokio, or Tado, is the largest city in Japan. As the houses are largely made of thin wood and paper, the city has been destroyed by fire many times, but always rebuilt of the same materials. This was talked over at the school one day, and the teacher said it would be true economy to build the city of more lasting material even if it did cost more at first. This was given to a bright Japanese boy as a subject for a composition with the following result:

#### "TOKIO."

"Tokio is a very large city in the world. The men in Tokio is so many but science men very seldom appear comparatively, therefore civilized men is very little—men in Tokio is very uneconomist. Fire in Tokio is very often; their houses is destroyed by it two times a year. I think will not be so if their houses is built from stone, but their mind do not to reach it, therefore is uneconomist as I said above. I will write to you very much afterwards."

We laugh at this very funny English, but would we do any better in writing Japanese?

#### A Picture.

If there is one picture sweeter than another in this great human panorama, it is that of youth ministering to old age writes a correspondent. An incident I saw the other day would have furnished an artist something beautiful for his canvas. A dear old grandma had fallen asleep in her chair, the wrinkled hands folded over her knitting, and the silver head drooped to one side in an uncomfortable position, which was observed by a younglad who sat reading near by. Stepping quietly to her side he drew a pillow from the couch, and slipping it into the chair gently drew her head upon it, and then reverently and lovingly kissed the pale brow and went back to his reading. My heart was touched and I thought, "Would anybody doubt that boy's purity of life?" It was a little act prompted by a noble heart, and it revealed the character of that boy better than any words of others could have done. Oh, let us all cherish tenderly the aged ones among us! They will not be here long, and when they have slipped out of our household and gone into the silent beyond, there will be lonely hours for us, and perchance many regrets as well.

#### Wasted Words and Spelling.

Some French statistician has turned himself loose on the subject of wasted words and letters. The French and English languages are, as he proves with many figures, especially open to criticism in this matter, and money is lost every year by lack of verbal economy. The French language contains 13 per cent. of useless letters. There are 6,800 journals published in the language and they print 108,000,000,000 letters every year, so that 14,200,000,000 words are printed not because they are needed, but they have come to be used in the French language as it is spoken. The writer computes that \$1,998,000 is the annual cost of this useless expenditure of printers' ink in France alone.

Of journals printed in the English language there are 7,700, and they are larger. Twelve per cent. of our printed letters are skipped over by the tongues pronouncing the words, and so \$7,000,000 is thrown away. Useless letters, he goes on to say, fill up a large amount of space on paper, and in this way is lost \$15,600,000 among the English speaking people and \$3,600,000 in France. The time taken up in writing these useless letters, if estimated at \$5 a day per journalist is worth \$4,560,000. Grand total, \$32,600,000.

**Live Stock Markets.**

Toronto, Sept. 13.—At the Western cattle yards to-day we had a light run, as only about forty loads, all told, came in. On account of the lighter supply there was a more brisk market, but figures all round were not quotably changed. A fair trade was going on in export cattle at from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2c per pound. One load, averaging 1,223 lbs., sold at 4 1/2c, with \$10 back; a load, averaging 1,185 lbs., sold at 4 1/2c, with \$15 back; a load averaging 1,265 lbs., sold at 4c; a load, averaging 1,300 lbs., sold at 4 1/2c; and several loads, from 1,250 lbs to 1,300 lbs., sold at from 4 to 4 1/2c. The trading was active, but not much of really choice grade was on hand. Butchers' cattle was unchanged, and sales not important. A load of butchers' and shippers' mixed, averaging 1,175 lbs., sold at 8 1/2c per pound; 12 head, averaging 1,150 lbs., sold at 8c and \$1 each over; 18 averaging 960 lbs., sold at \$2.60 per cwt; 10 heifers averaging 1,020 lbs., sold at \$3.62 per cwt; one load averaging 1,000 lbs., sold at \$38.50 each; a load averaging 1,075 lbs., sold at 2 1/2c per lb; a load averaging 1,170 lbs., sold at 8c. There was a fair clearance of cattle by the close of the market. There was very little cattle of any kind among the supplies of to-day that could be called first-class. There were included in the forty loads of receipts nearly thirteen hundred sheep and lambs and 450 hogs. Export sheep were firmer at from 3 1/2 to 4c, and are wanted at these figures. Lambs sold at about 3 1/2c per lb, or \$2.50 to \$3. More would have sold.

Good calves are wanted, and prices run from \$2 to \$3 each. Hogs were unchanged at 4 1/2c for choice and 4 1/2c for light fat, but stores are not wanted at any price, though they remain nominally at 4c. Prices for hogs appear fairly steady.

**Sale Register.**

Sept. 19th—Executors' sale of farm stock, implements, etc., at lot 15, con. A, Carrick (near Amberside hotel) the property of the late John Doerr. Sale at 1 o'clock p.m. 12 months credit. For list see Billie F. Hinsperger, auctioneer.

—Harriston is having a football tournament to-day.  
—Don't forget the big day in Mildmay at show day.  
—Prof. Wiggins of Ottawa has progressed that a great storm is going to pass over this fair dominion sometime between the 18th and 21st of this month. In fact it is to pass over the whole eastern and western hemisphere. Every person should be on their guard and not let the storm catch them napping.



At 8 o'clock on Saturday 7 inst. Constable Briggs had W. D. McNab up before Justice Cochran J. P., charged with violating the Medical Act. He was fined \$25 and costs.

Mr. George Joseph Jeffrey, editor and proprietor of the Salt Reporter, died last Thursday. He was one of the oldest and most popular citizens of C. B.

Waldemar Burgess club went to Durban on Friday and crossed sticks with the Lancers of West Forest. The latter are district champions and, as the result proved, were too many for our boys. The score of the close stood 4 to 1 in favor of Mr. Forest.

All interested citizens of the county are looking forward with interest to the match to be held at the range, Port Hope, near the base of Bruce Riffle A. Woodcock, about Sept. 21. The Owen Sound match will also be an event of the season.

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THE POPULAR CORNER STORE

A. J. SARJEANT & CO.

IMPORTERS, MILD MAY

On Wednesday morning of last week as Mr. Robt. Stinson, Gorrie, was riding his horse to pasture it made a sudden and unexpected jump throwing him to the ground, injuring him so severely that it was only with assistance he managed to get home.

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.

**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.

**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.

Save your Ammonia Soap wrappers. When you have 25 Ammonia or 10 Pure Soap wrappers, send them to us and a 2 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.

**CATARH BELIEVED 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.

**Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.**  
A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of Ladies. Is the only perfectly safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute, or enclose \$1 and 6 cents in postage in letter and we will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars in plain envelope, to ladies only, 3 stamps. Address **The Cook Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.**  
Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

**Notice to Creditors**

In the Supreme Court of the County of Bruce to the Estate of John A. Schuster, late of the township of Carrick, in the County of Bruce, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the R. S. N. O. Chap. 119, section 95, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said John A. Schuster who died on or about the 28th day of July, 1888, at the seat of the Township of Carrick are to present their claims or demands in writing to the undersigned, or to G. S. Scott, Clerk of the Court, at the Court House in the City of Windsor, Ontario, on or before the first day of October, A. D. 1888, in their claims and demands, addresses, and descriptions and full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts only verified and the nature of the security if any held by them. And the said executors will on and after the said first day of October proceed to distribute the assets of the estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice and that they will not be responsible for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim they shall have no notice at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Mildmay this 29th day of August, 1888  
B. WALTER, Executor  
G. WITTEL, Executor

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

**Blacksmithing.**  
For a First class Cart or Buggy call on  
**Jos. Kunkel,**  
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,  
Mildmay.  
Repairing and Horseshoeing a Specialty.  
Prices Guaranteed Right.

**This Spot BELONGS TO A. Murat MILD MAY.**  
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**

## PRINTING

- Bill Heads
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Neat, Clean Work

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**The Gazette**  
MILD MAY, ONT

**CHURCHES.**

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

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

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

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

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

**SOCIETIES.**

**C. M. P. A.** No. 73—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. A. GORTZ, Pres. K. WELTER, Sec.

**C. O. P.**—Court Midway, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and fourth Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. LIESEMER, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

**C. O. C. F.** No. 167—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month at 8 p.m. F. N. BUCHHEIM, Coun. F. C. JASPER, Sec.

**K. O. P. M.** Unity Tent No. —meets in Forester's Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. J. McGAN, Com. F. S. SCHIFFER, R. K.

**THE MILDWAY GAZETTE,**

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST BURTON.

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

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

One column.....	25	10	5
Half column.....	15	10	5
Quarter column.....	10	10	5
Eight lines.....	10	10	5
For 1 week.....	80	10	5
For 2 weeks.....	150	10	5
For 3 weeks.....	220	10	5
For 4 weeks.....	290	10	5
For 5 weeks.....	360	10	5
For 6 weeks.....	430	10	5
For 7 weeks.....	500	10	5
For 8 weeks.....	570	10	5
For 9 weeks.....	640	10	5
For 10 weeks.....	710	10	5
For 11 weeks.....	780	10	5
For 12 weeks.....	850	10	5
For 13 weeks.....	920	10	5
For 14 weeks.....	990	10	5
For 15 weeks.....	1060	10	5
For 16 weeks.....	1130	10	5
For 17 weeks.....	1200	10	5
For 18 weeks.....	1270	10	5
For 19 weeks.....	1340	10	5
For 20 weeks.....	1410	10	5
For 21 weeks.....	1480	10	5
For 22 weeks.....	1550	10	5
For 23 weeks.....	1620	10	5
For 24 weeks.....	1690	10	5
For 25 weeks.....	1760	10	5
For 26 weeks.....	1830	10	5
For 27 weeks.....	1900	10	5
For 28 weeks.....	1970	10	5
For 29 weeks.....	2040	10	5
For 30 weeks.....	2110	10	5
For 31 weeks.....	2180	10	5
For 32 weeks.....	2250	10	5
For 33 weeks.....	2320	10	5
For 34 weeks.....	2390	10	5
For 35 weeks.....	2460	10	5
For 36 weeks.....	2530	10	5
For 37 weeks.....	2600	10	5
For 38 weeks.....	2670	10	5
For 39 weeks.....	2740	10	5
For 40 weeks.....	2810	10	5
For 41 weeks.....	2880	10	5
For 42 weeks.....	2950	10	5
For 43 weeks.....	3020	10	5
For 44 weeks.....	3090	10	5
For 45 weeks.....	3160	10	5
For 46 weeks.....	3230	10	5
For 47 weeks.....	3300	10	5
For 48 weeks.....	3370	10	5
For 49 weeks.....	3440	10	5
For 50 weeks.....	3510	10	5

Local business notices 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents. Contract advertising payable quarterly.

L. A. FINDLAY.

**Grand Trunk Time Table.**

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH.....	GOING NORTH.....
Express..... 7:01 a.m.	Mixed..... 10:55 a.m.
Mail..... 11:55 "	Mail..... 2:55 p.m.
Mixed..... 5:30 p.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

—Geo. Curle took in the London Exhibition this week.

—Miss M. Lonahan is visiting friends in Durham at present.

—Father Hauck and Father Wey are at Hamilton this week.

—Miss S. Zinn has returned from her visit to Buffalo friends.

—Wm. and Ed. Boehmer of Chesley, were home for a few days this week.

—A. Goetz is having a new kitchen erected to his residence.

—Miss Messinger, of Hanover is visiting with Miss Seigner at present.

—C. Liesemer left for Detroit, Tuesday morning. We wish him a safe journey.

—Mine Host Hauck of the British hotel, is slightly under the weather this week.

—For a first-class set of single or double harness go to Adam Pietsch, Mildmay.

—M. Cameron, after a fortnight vacation with his people, has returned to Owen Sound.

—George Boehmer has severed his connection with J. D. Miller and gone back to school for one year.

—\$20,000 private funds to loan at low rate of interest. Apply to S. H. McKay, Barrister, Griffith's block, Walkerton. If

—Lost—At the merry-go-round on Saturday evening, a \$5 bill, Bank of Commerce. Finder will be rewarded by leaving same at this office.

—The merry-go-round, which has been doing business here for the past two weeks, pulled up stakes and departed for Hanover on Tuesday morning.

—Mr. Bromann is turning out carts by the wholesale. He sold eight carts to one man near Guelph, and it was quite a procession drawing that people's attention as the man passed by.

—Visitors to the exhibition on Tuesday will find it to their advantage to call on A. Pietsch for a first-class set of single or double harness. No trouble to show goods. Large assortment of blankets, whips and rubber rugs at remarkably low prices.

—Snap bargains at Chas. Wendt's Mildmay, on show day, Sept. 24th only. Waltham Bond St. silver case, \$7.50. Waltham West Elly 3 oz., silver case, \$8. Gold filled 15 year screw case with lever jeweled movement, \$10; and good second hand watches from \$1.75 to \$4.50. Everybody can afford to get one at these low figures. Roll plate chains \$1.50; nickel inlaid chains 75c; nickel alarm clock 99c; solid gold rings, 99c. Everything warranted as represented. Don't forget the date, show day Sept. 24th.

—A number from here took in the Hanover fair Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. Jasper are at London taking in the exhibition.

—Messrs. Herringer and Dickison attended Guelph Fair this week.

—Miss Tillie Koldschmidt, is visiting with Mrs. A. Brohmann this week.

—John Wendling and daughter of New Germany were visiting with A. Brohmann.

—Mrs. Jas. Johnston is in Toronto at present time, visiting with her son George.

—A. Teskey and wife visited their daughter, Mrs. W. J. Bowman of Mt. Forest for a few days last week.

—Born—On Tuesday Sept. 10, the wife of John Patterson of Ethel, late of Mildmay, of a daughter.

—Dane Rumor asserts that there are to be a number of weddings in the near future. Particulars later.

—John Davis has lost his horse. Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by John.

—Mrs. McKnight of Stratford, and Mrs. Wilson and daughter of Toronto were visiting friends in town over Sunday.

—We take pleasure in directing our readers attention to the advts. of Messrs. J. D. Miller, Sarjeant & Co. and J. A. Wilson.

—The GAZETTE will be sent to new subscribers throughout the Dominion of Canada and the United States for \$1.25 cash, until Dec. 31st, 1896.

—For sale—Good driving horse, quiet, 7 years; Brohmann cart, nearly new; set single harness and rubber lap robe. J. W. McNamara, student.

—John Wendt jr., is in Toronto this week learning the art of engraving. John will master it if he only thinks so. Don't let that other fellow who was down ahead of you come out first.

—F. C. Jasper awoke on Friday morning to find his stable door burst open and his trotter supposed to be stolen. After much hunting his horse-ship was found disporting himself in McGaan's pasture field.

—Business men should stir up their business by issuing new attractive circulars. The only place to procure this kind of work is at the GAZETTE office, where everything is printed with neatness and despatch. Call and see our samples.

—If you have an estray animal on your premises or have lost one advertise it in the GAZETTE. The other week a gentleman came in and advertised an animal that came to his premises. The day after the paper was issued a claimant was found. The owner had been hunting the animal for over a week. It always pays to advertise.

—Died, Saturday evening, Conrad, youngest son of Magdalene and Conrad Liesemer, aged 4 months and 22 days. The little child has been ailing ever since it was born, and although its death was expected, the shock was nevertheless great. The funeral took place from the residence of its parents Monday afternoon and was interred in the Evangelical cemetery. The remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of people. The GAZETTE on behalf of the people of the town tenders the family their heart felt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

—Why do the merchants encourage the credit system? You answer that you don't. Yes, but you do. If the system were not encouraged by them it would not be in existence to day. Did you ever stop to think that the mercantile community of the country are the only men that tolerate the credit system? Let's see. You buy postage stamps, postal notes, money orders, etc. on credit; try it and see what you will be told. Go to the theatre, you pay money. Express companies demand cash and railroad tickets are cash on delivery to the purchaser. Why should not the merchant demand and receive cash? Simply because he encourages the credit system, but strict limitations on credit is a step on the right road, and its evolution will be practically a cash system of doing business. It is worth a trial, and should be begun at once. It would quickly spread, like measles in a country school and when it does it will solve the great problem for all time. When sifted down it would be found that the credit system is the progenitor of and responsible for more evils that affect the financial and business world than all other agencies combined. Not only this but it fosters extravagance in the purchase of goods which can be very well done without.

—Industrial World.

—Jos. Kunkel is having his house repainted this week.

—Mrs. W. H. Huck visited last week with friends in Walkerton.

—John Boehmer of Chatham is home with his people at present.

—There are quite a number of our people taking in the London Fair.

—Mr. and Mrs. McBain of Atwood are visiting at Rev. J. H. McBain's this week.

—The GAZETTE prints all kinds of heads—note, bill, letter, memo.—in tip top style.

—J. H. Moore and family left on Tuesday for Toronto, where they spend a fortnight with friends.

—August Pross' new house is nearing completion. When the cage is furnished, you want to catch the bird, August.

—L. A. Hinsperger had a fine display of harness, etc., at the Bentinck fall fair, held in Hanover Tuesday and Wednesday.

—We would recommend our business men to have their windows nicely decorated for show day. Everything goes to beautify the town.

—Miss McDougall, who has just returned from the millinery openings in Toronto is busy preparing for the millinery opening at J. D. Miller's.

—Don't forget that the executors of the late John Doerr, are having a sale of his effects to-day (Thursday) at lot 15, con. A., near the Ambleside hotel.

—Miss A. J. Thompson arrived home on Saturday from her trip to the north-west. She is looking much better for her trip and likes the country very much.

—Lace Walker has returned to his old love, Mildmay, and may be seen daily dispensing goods over the counters of J. D. Miller's store. We welcome Lace back to town. Many of the fair sex are delighted to see him as well as the boys.

—Next Sunday Father Brohmann will preach in English. He intends to speak on the Infallibility of the Pope, and firstly explain what infallibility does not mean and then clearly state what the Catholic church understands by this doctrine. Service will commence at 9 o'clock. One and all are invited.—Com.

—John Schneider returned home from his trip through Dakota and says he had a most enjoyable time, except on the return trip, when the train he was travelling on came into collision with another passenger train. There were several killed and wounded but John escaped all right. He says the scene was heart rending.

—J. W. Green, former proprietor of the GAZETTE is again to the front with a new paper, which was placed before the people of Tavistock this week for the first time. It is called the Tavistock Gazette. Mrs. Green shipped their household goods on Tuesday and will herself depart for their new home on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Green's familiar countenances will be greatly missed from our streets. We join with their many friends in wishing them success in their venture.

—The annual fall show of the Carriek Branch Agricultural society will be held in Mildmay on Tuesday, next, Sept. 24th. Liberal prizes will be awarded for farm stock, implements, grain, roots, dairy products, vegetables, etc. If you have anything to exhibit bring it along. The entries are coming in fast and everything bespeaks of a grand success. Mildmay people were never known to make a failure of anything they undertook and this is not going to be an exception.

—The Belleville Ontario tells its readers how the farmers in that locality are caught on the "stove scheme." It says—"A couple of agents for a Toronto stove firm will go to a farmer and try to sell him a kitchen range for \$60. The farmer don't want it. But the agent has a mighty fine thing; he will take the farmer's old stove and allow him \$12 for it, and the agents will board at his place for 2 weeks and pay him \$10 a week for themselves and horse; now, that's \$32 off the price of the stove. The farmer thinks he will take it. Then the wily agents persuade him to sign a note for the full amount of the range, \$60. This is all they want and they never take the stove away or wait to board at \$10 week." If this be true, it is very naughty of the Toronto agents; and also, if true, the farmer of that locality would easily take prizes as "greenies." At any rate, they can't be readers of Canadian newspapers, for the press of this country has been raising its warning voice for years, cautioning farmers about the folly of trying to beat schemers at their own game.

**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.**

**MILDMAY DRUG STORE**

**DIAMOND AND TURKISH**

**DYES**

**AT CUT PRICES**

10 cent package for 8 cents,

Two 10 cent packages for 15 cents,

Four 10 cent packages for 25 cents.

**COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS**

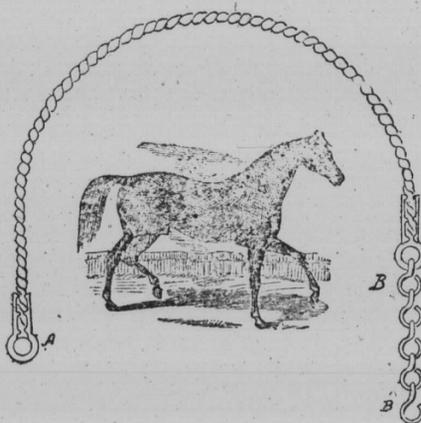
**PATENT MEDICINES**

**Druggists' Sundries, Etc.**

**R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor**

**Berry's Patent Horse Controller!**

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



Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.

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

**Price, 50 cents.**

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

**Richard Berry, Patentee,**

Mildmay, Ont.

**NEW DRUG STORE**

Next Door West of J. D. Miller's

**MILDMAY**

**HAVE YOU TRIED?**

**Our Own Baking Powder?**

**Second to none???**

First-class stock of Medicinal Liquors and

Sacramental Wines kept constantly

on hand

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

Night calls promptly attended to.

**J. A. WILSON, M. D.**

The old scheme of a northern outlet to Europe, by way of Hudson's bay for the grain and other food products of the North-West, has been revived by the bonus voted by the Dominion Parliament to the first section of the railway to the bay, running from Winnipeg, in Manitoba, to the Saskatchewan river. This railway is to be about 700 miles in length, and is to run from Winnipeg by way of the Saskatchewan to Fort Churchill, at the mouth of the Churchill river, on the west shore of Hudson's bay, where it will connect with a line of steamships running through the bay and strait to Liverpool. Up to the Saskatchewan, a distance of, say, 300 miles, the route will pass through a fairly arable country, but from thence to the bay the region is largely a wilderness of rocks and swamps, unfit for settlement and incapable of contributing any local traffic to the maintenance of the road. While not a favorable region for railway construction, lying far to the north and remote from civilization, the survey made a decade ago shows it to be entirely feasible, with no formidable engineering difficulties to be overcome. The chief obstacle to the success of the project lies in the water section of the route, that is, in the apparent impossibility of securing a reliable outlet from Hudson's bay to the sea, the bay itself being, in a greater or less degree, open to navigation all the year round. It is claimed that if an open channel through Hudson's strait can be secured for five months in the year, the route will prove a paying one, but testimony thus far seems to show that navigation for specially constructed ships can only be depended on during four months, and for ordinary steamers for only three months in the year.

The expedition sent out by the Dominion government in 1884 to test the practicability of an outlet from the bay to the Atlantic, reported that the bay is never safe, owing to fogs, ice, snowstorms, etc., and that the straits cannot be navigated at all for more than four months in the year; a report confirmed by the Hudson's Bay company, which for two centuries has sent vessels into the bay. Lieutenant Goringe, who, in 1881, investigated the region on behalf of the Northern Pacific railway, pronounced any successful traffic by the route to be wholly impracticable, fogs and ice barely leaving an average of six weeks for safe navigation, and even this period varies greatly with the season. Admitting however, that three and a half months could be relied on, there are other difficulties serving to diminish the value of the route, notably the fact that one year's crop could not be moved until the next year, outlet through the strait only being possible from July to October, and that as steamships could make but two or three round trips, the large fleet engaged would have no employment during most of the year. The chief advantage presented by the route, and that which is expected to draw trade to it, is, of course, the shorter distance to Liverpool, amounting in the case of Dakota shipments to 1,000 miles over that by way of New York, and in shipments from the North Saskatchewan region to 1,300 miles over the Montreal route. But it is a question whether a route open only from two to four months of the year, and even then liable to frequent interruption, can compete successfully with rail and lake routes open from seven to twelve months, and so whether it will prove of any practical advantage to the American and Canadian farmer.

**HYPNOTIZED INTO SICKNESS.**

**A Remarkable Little Girl Who Acts Like a Paralytic at a Word From the Doctor.**

The most astounding instance of hypnosis by "suggestion" comes in a report furnished to the French Society of Hypnotism and Psychology by M. Gorfichieze, an expert in mesmerism. The story he has to tell is of a little girl of eleven in one of the French provinces who used to accompany a cousin, who was a country doctor, on his rounds, and in this way got to understand a good many medical expressions. One day she fell ill. The illness was slight, and she was on the high road to recovery when her cousin, the doctor, happened to say unthinkingly and smilingly in her presence, "Oh, good heavens! She is paralyzed!" At once the child exhibited every symptom of paralysis, and she remained in that state at the will of the doctor. Afterwards he asked her if she was not becoming consumptive, and immediately she began to suffer from dreadful coughing and blood spitting that consumptive patients have. She seemed so extraordinarily open to every sort of mesmeric "suggestion" that the doctor tried her with half the diseases known in medical annals, and one by one she responded to them all. He needed only to remark that she was cured to have her perfectly well a moment later. Perhaps the strangest of the experiences she went through was when one of her schoolmates got a paper pellet in her eye. From pure sympathy the child imagined that she had the same trouble too, and she rubbed her eye to such an extent that she felt the pain of it for nearly a year.

**Perhaps Been Eating Onions.**

He—You refuse to accept my love? Let me tell you I have turned the head of many a handsome woman in my day.  
She—I believe it, since I have turned my head away whenever you look at me.

**SAW GORDON BEHEADED.**

**HE WAS MURDERED AT KHARTOUM BY EL MAHDI'S MOSLEMS.**

**Slatin Pasha a Captive, Witnessed the Deed—The Egyptian Chief Spurned Gordon's Gifts and Swore to Allah That He Would Have His Head—Gordon's History.**

Chinese Gordon's fate is explained at last. "Khartoum fell the 26th of January, 1885, and with it that city's bravest defender, Gen. Gordon himself, killed on the topmost step of the staircase of his palace. His head severed from his body, was presented to me with derision and disdain, I being a chained and helpless captive."

It was in these graphic words that Slatin Pasha told for the first time before the Geographical Congress in London the other day, the story of the terrible climax in Gordon's eventful life, which came over a decade ago.

Few men have played such stirring parts on the world's stage in various climes as the English soldier Charles Gordon, who was called "Chinese Gordon" and "Gordon Pasha." His first military experience was in the Crimean war. A few years later found him with Sir James Hope Grant allied with the French in their war with China. In 1863 he was made commander of the Chinese "ever victorious army," which was sent against the Tai Ping rebels, whose fast increasing power threatened the overthrow of the reigning dynasty of that vast Empire. The army under his leadership merited its name, for after thirty-three battles the revolt was quelled, and when Gordon resigned his command, a year later, he received from the Emperor the highest decorations he could bestow.

**THE YELLOW JACKET**

and the peacock's feather of a mandarin of the first class.

Eleven years later Gordon was made Governor of Equatorial Africa and a Pasha by the Khedive of Egypt. In 1881 he was commanding royal engineer to Mauritius, and the following year the head of the colonial forces of the Cape of Good Hope. He was on his way to the Congo region to suppress the slave trade there when, in 1884 he was ordered to the Sudan by the British Government to aid in withdrawing the garrisons of Egyptian soldiery from that region, which was then threatened by the hordes of that false prophet called El Mahdi.

For years the Turks had been plundering and oppressing the people of the Sudan, slave trading in its most horrible guise enjoyed unexampled prosperity and the country was ripe for revolt. For many years the faith of Islam had been making immense strides in Central Africa, and its converts had reached the astonishing number of 12,000,000. At this opportune moment came Mahomet Achmet, who proclaimed himself as El Mahdi, the leader and prophet who should regenerate the earthly kingdom of Islam by force of arms, and thousands flocked to his standard. Battle after battle, some severe and bloody, was fought, and, despite the fact that his divine authority and prophetic power were discredited by the heads of the faith at Cairo and Constantinople, El Mahdi, the Dongola carpenter's son, found himself in 1885, less than four years after his career began, the master of the equatorial provinces and of upper Egypt.

Early in 1884 there were 8,000 Egyptian troops between Khartoum and Assouan, 6,000 in Khartoum and 20,000 to the south of that city that were faithful to the Khedive, but the Mahdi and his myriads of

**SAVAGE FANATICS**

ruled the land to the northward. The English Government concluded it would be cheaper to abandon the Sudan and bring these troops down the Nile to safety, and finally they did to popular opinion and sent Gen. Gordon to Khartoum. He reached that city on the 18th of February and was hailed by its inhabitants as their deliverer. He soon found, however, that though his authority was absolute within the town, he was powerless in the region outside.

Khartoum is at the union of the White and Blue Nile, and its natural strength had been much increased by a series of strong fortifications on its landward side, so it was well calculated to resist a long siege.

Gordon first attempted to treat with the Mahdi and sent him presents and an appointment as Governor of Kordofan. The Moslem Messiah, however, was not to be won over by such means as these, and sent two emissaries back to Gordon with drawn swords, who, in disdainful words, gave him their master's message. He did not want the Governorship of Kordofan, for he ruled it already; of costly robes, too, his storehouses were full. His answer ended in these words: "Tell Gordon that I have sworn in the name of Allah to have his head and to distribute his gold among the poor who fight him."

Then the siege of Khartoum began. The forces under Slatin Bey, the Governor of Darfour, had been reduced to 200 sick and wounded men, and finally they surrendered and Slatin was a prisoner in the Mahdi's camp. Hicks Pasha—Col. Hicks, formerly of the Bombay Staff Corps—the leader of another native army, was annihilated by the false Prophet's hordes, and

**NONE LIVED TO TELL THE TALE.**

Gen. Gordon's journal of his days of waiting and hoping in Khartoum after news from the outside world had ceased to come, has been published, and in its plain and simple words tells the pathetic story of the events which preceded the downfall of the city. The siege lasted 320 days, and there is no full and authentic account of the final assault and awful carnage that ended it. Perhaps it is better there is not.

Slatin Pasha, though he, as a captive in chains, had little chance for observation, saw enough of horror in those eventful hours to have driven an ordinary man into raving madness. It was not until years later—only a few months ago in fact—that he was able to escape from the Mahdi and regain his freedom after untold sufferings and hardships. He is an Austrian by

birth, and his life was spared only because he professed the Mohometan religion.

Curiously indeed was the sword which was taken from him when Darfour fell eleven years ago returned to him in London a fortnight since. When Slatin surrendered, his sword, which was of Austrian pattern and the first he received on entering the army, was given to the Mahdi. Upon its blade was Slatin's name in Arabic characters. After the battle of Yoski, in 1890, John M. Cook, senior of the firm of Thomas Cook & Son, purchased the sword at Luxor, on the banks of the Nile, from a native who had but just arrived from the Sudan, and Mr. Cook's attention was at once attracted to an

**INSCRIPTION IN ARABIC**

on the blade, which on being deciphered, proved to be the name of "Slatin." The scabbard of the sword had been broken near the point, and had been roughly but securely fastened together with a piece of gazelle hide and sewn with a thong of hippopotamus hide. There was also a sling attached to the scabbard for hanging over the shoulder. On Mr. Cook's meeting Slatin Pasha recently at the Geographical Congress, he informed him of the discovery at Luxor, and returned him his long lost sword.

Many Europeans have borne the title of Bey and Pasha in Egypt during the last half century, and the list of British officers and soldiers of fortune from other lands who have won distinction and titles in Egypt and Equatorial Africa is a long one. The life is stirring and dangerous, for these foreigners have many enemies, and, unlike the old Egyptians, they have no need of a grinning skull at their feasts to remind them that assassination by poison at home and death in some horrible form when they walk abroad are ever-present possibilities.

**MINES UNDER THE SEA.**

**Visitors May Hear the Booming of the Ocean Over Their Heads.**

There is a striking example of man's boldness in searching for wealth and his skill in securing it at Betallock, near Cape Cornwall. Betallock is a bold headland composed of huge masses of hornblende, masked by walls of slate, against which the Atlantic surges are constantly dashing. The persevering efforts of man have at this point been more powerful than those of nature. The Alaska Mining Record says that the gloomy precipices of slate which unnumbered ages of sea storms have been unable to displace, are here cut in twain by the miner, whose complicated machinery clings to the cliff at places where it would seem almost impossible for an engine to be fixed. Powerful steam engines, stamp mills, and all the heavy machinery required in modern mining are perched on what at first sight seem inaccessible situations, so that from a distance they look as if growing out of the crags. All is noise and bustle, which contrasts strangely with the placidity of the seaward view.

"Kibbles" descend fathoms beneath the sea, and ascend again with copper or tin ores which are wheeled away to larger heaps, where women, boys, and girls separate various qualities with the systematic industry of workers in a factory. Everybody and everything—rocks, platforms, and paths—are smeared with the prevailing red hue derived from a slight mixture of iron with copper or tin ores, and then the very muddy stream flowing from the stamp mill to the sea has imparted to the beach, the breakers, and the foam the same rubicund tinge. If ore is coming plentifully and of good quality, everybody is pleased, and far down in the gloomy depths of the mine, the news that a new "bunch" of copper has been struck, or that the old lode is growing richer, fills the workers with professional joy.

As the visitor creeps along the passages into which the light of day has never entered, he hears comparatively little, until, having become accustomed to the darkness, barely illuminated by the flicker of lamps, he dimly distinguishes the stallow gnomes at work. Coming from the upper world amid the din of heavy stamps and measured gush of pumps, the clang of machinery above and the surge of the sea below, the rattle of wagons on tramways, and the crowds of men and boys climbing up and down paths which seem to be too steep for a goat, the modified silence of the level strikes some as unnatural.

In places, however, the guide may ask the visitor to listen to a curious sound. It is the booming of the waves above and the grating of the stones on the sea bottom. Then he is told, to give him courage, that in some of the recesses of the first level the ore has been cut away until a roof not more than six feet thick has been left. First worked on the face of the cliffs only, the mine descended, level by level, until the excursions extended for more than six fathoms under the sea and for long distances inland, while the greatest depth to which it had been sunk is about 2,000 feet.

**The Queen is Liberal.**

All the English papers are talking about the cashmere shawl, the jeweled bracelet and other costly presents which Miss McNeill received from the Queen and royal family on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of Argyll, near fifty years her senior. Not one of them, however, makes mention of the fact that the Queen, in accordance with traditional custom and usage, furnished the tressouer of the bride besides presenting her with a check for \$5,000. The Queen does this for each of her maids of honor or bedchamber women that may happen to wed with Victoria's consent during their term of office, and Princess Louise's new mother-in-law is no exception to the rule.

**How to Acquire Fame.**

Wilkins—Who is that man?  
Bilkins—That's Professor Littlewit, the famous weather prophet. He makes predictions three months ahead, and publishes them in all the daily papers.  
Do they come true?  
No one knows. Nobody keeps daily papers that long.

**VILLAGE SETTLEMENTS.**

**AUSTRALIAN EXPERIMENTS WITH THE HOMESTEAD SYSTEM.**

**Fears That They Will Not Prove a Success—Twenty Acres Is the Limit for One Man—Clerks in At-Large Travel Between These New Homes and Their Place of Business.**

That most curious Government publication, the New Zealand Journal of the Department of Labor, has compiled some information as to features of the Australian homestead system. An official of the New South Wales Lands Department, being in South Australia, sought to learn what success had attended the policy of settlements on small holdings, known as workingmen's blocks, or homestead blocks, as compared with the South Australian village settlement system. There are twelve such settlements, now only about two years old, on the Murray River, between the so-called railway township of Morgan and Chaffey's irrigating colony on the boundary between Victoria and South Australia.

They are above 100 miles from Adelaide, but are regarded as favorably situated, having frontage on the railway terminus. Fish and game are plentiful and fruit and vegetables may be grown for home consumption. Nevertheless, the settlements appear to languish. It is estimated that above \$50,000 has already been spent upon them, and the settlers have incurred liabilities for large amounts over and above the Government subsidy, in the hope that the Government will eventually pay the indebtedness. The most thriving settlement is a large one near the boundary between Victoria and South Australia. The total number of villagers in all the settlements is 533, and the total population is 1,750, so that the villages are not in an unpeopled region.

The contrasted system of workingmen's or homestead blocks has been in operation since 1888, five years before the village system was started. Not more than twenty acres can be held by any one workingman, and the applicant for such a homestead block has the option of taking the block either on a perpetual lease or a right of purchase lease, save when the land is within twenty miles of Adelaide, when no right of purchase is conceded. Any one that earns his living can take advantage of the homestead law, and clerks working in Adelaide have taken up homestead blocks and built upon them and travel regularly

**BACK AND FORTH**

between these new homes and their places of business. One successful settlement of the kind is established in the hills about Adelaide. A loan of not more than \$250 is made by the Government to the homesteader to aid him in building his house. The loan must not exceed half the cost of the building and improvements. The total of such loans up to June, 1894, was about \$45,000. The Surveyor-General of South Australia says that in regions near centres of population and in places where work is obtainable or the land is fit for gardening the system succeeds well, but he fears that the loans unaccompanied by the borrower's pledge to retain the homestead permanently will defeat the object of the law, which is to insure the permanent settlement in rural districts of such persons as feel the need of homes. The Surveyor-General fears that homestead blocks will be taken up speculatively, and sold out at a profit by the original applicants to adjoining landholders at the end of the first six years, when the original holder can complete the purchase. The total cost of the Government land purchased for homestead blocks has been up to June 30, 1894, rather more than \$57,000, and the revenue has been a little less than \$2,500, or a shade above four per cent.

Mr. Daniels, member of the Queensland Parliament from Cambooya, has undertaken the establishment of a colony under the free land law of Queensland. He and his associates have chosen nine blocks of 2,500 acres each, facing the Springbine branch of the Central Railway, and rather less than 200 miles from the town of Rockhampton. This was not the only suitable land, but Mr. Daniels insists that it is useless to send farmers into the interior when there is no market for their products. He contends that it would be for the good of the colony, and especially of central Queensland, if the reserved lands were thrown open as

**GRAZING HOMESTEADS.**

What he expects to do is to fatten lambs on artificial grasses, so that they may be fitted for meat export after the natural grasses have given out. If such a scheme should succeed others would undertake the same thing. He knows of about 200 young farmers who will imitate such a successful experiment. He and his associates are paying \$4 an acre yearly. The land is subject to revaluation by the Government at the end of ten years, and it still belongs to the crown, no matter what improvements the settlers make. The settlers expect to expend \$9,000 in the holdings before they get back a penny. Mr. Daniel believes that agriculture and grazing should go together, and that each farmer should lease not less than 2,500 acres of Government land.

The Superintendent of Settlements in New Zealand has also been on a pilgrimage to the homestead blocks and village settlements of South Australia and to equivalent settlements in New South Wales and Victoria. He professed satisfaction with the South Australian village settlements. There are no settlements of exactly this kind in New Zealand, but the Superintendent will watch the progress of those in South Australia with the view, perhaps, of imitating them at home. New Zealand has a sort of homestead system. The colony has advanced to settlers for building and clearing about \$125,000 since the system was first put into operation. The annual rents, plus interest on advances, amount to about \$18,000, being about 68 cents an acre. The advances averaged \$4.45 an acre. The total rentals and interest paid to the Government since the beginning of these settlements is about \$67,000, and the value of improvements is nearly \$350,000.

**SUMMER SMILES.**

Magistrate—"Now tell me why you stole that watch." Prisoner—"Oh, just to while away the time."

Adolphus—"Why, Ethel, are you looking at me so intently?" Ethel (dreamily)—"I was gazing at vacancy, Dolly."

"Help! help!" cried the man who was being robbed. "Calm yourself," said the highwayman, "I don't need any assistance."

Customer—"These trousers don't sit just right about the hips." Tailor—"They're all right—what you need is something more in the pockets."

"Don't you find it rather lonely here?" asked Cholly, "with nobody to talk to?" "Yes," she replied, "and its getting worse every minute."

Old Girl—"You say that you would hustle after a man?" New Girl—"Yes, certainly." "Why do you do such an unseemly thing?" "To reduce my wait."

"Jones seemed to be awfully mad when I overtook him this morning." "What's the matter, I wonder?" "Why, you see, I had the faster horse."

"Nature," said Uncle Eben, "doan nebber bestow all her gifts on one individue. De lightnin' bug ain't got no stinger, an' de skeeter ain't got no lamp."

"I am very sorry, Karl, you don't admire my new frock. Everybody says it's charming." "Your friends, my dear, pay you compliments, I pay your bills."

"Green tea or black tea, Miss?" inquired the shopman in a sort of medico bedside manner. "I don't think it matters," said the girl; "missus is color blind."

"When I first took hold of this place," said the new proprietor of the grocery store on the corner, "it was doing absolutely nothing, and now the business has doubled."

Incredulous Friend—"You'll never accomplish anything by trying to reach the pole." Arctic Explorer—"Just wait till you see me coming down the homestretch."

Bingo—"I want to change the combination of that house safe of mine." Safe Man—"What's the matter? Servants found out the old number?" Bingo—"No. My wife has."

"It was by bein' too tender-hearted that I got here," explained the gentleman behind the bars. "Stid of takin' all the feller had I left him enough to hire a lawyer and a jury on."

Blabber—"Out in the country where you live, don't you find it aggravating having to hurry to catch trains?" Mazet—"Oh, no! It's hurrying to miss them that we find aggravating."

Lea—"Caddington's still suffering from that toothache, though I advised him to take a drop of carbolic acid and kill the nerve." Perrins—"Didn't he do it?" Lea—"No; he didn't have the nerve."

"Do you think," said Chappie, "that a gentleman ought to speak to his barber when he meets him on the street?" "Certainly," said Briggs. "It is about the only chance he has to get a word in."

"You are working too hard," said a policeman to a man who was drilling a hole in a safe at 2 o'clock in the morning. "What's that?" asked the burglar, in a discontented tone. "I say you need arrest."

"Have your baggage checked?" said the man with a handful of brass disks. "If it's all the same to you," replied Familiam. "I'd prefer to have you put a check on the man who handles the baggage."

"How did you feel on your 50th birthday?" asked one of our bachelors of another who is beginning to grow old. "Never happier or freer in my life," said he, "but I had a bad headache next morning."

A kind husband—"Wife, dear, I have just bought you two bottles of extra old Barolo for your birthday." "But you know very well I never drink wine." "Well, then, I'll drink it myself to your good health!"

"You are charged," said the rural justice, "with stealing two gallons of whisky. Why did you do it?" "Steal two gallons?" "Yes," "Cos' I couldn't get away with a barrel, yer honor. I never wuz very strong!"

An Exemplary Patient.—"This morning the doctor ordered me to drink warm water an hour before every meal; and here I've been drinking for the last forty minutes, but I'll be jiggered if I can swallow another drop."

"Do you find this weather oppressive?" he asked. "Yes," she replied; "It's very hot and tiresome." "Would it make matters more endurable if I were to propose to you?" "Oh, yes. Do propose ice cream, soda water and a drive."

The Physician—"Great scott! young lady, you say you had eleven dishes of ice cream, four soda waters and a ham sandwich. Can you wonder why you're sick?" The Young Lady (feebly)—"It must have been the ham sandwich, I suppose."

"Our side is going to spring some unlooked-for disclosures on you," said a lawyer to one of the opposing attorneys. "We've been expecting some unlooked-for disclosures," was the reply, "so you'll not take us unawares."

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and faded beard. "No." "Then cook 'em on the top of a slice of ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.

**Shipment of Eggs in Bulk.**

A report tells of large quantities of shelled eggs being sent to England from Russia and Italy for the use of pastry cooks bakers, hotels, and restaurants. The eggs are emptied from their shells into tin cans holding 1,000 or more, and after being hermetically sealed are packed with straw into wooden cases, the tops, through the contents are drawn, being added by those using them. Great care is necessary in selecting eggs, as a single bad one would spoil the whole lot. Lower price and saving of time, and greater ease and less expense and loss in handling are named as the advantages of this system. Thus far the Russian product has been uniformly good, whereas the Italian shipments have so frequently been spoiled that analysis of the Russian supply has been ordered to determine if preservatives are used.

## FORTUNES IN THE MINES.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA NEGLECTED BY ENGLISH CAPITALISTS.

A Fine Field for Capital Being Conquered By the Americans—The Richest Mining Fields in the Empire—Silver and Gold in Abundance.

A British Columbia correspondent writes as follows to the Times, London, England:—The minds of all English mining men appear to be so engrossed in South Africa, and ventures at present that they will pay no attention to anything else. One of the most deplorable results of this is that they are allowing the first fruits of perhaps one of the richest mining fields in the empire to be reaped by aliens; nay, more, they are allowing a province of Canada to become American in men, manners, money and sentiment.

As long as British Columbia was only known as a silver field this was comprehensible, although our silver deposits have now proved themselves rich enough to pay with silver even lower than it is at present. But since last year a gold-bearing belt of ore has been opened up, which, added to our gold-bearing gravels, seems likely to give British Columbia a prominent place amongst the gold-producing areas of the world.

#### HAVE AN EYE ON IT.

During the past twelve months, in spite of the silver panic and such difficulties of transportation as still exist, our silver-lead mines alone have shipped 24,500 tons of ore. A shipment of 2,114 tons, sent from seven different mines to the Omaha and Grant smelter, netted to the owners \$107 per ton. Last year a smelter, representing an investment of \$750,000, was opened at Pilot Bay, close to Nelson, and not only is this to be enlarged, but within the last fortnight representatives of four of the greatest American smelting companies have been hovering about the district, their apparent aim being to make arrangements for the establishment of a great custom smelter at or near Nelson.

We know now that from the Kettle river to the Salmon river (a tributary of the Pend d'Oreille), at least, there is a belt of pyrrhotite, with some chalcocopyrite, carrying gold in very considerable quantities, some silver, with a percentage of copper.

#### ALIVE WITH PROSPECTORS.

Unless readers bear in mind the time in which these things have been done, the limited population we have to draw upon, and the abnormal scarcity of cash in this country, these developments may not seem great, and yet there must be some great intrinsic value in our mineral belts. If it were not so, our mountain would not be alive with prospectors from the Coeur d'Alene, our camps with middlemen representing the greatest American mining capitalists and ore handlers, neither should we have in such a young country so many shipping mines.

#### FACTS AND FIGURES.

Since 1859 British Columbia has contributed \$50,000,000 to the world's store of gold, of which by far the greater part came from Cariboo. This total does not include gold taken out by Chinamen, of which it seems difficult, if not impossible, to obtain an accurate estimate. To-day machinery can be taken into the gravels of the Fraser, the Semikameen, and the Tulameen, and over a million dollars has already been expended in hydraulic works on these three rivers, whilst it seems likely that another field will be opened up this winter in China Creek in Vancouver Island.

The two great mines so far are the Cariboo and Horseshoe. Of these, the Cariboo has just cleaned up \$14,000 after a run of 172 hours, and the result of the first clean up of the Horseshoe is daily expected, while the Anglo-American, on the Semikameen, should be heard from early next month. The clean up of another small property on which \$20,000 has been expended has just come to hand. The Nelson Hydraulic Company has cleaned up between \$4,000 and \$5,000 in 120 hours' run.

#### WHO GETS THE FORTUNE.

In considering the results, it is only fair to remember that none of the mines are yet in fair working order, or, at any rate, not in such a state as to make a thoroughly representative showing of what they can do when fully under way. Upon the Semikameen the results of panning in all sorts of places, likely and unlikely, from the river bed to the grass roots, and in shafts 60 feet deep, was an average of 27c to the cubic yard. A large amount of platinum is also found in the gravels of the Semikameen and Tulameen, which has been sold hitherto in the local stores at \$4 an ounce.

Is it not worth the while of some English capitalists to send a party of reliable experts through British Columbia to ascertain whether what is good enough for alien investors is not good enough for some of those who talk so much about the necessity of uniting the different atoms of the English Empire?

At the present moment American capital is buying, American energy is conquering, and American people populating British Columbia, simply because she is utterly neglected by those of her own kin, and, as usual, the American is making a fortune out of the operation.

#### A Corn-Husk Door Mat.

A very strong and serviceable door mat may be easily made of corn husks. Select the husks next to the ear, soak in warm water a few hours to soften them, take a few husks, place the larger ends together and tie with a strong cord; then divide into three parts to form a braid. When braiding continue to insert more husks, always inserting the larger ends first, leaving about 1 1/2 inches protruding from the braid. When finished the upper side of braid should be one continuous row of ends. The length of braid depends upon the size of the mat desired. It can be shaped either round or square. Sew together upon the underside with strong cord. The husks may be dyed to suit one's fancy if preferred or allowed to retain their natural color.

## BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

### The Narrow Escape of A Well Known Newburgh Man.

By the Loss of a Finger Mr. Chas. Moore of That Village Nears Death's Door, but is Rescued After Doctors Have Failed.

From the Napanee Beaver.

In the pleasant little village of Newburgh, on the Bay of Quinte Railway, seven miles from Napanee, lives Mr. C. H. Moore and family. They are favorably known throughout the entire section, having been residents of Newburgh for years. Recently Mr. Moore has undergone a terrible sickness, and his restoration to health was the talk of the village, and many even in Napanee and "Jointly" heard of it, and the result was that The Beaver reporter was detailed to make an investigation into the matter. Mr. Moore is a carriage maker and while working in Finkle's factory last winter met with an accident that caused him the loss of the forefinger of his right hand. It was following this accident that his sickness began. He lost flesh, was pale, suffered from dizziness to the extent that sometimes he could scarcely avoid falling. He consulted physicians and tried numerous medicines, but without any benefit. He was constantly growing worse and the physicians seemed puzzled, and none of his friends thought he would recover. One day a neighbor urged Mrs. Moore to persuade her husband to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and after much persuasion he consented. After a few days he began to feel better, and it no longer needed persuasion to induce him to continue the treatment. A marvellous change soon came over him. Each day he seemed to gather new strength and new life, and after eight boxes had been taken he found himself again a well man. Mr. Moore is now about sixty-five years of age, he has been healthy and has worked hard all his life until the sickness alluded to, and now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is once more able to work in his old accustomed way, and does not hesitate to give the credit to the medicine that restored him to health, at a cost so greater than a couple of visits to the doctor.

Time and again it has been proven that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when physicians and other medicines fail. No other medicine has such a wonderful record and no other medicine gives such undoubted proofs of the genuineness of every cure published, and this accounts for the fact that go where you will you hear nothing but words of praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This great reputation also accounts for the fact that unscrupulous dealers here and there try to impose a bulk pill upon their customers with the claim that it "is just as good," while a host of imitators are putting up pills in packages somewhat similar in style in the hope that they will reap the reward earned by the merit of the genuine Pink Pills. No matter what any dealer says no pill is genuine unless it bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around every box. Always refuse substitutes which are worthless and may be dangerous.

#### An Appropriate Name.

A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun plying with his dog, idling his time away, as he had been fishing all day and caught nothing.

Fishing? inquired a man, passing. Yes, answered the boy. Nice dog you have there; what is his name? Fish. Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for? 'Cause he won't bite. Then the man proceeded on his way.

#### Candid.

Miss Antique (tenderly)—Am I not one of your oldest girl friends? Gawge—Well, I would hardly have dared say so if you had not suggested it yourself; but I think you are the oldest.

#### Rough.

She—Did my voice fill the drawing-room? He—Yes, and it filled the conservatory and garden—every one went out there.

The Russian Volunteer Fleet is rapidly developing into a very powerful and useful auxiliary flotilla to the Imperial navy. All the volunteer steamers are so constructed and fitted as to be readily converted into fairly well armed and fast cruisers.

It is not worth the while of some English capitalists to send a party of reliable experts through British Columbia to ascertain whether what is good enough for alien investors is not good enough for some of those who talk so much about the necessity of uniting the different atoms of the English Empire?

## We Take Hood's

Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and we cannot praise them too highly. First, Hood's Sarsaparilla cured a swelling or bunch on my right breast, which was called cancerous tumor. This winter we all had The Grip; but resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and were soon well again. We all take Hood's Sarsaparilla when we feel bad or our blood is poor and it always makes us well. Mrs. J. Fallowfield, Brampton, Ontario.

## Hood's Cures

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## Mothers.

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#### Costly Living.

Mr. Urban—Why is it that you country people charge so much more for board than we have to pay in the city? Mrs. Enslage—La, me! What a question. In the city the boardin'-house keepers has plenty of markets, but here we has to raise everything.

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something. The soul waxes and grows.—Browning.

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## Summer Comes

With the flowers and sunshine. Birds pour out their melody and the chirp of the grasshopper will soon tempt the fisherman to stretch forth his hands and grasp the w of his flight. The playful mosquito will do her nicest to soothe weary pleasure seekers into the realms of slumber, and the stinging, aching corns will remove every remembrance of comfort, make sad the songs of the birds, and evoke cloudiness in the soul, that even the brightest sunshine cannot dispel. Corns or thorns in the flesh, but Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes them in twenty-four hours. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best.

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