

The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 4.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895.

No. 42

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

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

MONEY to Loan.
Office: Up-stairs in Montague's Hotel Block, MILDMAY.

R. E. CLAPP, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon.
GRADUATE, Toronto University and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Residence, Abasium St., nearly opposite the Livery stable. Office in the Drug Store, next door to Carrick Banking Co. MILDMAY.

J. A. WILSON, M.D.

HONOR Graduate of Toronto University Medical College. Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office—Abasium street, in rear of Drug Store. MILDMAY.

DR. WISSER, Dentist.
Walkerton.

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W. H. HUCK, V. S.
MILDMAY, ONT.

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Veterinary Surgeon

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Belt Pins, Gold Rings.

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Silver Thimbles. Latest Novelties in
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TAILORING**

We take special pride in recommending our stock of clothes for

**Gentlemen's
Suitings**

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

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

H. E. Liesemer,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:
Fall wheat per bu. \$ 57 to \$ 60
Spring " " " " 57 to 60
Oats..... 25 to 27
Peas..... 50 to 52
Barley..... 30 to 35
Potatoes..... 30 to 35
Smoked meat per lb. 7 to 9
Eggs per doz. 13 to 14
Butter per lb. 14 to 15
Dressed pork..... \$4 25 to 4 70

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TEA**

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

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I have six different styles of Ladies' Rubbers to select from. A Juliet Rubber which you should not fail to see before buying elsewhere.

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

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OTTER CREEK

Mr. Jacob Steinmiller has built a platform at the switch.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Seegmiller have returned home. They had a very enjoyable time.

Messrs. Hofeldt and Loois have each purchased a windmill from Mr. Pulford of Walkerton.

Mr. Benj. MacKay, who has been in Manitoba during the last two months has returned home.

Since Mr. Angus McPhail has rented a farm in Brant, next he will be buying a bird. Congratulations, Angus.

Lakelet.

Too late for last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robertson of Montreal are in the burg these days, having come to attend the funeral. J. T. Cook of Southampton, and Godfrey of Hamilton, were also present.

A great many from here took in the Clifford show and had a good time. Mr. Jas. Wright, 14th, came out ahead with his big turnips. He also got 2nd for mangolds and 1st and 2nd for colts.

We will now have a C. O. F. lodge in our burg. Mr. Doig of Gorrie, through unrelenting perseverance, succeeded in re-organizing it. We have the names of some of the chief officers: W. C. R. W. A. Cook; Fin. Sec. A. Dulmage; Rec. Sec.; A. W. Halliday, Treas.; R. Wallace. There is enough material here for a good lodge, and the probabilities are that the membership will soon increase.

A happy event took place at the residence of Mrs. Geo. Gregg, on the 9th inst., when his third daughter Minnie was united in marriage to Mr. D. A. Harkness, of Huntington, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Shaw, of Belgrave, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Harvey of Clifford. The bride was supported by her sister, Mary, and the groom by Mr. Knight teacher of Wallace. About 100 sat down to a rich wedding feast, after which the evening was pleasantly spent in games, music, speech making, etc. Seldom have such an array of presents being seen, the useful and the ornamental being there.

A very melancholy accident which unfortunately resulted fatally befell Mr. J. Cook one of the oldest residents of this vicinity. While getting a load of wood in the bush of Mr. Ruttair, the axe slipped and cut an awful gash in his foot severing an artery. As the old gentleman is rather stiff, before he got to the house on his wagon, he was almost exhausted. Dr. Ross was summoned, but could do nothing and he passed away in a couple of hours. The funeral on Friday at 4 was very largely attended. Deceased was an honest, industrious and much respected citizen and had attained the age of 74. His faithful partner and the other members of the family have the sympathy of all.

GENERAL ITEMS.

John Hickey, a G. T. R. employee dropped dead at Brantford.

The new battleship Victorious was launched from Clatham dockyard.

The Royal Canadian Bicycle Club won the road race for the Dunlop trophy.

The Albion Hotel at Goderich and a number of other buildings were burned.

The trade returns for September show a decline as compared with the corresponding month of the preceding year of \$1,015,000.

An old man named Robinson was found dead in a gravel pit between Sutton and Roach's Point. An inquest will be held.

Rev. Canon Townsend died at Amherst, N. S. in the 88th year of his age. For 61 years he was rector of the Parish of Amherst.

In the storm that swept over Newfoundland a church was blown down, forty or fifty vessels driven ashore on the coasts and several lives lost.

Osgood Hall and Queen's University football club played a tie game on Saturday, 15 points each Toronto University defeated Hamilton 16 to 12.

Trip to Michigan.

After viewing the country surrounding Elkton we decided to stay in town a while to see how business was conducted and as Winer & Shultz had put up a large brick building and carry on the hardware business, we had a grand opportunity to see the people bring in cash and buy their stuff cheap. Cash system seems to take the lead where money is plentiful.

We next struck for Sebawaing about 20 miles from Elkton. The train ran so fast and brought us to Sebawaing so quick that we forgot to look at the time to see how soon we got there but it runs twice as fast as from Palmerston to Mildmay and we got there in time to take a good big dinner which we got at Bro. Dave Holtzman's and we were both troubled with the Michigan eating fever we done away with quite a lot of stuff from the table. After spending a suitable time with Bro. Dave, Schwalm and Schluchter sizing up the town, planing mills, factories, coal mines, etc.

Messrs. Schwalm and Schluchter obliged us with a fine rig with which we drove to Kilmanagh. Here we saw some very fine country. The vine yards, the numerous corn fields which reminded us of reading in scripture about Joseph when he said there was corn enough in Egypt. So it was there nobody needs to starve, there is corn enough in Michigan.

After taking in this little Canada as we called it, for we met with so many friends who formerly lived in Canada, we felt quite at home here. The soil looked the same, trees, timber, beech, maple, elm, basswood, hemlock, cedar, and the flowing wells from which flows the very best of water almost inviting any person to stay and settle down here and have a home in the land of plenty, just the same as in Carrick, but we come to the conclusion we would go back to Carrick and say with the Psalmist, let them have much corn and wine but we will go to Mildmay.

The universal idea of our people in this fair Canada was that the Sabbath day was not observed there the same as it is in our country, but as far as we could see there was no difference. We attended the divine service and listened to a sermon from the topic, "There was no difference" Rom. 3: 22, in which the preacher assailed the dancing and kissing parties, claiming that we were held to account for that time spent whether we are indulging in alcoholic drinks or attending these games.

On our return trip we left Bad Axe at 7 a. m. and arrived in Mildmay 10 p. m. train well pleased with our trip.

COUNTY AND DISTRICT.

A \$15,000 fire occurred at Ayr on Monday morning.

An Owen Sound negro, named Hall is over 100 years of age.

A car load of cheese was shipped from Port Elgin on Friday.

In one month this summer two of the Wingham butchers killed 200 sheep.

There were 41 applications for the vacancies in the Chesley Public School.

Galt has won the baseball championship of Waterloo with Preston a close second.

Michael Najiwan, an Indian, was drowned near Warton on Saturday while fishing.

Lambton County has decided to do what Bruce County ought to do—erect a house of refuge.

West Bruce Teachers' association meets in Kincardine, on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24th and 25th.

A nice looking chap is through the country selling spurious castile soap. Look out for this pretty boy.

The G. T. R. safe at Blyth and Brantford were burglarized the past week, and yielded \$55 and \$40 respectively.

The Liberals of West Huron will hold a convention on Oct 25th to consider the present political situation in the Riding.

The high school football club went to Listowel on Saturday and were defeated by the club of that town by two goals to one.

The annual meeting of the West Bruce Reform Association will be held in the town hall, Kincardine, on Friday, October 25, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

Mr. Malcolm Galbraith, who went from Paisley to Winnipeg a year ago, died at the latter place on Sunday, aged 25 years. He was a highly respected young man.

While Mr. Hugh McCulloch, North Bruce, was working in the field the other day he broke one of the small bones in his leg, an accident that will keep him in the house for a few days.

Mr. Moses Springer, Sheriff of Waterloo county, is very low at present and his recovery is not looked for. The friends of "Uncle Mose" in Bruce county are very sorry to learn of his low condition.

Kincardine is building granolithic sidewalks from end to end of the main business street. One third of the cost is raised by general taxation while the remaining two thirds are raised by a frontage tax.

A new 65 horse power boiler has been placed in position for the new saw mill at Dobbinton. The new machinery is on the ground. Mr. I. Rutherford pur the mill machinery of Anderson & Co., formerly of Walkerton.

On the farm of Mr. And, Scott, con 4 Culross there is a spot where an oily fluid oozes from the ground. This substance has been tested by an expert and pronounced petroleum. A good oil well is just as valuable a find as a gold mine. We hope that Mr. Scott may become a millionaire.

We raise great children in this part of the country, that is, some of us do, says the Listowel Standard, which goes on to say:—"Robert Hemphill has a new arrival at his house, a son born on the 10th ult., which weighed at time of birth 17 1/2 pounds. This has been a season of phenomenal yields all around, and Rob't always keeps up with the pace."

A novel suit has been brought against the State of Minnesota by a man who was recently injured in an encounter with a moose. He argues that he was prevented from defending himself by the fact that he would have been severely punished had he killed the animal. Also, that the moose is a ward of the State, and the latter is responsible for the animal's acts.

The Swamp of Death on the Seventh concession of Blenheim, where Birchall murdered Benwell, is still visited by large numbers on Sundays. The scene of the murder has been cleared for a space of five or six rods square, and almost every available stick has been carried off as memento. Benwell's grave at Princeton Cemetery is also a place of interest. Some senseless miscreants have been defacing the stone by picking out the letters, which are sunk in the marble.

The November Number of The Delineator Is Called The Thanksgiving Number. And illustrates a bewildering wealth of Autumn and Winter Fashions; the collection of stylish and becoming garments being particularly complete. A novel departure in Millinery is noted, and the colors and combinations in the season's dress goods and the glint and glitter of their spangled trimmings are attractively described. Mrs. Roger A. Pryor furnishes a gossip and circumstantial account of dinner giving in society, and Juliet Corson writes interestingly on domestic service as an employment. The best kind of a Thanksgiving dinner is described. With receipts for all its dishes; and a timely article on carving tells just how to gracefully dismember the noble bird that occupies the place of honor in the menu given. Brooklyn, Both children and adults will be delighted to learn just how the crops, paper brownies are made, and with the pictures of these amusing little figures. There is the usual entertaining text-table chat, as well as papers on oriental rags, some artistic screens, Floral work for the month, a novel entertainment, the Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, limited. 33 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont

Subscription price of the Delineator \$1.00 per year or 15c per single copy.

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

EXPLOITS OF A BRIGADIER GENERAL.

"Indeed, madame," said I. "You do us less than justice. These are the Colonel Despienne and Captain Tremeau. For myself, my name is Brigadier Gerard, and I have only to mention it to assure anyone who has heard of me that—"

"Oh, you villains!" she interrupted. "You think that because I am only a woman I am very easily to be hoodwinked! You miserable impostors!"

I looked at Despienne, who had turned white with anger, and at Tremeau, who was tugging at his moustache.

"Madame," said I, coldly, "when the Emperor did us the honor to intrust us with his mission, he gave me this amethyst ring as a token. I had not thought that three honourable gentlemen would have needed such corroboration, but I can only confute your unworthy suspicions by placing it in your hands."

She held it up in the light of the carriage lamp, and the most dreadful expression of grief and of horror contorted her face.

"It is his," she screamed, and then, "Oh, my God, what have I done? What have I done?"

I felt that something terrible had befallen. "Quick, madame, quick!" I cried. "Give us the papers!"

"I have already given them."

"Given them? To whom?"

"To three officers."

"When?"

"Within the half-hour."

"Where are they?"

"God help me, I do not know. They stopped the berline, and I handed them over to them without hesitation, thinking that they had come from the Emperor."

It was a thunder-clap. But those are the moments when I am at my finest.

"You remain here," said I, to my comrades. "If three horsemen pass you, stop them at any hazard. The lady will describe them to you. I will be with you presently." One shake of the bride, and I was flying into Fontainebleau as only Violette could have carried me. At the palace I flung myself off, rushed up the stairs, brushed aside the lackeys who would have stopped me, and pushed my way into the Emperor's own cabinet. He and Alcedon were busy with pencil and compass over a chart. He looked up with an angry frown at my sudden entry, but his face changed colour when he saw that it was I.

"You can leave us, Marshal," said he, and then, the instant that the door was closed: "What news about the papers?"

"They are gone," said I, and in a few curt words I told him what had happened. His face was calm, but I saw the compasses quiver in his hand.

"You must recover them, Gerard!" he cried. "The destinies of my dynasty are at stake. Not a moment is to be lost! To horse, sir, to horse!"

"Who are they, sire?"

"I cannot tell. I am surrounded with treason. But they will take them to Paris. To whom should they carry them but to the villain Talleyrand? Yes, yes, they are on the Paris road, and may yet be overtaken. With the three best mounts in my stables and—"

I did not wait to hear the end of the sentence. I was already clattering down the stairs. I am sure that five minutes had not passed before I was galloping Violette out of the town with the bride of one of the Emperor's own Arab chargers in either hand. They wished me to take three, but I should have never dared to look my Violette in the face again. I feel that the spectacle must have been superb when I dashed up to my comrades and pulled the horses on to their haunches in the moonlight.

"No one has passed?"

"No one."

"Then they are on the Paris road. Quick! Up and after them!"

They did not take long, those good soldiers. In a flash they were upon the Emperor's horses, and their own left mastered by the roadside. Then away we went upon our long chase, I in the centre, Despienne upon my right, and Tremeau a little behind, for he was the heavier man. Heavens, how we galloped! The twelve flying hoofs roared and roared along the hard, smooth road. Poplars and moon, black bars and silver streaks, for mile after mile our course lay along the same chequered track, with our shadows in front and our dust behind. We could hear the rasping of bolts and the creaking of shutters from the cottages as we thundered past them, but we were only three dark blurs upon the road by the time that the folk could look after us. It was just striking midnight as we raced into Corbail; but an ostler with a bucket in either hand was throwing his black shadow across the golden fan which was cast from the open door of the inn.

"Three riders!" I gasped. "Have they passed?"

"I have just been watering their horses," said he. "I should think they—"

"Oh, on, my friends!" and away we flew, striking fire from the cobblestones of the little town. A gendarme tried to stop us, but his voice was drowned by our rattle and clatter. The houses slid past, and we were out on the country road again, and with a clear twenty miles between ourselves and Paris. How could they escape us, with the finest horses in France behind them? Not one of the three had turned a hair, but Violette was always a head and shoulders to the front. She was going within herself, too, and I knew by the spring of her that I had only to let her stretch herself, and the Emperor's horses would see the color of her tail.

"There they are!" cried Despienne.

"We have them!" growled Tremeau.

"Oh, comrades, on!" I shouted, once more.

A long stretch of white road lay before us in the moonlight. Far away down it we could see three cavaliers, lying low upon their horses' necks. Every instant,

they grew larger and clearer as we gained upon them. I could see quite plainly that the two upon either side were wrapped in mantles and rode upon chestnut horses, whilst the man between them was dressed in a chasseur uniform and mounted upon a grey. They were keeping abreast, but it was easy enough to see from the way in which he gathered his legs for each spring that the centre horse was far the fresher of the three. And the rider appeared to be the leader of the party, for we continually saw the glint of his face in the moonshine as he looked back to measure the distance between us. At first it was only a glimmer, then it was out across with a moustache, and at last when we began to feel their dust in our throats I could give a name to my man.

"Halt, Colonel de Montluc!" I shouted. "Halt, in the Emperor's name!"

I had known him for years as a daring officer and an unprincipled rascal. Indeed, there was a score between us, for he had shot my friend, Treville, at Warasaw, pulling his trigger, as some said, a good second before the drop of the handkerchief.

Well, the words were hardly out of my mouth when his two comrades wheeled round and fired their pistols at us. I heard Despienne give a terrible cry, and at the same instant both Tremeau and I let drive at the same man. He fell forward with his hands swinging on each side of his horse's neck. His comrade spurred on to Tremeau, sabre in hand, and I heard the crash which comes when a strong one is met by a stronger parry. For my own part I never turned my head, but I touched Violette with the spur for the first time and flew after the leader. That he should leave his comrades and fly was proof enough that I should leave mine and follow.

He had gained a couple of hundred paces, but the good little mare set that right before we could have passed two milestones. It was in vain that he spurred and thrashed like a gunner driver on a soft road. His hat flew off with his exertions, and his bald head gleamed in the moonshine. But do what he might, he still heard the rattle of the hoofs growing louder and louder behind him. I could not have been twenty yards from him, and the shadow head was touching the shadow haunch, when he turned with a curse in his saddle and emptied both his pistols, one after the other, into Violette.

I have been wounded myself so often I have to stop and think before I can tell you the exact number of times. I have been hit by musket balls, by pistol bullets, and by bursting shell, besides being pierced by bayonet, lance, sabre, and finally by a broadsword, which was the most painful of any. Yet out of all these injuries I have never known the same deadly sickness as came over me when I felt the poor, silent, patient creature, which I had come to love more than anything in the world except my mother and the Emperor, reel and stagger beneath me. I pulled my second pistol from my holster and fired point-blank between the fellow's broad shoulders. He slashed his horse across the flanks with his whip, and for a moment I thought that I had missed him. But then on the green of his chasseur jacket I saw an ever-widening black smudge, and he began to sway in his saddle, very slightly at first, but more and more with every bound, until at last over he went, with his foot caught in the stirrup and his shoulders thud-thud-thud along the road, until the drag was too much for the foam-spattered bridle-chain. As I pulled him up it eased the stirrup leather, and the spurred heel clinked loudly as it fell.

"Your papers!" I cried, springing from my saddle. "This instant!"

But even as I said it the fuddle of the green body and the fantastic sprawl of the limb in the moonlight told me clearly enough that it was all over with him. My bullet passed through his heart, and it was only his own iron will which had held him so long in the saddle. He had lived hard, this Montluc, and I will do him justice to say that he died hard also.

But it was the papers—always the papers—of which I thought. I opened his tunic and I felt in his shirt. Then I searched his holsters and sabre-tasche. Finally I dragged off his boots, and undid his horse's girth so as to hunt under the saddle. There was not a nook or crevice which I did not ransack. It was useless. They were not upon him.

When this stunning blow came upon me I could have sat down by the roadside and wept. Fate seemed to be fighting against me, and that is an enemy from whom even a gallant hussar might not be ashamed to flinch. I stood with my arm over the neck of my poor wounded Violette, and I tried to think it all off, that I might act in the wisest way. I was aware that the Emperor had no great respect for my wife, and I longed to show him that he had done me an injustice. Montluc had not the papers. And yet Montluc had sacrificed his companions in order to make his escape. I could make nothing of that. On the other hand, it was clear that, if he had not got them, one or other of his comrades had. One of them was certainly dead. The other I had left fighting with Tremeau, and if he escaped from the old swordsmen he had still to pass me. Clearly my work lay behind me.

I hammered fresh charges into my pistols after I had turned this over in my head. Then I put them back in the holsters, and I examined my little mare, she jerking her head and cocking her ears the while, as if to tell me that an old soldier like herself did not make a fuss about a scratch or two. The first shot had merely grazed her off shoulder, leaving a skin-mark, as if she had brushed a wall. The second was more serious. It had passed through the muscle of her neck, but already it had ceased to bleed. I reflected that if she weakened I could mount Montluc's grey, and meanwhile I led him along beside us, for he was a fine horse, worth fifteen hundred francs at the least, and it seemed to me that no one had a better right to him than I.

Well, I was all impatience now to get back to the others, and I had just given Violette her head, when suddenly I saw something glimmering in a field by the roadside. It was the brasswork upon the chasseur hat which had flown from Montluc's head; and at the sight of it a thought made me jump in the saddle. How could that hat have flown off? With its weight,

would it not have simply dropped? And here it lay fifteen paces from the roadway! Of course he must have thrown it off when he had made sure that I would overtake him. And if he threw it off—I did not stop to reason any more, but sprang from the mare with my heart beating the pas-de-charge. Yes, it was all right this time. There, in the crown of the hat was stuffed a roll of papers in a parchment wrapper bound round with yellow ribbon. I pulled it out with the one hand and holding the hat in the other, I danced for joy in the moonlight. The Emperor would see that he had not made a mistake when he put his affairs into the charge of Etienne Gerard.

I had a safe pocket on the inside of my tunic just over my heart, where I kept a few little things which were dear to me, and into this I thrust my precious roll. Then I sprang upon Violette, and was pushing forward to see what had become of Tremeau, when I saw a horseman riding across the field in the distance. At the same instant I heard the sound of hoofs approaching me, and there in the moonlight was the Emperor upon his white charger, dressed in his grey overcoat and his three-cornered hat, just as I had seen him so often upon the field of battle.

"Well!" he cried, in the sharp, sergeant-major way of his. "Where are my papers?"

I spurred forward and presented them without a word. He broke the ribbon and ran his eyes rapidly over them. Then, as we sat our horses head to tail, he threw his left arm across me with his hand upon my shoulder. Yes, my friends, simple as you see me, I have been embraced by my great master.

"Gerard," he cried, "you are a marvel!"

"I did not wish to contradict him, and it brought a flush of joy upon my cheeks to know that he had done me justice at last."

"Where is the thief, Gerard?" he asked.

"Dead, sire."

"You killed him?"

"He wounded my horse, sire, and would have escaped had I not shot him."

"Did you recognize him?"

"De Montluc is his name, sire—a Colonel of Chasseurs."

"Tally," said the Emperor. "We have got the poor pawn, the hand which plays the game is still out of our reach." He sat in silent thought for a little, with his chin sunk upon his chest. "Ah, Talleyrand, Talleyrand," I heard him mutter. "If I had been in your place and you in mine, you would have brushed a viper when you held it under your heel. For five years I have known you for what you are, and yet I have let you live to sting me. Never mind, my brave," he continued, turning to me, "there will come a day of reckoning for everybody, and when it arrives, I promise you that my friends will be remembered as well as my enemies."

"Sire," said I, for I had had time for thought as well as he, "if your plans about these papers have been carried to the ears of your enemies, I trust that you do not think that it was owing to any indiscretion upon the part of myself or of my comrades."

"It would be hardly reasonable for me to do so," he answered, "seeing that this plot was hatched in Paris, and that you only had your orders a few hours ago."

"Then how—?"

"Enough," he cried, sternly. "You take an undue advantage of your position."

That was always the way with the Emperor. He would chat with you as with a friend and a brother, and then when he had wiled you into forgetting the gulf which lay between you, he would suddenly, with a word or with a look, remind you that it was as impassable as ever. When I have fondled my old hound until he has encouraged to paw my knees, and I have then thrust him down again, it has made him silent and with a heavy heart. He reined his horse round, and I followed him in silence and with a heavy heart. But when he spoke again his words were enough to drive all thought of myself out of my mind.

"I could not sleep until I knew how you had fared," said he. "I have paid a price for my papers. There are not so many of my old soldiers left that I can afford to lose two in one night."

"When he said 'two' it turned me cold."

"Colonel Despienne was shot, sire," I stammered.

"And Captain Tremeau out down. Had I been a few minutes earlier I might have saved him. The other escaped across the fields."

I remembered that I had seen a horseman a moment before I had met the Emperor. He had taken to the fields to avoid me, but if I had known, and Violette been unwounded, the old soldier would not have gone unavenged. I was thinking sadly of his sword-play, and wondering whether it was his stiffening wrist which had been fatal to him, when Napoleon spoke again.

"Yes, Brigadier," said he, "you are now the only man who will know where these papers are concealed."

It must have been imagination, my friends, but for an instant I may confess that it seemed to me that there was a tone in the Emperor's voice which was not altogether one of sorrow. But the dark thought had hardly time to form itself in my mind before he let me see that I was doing him an injustice.

"Yes, I have paid a price for my papers," he said, and I heard them crackle as he put his hand up to his bosom. "No man has ever had more faithful servants—no man since the beginning of the world."

As he spoke we came upon the scene of the struggle. Colonel Despienne and the man whom he had shot lay together some distance down the road, while their horses grazed contentedly beneath the poplars. Captain Tremeau lay in front of us upon his back, with his arms and legs stretched out, and his sabre broken short off in his hand. His tunic was open, and a huge blood-clot hung like a dark handkerchief out of a slit in his white shirt. I could see the gleam of his clenched teeth from under his immense moustache.

The Emperor sprang from his horse and bent down over the dead man.

"He was with me since Rivoli," said he, sadly. "He was one of my old grumblers in Egypt."

And the voice brought the man back from the dead. I saw his eyelids shiver. He twitched his arm, and moved the sword-hilt a few inches. He was trying to raise it in a salute. Then the mouth opened, and the hilt tinkled down on to the ground.

"May we all die as gallantly," said the Emperor, as he rose, and from my heart I added "Amen."

There was a farm within fifty yards of where we were standing, and the farmer, roused from his sleep by the clatter of hoofs and the racking of pistols, had rushed out to the roadside. We saw him now, dumb with fear and astonishment, staring open-eyed at the Emperor. It was to him that we committed the care of the four dead men and of the horses also. For my own part, I thought it best to leave Violette with him and to take De Montluc's grey with me, for he could not refuse to give me back my own mare, while there might be difficulties about the other. Besides, my little friend's wound had to be considered, and we had a long return ride before us.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD COUNTRY LETTERS.

Large Number of Letters Posted Last Year Without Any Address on Them.

There are some careless people living in the old country, if one is to judge from the last report of the English Postmaster-General. No less than 30,691 letters were posted last year without any address on them, and 1,742 of them contained remittances, amounting to over \$25,000 in all. By way of offset 32,632 stamps were found loose in the post, which may explain why the letter carrier so often calls at some people's houses for "five cents to pay."

There was falling off in the number of letters delivered of over 2 per cent, which is largely accounted for by the tremendous increase—28 per cent.—in the use of post cards. A new regulation permits anyone to stick a halfpenny stamp on a card and post it, and this privilege has been extensively used. Over 2,000 million letters and post cards were delivered in the United Kingdom, while only 50 millions were sent out of the country. Of these nearly half went to France, Germany and the United States; only eight millions were sent to the colonies and the colonies sent still fewer back. In the division of the eight millions India ranks before Canada, and Australia comes close on the heels of the Dominion. The small amount of

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE

has been used as an argument in favor of Imperial penny postage, and there is no doubt that this would result in a large increase; but it is not altogether a matter of the difference between five cents and two. A Canadian hardly thinks more or five cents than an Englishman does of a penny; it is the writing of the letter and not the postage that is the real trouble. The English settlers in Canada have come to stay, and after a while they find their correspondence with the old country drags heavily. The English people in India intend to go back home, and it is therefore worth their while to keep up their old country interests, but the English-Canadian soon finds that his affairs here demand all his attention. A few are tenacious enough of family ties to keep a correspondence going at long intervals, but with the next generation the connection is forgotten. It is in the nature of things that it should be so, for while modern science has greatly improved means of communication, it has also greatly increased the demands of one's time and attention. The post-card, increasing in use at the rate of 26 per cent., is driving the old-fashioned epistle out of the field. We have no time to write letters nowadays. A communication the length of a post-card must serve our turn, although for the sake of privacy or for the look of things we may put it in an envelope. To send such short notes across the Atlantic would be absurd, and so most of us send nothing at all. Only a few still keep to the delightful old fashion of maintaining old country correspondence.

THE ENGINEER.

How it Appears to the Man at the Throttle.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauges and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand ready for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but it is not so bad as that heard in a car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past, as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car window. The fact is, the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead, and therefore the speed seems less, and the objects are approached gradually. Those who have ridden at 90 miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not "shaken and swayed in a terrific manner," but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a parlor car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.

Horseflesh for Cat Meat.

There is a big butcher's shop in London where they kill on an average 26,000 horses a year, or 500 a week. These 500 horses are killed and cooked to make London cats happy. The firm owning this immense slaughter house of horses turns out 70 tons of cat meat each week. There are 13,440 cats in a ton of horseflesh. Cat meat is meals in a ton of horseflesh. Cats' meat is always handed to the customer on a skewer. It is only a little piece of meat, but it takes a ton of wood cut up into skewers to provide for a single day's consumption of cats' meat. No fewer than 182½ tons of wood are used every year in making cats' meat skewers. The horseflesh trade of London employs 30 wholesale salesmen and over 1,000 retailers.

HEALTH.

Nervous Children.

An increased tendency to nervous disorders in childhood is a characteristic of the present age. Children now suffer from various symptoms which formerly were uncommon, except in advanced life or among confirmed invalids.

Some of the symptoms thus observed are extreme exhaustion after slight overexertion, neuralgic pains in the head or back, a tendency to hysteria, and on the other hand, an abnormal craving for excite ment.

Parents of children who suffer in this way from "nervous" symptoms should look the matter squarely in the face and ask themselves if they are not in part to blame.

One of the common mistakes of parents is that of allowing their children to share in the pastimes and pleasures of their elders; pastimes and pleasures which in many cases are of too stimulating a character for a child's more susceptible nervous organization. The fact that this is done out of affection for the children, and from a desire for their companionship, does not render it less harmful.

Again, children are too frequently granted the things for which they ask or cry, without regard to the wisdom of their desires. It is a mistake to suppose that the will power of a child is weakened by denying him that which gives him momentary pleasure.

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The tendency toward making children prominent in the household, while not to be condemned altogether, may easily be carried to excess.

A child, even at an early age, should be allowed to play and to spend some time in amusing himself. When the bad-hour comes he should be put to bed, and it is best that this should be done without rocking or walking. The hours of sleep should be long.

If any unusual or unnatural habits are developed by the child, the physician should examine him carefully. In nearly every case some local irritation will be found, the relief of which will remedy the evil. The child's clothes should fit loosely.

The hysterical nature of the child is developed by "showing him off," or by relating his exploits before him. Constant scolding tends to make him less tractable. Out-of-door air is a necessity to the child's health. Play in the open air supplies the physical wants of a child better than the restraints of carpet and furniture.

Uric Acid.

Prominent among the many causes of nervousness is the state known as the "uric acid condition."

Sufferers from this condition are especially subject to biliousness and sick headaches, while the excess of acid in the system is frequently relieved by the vomiting of quantities of extremely acid fluid, with which are often mingled portions of undigested food.

Inactivity of the liver certainly takes a prominent part in producing this unnatural state. The spleen and the kidneys are also affected unfavorably.

Much of the modus operandi of the chemical changes carried on in the human body is scarcely to be followed by the observer in his laboratory.

The chemistry of the human system, which by early physiologists was considered comparatively crude, is now recognized as most complex and puzzling; and many of its mysteries are yet far from having been completely unravelled, active as are the investigations now being carried on, and competent and ardent as are the investigators.

Food is the fuel introduced into the furnace of the human system, while the excreta are the ash from its waste-pan. Let one or more of the organs perform their functions improperly, and unconsumed fuel clogs their workings, and products improperly fitted for meeting the demands of the system are formed. This crudely represents the state of the system in which uric acid is found in the blood, and excreted by the kidneys in abnormal quantities.

Nervousness, bilious attacks, headaches, sleeplessness or the reverse, attacks of calcoli, whose passage through the kidneys is attended with most agonizing pains, or severe pains localized elsewhere, are symptoms of the improper performance of the functions of the organs mentioned. Such symptoms are not often found among persons actively employed in out-of-door work, but rather among the sedentary and inactive.

Those who suffer in this way should drink a much greater quantity of water, and consume less starchy and sugary foods. They should indulge in more exercise, and if the symptoms are severe they should consult a physician, who may carefully revise their diet and mode of life.

Deep Breathing.

Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit was universal, there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one-half. An English physician calls attention to this fact, that deep and forced respirations will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thin one may be clad. He was himself half frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood currents by direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly generated heat.

Full Blooded.

Fleecy—Is it a full-blooded dog? Downey—It ought to be; I paid a full-blooded price for it.

AGRICULTURAL.

Care of Dairy Cows in Winter.

Cows should be fed in good comfortable stables and the arrangement of the feeding mangers should be such that each cow can have her food by herself so that it will not be pulled away and stolen from her by another cow, writes C. P. Goodrich. In this way the feeder can give each cow just the quantity he wishes and he will be able to know just how well she eats her food and how much she eats. The practice of throwing food of any kind out on the ground at any time for cows to drive and chase one another over, is always to be condemned.

I think it best to feed three times a day, and never feed at one time more than they will eat up at once. The feeder should watch his cows, and if one leaves at the time any of her food it should be taken away and not left before her, and next time feed a little less till she finds out just her capacity for eating. On the other hand, if a cow eats all that is given her quickly and from her actions seems to need more, she should next time be fed more.

For greatest profit cows should be fed to the full extent of their ability to consume, digest, and convert into milk the proper kind of food for milk production. They will consume more and do better if fed a variety of foods each day. They love a variety just as all other animals, man included. No man can be a good feeder and obtain the highest and best results in dairying unless he studies the art of feeding, and to do this he must love his cows and watch them while eating. He must feel the same kind of desire to please them and do the best he can for them by providing the right kind and quantity of food as a mother feels for her children when providing food for them.

The kinds of food that cows should have depends upon circumstances—what we have on the farm and the cost of those foods we have to buy—but it certainly should be palatable, and an effort should be made to have enough protein food to make, in connection with the cheaper and more carbonaceous food, a fairly-balanced ration. For best results some succulent food is necessary, such as ensilage or roots.

As good a daily ration as I ever fed was for 1,000 pound cows in full flow of milk, an average of thirty pounds of well-sorted corn ensilage, ten pounds of good clover hay, what dry corn fodder and oat straw they would eat, probably eight or ten pounds, five pounds of wheat bran, and five pounds gluten meal. The protein in the bran and gluten meal balanced the excess of carbohydrates in the corn food. Clover hay is a fairly well-balanced food for milk. If the main part of the coarse fodder is clover hay, it will do to feed more corn or corn meal than if the coarse fodder is Timothy hay and corn fodder. In the latter case it will not do to feed much corn.

Now, what I have been writing is a sort of general rule, but when we come to practice we find that scarcely any two cows should be fed exactly alike. Here is where the skill of the feeder comes in. He must know each individual cow and her capacity to make profitable use of food. It is not profitable to feed dairy cows so as to make them fat beyond a good fair condition. The food that goes to produce fat is wasted as far as dairy products are concerned.

Let me illustrate how I would feed: Suppose I had mixed hay and corn fodder for roughage, and plenty of corn and oats—cheap as they are this year. I would have for the grain part of the ration ground corn and oats and bran one-third each by weight. Now, cow number one eats up her food readily, her grain food being ten pounds given in two feedings daily. She gives a moderate mess of milk, but is putting on fat. I would reduce or entirely leave out the corn in her feed and replace it with bran, or, better still, gluten meal, or, perhaps, part cotton seed meal. This would, if she is a cow fit for the dairy, stop the tendency to lay on fat and increase the flow of milk. Cow number two feeds the regular ten pound ration, she eats it up greedily and gives a large mess of good milk. I increase the ration to twelve pounds, she eats it quickly and gives more milk; I increase it to fifteen pounds, she still eats it up readily and also eats a large amount of coarse fodder. She is making good use of her food, for with every increase in food there is a corresponding increase in milk; but she is all the time losing flesh. What shall I do? This cannot long continue. If she is not fed differently she will milk herself down to a skeleton and then the milk flow must of necessity drop off or she cannot live. I will tell you what I will do. I will feed her more corn meal in place of some of the bran. I will change the ration gradually till I get her so that she can hold her own. Number two is a thin dairy cow such as the dairy man needs to make his business profitable. Now it will be seen why I say the feeder must become acquainted with his cows in order to make the most profit from them.

Whether the ground food should be fed wet or dry depends on circumstance. If cows take all the water they need for the production of milk (and it takes a good deal of it) without having it mixed with their food, then I say feed it dry. But if they have dry fodder and are watered but once a day and have to drink ice water at that, then I say they do not take water enough, and will do better to have their food wet, and the wetter the better.

The Value of Wheat Feeding for Hogs.

From many parts of the west we hear of successful results of feeding wheat to domestic animals. Its value as a food for cattle and horses, whether the whole grain is fed or its by-products, has long been well known, and the present experience has confirmed that knowledge. But the greatest good likely to result from the corn crop failure of 1894, and the consequent use of wheat in its place, will be the feeding of wheat to swine. Its value here, when the price makes it practicable, is incalculable. We have fed too much corn. We have for many years made this cereal the almost

exclusive food of swine, and we have thus brought on severe punishment. Exclusive corn feeding to hogs has given us a race of domestic animals which are debilitated at birth. No animal can be fed on such a highly carbonaceous food as corn without becoming physically demoralized. We do not think that first-class pork was ever made on such a diet. Swine thus fed, when slaughtered, always have more or less inflamed viscera, the result of impaired health. Perhaps the greatest harm resulting from this one-sided diet is that it impairs the animal's vitality and makes it an easy prey for many contagious diseases which a well-fed and healthy animal would readily resist. This has been a prominent factor in making hog cholera the destructive agent that it has so long been. With the range of clover pasture for the swine, and some wheat in the grain ration, this pest would soon cease to be formidable.

English Methods With Poultry.

The methods which prevail in England for growing poultry and their care vary so widely from those in vogue here that our readers may find something to interest them in following, gleaned from the writings of C. E. Brooke. Food should be mixed fresh for every meal, and fowls should have only what they eat—leaving none. Through the winter they are fed in the morning with a hot mess of middlings and barley meal. From November to March their midday meal is boiled barley and the later meal is wheat or maize. Now and then fowls in confinement should have a fresh piece of sod at which to pick. A little salt should be added to their food now and then, and occasionally a small quantity of Epsom salts. For a full day after chickens are hatched they need no food, and for the following week they should be fed chopped boiled eggs and soaked bread and milk, feeding them every two hours for the first fortnight. For the next two weeks they should have grits, boiled rice, barley or potatoes, followed later by bruised barley, wheat, or corn meal. During chickenhood four meals daily are best. The mother should have grain and meal. When molting, a slight addition of cayenne pepper to the meal, with some hemp seed now and then, and an occasional meal of minced raw onions will be found advantageous. The midday meal at all seasons should include some green food, and when winter approaches should include meat and fat, minced liver, or horseflesh. When fattening for market, the fowls must be kept sheltered. Mutton fat, chopped fine and boiled with milk, is desirable to add to the ground oats or buckwheat, and this is administered in small doses.

TROLLEY ROADS IN ENGLAND.

British Conservatism is Yielding—The City Owns the Permanent Way.

John Bull has at length come to the realization that there are such things as electric roads in the world, and that possibly they may be a good thing. An American syndicate has secured the franchise for an electric road in the city of Coventry, which has about sixty thousand population and the work is going ahead.

An experimental road of six miles was put down in the suburbs of the city of Leeds, and the city fathers of various cities and towns have been "juncteked" over to Leeds and introduced to the mysteries of the trolley system. The Coventry authorities were the first to yield to its seductions.

The method of building street railways in England greatly lessens the cost of installation to the promoting capitalist. The city puts down and owns the tracks or permanent way. The operating company leases the track for twenty-one years, and at the expiration of the lease it may be renewed, or the city may buy the plant and rolling stock at an appraised valuation.

The Coventry road has eight miles of track, which is all single track, but with long sidings. The estimated cost of rolling stock, poles, wires and power station is \$250,000. Everything is to be furnished from America, even to the poles for the wires. It was originally supposed that English poles would do. But when put up they were found unequal to the strain of supporting the wires, and the necessary poles had to be ordered from Philadelphia. If the innovation takes with the English public there will be a pot of money for the syndicate, which will probably be called upon to put in similar roads in nearly all the English cities. The conservatism of the English people on this subject seems to be as pronounced to-day as it was in the time when George Francis Train put down his first tramway in Parliament street, London, and was then compelled to take up his rails by the outraged and indignant public.

The Continental cities have taken more kindly to the electric railroad system, and in fact, the first trolley road in the world was in the streets of Berlin. This road had a trolley riding on a wire at the side of the street, with flexible wire connection to the car. The upward pressure system with the familiar trolley pole of to-day was a later invention.

A firm of English electricians have recently tackled the conduit electric road problem, and produced something in the nature of a small tunnel and motor therein with a projection which reaches through the slot and pushes the street car along.

Many Tongues.

What language does our Polly speak? Our precious baby tot? So many languages unique We call her polyglot!

Her Sole Ambition.

Old Haysed gets a set of false teeth without his wife's knowledge. She discovers it and decides to have hers pulled to get even with him. Dentist—But, madame, those are good teeth; I must protest. Mrs. Haysed—I don't care. Pull 'em out, I ain't goin' to let old Haysed git the start o' me that a-way.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

SURE SIGNS THAT FORETELL THE STORM OR CALM.

Buy Your Coal, Put Up Your Stoves, Stop Your Windows and Doors, For an Old-Fashioned Winter is Coming.

Hoar frost is a sign of rain. Cold autumn a short winter. If rats and mice be restless, rain. Trees grow dark before a storm. After a warm autumn a long winter. It will surely rain if moles cast p hills. The more snow the healthier the season. Bearded frost is the forerunner of snow. A clear autumn brings a winter. If it rains before seven it will cease before eleven. Expect fair weather from one night's ice. A green Christmas makes a white Easter. A fog in February indicates a frost in May.

Rain is frequently augured by bearded frost. Tulips and dandelions close up before a rain. The note of a sand mole is a sure sign of frost. If it rains after 12 at noon it will rain next day. If it rains before sunrise expect a fair afternoon. A green Christmas will make a full churchyard. Three white frosts will bring a storm every time.

Rain long foretold, long last; short notice, soon past. If gnats are plentiful in spring, expect a fine autumn. A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning. When wrens are seen in winter expect plenty of snow. If October is warm the following February will be cold. Doors and windows are hard to shut in damp weather.

Much rain in October indicates much wind in December. If a cock crows more than usual and earlier expect rain. If it rains when the sun shines it will rain the next day. Nests of hornets hung near the ground mean cold weather.

When rain comes from the west it will not continue long. If cats back their bodies and wash their faces, expect rain. Early frosts are usually followed by a long, hard winter. Fluttering bats and flying beetles forecast fine weather. The early arrival of katydids means severe winter weather.

Heavy white frost is a sign that warmer weather is coming. Black frost is a forerunner of a spell of dry, cold weather. Thunder is indicated by many falling stars on a fine night. Lookout for cold weather if the woodpecker disappears in the fall. If birds in autumn grow tame the winter will be too cold for game.

Expect cold and hard times if squirrels lay in great supplies of nuts. When wild ducks fly to the south it is a sign that winter is coming. Scarcity of squirrels in autumn indicates the approach of cold winter. Aching corns, raging toothaches and distressing neuralgias presage rain. The first three days in January indicate that of the coming three months.

No falling stars on a bright evening mean a continuance of bright weather. If ice will bear a man before Christmas it will not bear a mouse afterwards. Sept. 20, 21 and 22 rule the weather for October, November and December. Partridges drum only in the fall when a mild and open winter follows.

Rain from the south prevents the drought, but rain from the west is always "best." Chipmunks that disappear early are sure signs of cold and extremely ugly weather. Black birds flocking together in the fall indicate a cold spell of weather. When the leaves of the trees curl, with the wind from the south, it indicates rain.

When the birds and badgers are fat in October a very cold winter may be looked for. An unusually clear atmosphere when distant objects may be easily seen means rain.

If the crow flies south cold weather will follow; if north, a warm spell may be expected. Turkeys perching on trees and refusing to descend indicate that snow will shortly fall. If October brings heavy frosts and winds the following January and February will be mild.

When rheumatic people complain of pains and aches then look out for rains and storms. If cattle leave off feeding and chase each other around the field you may safely expect rain. If All Saints' Day will bring out the winter, St. Martin's Day will bring out the Indian Summer.

If goldenrod blossoms early you will need heavy clothes, for bitter cold weather will prevail. If spiders spin the filaments of their webs long the weather will be serene for ten or twelve days. Gnats flying in compact bodies in the beams of a setting sun mean that the weather will be fine.

When the birds of passage arrive early in their southern passage severe winter may be looked for. A good hydrometer is a piece of hemp. Roll it into a lump, and when it is damp it prognosticates rain. Onion skins very thin, mild winter coming in; onion skins thick and tough, coming winter cold and rough.

The whiteness of the breastbone of a goose indicates the amount of snow that will fall during the winter. The twelve days between Dec. 25 and Jan. 5 are the keys to the weather for the ensuing months of that year. If birds preen their feathers and wash themselves afterwards flying to their nests, rainy weather is indicated.

When honey bees are busy laying in a supply of food you can depend on it that the winter will be a "corking" cold one. Frost that occurs in the dark of the moon kills fruit, buds and blossoms, but frost in the light of the moon will not kill.

When potatoes mature early and buckwheat grows bushy branches cold weather is ahead and not very far ahead at that. If the moon is red or has many red spots, expect a cold and stormy winter; but if only a few spots are visible, the winter will be mild.

When muskrats build their houses two feet thick and begin early you can depend on it that the winter will be a long and mighty cold one. If the November goose-bone be thick, so will the winter weather be; if the November goose-bone be thin, so will the winter weather be.

Sheep rams and goats that spring around the meadow more than usual and are given to much fighting indicate that rainy weather is at hand. When the ivory-billed woodpecker goes to work at the bottom of a tree and goes to the top, removing all the outer bark on his way, it is a sure indication that there will be deep snow.

If a mole dig a hole two and a half feet deep a very severe winter is at hand. If the hole be two feet the winter will not be quite so severe. If the hole is only one foot deep, the winter will be a mild one. An old English authority says that the saying, "Everything is lovely and the goose hawks high"—not "hangs high," as is frequently quoted—is a weather proverb, meaning that when the wild geese fly high it is a sign of fair weather.

NO MORE ALPINE CLIMBING.

Fourteen Lives Lost Last Summer in the Treacherous Ice Fields.

Alpine mountain climbing is likely to be prohibited on account of its dangers, the severity of which has recently been emphasized by the finding of the body of W. Ruth, who was lost in the summer of 1893. The finding of Ruth's body brings the known Alp distasters of 1893 to the number of fifty. The yearly average of persons who lose their lives in Europe because of a reckless passion for the climbing sport is thirty-three. The last season fourteen tourists died in the Alps by falling off precipices, an unusually large number, for violent tumbles are among the less frequent accidents peculiar to Alp climbing, the dangers of which are more often threatened by lightning, avalanches, rain of stones, high winds, snow-storms, intense cold and exhaustion followed by deathly sleep and famine.

The relatives of these fourteen unfortunate are clamoring for special laws prohibiting or at least restricting this DANGEROUS SPORT which counts among its enthusiastic supporters many distinguished persons, notably the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Italy, the Crown Princess Stephanie and her young daughter.

It was reported from the Tyrol town of Valcomannica that parts of the body of Ruth, who two summers ago failed to return from a tour over the Presena pass in the Adamello Alps, South Tyrol, had been recovered in a mountain crevice at the foot of the Pizgana Glacier. Ruth had been a well-known character among the Alp climbers in that neighborhood. He was last seen in August, 1893, at the village of Pinzola. He then informed the innkeeper that he meant to travel to Ponte di Legno, the mountain mentioned above. Several guides offered their services, but Mr. Ruth declined on the plea that he knew the way, as indeed he did, being familiar with every pass and precipice in South Tyrol.

He started in fine weather, but soon afterwards it became foggy. As he had not arrived at Ponte di Legno two days later, many of the expert guides of the district went out in search of him, dead or alive. They were unsuccessful, and the probable fate of the man, who was well liked among the people, was discussed, not only in the neighborhood where he was supposed to have died, but later

ALL OVER EUROPE. Alp climbing had been a mania with him for years and he had the reputation of a fearless and well-experienced tourist. A few days ago, says a dispatch from Valcomannica, a chamois hunter shot a buck on the Pizgana Glacier, and the body of the animal happened to fall into a deep crevice. The aid of some herdsmen was invoked to recover it and one of them let himself down into the crevice on ropes. He found the carcass at the bottom of the rent at the side of what appeared to be a human skeleton. Some remnants of clothing he gathered up and brought to light. The head had been well preserved in its icy inclosure and was recognized as that of Ruth, the likeness being reinforced by the identity of the clothing which he was known to have worn.

The supposition is that the tourist lost his way in the fog and happened to strike the dangerous paths of Lagoscuro, leading to the ice fields of Pizgana, instead of the pass of Presena. From there he was precipitated into the deadly depths below.

Bricks Outlast Stone. Many persons think that bricks are not so durable as other building materials. This impression is the very reverse of the truth. No material is so durable as well made bricks. Bricks in the museum in London, taken from buildings in Nineveh and Babylon, show no signs of decay or disintegration, although the ancients did not burn or bake them, but dried them in the sun. The baths of Caracalla, the baths of Titus, and the thermæ of Diocletian, have withstood the injuries of time far better than the stone of the Coliseum or the marble of the Forum. The bricks of the baths of Caracalla did not very favorably impress the mind of an heiress from the great West who exclaimed when she beheld them, "Good gracious, old bricks, and a falling down, too! Why, I thought it would be as fine as any marble building in Chicago. If this is the baths of Caracalla, I don't care to see it. Let's go look at something else!"

POISONS IN DRY GOODS.

DEADLY DYES BY WHICH MANY FABRICS ARE COLOURED.

Celluloid is a Compound of Camphor and Gun Cotton, and is Highly Inflammable—Lurking Dangers to Which the Woman of Fashion is Nowadays Subjected.

The microbes have been taking up so much of the public attention recently that people are beginning to forget that there are other poisons besides those manufactured in the private laboratory of this ingenious little worker. Yet arsenic can kill as well as tuberculosis, and lead is as fatal as diphtheria; and if we put the former on our cloths and rub the latter on our faces we shall one day repent it.

According to a Parisian physician who has been taking a census of the dangers that lurk in the boudoir of a fashionable woman, she is fortunate if she escapes being poisoned, and even if she does she runs great risk of being burned to death. In the first place, a great number of coloured fabrics are more or less poisonous. Many dyes are toxic. As is well known, arsenic is chiefly to be blamed for this fact, though the law forbids the use of arsenical salts in dyes.

Some persons are apt to think that the quantity of poison in a wall paper or a fabric is, after all, very small, but this is by no means the case. Certain stuffs contain more than two grammes of arsenious acid to the yard—particularly the gauzy green fabrics. Many accidents are caused by aniline colors, and above all by fuchsin and corallin, which are made by treating rosolic acid with ammonia. Fuchsin is not poisonous in itself, but rosanilin, of which this and many other coloring matters are salts, are obtained by treating anilins with oxidizers, of which two are as dangerous as they are common—namely, nitrate of mercury and arsenic acid; and it is rare to find fuchsin that does not contain

MORE OR LESS POISON. The observations of French physicians have shown that articles of clothing colored with this substance and placed in contact with the skin cause not only local eruptions but symptoms of disease throughout the system. For instance, cases of erythema and serious inflammation of the skin have been caused by wearing red merino stockings colored by the markers with rosanilin containing arsenic as an impurity.

This is only one of many examples of products, harmless in themselves, that become actively poisonous by reason of impurities due to some process of preparation. But the unfortunate modern woman not only runs risk of poisoning herself with every article of clothing she dons, she may also be seriously burned by the explosives that she uses daily in the toilet. First, there are the articles made of celluloid—now found on every toilet table, though often masquerading as horn or ivory. Celluloid is a compound of camphor and gun cotton, and is highly inflammable, but, in spite of this, its cheapness and the ease with which it may be shaped have made it a favorite material for combs, hairpins and all sorts of small fancy toilet articles, ever for artificial teeth, whose wearers probably do not realize that they are transforming their mouths into animated bombs charged with gun cotton.

Among all these celluloid toilet articles, however, combs are the only ones that have hitherto caused accidents. THE MOST SERIOUS ACCIDENT

of this kind, or, at all events, the one that made the greatest impression on the public, was one that occurred in France. A little girl on her return from school was set to work at ironing near a stove. During her work she leaned constantly towards the hot stove so that her head was almost directly over it, and after she had been in this attitude for about an hour her imitation tortoise-shell comb, made of celluloid, caught fire all at once and her head was in an instant enveloped in flames. Her mother hastened to her aid and put out the fire as soon as she could, but not before a large part of the child's hair had been burned off and her scalp had sustained a serious burn about four inches square which was long in healing.

Less serious burns have resulted from wearing the long double celluloid hairpins with which women so often transfix their hair. When they bend over a lamp, or even a candle, the projecting part often comes in contact with the flame and takes fire like a match, but it is usually easy to extinguish it before it reaches the hair.

There are fabrics, too, that are little better than explosives. Not to speak of the light, easily inflammable stuffs that should, there is a sort of cheap flannel called pilou, largely used for women's garments, especially wrappers and night-dresses. The surface is of variegated hue and covered with long, silky hairs forming a sort of down, and taking fire like fluff, emitting cotton when brought near a lamp, candle or open fire. The flame spreads rapidly over the whole surface, generally going out of itself, but often taking hold of the body of the fabric, giving rise to very serious burns. In December, 1889, a servant was burned in this way, and the French sanitary authorities condemned pilou as a dangerous fabric for use in making garments with flowing skirts.

Easy. Client—You have saved my estate. How can I ever recompense you? Lawyer—I am disposed to make it easy for you, with several payments, you know. I am willing to take the estate as the first payment.

A Universal Failing. Friend—Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations? Does he write for money? Father (feelingly)—Unceasingly.

Taking No Chances. Raggy, for a tramp, you are in de best behaved feller I ever met. It's business, Duddy. I ain't anxious to get into no hot water. Fact is, I hate water of all kinds.

Live Stock Markets.

This was one of the worst markets that have been recorded for some time. Poor quality was much in evidence and a lot of stuff was left in the pens at the close. The market has been glutted lately. To-day's receipts were heavy. There were 79 carloads which included 1,804 sheep and lambs, 2,746 hogs and about a dozen calves. Prices realized for everything was poor. Only one of two carloads of stuff were taken for Montreal.

Export cattle—Hardly anything was done in this line. There is not much demand and the quality of much of the stuff is very poor. Mr. H. A. Mullins bought a carload, mixed with oxen, 1,448 lbs average, for 3½¢ per lb. About the only other buyer was Mr. James Eakins. He paid about 3½¢ for his. Two carloads were held at 3½¢ per lb. for which a bid could not be had. These would average about 1,250 lbs each.

Butchers' cattle—Drovers reported to-day's market one of the worst on record. Many buyers have shipped their cattle back to the country again rather than dispose of them at a loss. There are far too many coming in. Some sold to-day as low as 1½¢ per lb. Most of the deals of good cattle were made in the region of 3¢ per lb, one or two of the best loads touching 3½¢ per lb. Except for something choice there was no sale to-day, so that the pens were pretty full at the close of the day. In fact many of the cattle were really given away to avoid the expense of feed. Mr. G. B. Roy reports the market at Montreal very bad, so that he was not able to buy much for there to-day. Sales are hardly worth quoting. Some were:—One carload heifers, 850 lbs average, 2¢ per lb; one carload steers, 900 lbs average, 1½¢ per lb; one carload cattle, 1,000 lbs average, 3¢ per lb; nine cows, 1,200 average, \$24 each; 4 cows, 1,000 lbs average sold for \$15 per head.

Bulls—Stock bulls were rather dull to-day at 1½¢ to 2¢ per lb. Those kinds are not much wanted. Good ones for shipping purposes are in better demand at from 3¢ to 3½¢ per lb, the latter for extra choice. Too many poor ones are coming in.

Stockers and feeders—Choice steers for the distilleries were selling at from 2½¢ to 3¢ per lb. Light stockers are quiet, some going as low as 1½¢ per lb. In truth a carload sold for even less than that. Some sales were:—One carload steers, 1,150 lbs average, 3¢ per lb; two carloads, 1,072 lbs average, 2½¢ per lb; 3 steers 900 lbs average \$42 for the bunch; 2 cattle 1,100 lbs average, \$22.50 each; 30 steers 1,040 lbs average, 2½¢ per lb; 12 cattle 1,150 lbs average, 3¢ per lb; 15 cattle 975 lbs average, \$19 each. Farmers are not buying just now so that light stockers are not wanted. Those offering must weigh from 1,050 to 1,200 lbs. These are wanted.

Sheep—This line was weaker to-day, and showed a drop of nearly ½¢ per lb. Best ewes and wethers for export sold at from 3¢ to 3½¢ per lb and bucks at from 2¢ to 2½¢ per lb. The latter are not wanted.

Lambs—Good ones sold well, and the feeling was steady. One bunch of good ones sold for \$2.60 per head. By the pound the price is 3¢. From about \$2 to \$2.50 per head is the range mostly.

Calves—Offerings were light, and all sold easily. Poor ones are not wanted, but good and choice veals fetch from \$4 to \$7.

Milch cows and springers—Not so many came in and the market was weak in sympathy with other stuff. Good milchers with large bags sell at \$30 to \$35 per head, but poor cows are hard to dispose of at even \$20 per head. One or two poor ones sold for \$15. Choice well-forward springers are wanted.

Hogs—Mr. Harris reports trade active enough so far as movement is concerned. He managed to handle all in, although the receipts were heavy. Prices dropped to 4½¢ per lb for the best hogs, weighed off the cars. Prospects are for still lower prices. This would mean ½¢ per lb less fed and watered. Light hogs were selling at \$3.75 per cwt. Stores are not wanted at any price. A few sows sold to-day at from 3¢ to 3½¢ per lb. Rough hogs and stags are dull at from 2¢ to 2½¢ per lb. The latter figure was paid for one extra one, but the run was about 2¢ per lb. Prospects, Mr. Harris reports, are for lower prices.

East Buffalo, Oct. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 103 cars through, 3 cars sale; market was about steady at Monday's price, with no very good cattle of any

- WANTED 5000 -

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks and Chickens

before Thanksgiving Day at the
CORNER STORE

* A. J. Sarjeant & Co's. *

MILDMAY

kind on sale; two loads of western steers brought \$3.75; a few stockers, light to good, \$2.25 to \$2.75; bulls, fair to choice, \$2.25 to \$2.65 up to \$2.75 to \$3; veal calves are in liberal supply; sales at \$6 to \$6.75; extra \$7 to \$7.25; light to fair \$3.75 to \$5.75; grass calves, \$2 to \$2.75.

Hogs—Receipts, 12 cars through, 52 cars sale; market fairly active at 5¢ to 10¢ decline for light grades; others about steady; sales, Yorkers good to choice \$4.10, generally light lots \$4.05 to \$4.10; mixed packers, \$4.05 to \$4.20 a very few choice heavy 225 to 240 lbs, \$4.15 to \$4.20, and one deck of extra selected \$4.25; pigs \$4 to \$4.10; roughs \$3 to \$3.50; s'ags \$2.75 to \$3.25.

Sheep and lambs—Receipts 5 cars through, 65 cars sale including 15 loads held over; market demoralized and all of 25 to 30¢ lower on all sales; primes 75 to 80 lb lambs brought \$3.75 to \$4; fair to good 65 to 70 lbs, \$3.25 to \$3.65; light butchers' lots, \$2.75 to \$3; culls and common \$2 to \$3; mixed sheep very dull at \$2 to \$2.35; choice \$2.40 to \$2.60; culls and common, \$1 to \$1.85; heavy fat ewes, for feeding sold at \$2 to \$2.20; export sheep dull and lower at \$3.35 to \$3.50; choice \$3.75. Cattle closed steady; good stockers, 3 cars sold at \$3 to \$3.10. Hogs closed strong; Yorkers sold late at \$4.15 and grassers at \$3.70. Sheep and lambs—All of 60 cars were on sale to-day; closed dull and weak, with more than one-half not sold; there were 13 carloads of caradas in the offerings, of which 6 cars of good stock were sold at \$4 to \$4.05. Canadian shippers will do well to keep common and bucky lambs away from here for a time. There is practically no demand for them and some have been here all week, which cannot be sold at a price that would pay for their feed. Of the Canadian holdovers some are fairly good, and these were held at \$3.75 to \$3.90, without demand, while common are not quotable at all, and are held at \$3 to \$3.50. Nothing but prime stock wanted and not many of them this week.

Boar for Service!
THOROUGHBRED Berkshire Boar, registered pedigree hog, will be kept for service on lot 8, con. 18, Howick. Terms \$100, payable at time of service with privilege of returning if necessary.
October 8, 1895.
S. VOGAN & SON,
Proprietors

Wanted RELIABLE MEN to sell our IMPROVED FARM SEEDS! Paying side line. HIGHEST SALARY OR COMMISSION PAID WEEKLY. Outfit free. Can be carried in the pocket. Experience not necessary. Big pay assured workers. Write at once and secure exclusive and choice territory to

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

R-I-P-A-N-S
The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ills of humanity.

Wanted RELIABLE MEN to sell our IMPROVED FARM SEEDS! Paying side line. HIGHEST SALARY OR COMMISSION PAID WEEKLY. Outfit free. Can be carried in the pocket. Experience not necessary. Big pay assured workers. Write at once and secure exclusive and choice territory to

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

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 8 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 Puri-an Soap wrappers, send them to us and a 3 cent stamp for postage and we will mail you free a handsome picture for framing. A list of Pictures around each bar. Ammonia Soap has no equal—we recommend it. Write your name plainly on the outside of the wrapper and address W. A. BRADSHAW & Co., 48 & 50 Lombard St., Toronto, Ont. Sold by all general merchants and grocers. Give it a trial.

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

Sold at Mildmay and everywhere by druggists.

Estray Sheep!
CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 26, con. 6, Carrick, about August 20, four sheep. Ow. er is requested to prove property, pay expenses, and take same away.

JULIUS DAHMS.

Estray Steer!
CAME onto the premises of the undersigned, lot 20, con. 4, about Aug. 1st a red steer with white star on forehead, about a year and a half old. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses.

S. EMEL.

Farm for Sale!
THAT valuable piece of property situated on part of lot 14 and 15, con. 6, Carrick tp, containing 60 acres. On the premises are a good frame house and barn; good orchard and good bush; well watered and well fenced. Mile and quarter from Mildmay. For further particulars apply to

WM. McGAVIN,
Mildmay P. O.

IN THE SURROGATE COURT
OF THE
County of Bruce.

In the Estate of Henry Roeber, late of the township of Carrick, in the county of Bruce, yeoman, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. chap. 110, sec. 36, that all creditors and others having claims against the Estate of said Henry Roeber, who died on or about the 28th day of August 1895, at said township of Carrick, are duly required to deliver or send by post prepaid to the undersigned at Clifford P. O., Ont., said Henry Roeber, on or before the 1st day of November 1895, their christian and surnames, addresses, and descriptions and full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts duly verified, and the nature of the security (if any) held by them and that the said Executor will on and after the said 1st day of November 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 have no notice at the time of such distribution. Dated at Mildmay this 24th day of September, 1895.

GEORGE HURER, Executor
DAVID BRAUN, Executor
E. O. Swartz, Solicitor for Executors.

All-a-Samee
Cheroots 4 FOR 10¢
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.
Crema de la Crema 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
MILDMAY.
It will pay you to keep posted on the well assorted stock of FURNITURE and his full line of UNDERTAKING he continually has for sale.
REMEMBER
A. Murat Sells Cheap

PRINTING
Plain or Fancy
Of Every Description.

Bill Heads
Note Heads
Letter Heads
Envelopes
Receipts
Order Blanks

Posters
Dodgers
Pamphlets
Sale Bills
Financial Reports
School Reports

Business Cards
calling cards
concert Tickets
Invitations
Programs
Etc., etc.

Neat, Clean Work Pices Moderate

The Gazette
MILDMAY, ONT

CHURCHES

EVANGELICAL—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. School at 2 p.m. C. Lissner, Superintendent. Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Bais, 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. YEOMAN, 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 2:30 p.m. G. Curle, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. J. H. McBAIS, B. A., Pastor.

SOCIETIES

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

C. O.F.—Court Mildmay, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. G. H. LIESNER, C. R. A. CAMERON, Secy.

C. O.C.F., No. 165—meets in the Forester's Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month, at 8 p.m. E. N. BUTCHART, Coun. F. C. JASPER, Rec.

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

THE MILDMAZ GAZETTE,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EAST BRUCE AND EAST HURON.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

	One Year	Six Months	Three Months
One column.....	\$30	\$20	\$18
Half column.....	18	12	10
Quarter column.....	10	6	4
Eight column.....	10	6	4

Leg 1 notices, 50¢ per line for first and 40¢ per line for each subsequent insertion.
Local business notices 5¢ 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..... 7:00 a.m.	Mixed..... 10:55 a.m.
Mail..... 11:55 "	Mail..... 2:5 p.m.
Mixed..... 5:20 p.m.	Express..... 9:35 p.m.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

—A large amount of poultry is being brought into town during the past week and is being disposed of very rapidly.

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

—Miss B. Curle, who has been in Chicago for the past two years, returned to the parental roof Monday evening.

—Owing to some mistake in laying the sewer on Absalom street during the past summer, it had to be dug up and relaid this week.

—W. H. Schneider disposed of his fine residence to Charles Schurter last week. We understand he received a good round sum.

—During this week there has been a great revival in trade, all the stores in town having their fair share of the business that is going.

—During the coming week there will be a large number of turnips harvested, for we know not when the next snow storm is dated for.

—A. Brohmann is having his carriage shop refitted this week. He is converting the upstairs into three rooms viz.: trimming, varnishing and general store room.

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

—The United States have some queer laws. The other day some poor beggar stole 50 cents and got three years in Sing Sing. A few days afterwards another fellow stole \$50,000 and got three months. It seems that the bigger the amount the less time a fellow has to serve for stealing same.

—At the auction sale of land held at the Railway hotel on Friday last Samuel Graham procured the property, being the northeast 20 acres of lot 81, concession C, T of Carrick for the sum of \$905. This shows that farm property in Carrick is not depreciating in value when \$45 an acre can be secured.

—Walter and James Scott, who held an auction sale last week had a good crowd. The reason for this was that they got their bills printed at this office. Our bills are so attractive that they draw every person's attention, it makes no difference where they are placed. Every person who contemplates having a sale should procure his bills at this office. If weather is any ways favorable, a good crowd is assured. Come here with your list and take your bills home with you.

—Fresh bulk oysters on sale at J. N. Scheffer's.

—Get a barrel of apple at J. N. Scheffer's.

—Wanted—A canvasser to go out and solicit subscriptions to the Gazette.

—Wm. McGavin has an advertisement in this issue offering his farm for sale.

—Mrs. Morgan of Southampton is visiting here with her sister, Mrs. R. E. Clapp.

—W. H. Holtzmann concludes his letter on a trip through Michigan in this issue.

—Rev. Mr. Hastey of Drumore, will occupy the Presbyterian pulpit next Sabbath.

—J. H. Moore attended a meeting of the Presbyterian Presbytery in Harrison on Monday.

—Geo. Schweitzer is having his stable moved from one side of the lot to the other this week.

—Miss Rose Herringer returned from Chicago Monday evening. Rose is looking fine after her trip.

—Joseph Kunkel is the happy papa of a bouncing baby girl. Another \$500 added to your income Joe.

—Great sale of Harness, Blankets, Bells, etc. at old prices at L. A. Hinsperger's. Big discount for cash.

—J. N. Scheffer is getting in a car-load of apples this week. Call and secure a barrel before they are all sold.

—The Presbyterian Presbytery which met in Harrison on Monday, decided not to hold service in the church here Sunday evening.

—Philip Young of Carrick had \$1500 added to his income last Thursday when his wife presented him with twins, a boy and girl.

—J. D. Kinzie has the honor of being the first person drawing in logs to the saw mill on sleighs this fall bringing in two loads Monday morning.

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

—The number of burglaries that are reported daily is appalling. It is hardly safe to go to sleep without a six shooter in easy access to give the housebreakers a warm reception.

—John M. Fischer and Wm. Amacher have each had a new windmill erected on their barns, with which they intend to do their own chopping and feed cutting this winter. These instruments are great labor savers.

—Sunday and Monday the atmosphere resounded with the merry ring of sleigh bells. As soon as snow ceases to stay we predict a revival in trade, which every person is praying for, as business has been very dull during the past month.

—During the past week there has been quite a number of subscribers who have paid up their subscriptions, for which we are very thankful. We would be greatly obliged if a large number who are still in arrears would call in and pay up.

—H. Keelan is having a new drain put in his cellar. Owing to the sewer in front of his residence not being laid low enough last summer, when any heavy rain came on he was sure of having some three or four feet of water in his cellar. This was more than good nature could stand and the street sewer had to be attended to.

—If you intend having an auction sale this fall it will pay you to get your bills printed at this office. We never yet failed to draw a crowd with our attractive posters. See the auctioneer and secure your date and let us do your work. When we print the bills we give you a free notice in the paper, which alone is worth the price of the bills. We are noted for our promptness. Bring along your list and get your bills home with you.

—Sunday morning our citizens awoke to find the town draped in snow, which continued to fall all day and by Monday morning from 12 to 14 inches had fallen on the level. The sight of the beautiful brought to memory of some twenty-six years ago, the 19th of this month when the first snow fell and lasted until the next May, and many were wondering if history was going to repeat itself. If it does our people will have to go to work and dig their turnips and other roots out of the snow banks as there is going to be a shortage in feed this winter. But judging from the appearance at time of writing this snow will soon disappear under the smile of old Sol. and henceforth there will be no reason to complain.

—See A. J. Sarjeant & Co's change of advt.

—Annie Blackwell has returned from Hespler.

—About 50 barrels of apples for sale—Apply at this office.

—Messrs. Schmidt shipped two-carloads of stock this week.

—There is not as many sales this fall as was predicted earlier in the fall.

—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier is making a tour of Ontario Province this month.

—What is the matter with Mildmay having an amateur dramatic company.

—Philip Reddon and family were in Brussels last week attending a wedding.

—Mr. Henry Herrgott received his household effects this week and will take up his abode amongst us.

—There was such a large amount of freight up this branch of the G. T. R. to be brought down, that a special train was sent through Saturday.

—John Storer, who has been engaged with Mr. Glebe for the past nine months, and who left a few weeks ago, has secured a situation in Shelburne as engine driver.

—Fox hunting is becoming the rage with a number of our citizens. Daily one or two may be seen hiving themselves away to the swamps with their guns charged to themuzzle.

—The street wires for the electric light plant are being placed in position this week and will soon be connected with the dynamo, and Mildmay will soon emerge from darkness.

—We want five hundred dollars by the first of January, and to secure this amount, we have decided to give the GAZETTE from now until Dec. 31st, 1896, for the small sum of \$1 to new subscribers. Now is the time to subscribe.

—Notice—My Mildmay friends who are still owing me will kindly prepare to pay the same not later than the 15th of October. You can pay at the store of Messrs. A. J. Sarjeant & Co. I hope that my friends will now bear in mind that I shall require the money. A-MOVER.

—If we do not have a skating rink in town this winter, what is the matter with us having a toboggan slide. The hill in Mr. Weiler's field in rear of the woolen mill would be a first-class place for a schute, and when the pond becomes frozen over, a long ride will be the outcome.

—If you ask some men for an advertisement or a few locals, they will tell you they don't think it pays as people never read the paper. But if the same person does anything he would not like the public know he makes his way to the printing office and offers almost anything to not have it put in the paper.

—The great Corbett-Fitzsimon fight is declared off, they not being able to find a place wherein to bring off the mill. This is a good job, because there is no sense in a couple of men standing before each other for a few minutes trying to smash each others face in. They are now fighting it out through the columns of the sporting papers.

—Friday afternoon last Messrs. F. Hinsperger, M. Brown and Chas. Buhlman went out fox hunting. After scouring the swamp for a considerable time one fox was found and chase given Mike became so excited upon seeing the fox that he shot off his gun in the air and the fox ran between his legs, after which Mr. Brown gave chase, but failed in catching him, while Mr. Hinsperger, who was sitting on the fence, gave the dose that killed the fox. On Saturday our reporter had the pleasure of viewing the hide of said animal and it was a beauty.

—Regarding Animals Astray.—The law provides that a person taking up stray stock shall give notice that such animals are on their premises by publishing three times in a newspaper published within the section where the stray was found, and if the property is not called for within three weeks after the insertion of the notice the finder shall go to the justice of the peace and make oath to finding and advertising. If the property is not claimed within a year and should not exceed \$50 in value, it then belongs to the party on whose premises it strayed. If worth over \$50 it shall be advertised by the justice and sold and the excess of all expenses shall be paid over to the county treasurer. Any person taking up an stray and neglecting to cause the same to be advertised and appraised shall be liable to a fine of \$20.

—Mr. John Bowles, one of the oldest residents of Ingersoll, Ont., died suddenly on Wednesday night.

Cheap Groceries and Dry Goods!

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

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

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

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

MILDMAY * DRUG * STORE

DIAMOND AND TURKISH DYES

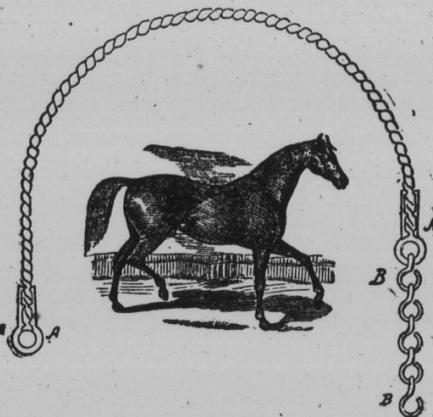
AT CUT PRICES

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

COMPLETE STOCK OF PURE DRUGS
AND
PATENT MEDICINES
Druggists' Sundries, Etc.
R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor

Berry's Patent Horse Controller!

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



Running away, Shying, Kicking, Etc.

By using the above Attachment the smallest child can control the most vicious horse with perfect ease.
Price, 25 cents.

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

Richard Berry, Patentee, Mildmay, Ont.

NEW * DRUG * STORE

Next Door West of J. D. Miller's

MILDMAY

HAVE YOU TRIED?

Our Own Baking Powder?

Second to none ???

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

Night calls promptly attended to.

J. A. WILSON, M. D.

HOUSEHOLD.

Clothes Cleaning.

Clothing will often present a somewhat shiny or soiled appearance before it is much worn; and long before the thrifty and careful housewife feels that she could discard certain garments she is conscious of their need of renovation.

A while ago a scientific magazine published a method of cleansing cloth clothing which is so simple that all can avail themselves of it. An old vest, coat or pair of trousers that needs to be cleaned should first be carefully and thoroughly brushed, then plunged into strong warm soapsuds, and soused up and down thoroughly and vigorously. If there are any especially soiled spots they should be rubbed with the hands. If once putting into the suds is insufficient the garment can be put through a second tub of suds. Then it is to be rinsed through several waters and hung up on the line to dry. When nearly dry take it down, roll it up, and leave it lying for an hour before pressing it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the garment before it is ironed and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles disappear. One must be careful to stop pressing before the steam ceases to rise, else the garment will present a shiny appearance, for while the steam rises it brings up the nap with it. If there are any obstinate wrinkles or shir 7 places, lay a wet cloth over them and press the hot iron over those especial spots until they are smooth or satisfactory.

When preparing to cleanse any garment an especial suds should be made for that purpose, as in any suds that has been previously used there might be particles of lint or soil left in the water. Broadcloth, cassimere and other cloth garments may be renovated thus, time and again, with satisfactory results. A combination of pure coffee and ammonia in proportions of one desertspoonful of the latter to a strained cupful of the former is an excellent renovator for shiny black goods. The ammonia is to be added to the coffee and the mixture allowed to stand overnight, and then applied with a sponge to the carefully dusted and brushed garment. After the material is thoroughly sponged it should be rubbed with a dry woollen cloth. Coffee is also an excellent cleanser of ribbons, and gives them the stiffness and freshness of new material.

Oxalic acid, it is claimed, will remove iron rust from all white goods; this is effected by applying the acid to the rust spots after they have been wet with pure water. A solution of chloride of lime will whiten cotton goods or underwear which through imperfect washing or lying unused, have become yellow. The chloride of lime is to be dissolved in hot water, then strained, and diluted until it is not very strong. The articles to be whitened should be allowed to lie in the diluted solution for a few hours. The same treatment will remove mildew.

How to Launder Embroidered Linens.

Make a suds of tepid water and white Castile or other delicately pure soap. If there are any especial soiled places, rub them carefully between the thumb and finger. Then dip the piece up and down in the suds a half dozen times squeeze (not ring) it from the suds, and rinse in cold water twice. In the second water have a very little bluing.

Use at least six thicknesses of flannel to iron, on and lay a soft piece of muslin over the linen. Place your piece with the right side down upon the pad; lay a thin piece of cloth over it and iron until perfectly smooth. For stiffening linens take two ounces of gumarabic and let them stand in one pint of hot water until dissolved. To a teaspoonful of tepid water add two teaspoonfuls of the liquid and wet the entire piece thoroughly; place a thin piece of cloth over it and iron as before.

Some Desserts.

Steamed Bread Pudding.—Scald one pint of milk, add one cup of stale bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter and one cup of sugar. Mix well and let it stand until cool. Beat three eggs light without separating, add to the pudding with one-half of a teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of cinnamon. Turn into a greased pudding mold and steam for one and one-half hours. Fruit may be added to the pudding if desired, either raisins and currants floured and peaches with the eggs, or canned cherries or apples well drained from their syrup before flouing.

Bread Meringue.—Beat the yolks of four eggs light, add gradually one cup of granulated sugar beating all the while, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix one pint of bread crumbs with one quart of milk, pour this on the eggs and sugar; mix well and bake in a moderate oven until stiff. When done, make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, heap on the pudding and brown in a quick oven. When using the cake crumbs use the yolks of two eggs and one half of a cup of granulated sugar.

Plum Pudding.—Soak two cups of stale bread crumbs in one quart of milk for one hour. Beat four eggs light without separating, add one-fourth of a cup of sugar, and mix with the crumbs and milk. Season with one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, a grating of nutmeg and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Add one tablespoonful of butter melted and one cup of raisins which have previously been simmered for half an hour in hot water. This is done that they may be sufficiently plump and soft. Mix well, turn into a greased pudding dish and bake one hour in a moderate oven.

Household Hints.

Always stir a cake one way.
Prick potatoes before baking.
Keep celery firm by setting in cold water till used.
Let raw potatoes lie in salted water an hour before frying.

If the cover is removed from soap dishes the soap will not get soft.

Tough fowls are rendered as tender as chickens by steaming them two hours or so.

For economy and evenness of heat, put only a little coal on the fire at a time.

Crockery that has been "soaked" with grease may be cleaned by slow boiling in weak lye.

Mold can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

Tansy is a preventive of moths, and if the leaves are sprinkled freely about woollens and furs, they will be safe. Benzine rubbed on the edges of carpets is a preventive of moths.

COLONIZING IN CANADA.

HOW TO ADJUST THE POPULATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

What a London Writer Says About the Resources of the Dominion With Reference to Poverty in England.

A correspondent sends this letter to the London (England) Times: One of the leading difficulties in the way of colonization is the fear of its reaction on our British agriculture. We all shrink from the spectacle of a ruined industry so closely associated with the national welfare. The time has come for a broader view of the whole situation. If some of us appear fanatics in our colonization zeal it is not that we are the less ardently British. We are simply Britons in the larger sense of the word, which includes and transcends the Londoner, the British Isles man, the Canadian, and the New Zealander—citizen not of this island, but of the empire.

Our position is this—Greater Britain for Great Britain. What is the proper relation of these British Isles, with their very limited area, to the practically limitless areas of the "regions beyond" owing allegiance to the British flag? We see in our colonies infinite possibilities and exhaustless resources, and we hold strongly to the conviction that all this magnificent prospective wealth is the heritage of every subject of the realm.

MATTER OF ADJUSTMENT.

The question of colonization, therefore, resolves itself into the Imperial one of adjustment of population to area. At present we see only in the crowding of forty millions of people on these British Isles a rumous waste of the most valuable thing in the world—labour. The indirect evils are chronic discontent, large families men in despair, capital lying idle, and Governments at their wits' end to satisfy the clamorous factions, and within a fortnight's journey by sea and rail there are hundreds of millions of acres of fertile land literally crying out for some one to come and tap their infinite resources.

CAPACITIES OF CANADA.

Take the Canadian Dominion in illustration. Do stay-at-home Britons ever realize that in its area of 3,400,000 square miles we have a part of the British Empire more than a million square miles larger than the whole of European Russia? And its capacities for support of population! Is it at all adequately realized that one part of it only, the great belt of the North-west, extending from the city of Winnipeg on the east to the foot of the hills of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about 920 miles, and from the 49th parallel of latitude north to the watershed of the North Saskatchewan, an average distance of 350 miles, embracing an area of 322,000 square miles, or 206,080,000 acres, is, as regards two-thirds of it, capable of producing the finest wheat in the world, while the other third is admirably adapted for stock raising and dairy farming? I have no wish to strike terror into the hearts of British farmers, but I would like to save them from illusions.

No Government that England will ever have can save them from the logical results of such competition, and no legislative enactments will prevent the ever-increasing supply of the produce from this vast storehouse from reaching our shores.

HOW TO FIND RELIEF.

Startling is the latest fact of British enterprise, a project for reducing by many hundreds of miles the distance between this immense produce district and the British market. The "Proposed Hudson Bay and Pacific Railway and Steamship Route" will place Winnipeg 570 miles nearer Liverpool than the present route, and, of course, proportionately reduce the cost of transit.

Here is cause for pause in the British farmers outcry for Government relief. It is simply crying for the moon. If, by an irreversible law, water will find its level, so will food. Our forty million mouths have to be fed, and there, within a fortnight's journey, is an exhaustless supply of food. The statesman who ventured to place any obstacle between the hungry millions and those teeming resources would deserve to be hung on a gallows as high as Haman's and would probably hang thereon.

This is plain speech, but it is only such speech as Lord Salisbury will sooner or later feel called upon to address to the British farmers and their landlords.

What, then, is the distraught home producer to do under the circumstances? I reply, go with your experience and enterprise, and be a co-worker with the Almighty in developing to the uttermost His magnificent provision for His great family's support.

Had a Good Reason.

Tailor—Why don't you pay this bill?
Customer—How much is your bill?
Tailor—Thirteen dollars.
Customer—Great Caesar, man, that's unlucky. I can't pay it.

Hardy Perennials.

There are lots of blooming flowers,
That the frost nips in the patch;
But we've other kinds of bloomers,
That the frost can never catch.

WAS A STRANGE CAREER.

STORY OF THE LIFE OF MARWOOD, THE ENGLISH HANGMAN.

He Was a Somnambulist—Served Twenty Years as the Taker of Human Lives—Hanged the Governor of the Prison by Mistake While Walking in His Sleep.

Marwood, the executioner of England, who died not long ago, enjoyed the reputation which none of his craft enjoyed before him. He had 20 years' experience at his death, and had even delved into the science to improve the method of vocation in which he more than prided himself he felt secure from rivalry, and the English people agreed with him.

In June, 1878, however, it became evident he could no longer claim the first place among hangmen. Early on the morning of the second of that month there pervaded in the vicinity of the London Jail, Marwood's headquarters, rumors of an appalling occurrence which had just been discovered within its walls. The rumors were quickly confirmed. The Governor of the jail had been hanged during the night on his own gallows. An officer of the prison making his rounds just before dawn, as he passed beneath the scaffold had run against the dangling corpse of his superior. The dawning day threw additional light on this horrible crime. Clearly no being had ever before been transferred to eternity with nicest skill. The knot, the noose, the posture of the victim, all showed a master hand. Marwood no longer stood alone.

The plan of the London jail is sufficiently peculiar. The original building had been long and narrow, but its boundaries were wide enough to allow room for a single wing, which was built later at one end of the front face of the prison. Of the addition, the first floor was occupied by the living apartments of the Governor, a bachelor, and of

THE HANGMAN MARWOOD

and his wife, while the second was taken up completely by one large room for the use of the prison officers. The gallows stood at an opposite corner of the old structure. Two pair of steps led to it—one immediately from the lower corridor of the jail, the other by a more public approach from the quarters of the Governor.

Only a few days of the investigation passed before all hope to trace the criminal disappeared. The closest enquiries were made by the sitting magistrate who had been sent to preside over their deliberations, but to no avail. The magistrates' meetings, which naturally took place in the large second-floor room, were about to be discontinued. The detectives were the first to despair.

One who stops to consider the character of the ordinary detective has already foreseen this. The vocation, as practised, demands a mind of no usual power. The detective learns to track crime as the machine learns to become a master of his tools, by experience. Here experience deserted them at the outset. A murder occurs. One must look for footprints for the possible whereabouts of the assassin before and after the deed. But one can only look for traces where a natural life flows, around the site in which men shudder, suspect not within the methodical domains of justice itself. One must drag struggling witnesses to the "ordel of examination.

In this case the investigators were baffled by testimony voluntarily given. Witnesses flocked to give their depositions. The prison guard, a body of men paid to carry out the decree of law, swore that the cells were left double-locked, as the coroner found them upon his arrival. Moreover, it was absurd to suspect a prisoner, a maniacal wretch in a cell, awaiting his death, to calmly execute his jailer on the gallows which gaped upon himself.

On June 16 it was announced that the investigating magistrates would hold their final session. The general belief that

A VERDICT OF DEATH

by an unknown hand would be rendered turned out well founded. The superior magistrate had assured a friend that such was the decision of himself and his professional brethren. The detectives, ill at ease, awaited their exoneration. Meanwhile, Marwood showed little interest in the continual excitement around him. If the hangman felt the blow upon his reputation, he showed no signs of it. All could see that he was naturally a grave man. What would one expect? He knew nothing, he did nothing but his professional duty; that he did that well with Marwood went without saying.

The hour for the verdict at last arrived, delayed by various circumstances until near midnight. Amid intense silence the presiding magistrate rose to make known the result of the investigation. Before he had begun to speak, however, a high voice interrupted him from a corner of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction. The examining counsel, a man of tall, slender figure, with a dark complexion and piercing eye, had risen to his feet, and was now about to speak. "Your Honor," he said, "I desire the permission of the magistrates to call two new witnesses before the investigation be closed." The permission was reluctantly given. The counsel whispered to the clerk, who rose and called out Joseph Jenkins. A short and stout workman of the lower class rose, left a seat at the side of the room, and came forward. The questioning then proceeded.

"Where do you live?"
"In the two garret rooms of No. — street."

"Are the gallows visible from either of your rooms?"
"The room in which I and my children sleep looks out upon the jail yard."

"Was your attention ever attracted to anything particular about the gallows scaffolding?"
"On the 10th of last month, on the night after a hanging, my boy Johnnie called to me from the sleeping room that he saw a

MAN ON THE GALLOWES.

I thought it was only his imagination after seeing the hanging so often, and whipped

him and told him not to look at any hanging again."

"Was that the only thing that occurred?"

"No. On the night of the murder, just after dark, I was reading the newspaper in the front room, when I heard Johnnie give a kind of scream from the sleeping room. I ran in, but he was sound asleep. I thought he must have called out in his sleep."

The clerk now called out "Johnnie Jenkins." A slight, sickly-looking boy rose up. The counsel turned towards him. "You have heard the testimony of your father. Was it in your sleep that you called out on the night of the murder?"

"No."

"What made you call out?"

"I saw a man on the gallows again, and I couldn't help yelling out. But then I remembered the whipping I got, and pretended to be asleep."

"How could you see the gallows at night?"

"There was a little moon both nights."

"Was the man you say you saw standing up?"

"Yes."

"Both nights?"

"Yes."

The counsel dismissed both witnesses, and turned to the presiding magistrate. "I now wish, your Honor, to recall a witness who has already testified." The three subordinate magistrates here interposed angry objections. The presiding magistrate, though himself showing signs of impatience, gave the desired permission. The counsel again whispered to the clerk, who called out

"ANNIE MARWOOD."

"The clerk will read," the counsel went on, "the last line of this witness' answer to my cross-examination."

The clerk read: "Has your husband ever been in the habit of walking in his sleep?"

Witness: "Yes."

The counsel dismissed the witness, and now, addressing the bench of magistrates, said: "Your Honors, pardon me, I have little more to say. We have in common been trying to fathom a crime almost incredible. I have been dreading vaguely from the beginning the possible rehearsal before us of that ghastly midnight scene—the ghastly light, the dim moon, the devilish murderer, calmly looking to the nicest arrangement of his weapon, that helpless old man changed in an instant to a awaying corpse, with distended eyes and distorted features."

The counsel approached the presiding magistrate and whispered in his ear; then returning to his former position in front of the great window, he asked that the lights in the room be put out for a few minutes. The Judge instantly waved his arm to an attendant, and the room was plunged in darkness. The counsel went on in a lower tone: "I said, your Honor, that I dreaded the recalling of that awful scene, but my duty now makes me bid you see it. Look, then." He pointed out of the window and left the room. The turning of all eyes in the direction indicated covered the action of the presiding magistrate, who followed the counsel from the room on the instant.

The gallows was now plainly visible before the magistrate bathed in the misty moonlight. Was it possible that that was Marwood standing on the scaffold. If he slept, his attention at least was one of expectation. Remaining immovable just to the left of the steps leading from the lower corridor, he seemed to

WAIT FOR A VICTIM.

And in his hand—was that a noose and death cap, or were they the creations of the wavering lights? He waits no longer; the well-known figure of the examining counsel comes up the prison stairs and passes him. The noose! The death cap! Did the counsel expect such strength, such quickness, in so much smaller a man. The counsel's cries are muffled and the noose binds his throat, another minute the strap will be sprung. But a vigorous form rushes on the gallows, Marwood is thrown down and the presiding magistrate has freed the counsel.

Five minutes later, the counsel, with pale face and disheveled clothes, again stands before the magistrate, this time confronting Marwood. "Your Honor," he said, "I have pointed out the murderer. Although the testimony of the prisoner's wife gave me my first clue. I do not now believe the murderer was asleep, either when he committed the crime or just now. As to the question of moral responsibility, there can be but one voice; the murderer is not morally guilty. But to me both the prisoner's attitude and the records of sleepwalking reject the latter theory in the case. The verdict lies with you."

In the decision which followed, the views of the young counsel were not supported. He was right, however. Marwood's training had made him a machine. He was accustomed to spend the night on the gallows and not as a sleep-walker, but with the noose and death cap in his hand, to wait for a victim. On the night of the 1st of June, 1878, the Governor happened in his rounds to step out from the prisoner's corridor to see as mechanically as a carpenter saw his board.

The Drunkard in Austria.

The Austrian Government has prepared a bill for the treatment of habitual drunkards. The measure provides for retreats for inebriates, and for voluntary as well as compulsory detention of drunkards. The latter class may be sent to the retreat of the respective district either by the order of a Magistrate or on the petition of the parents or children, or of the husband or wife or trustee, or of the chief of a lunatic asylum in which the drunkard may be detained. The detention of the inebriate must be preceded by inquiry before a court, which is bound to hear witnesses, including the drunkard himself, as well as the doctors, more especially experts on mental diseases. The term of detention will be generally for two years, but the inebriate may be released on leave after one year, subject to recommitment. After the two years' term he must be released, but if he should afterwards come under the provisions of the measure he may be sentenced again and again for fresh terms of two years, and eventually given over to a lunatic asylum or to a hospital. The spirit in which the enactment is framed is shown by the fact that the inebriate is throughout described as the "patient."

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Eulogizes a Departed Member.

As soon as the secretary had finished the roll Brother Gardner called for the report of the Committee on Astronomy, which should have been handed in two weeks ago. Asteroid Johnson, chairman of the committee, promptly stood up and read the report. There had been considerable discussion in the club as to what influence the sun had on the weather, and the committee had thoroughly investigated the matter. The sun, as the committee understood it, was manufactured and hung out for the purpose of encouraging photographers, andresses, hay-makers and house painters, and the idea that it has any visible effect upon weather 93,000,000 miles away was not to be seriously thought of. The late remarkable summer was rather to be laid to the supposed sliding of the North Pole a distance of over 3,000 miles south from its usual position.

AGRICULTURAL.

This being the meeting when the quarterly report on agriculture was due, Subsoil Davis, chairman, arose and reported as follows:

1.—More cucumbers will be harvested this fall than ever before in the history of America, and pickles are bound to be cheap next winter, no matter what the price of coal.

2.—Wheat is only two-thirds of a crop, but this will save a great deal of handling and wear and tear and give freight cars and grist-mills a rest.

3.—Ninety out of every 100 watermelons received in the northern markets this season have been green. The ten ripe ones have been reserved by the commission men. We submit whether it would not be a good idea for the public to learn to enjoy the taste of green melons? It would save time, money, waste and hard feelings, and prices would probably be cheaper.

4.—Considering the weather, scandals, earthquakes, cyclones and elopements, the crops in general average more than could have been looked for and we see no cause for lamentation.

THAT WILL DEPEND.

The secretary announced a communication from Montgomery, Ala., asking if the Lime Kiln Club would assist the next congress in conducting the affairs of the country. Brother Gardner read the letter over twice and then arose and replied: "Dat will depend altogether on de acknowledgment of congress towards dis organization. If we am invited to mix in an assist, we shall do so wid great cheerfulness; if we am not invited we shall go ahead an' run our sheer of American an' let congress fool around wid de balance."

FALL RATES.

Col. Contraband Smith, chairman of the committee on decorative art, announced a new scale of prices to be adopted for the fall and winter season, and after some debate they were accepted. The increase over summer rates is about ten per cent. Stove pipe will be blacked and put up at the rate of \$24 per mile with extra for elbows. Wood-sawing will remain at the same figures, whether the sawyer is asked to eat dinner with the family or not.

UNCLE JIM WHITESTONE.

Brother Gardner then arose and said it was his sorrowful duty to announce the death of Uncle Jim Whitestone, which took place only the previous day, and continued:

"You knew him to be old an' feeble an' sort o' waitin' to go, an' yet de news surprises you. A week ago he set head wid us, to-night he am layin' in his coffin. Sich am de unsartainties of life. I has knowed Uncle Jim since we was chill'en together in de faraway days. When he realized dat de summons was drawin' nigh he sent for me, an' I sot beside him when de angel took his speerit an' flew away."

"Uncle Jim was a poo' old black man, unlettered, unlearned, an' lookin' back only to 'yars of toil an' privation an' sorrow. He saw poverty, was an' misfortune in almost every month of his life, an' yet how did he die?"

"Dat was sunthin grand in that deathbed scene," continued Brother Gardner in a whisper. "Eighty 'yars of toil an' anxiety an' sufferin' was drawin' to a close. A life in which dar' had bin many clouds an' leetle sunshine was about to end."

"I see him as de sinkin' summer sun crept inter de winder an' turned his white 'bar to de color ob silver. He woke from his soft sleep, an' dar was sich happiness in his eyes an' sich glory in his face as I neber saw befo'. He listened like one who 'ars de far-off sounds of sweet music, an' de glory deepened as he reached out his hands to me and whispered:

"I kin see my ole 'wife an' de chill'en up dar! I kin see glory an' rest an' peace! I kin look across de dark valley an' see sich happiness as I neber dream of!"

"An' he passed away like a babe fallin' asleep, an' you who go up dar' to-morrow will fin' dat same glorious smile lighting up de face of de dead. He has suffered an' believed an' had faith an' gone to his reward. He had bin despised for his faith in de hereafter, an' scorn'd for his faith in sich a smile on his face an' wid sich happiness in his heart. Peace to his ashes! While we mourn for him we shall still rejoice dat he has gone to his reward. Let us break de meetin' in two an' go home."

His Grave Problem.

Shay, what's er time?
Can't you see that clock up there?
Yep; shee both—hic—of 'm; but is it a. m. or—hic—p. m.

Skipped.

Where is your French cook, Mrs. Tone-all?
She has taken French leave.

Ill-Timed.

Johnny, don't you remember your mother told you not to do that?
Johnny—I'm not remembering that today.

The reports of Lieut. Peary from his Arctic expedition, with a confession of failure and a story of severe privation and narrow escape from death, adds another to the long list of such attempts and disappointments. Taking them all in all, it may well be doubted if their results are worth the suffering they have cost. It is true that they have added something to the stock of geographical knowledge, but it is of little or no practical value, and if it had remained concealed in the icy fastnesses it would have been just as serviceable to the world. There is a certain gratification of curiosity in the tales told by these intrepid adventurers with regard to distant and mysterious regions, but the information is not such as can be said to represent an adequate compensation for the associated labors, perils and sacrifices. It is profitable to us to learn that the northern border of Greenland is covered with an ice cap thousands of feet in thickness; that traveling in that locality is extremely hazardous; that certain bodies of water up there have given dimensions, and that there is really nothing to be found in the prevailing desolation that anybody wants. This is all that there is to show for the cost of Arctic exploration, for the money spent and the lives lost, and it is unreasonable to claim that a conclusion thus squalid and useless is a justification in the case.

It is easy to say that these explorers of the unknown have displayed qualities of high courage and fortitude, and have been animated by motives of a sincere and creditable order. There is no blame to be attributed to them in the respect of many and consistent devotion to an ideal. They have borne all sorts of hardships and exposed themselves to all sorts of dangers in search of the rapture of discovery. Some have come back mutilated by the remorseless cruelty of the winter that they encountered; others have remained absorbed into the eternal silence, as victims of their own ambitious temerity. There is infinite pathos in the records of their journeyings and their sufferings, the stormy vicissitudes through which they passed.

The Dimple Cheeked Village Maid

may not retain her dimple and rosy cheeks "blooming with health," until she finds a good husband. A little neglect or accident may bring about some one of the many "female" diseases and "weakness," to which the sex is subject, and health may be forever impaired, and hopes and happiness be at an end. Thanks to Dr. Pierce, his Favorite Prescription, prepared by him for women, cures the worst cases of uterine diseases, nervousness, neuralgia, irregularities, and "weakness." It is a great invigorating tonic and nerve, and rapidly builds up the health and strength.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion. Once taken, always in favor.

We should not quarrel rashly with adversities not yet understood, nor overlook the mercies often bound up in them.—Sir T. Browne.

A Marvellous Statement by a Premier

of the Dominion—A Rheumatic Remedy Which is Curing the World. Mr. E. W. Sherman, proprietor of the Sherman House, Morrisburg, Ont., is known by thousands of Canadians, hence the following statement from Mr. Sherman will be read with great interest and pleasure: "I have been cured of rheumatism of ten years' standing in three days. One bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure performed this most remarkable cure. I had suffered from this disease, as I say, for ten years, and I did not ever expect to be entirely cured. The effects of the first dose of South American Rheumatic Cure were truly wonderful. I have only taken one bottle of the remedy, and now haven't any sign of rheumatism in my system. It did me more good than all the doctoring I ever did in my life."

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of the Church and State.—Bacon.

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Everyone of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—Froude.

Michael Adams, M.P. for Northumberland, N.B., is Another Who Has Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and Been Cured.

It does not seem to matter where one looks for good results from that wonderful medicine, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, they are to be found. Every one in his own province, and every member of the Commons knows Michael Adams, the popular member for Northumberland, N.B. When he says to the world, as he has done over his own signature, that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is productive of most satisfactory results for cold in the head and other catarrhal troubles, they know it means much. The medicine is one possessed of peculiar virtues and never fails to effect a cure.

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 in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness, 60 cents.

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

He Had No Faith in Any Advertised Medicine.

Attacked With a Bad Cold, His Trouble Went From Bad to Worse Until He Was Threatened With Locomotor Ataxia—Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

From the Yarmouth, N.S., Times. The remarkable cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been a matter of newspaper notoriety, and many of them—well described as miracles—have been in our own province, but we believe as far none have been published from Yarmouth. A Times representative enquired in a quarter where such matters would likely be known, and learned that there were several remarkable cases of restoration to health directly traceable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, right in our midst. Curious to ascertain the facts in relation thereto, our representative called on Mr. Charles E. Trask, who had been known to have experienced a long illness, and now was apparently in excellent health, his cure being attributed to Pink Pills. Mr. Trask, who has been an accountant in Yarmouth for many years, was in his office on John street when the reporter waited on him.



FOUND MR. TRASK IN HIS OFFICE.

"Yes," he said, "there can be no possible doubt of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case, and I will be pleased if the publication of the facts helps some other sufferer back to health. I caught cold, was careless and caught more cold. The first thing I knew I was seriously ill. I could not walk. All strength seemed to have left my legs and the weakness increased. From being obliged to remain in the house I became obliged to remain in bed, but still supposed it was a very bad cold. I became so helpless I could not move in bed without help. I had good attendance and the best of care and nursing, but as week succeeded week I seemed to grow worse instead of better, till I was worn to a mere shadow and began to care very little if I ever recovered. A hint that I was threatened with something called locomotor ataxia reminded a friend that my case seemed similar to some of those described in the Times, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this first drew attention to them as a possible aid to me. I admit that I was skeptical—very skeptical—there are so many medicines being advertised just now, and I was never much of a believer in them. Well, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were purchased and I took them, as I suppose I would have taken anything else, simply as the routine of a sick room. The first box seemed to show little effect, and by the time I had got through with the third box there could be no doubt my condition showed a marked improvement, and I was correspondingly encouraged. The pills were continued and I became rapidly better, so that I was able to sit up and go about the house, and occasionally go out if the weather was fine. Day by day I grew stronger, and to make a long story short, I feel I am to-day in as good health as ever I was in my life, and I can hardly realize I am the same man who suffered for six months, a helpless, dependent being, who never expected to be on his feet again. While I have no desire for publicity, I am quite willing these facts should be made known for the benefit of others, and am ready at any time to bear hearty testimony to the genuine worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They restored me to health when I never expected to be about again."

Mr. Trask certainly looks the picture of health, and remembering the long period when he had been laid up, our representative felt fully convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have well deserved all that was said of them elsewhere. When such cases can be pointed to in our own midst there can no longer be any doubt of the reliability of the many statements of wonderful cures effected throughout the country.

Be not misled by strange fantastic art, but in your dress let nature take so me part.—Garrick.

SAVED HER LIFE.

What One Bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart did for Mrs. J. L. Hillier, of Whitewood, N.W.T.

Only those who have so suffered know the distressing feelings that follow an affection of the heart. Let one who has been afflicted speak, and tell of the remedy which will cure. Says Mrs. J. L. Hillier, of Whitewood, N.W.T.: "For some time I was much afflicted with heart failure; in fact I could not sleep or lie down for fear of suffocation. I tried all the doctors in this section of country, but they failed to give me relief. A local druggist recommended a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart; I tried it, and with the result that I immediately secured ease that I did not know before, and after taking further doses of the medicine, the trouble altogether left me. The fact is knowing how serious was my condition, this remedy saved my life."

This month Sarah Bernhardt will be fifty-one years of age.

"I Have Had Rheumatism for years, and Nerviline is the only remedy that has done me any good." So writes Thomas McGlashan, North Pelham, and his testimony is supported by thousands of others who have experienced the wonderfully penetrating and pain subduing power of Nerviline—the great nerve-pain cure.

I never think he is quite ready for another world who is altogether weary of this.—H. A. Hamilton.

As an enemy of pleasure, health and comfort, dyspepsia has no equal. It vanishes when St. Leon water is liberally used.

SEVERE KIDNEY TROUBLE COMPLETELY CURED.

Two Bottles of South American Kidney Cure Did It.

The idea that disease of the kidneys cannot be cured is a mistake. True, many so-called kidney cures do not cure, but in that great discovery, South American Kidney Cure, there is found an unfailing remedy. This is what Mr. David Hogg, of Sunnymead, N.W.T., says: "I was greatly afflicted with severe kidney trouble, suffering the many annoyances and pain that follow this disease. There was hardly any remedy that I did not use, in hopes of securing relief, but it was not until I bought a bottle of South American Kidney Cure that relief came. The one bottle immediately relieved me, and two bottles produced a complete cure."

All science rests on a basis of faith, for it assumes the permanence and uniformity of natural laws.—Tryon Edwards.

Cold in the head. Nasabalm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails. A. P. 785.



Weak, Tired, Nervous

Women, who seem to be all worn out, will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. The following is from a well known nurse:

"I have suffered for years with female complaints and kidney troubles and I have had a great deal of medical advice during that time, but have received little or no benefit. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began to use it, together with Hood's Pills. I have realized more benefit from these medicines than from anything else I have ever taken. From my personal experience I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a most complete blood purifier." Mrs. C. CROMPTON, 71 Cumberland St., Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect, 25c.

FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris has simple cloth pieces for quilts. Send \$1 for trial lot, good value. 27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

SPORTING GOODS.—All kinds Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and Fishing Tackle. Agents for Blue Rock, Clay Pigeon, and Traps. T. COSTEN & CO., 1696 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

DOUGLAS BROS., Slate, Gravel and metal roofers, metallic ceilings, skylights sheet metal workers. 124 Adelaide W., Toronto.

BUSINESS CHANCES. If you want to buy or sell a stock or business of any description write me. I have had large experience in the wholesale. An selling business continues. Correspondence confidential. No charge to buyers. JOHN NEW, 21 Adelaide East, Toronto.

MILL SUPPLIES.—Tallow's English Card Clothing, pelting, Mill Machinery, Woollen, Cottons, Yarns, Waste, Saponified Wool Oils. Robt. S. Fraser, 3 St. Helen St., Montreal.

STAMMERING Permanently Cured by a strictly Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE, 45 Shuter St. Toronto.

Machinery of all Kinds, from Windmills, Fire Department Sump Pumps and Waterworks Plants down to Engine Packing of the best kind. J. E. NAUD, Manufacturers' Agent, 257 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

FOR SALE—NEAR GRIMSBY—FRUIT FARMS—BOLL, NEW and rich, thirty acres cleared; eighteen and rich, thirty acres cleared; very convenient and beautiful location; marketing facilities unsurpassed; no trash; worth forty-five hundred. If taken at once will take thirty-five hundred cash, or one thousand may remain on mortgage; a snap; move quick. L. Box 443, Winona, Ont.

FEDERAL Business College. COR. YONGE & GERRARD STS., TORONTO, ONT. CANADA'S Greatest Commercial School advantages best in the Dominion; students assisted to positions every week; moderate rates; everything first-class. Catalogues and specimens of penmanship free. SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

The Only Chemical Hand Fire Extinguisher now approved of by the Inspector of Government of Quebec and all fire department authorities. It is the simplest, the best and the cheapest and is now in use in most public buildings, factories, etc. Price \$24.00 per Dozen. THE CANADIAN FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO., 7-9 St. Peter St., Montreal.

WHAT A REMARKABLE CHANGE!

In your appearance, conversation and general bearing, if you have been lately drinking St. Leon regularly. Your stomach, may have been upset, your liver sluggish, or your kidneys failed to perform their duty. St. Leon makes every thing smooth and if you don't believe it just try it.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO., Ltd. Head Office—King St. W., Toronto. Tel. 1321.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

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

Sun Bicycle A Strictly High Grade Wheel at a MODERATE PRICE. G. T. FENDRICE, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

G. DUTHIE & SONS Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile & Gravel Roofers Sheet Metal Ceilings, Terra Cotta Tile, Red Black and Green Roofing Slate, Metal Gables, Pails, Tar, Roofing, Crutch, Etc. Gutters, Downpipes, &c., supplied the trade. Telephone 1938. Adelaide & Widmer Sts. TORONTO.

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

CHAMPION STUMP & STONE EXTRACTOR. There are more of these Machines in use than all other kinds combined. 14 years' trial has proved them the best. Send for prices and terms to S. S. KIMBALL, 577 Craig St., Montreal.

RHEUMATISM, Dyspepsia, Inflammation of the Lungs, and other disorders. Remedy: Polycaine Oil. NEW FRENCH DISCOVERY—Apparatus and Oil from \$10 to \$50. Oil can be kept for several years. See certificates of cures obtained—Published in the Montreal papers. EXPLANATORY PAMPHLET \$1. "ALEXANDRE," Specialist of Paris, 1694 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

MUSIC and Music Books of every description. All kinds of Musical Instruments. Manufacturers of Band Instruments, Drums, &c. Music Engravers, Printers and Publishers. The largest stock in Canada to choose from. Get our prices before purchasing elsewhere, and save money. Send for Catalogue, mentioning goods required. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Toronto.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

MCARTHUR, CORNEILLE & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF—White Lead, Colors, Glass, Varnishes, Oils, Chemicals and Dye Stuffs. MONTREAL.

BEST VARNISHES For Carriage Work Manufactured by McCaskill, Dougall & Co., Montreal. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Karl's Clover Root TEA FOR CONSTIPATION.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. (Limited)

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, OFFICE OF OFFICIAL ANALYST, Montreal, April 8th, 1888. "I hereby certify that I have drawn, by my own hand, ten samples of the ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO.'S EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from ten lots of about 150 barrels each. I have analysed same, and found them uniformly to contain: 99.99 TO 100 per cent of Pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever." (Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., Prof. of Chemistry and Pub. Analyst, Montreal.

No. 550 ONE OF OUR CHEAP DETACHABLE CARRIERS FOR SAWDUST, REFUSE, TAN BARK, ETC. OVER 50 SIZES AND STYLES OF CHAINS VARYING FROM 75 TO 20,000 LBS. WORKING STRAIN SPECIAL ATTACHMENT LINKS FOR ALL PURPOSES. STOCK OVER 20 TONS LARGE LINE OF WHEEL PATTERNS. PROMPT SHIPMENTS PULLEYS, GRIP PULLEYS, SHAFTING UP TO 26 FEET LONG. Get our Quotations on Mill Machinery WATERLOO, BRANTFORD, CANADA. Send for NEW CHAIN CATALOGUE (Just Out)

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure, we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. Remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$2 for every \$3 you work absolutely sure. Write at once. Address D. T. Morgan, Box A. 4, Windsor, Onto.

THIN PEOPLE LISTLESS SLEEPLESS SALLOW SKINNED frequently chew and smoke immense quantities of tobacco and wonder all the time why they look so bad, feel so mean. Try under an absolute guarantee of benefit and final cure, or money refunded, the taking of a single box of

NO-TO-BAC regulates tobacco using, builds up nervous system, makes pure, rich blood. Many report a gain of ten pounds in ten days. Go buy a box. Try it under your own

DRUGGIST'S GUARANTEE. Every druggist is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under absolute guarantee to cure every form of tobacco using. Our written guarantee, free sample of No-To-Bac and booklet called "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed for the asking. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., N.Y. 63

CASCARETS CANADIAN SHORT STORIES.

OLD MAN SAVARIN... AND OTHER STORIES, BY EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON Cloth \$1.00.

CONTENTS: Old Man Savarin—The Privilege of the Limbs—McGrath's Bad Night—Grand Godfrey's Lament—The Red-Headed Widgeo—The Shining Cross of Rigaud—Little Baptiste—The Ride by Night—Drafted—A Turkey Splice—Grandpa's Wolf Story—The Waterloo Veteran—John Bell—Yerbitsky's Stratagem.

PRESS OPINIONS. Montreal Gazette: "Mr. Thomson has studied with equal success the French settlers on the banks of the Ottawa or its tributaries, the transplanted Highlanders, the veterans who has carried across the ocean all the traditions of European battlefields, the Nor'wester who has become the ancestor of half-bred peopled and shanty man, the hunter and trapper, and even the stranger that is within our gates." Saturday Night: "I wonder what one could say about this book that would induce the intelligent reading public of Canada to greet it with the whirlwind of approval that its merits deserve. It is one of the few great books written by Canadians, and most of the stories are located in Canada." WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, 29-33 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

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at our GREAT BARGAINS.

A new line of Dress Serges just to hand and put on sale at 30c yd, worth 40c
 Another line, Heavy Serge at 20c worth 35c
 100 pair blankets at 95c a pair
 10 pcs Pink Flannellet at 5c, regular price 10c
 50 Doz Ladies' Vests at 19c, " 25c
 25 " Handkerchiefs at 1c each
 10 " Children's Tam-O-Shanties, all going at 25c
 Ladies Mantles from \$2.90 up to \$10
 Men's heavy all wool socks at 10c a pair
 " " Braces at 10c a pair
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MILLINERY

The latest and greatest irresistible Success. Such a grand array of attractions in Millinery as has never before been put on exhibition in this town. You may be sure of the latest styles. Our stock contains nothing else. You may count on the lowest prices. Competition can't touch us.

GROCERIES

Matches 5c a box
 Japan Tea 8 lbs for \$1.00
 Best Salmon 2 cans 25c
 Best Saradines 5c a box
 Fancy Biscuits—Jim-Jams, Peoples Mixed School Cakes, Sultanas at 12½c a lb

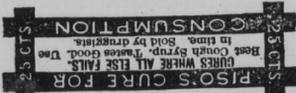
J. D. MILLER

OUR MOTTO : We always lead, we never follow

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

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

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



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

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

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



KO NO
 For sale at the Peoples' Drug Store Mildmay.

It is officially announced in Madrid that twelve thousand additional troops will start for Cuba next Tuesday.

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 Peoples' Drug Store, Mildmay, by J. A. Wilson.

Goderich will have a bicycle factory next year. A company is being formed with a capital of \$1,000,000. The contract for a building 80x36 has been let.

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

A foot ball team has been organized at the Port Elgin high school with the following officers: Hon. President Mr. Lillie; President, John Greaves; vice-president, George Reany; secretary, S. S. McMillan; treasurer, A. George; committee, James Gibson, C. Sumpton, J. Biggar, Ivan Ackley Lorne Smith.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

Of Interest to Bicycle Riders.

A well known bicycle rider has made a discovery that will be good news to all who locomote on the wheel. He says: "Since I first began to ride a wheel, which is several years ago, I have been subject to more or less chafing and irritation. Sometimes when heated the itching inside my legs would be so severe that I would feel compelled to forego riding for a time. Nothing that I tried did any material good until my attention was drawn to an advertisement of Dr. Chase's Ointment for all itching of the skin. I tried it and almost from the moment it touched the skin the itching stopped. I also find its occasional use prevents chafing. Further evidence of the efficacy of this preparation is given by Chas. Roe, foreman Central Press Agency, Toronto, who was troubled with Itching Skin of the most aggravated kind. When the skin became heated during sleep from too much clothing, would wake up with absolute pain from digging into the flesh with his nails. Chase's Ointment gave relief from the first application and permanently cured. Price 60c."

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

I find the people around here prefer Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to any other I have in stock. They are a wonderful Pill. Send 3 dozen at once, I am nearly out. P. S.—Send by post J. W. Ireland, Gotrock.

A Warning.—If, on blowing the in the morning, lumps and flakes are discharged, colored with blood, especially on one side, lose no time in applying a remedy. Catarrh of the very worst kind has become seated, the walls are sore and full of small ulcers, and if not soon cured will be hard to cure and eradicate. "A stitch in time saves nine." Use Chase's Catarrh Cure.

What is concealed in Philadelphia to be one of the most desirable building sites in the city has just been purchased by The Ladies' Home Journal. The property is located at Sixth and Walnut street, which means that it fronts on two of the most beautiful Squares in Philadelphia, the famous Independence Square on the east and Washington Square on the south. The land acquired includes five properties. On May 1st, next, the houses thereon will be torn down to make room for a building costing \$250,000, to be solely owned and exclusively occupied by the Journal. The building will require two years in its construction.

Scott's Sarsaparilla

I WAS SUBJECT to frequent attacks of nervousness that seemed to sap all my vitality and left me in a state of weakness and misery. I could not relish food and such a thing as a good night's rest was unknown. In

BUILDS UP
 capable of any exertion and with an ever present tired and despondent feeling life seemed hardly worth the living. Medicines that I took did not do any good; it was a case of gradually becoming weaker and weaker. Hearing of Scott's Sarsaparilla and its success

WEAK WOMEN
 with similar cases to mine, I used it, and from the first few doses began to get better, appetite returned, got natural and refreshing sleep. I grew stronger, in fact life seemed to be funned into activity.

LOTTIE GRAHAM,
 174 Crawford Street,
 TORONTO
 SCOTT'S SKIN SOAP BEGETS CLEAR SKIN
 For sale at the Peoples' Drug store by J. A. Wilson.

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 REPRESENTS:
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Give John A Call.

PETER HEPINSTALL, Fordwich. General Insurance Agency.

Call and get your Will made.
 Or call and get Dr. Wilford Hall's Hygienic pamphlet: "Harmless Triumph Over Disease Without Medicine," at half former cost.
 Or ANY INSURANCE, either on village or farm property.
 Or any writing you require.
 Or a loan on real estate at the lowest rates.
 CALL ANYTIME.
 P. HEPINSTALL.

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Real Estate & Loan AGENT, FORDWICH, ONT.

Money to Loan on Farm Security at the Lowest Rate of Interest.

Good Notes discounted.

Special Attention given to CONVEYANCING

B. S. COOK,

North of the Post Office, FORDWICH

The Mildmay Gazette

until January 1st 1897,

for

One Dollar.