

# The Mildmay Gazette

Vol. 7.

MILDMAY, ONT., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1898

No. 21

## Tried and Proven

To be the best preparation on the market for the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles, and for the purifying of the blood, is what hundreds are saying of

### Dr. Bains Buchu Compound.

It is a positive cure for all Kidney and Liver troubles and is unequalled as a blood purifier.

Why suffer when you can get a sure cure for your ails at three quarters of a cent per dose.

Dr. Bains' Buchu Compound is sold by your druggist at 25c per package.

Prepared only by H. E. EWALD, Whitby, Ont.

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

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

### OTTO E. KLEIN, Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

MONEY TO LOAN at lowest current rates. Accounts collected. Office: Over Merchants' Bank, WALKERTON, ONT.

### A. H. MACKLIN, M.B.

Graduate of the Toronto Medical College, and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Winner Silver Medal and Scholarship. Office in rear of the Peoples' Drug Store.

### R. E. CLAPP, M.D. Physician and Surgeon.

GRADUATE, Toronto University and member of College Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Residence, Absalom St., nearly opposite the Livery stable. Office in the Drug Store, next door to Carriek 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—Front rooms over Meyer's Store—Entrance from Main Street. Residence—Opposite Skating Rink. MILDMAY.

### DR. J. J. WISSER, DENTIST, WALKERTON.

HONOR Graduate Department of Dentistry, Toronto University; Graduate Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, will be at the Commercial Hotel, Mildmay, every Thursday. Prices moderate, and all work guaranteed Satisfactory.

### C. H. LOUNT, L.D.S., D.D.S. SURGEON DENTIST, WALKERTON.

Will continue to conduct the practice of the Art of Huggles & Lount, at the office always occupied by them in Walkerton.

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

GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY MEDICAL SOCIETY. REGISTERED Member of Ontario Medical and Veterinary Society. Calls promptly attended to night or day.

### James Johnston

Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Conveyancer. MONEY TO LOAN. On Mortgages on Farm Property From 5% up. Insurance Agent. Township Clerk's Office.

### MILDMAY, - ONT.

### The Best Place FOR

Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture, Window Shades and Curtain Poles is at

### A. Murat's

FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKINGSTORE MILDMAY.

Also a full line of Picture Frames, Express Wagons, Baby Carriages, Cradles and Child's Rockers all at bottom prices to suit the times.

Also one of the best selected stocks of Wall Paper, very cheap.

## Mildmay Market Report.

Carefully corrected every week for the GAZETTE:  
Fall wheat per bu.....1 00 standard  
Oats..... 32 to 32  
Peas..... 57 to 58  
Barley.....  
Potatoes..... 40 " 4  
Smoked meat per lb..... 8 to 1  
Eggs per doz..... 8 to 8  
Butter per lb..... 14 to 14  
Dressed pork..... \$5 50 to 6 00

## Glebe & Sealing's Market.

Wheat..... \$1 00 bus  
Peas..... 53 to 54  
Oats..... 29 to 03  
Flour, Manitoba..... \$3 25 per cwt.  
Family flour, No. 1..... \$2 86 "  
Family flour, No. 2..... \$1 60 "  
Low Grade..... 80c "  
Bran..... 60c "  
Shorts..... 70c "  
Screenings..... 65c "  
Chop Feed..... .90 1.10  
Cracked Wheat..... \$2 80 "  
Graham Flour..... \$2 80 "  
Ferina..... \$3 00 "

## Lakelet.

Mr. James Scott of Galt visited his brother here last week.

The Neustadt and Ayton cream waggons pass through two and three times a week.

Our store is about the only one in this part of the County that is paying 14c for butter. Mr. Dulmage must know how to dispose of it right.

Tom Bennet's Jack ox with the crowd that handled it took the prize in Fordwich to-day. The Jack with the painted hide is quite an entertainment at any time.

The farmers are busy washing sheep and planting potatoes. We see posters up announcing highest prices for wool at your factory. The highest price this year is not very high.

So the Wa-Hoo's left Mildmay. Ye Editor should get some of their complexion tablets. They say they are a great cure for dandruff in Editor's hair. It is a good thing some part of their medicine is giving satisfaction.

There was a great many from here in attendance at Fordwich to-day. All say they had a first class time, everything coming off as represented and all the events keenly contested. Well done Fordwich.

Business was quiet in the burg to-day (24th) Both blacksmith shop's were shut up, and we had a very quiet time. The little boy hauled out a few small fish, and that was all the work or excitement we had to commemorate the event.

A young man and two—well we will call them young women, passed through on Saturday, and they were lights. Of all the jib, slurs, sauce, bare faced boldness, and insulting shines we ever heard from passers by, they took the cake. They were enquiring the way for Mildmay, but we know they did not live there as they returned on Tuesday not the least civilized. Young men may not be severely criticized for a little language on the road, but when the opposite sex let themselves loose, we think it is rather disgraceful.

## Rawhided On The Street.

Clinton, Ont., May 21.—What promises to be a very serious matter, and probably a murder case, and which has caused a very great amount of excitement in this town, occurred here on Wednesday last between two well-known and highly connected residents of Goderich Township, about two miles from this town. A family feud, existing for some months, between Harry Oaks and John Baker, terminated in a serious assault case, when the son-in-law of John Baker, Isaac Jones, meeting Harry Oaks on the road, used a rail and assaulted and seriously injured Oaks, leaving him unconscious by the roadside until found by neighbors. He is at present dangerously ill. The brother, George Oaks, shortly afterwards followed Baker and Jones to town and publicly, before a large crowd of citizens of this place, proceeded to assault Jones, and purposed doing the same to Baker, but was unable to meet him until to-day, when, on the public street, with a rawhide, he assaulted Baker so badly that he is now under the doctor's care and is a horrible sight. A warrant is out for the arrest of Oaks. Nothing for many years has caused so great excitement, owing to both parties being so well known. A much more serious charge may be made against both parties. What makes the matter more singular is that Oaks and Baker are brothers-in-law.

## School Opening

Our stock of School Books for both . . . . .

## PUBLIC and SEPARATE SCHOOLS

is Complete.

We have also on hand full lines in School Bags, Scribblers, Inks, Stationery, Etc.,

While we have added the above lines, we do not neglect our stock of .DRUGS AND DRUGGIST SUPPLIES.

Large assortment of Combs, Brushes, Sponges, Etc. Give us a call.

## MILDMAY Drug and Book Store

R. E. CLAPP, Proprietor.

## Death of Mr. Gladstone.

William Ewart Gladstone died at Hawarden Castle, England, on Thursday morning last, May 19th, at five o'clock.

Amidst profound silence Sir Richard Cartwright, in the absence of the Premier, who was too ill to be present, addressed the House in tones of deep feeling upon the death of the greatest of all Liberals. He said: "It becomes my duty to call the attention of the House to a circumstance which, although expected for some considerable time, will, I doubt not, be received with profound sorrow, not merely by this House but by the country at large as well as by all nations and countries in which the English tongue is spoken. The House is aware that yesterday the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone closed a life after a very severe and painful illness. I need not say to this House that literally for generations the name of Gladstone has been a household word all through the British Empire. I need not tell this House that during an extremely long period Mr. Gladstone has occupied a position of the highest importance in the councils of the British Empire; and I believe I am correct in saying that since the death of the Duke of Wellington, the death of no Englishman has attracted equal attention to the death of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone was a great deal more than merely a parliamentary leader. It was only one of the many notable gifts that he possessed that he was perhaps the greatest parliamentary orator of this century. Besides a man of magnificent gifts he had been throughout his life, according to his lights and the best of his knowledge, the champion of all that he believed to be good and right and honorable throughout the world, and particularly the champion of the oppressed whenever he conceived oppression existed. I think we shall be obeying the feeling of the great majority, in fact the whole of the people of Canada, if we add our tribute to the tribute already being paid in the British House of Commons, by friend and foe, by political opponents, not less than by political supporters, to the memory of Mr. Gladstone. Sir, he died, as every one knows, full of years and honors, after a life protracted far beyond the ordinary span, to the end of which he continued in the full vigor of his faculties and continued, by reason of the remarkable personality he possessed, to exercise, I may say, a commanding influence over the mind of the English people. Perhaps under the circumstances I should best meet the wishes of the House if I were to suggest that we should most fittingly honor his memory by appointing a committee of the House to prepare an address of condolence on the loss which the empire and the world at large has sustained in the death of Mr. Gladstone. If it meets with the approval of my friends on the other side I will conclude my submitting that motion for the approbation of the House as follows: "That a committee, composed of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir R. Cartwright, Sir Louis Davies, Sir A. Caron, Mr. Costigan and Mr. Mullock, be appointed to prepare a resolution of condolence on the death of the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone and report the same with all convenient speed."

A Tribute from Sir Charles. Sir Charles Tupper: "I am quite certain that Sir Richard Cartwright has rightly interpreted the feeling of the House and the universal feeling of the people of Canada in proposing this resolution. The world recognizes the fact that probably the most conspicuous man of the present century has now passed away. Nature endowed Mr. Gladstone with the highest intellectual faculties, and these, with his indomitable energy and untiring industry, exercised throughout a long life, made him, as I said before, probably the most conspicuous person in the world in connection with all the great public movements that effect mankind in general. He was noted not only for his remarkable intellectual power but for his bright scholarship, so that he was perhaps above and beyond any other man

## County and District.

Since the beginning of the year, death has carried off three members of the Bruce Constabulary, namely Mr. Shoebottom of Lucknow, Mr. Shannon of Ripley, and Mr. Kennedy of Tara. The latter committed suicide one day last week by hanging himself to a beam of the barn.

A remarkable tale of human fecundity is told by the London Daily News. An Italian peasant woman named Granata married at 18, has borne sixty-two children. She began with a single daughter, followed by six boys at a birth, then by five more, and these by triplets twice and four at a birth. After this she limited herself, like ordinary women, to single babies and twins, but wound up with another batch of four.

Mr. Oliver Mowat, accountant of the branch of the Bank of Hamilton at Owen Sound committed suicide by shooting himself last Saturday. Mr. Mowat, who was forty-eight years of age, and unmarried, had been a resident of Owen Sound for a number of years and was highly esteemed. He had an apoplectic fit some time ago and had to take a holiday; on resuming work a short time ago another seizure occurred, and it is thought that despondency was the cause of his taking his life. His accounts were perfectly correct, and he was highly esteemed by the authorities of the bank.

Out of 10 would be soldiers who presented themselves for war service at Benton Harbor, Mich. only two passed, the others being incapacitated on account of too much bicycle riding. There is no doubt this exercise is overdone. We have heard teachers complain that girls have come into their forms so fatigued from bicycle riding that they were unable to attend properly to their studies. Their physical vigor having been exhausted, they languidly leaned on their desks. The bike is a wonderful invention but like every good thing it may be overdone and we think a great many who own these silent steeds are injudiciously over-exercising themselves, thus superinducing ill health. If this keeps on there will soon be an anti-bike crusade.

# THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

### CANADA.

Guelph's rate of taxation is 24 mills. The Stikine River is open for navigation.

The Northwest elections will be held next October.

Over 5,000 immigrants arrived at Winnipeg last month.

Western miners are asking for an increased duty on lead imports.

The Hamilton Gas Company has increased its discount to 30 per cent.

The London City Council fixed the rate of taxation for 1898 at 21.1-2 mills on the dollar.

A. T. Brydges, a Hamilton Klondiker, who left about a year ago, has returned, poorer by \$600.

Corporal McNair of the Northwest Mounted Police jubilee contingent committed suicide at Wardner.

Five Spaniards, cigar-makers, have arrived in Hamilton, Ont., from New York, and will live there.

It is rumored at Kingston that Mr. George H. Mertram, M.P., will purchase the locomotive works there.

The entire town of Northport, British Columbia, was wiped out by fire, but the Le Roi smelter was uninjured.

Andrew P. Scott, former cashier of the insolvent Farmers' Savings & Loan Company, has returned to Toronto.

The navigation season has opened at Montreal with a rush. The receipts of grain were the largest on record.

Hamilton citizens have given seventy plots of land for use as potato patches.

Hamilton temperance people are organizing on the assumption that the plebiscite will be taken in September.

Last month the C.P.R. sold 43,145 acres of land for \$140,275, or four times as much as was sold in April, 1897.

Hon. Sidney Fleher, Minister of Agriculture, will visit Great Britain this year and may attend the Paris Exposition.

The celebrated Le Roi mine has passed into the hands of a British syndicate. Three million dollars was the consideration.

The influx of Americans to Toronto to escape the inconvenience occasioned by the Spanish-American war, promises to be large.

The members of the Canadian Marine Association have given up all hopes of having the canals opened for Sunday this season.

Mrs. Patrick Canovan, on trial at Woodstock, N. B., on a charge of murdering her sister, Minnie Tucker, has been found not guilty.

A rumor is current at Stratford that all Grand Trunk employees over 50 years of age engaged in the shops are to be discharged.

H. M. S. warship Pelican, which arrived at Halifax on Saturday, is to be fitted out for the Newfoundland fishery protection service.

Clearances in the Winnipeg clearing house during April aggregated \$6,240,000, compared with \$4,162,000 for the corresponding month of 1897.

The Wabash Railway people intend putting a good service on the Southern Grand Trunk line between Detroit and Buffalo. There will be four trains daily each way.

Convict McGuire, of Cobourg serving a life sentence in Kingston penitentiary for attempted murder, has completed a large oil painting of Christ's ascension.

On Friday the steamer W. R. Lynn brought 232,000 bushels of corn to Owen Sound harbor. This is thought to be the largest cargo of corn ever floated in fresh water.

Cyrus Seymour, who has served three terms in penitentiary for horse stealing and bigamy, has been arrested at Kingston with a stolen horse and carriage in his possession.

Preparations are being made for the enlargement of the Provincial Parliamentary library at Toronto, to admit the books which have been purchased from Sir Oliver Mowat.

An extensive snowslide occurred on the line of the C. P. R., near Glacier House and broke through 200 feet of snowdrift. Luckily the evening train had passed. There will be no interruption of traffic.

Mr. C. Ross, president of the Ottawa Board of Trade has accepted an invitation to the meeting of the British Association in September next on the occasion of the Cabot memorial celebration at Bristol, Eng.

The Humane Society has awarded the parchment of the society to John Meyers, the coloured porter, who braved escaping steam and live coals to rescue Engineer Hutchinson and Fireman Clark from the G.T.R. wreck at Burlington.

### UNITED STATES.

The price of beer has been advanced at Chicago to \$5 a barrel.

John Yore, father-in-law of Michael Davitt, the Irish agitator is dead at St. Joseph, Mich.

The claim is made that the American roads are boycotting the Soo branch of the C.P.R.

Waterspouts and tornadoes have resulted in loss of life and great destruction of property in Arkansas.

John A. McKane, the former Coney Island political leader, was released from Sing Sing on Saturday.

Large quantities of Minneapolis flour are being sent to Montreal for export. Effect of the war.

The Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railroad has been sold under mortgage foreclosure, for \$2,500,000.

Maus Bros. and Wolf Bros., Cincinnati, shoe factories, each seven stories, were burned on Friday morning. Loss \$200,000.

At Jericho, in Cedar County, Mo., a torpedo killed thirteen persons outright and fatally injured five or six more.

A great Catholic demonstration is being held in New York in celebration of the silver jubilee of Archbishop Corrigan.

Fire at Chicago on Wednesday destroyed Armour's felt works, at a loss of \$250,000. The fire caused a panic among the employes. None were killed.

One hundred and thirty-five passes, giving permission for correspondents of newspapers to accompany the army, have been issued at Washington.

The Cramp Shipbuilding Company of Philadelphia have received an order from the Russian Government for the construction of two important vessels, one a battleship and the other a protected cruiser.

Mildred Brewster, on trial at Montpelier, Vt., for the murder of Anna Wheeler, of whom she was jealous, has been acquitted on the ground of insanity.

Edward Gruen, who is really Baron Unterrechter, has confessed to the immigration authorities at New York to having stolen 67,000 florins from his aunt.

Jacob Gramm, aged 50, of Morton street, New York, on Tuesday murdered two of his children, mortally wounded a third, and then inflicted fatal wounds on himself. The murdered children were five and one year old. The other one is seven years old.

Lewis Warner, president of the County National Bank, of Northampton, Mass., is wanted for the embezzlement of ten to fifty thousand dollars. The issuance of a warrant was the result of a meeting of the bank examiner and the directors of the institution.

The First National Bank of Carthage, N.Y., has closed its doors. The president of the bank, Mr. E. H. Myers, has absconded. An investigation of his accounts revealed the fact that he has been defrauding the bank for eight years. The amount of the defalcation is estimated at \$110,000.

A fire panic occurred in the California theatre, San Francisco, at which Madame Melba was performing, on Saturday night. The fire was in the next building, but the people, disregarding the statement of the management, started a rush for the street. Fortunately no one was severely injured. Madame Melba fainted on the stage.

The contractors engaged on corporation work for the city of New York have decided in self-defence to suspend operations owing to the decision of the comptroller that the city has largely exceeded its debt limit, and that no funds will be available for the completion of much work under contract. Forty thousand men are thus thrown out of work.

### GENERAL.

Bread riots continue at Piacenza, Italy.

Prince Koung, President of the Chinese Foreign Office, is dead at Peking.

Mr. and Mrs. Cain and the Misses Archer, Hatfield and Schenck American missionaries, were murdered in Sierra Leone.

Fourteen escaped prisoners from New Manamaoca, New Guinea, are reported to have attacked a neighboring village, killing and eating 18 men.

The Transvaal Government wants a loan, and it is said that neither Germany nor England will negotiate until more concessions have been granted.

### THUMBSCREWS.

A King's Experience With the Instrument of Torture.

William Carstairs, the Scotch divine who for fourteen years served William III. as confidential secretary and adviser-in-chief, has been implicated in the Rye-house Plot, a conspiracy to assassinate Charles II. and place Monmouth on the throne. He was put to the excruciating torture of the thumbscrews, which he endured heroically, without confessing or implicating others.

After Carstairs became the private adviser of William, he was presented with the instrument by which he had been tortured. The king, wishing to see the measure of fortitude necessary to endure the terrible torture without making a confession of some soft placed his thumbs in the machine and told Carstairs to turn the screw. He turned slowly and cautiously.

"It is unpleasant," said King William, "yet it might be endured. You are trifling with me; turn the screw so that I may really feel pain similar to that you felt." Carstairs turned the screw sharply. The king cried out and when released said that under such pain he would have confessed to anything, true or false.

### CORRECT.

That hospital, said the guide, was built and endowed by a deaf mute. Indeed, said the loquacious lunatic. Then it is the first authentic case of being dumb-founded that I ever encountered.

### WHAT IT IS FOR.

The European nations manifest an inclination to sit down on Turkey, said Spyles. It is the Ottoman Empire, you know, replied Spokes.

## Agricultural

### BEST TIME FOR CLOVER HAY.

There is no other hay that is as good for all kinds of stock, especially for growing animals and milch cows, as clover hay, provided the clover is cut at the right time and properly cured, writes C. P. Goodrich. And yet a great many farmers—I am not sure but I could truthfully say a majority—fail so completely in one or the other, or both of these particulars, that the result is, a great proportion of the clover hay in the country is of inferior quality, and we often hear men say: "I do not think much of clover hay; it is the poorest hay there is." According to my experience, the best time to cut clover is when it is in full bloom. As all of the blossoms do not come out at the same time, I would, if I were sure the weather would permit, and if I could cut it all in one day, wait till about one-fourth of the heads had turned brown. But in practice, because I cannot cut it all at once, and to guard against any of it becoming too far advanced, I usually, and always if the weather is good, commence cutting before any of the heads have turned. Clover is a plant of rapid growth, and matures very rapidly, so that, after it has passed the full-blossom stage, every day is working great damage to it by changing the soft and digestible stems into hard, woody and indigestible fiber. I find by consulting my record, that the time of commencing to cut clover for hay on my farm in southern Wisconsin for the last twenty years or more, has varied from the 7th to the 25th of June. Many let it stand longer before cutting because they get a greater weight of hay. But the increased quantity is at the sacrifice of quality which no farmer can afford. Beside this, the quantity will usually be fully made up by the increased amount of the second crop when the first one is cut early. Then there is another thing. If one wishes to get a crop of clover seed, in parts of the country where the midge is liable to do damage, the crop of seed will stand a chance of getting to a certain extent, ahead of the midge when the first crop is cut early. Another reason why many do not cut clover early is because they say it is so very difficult to cure. They have tried cutting it early, and could not get it dry enough without leaving it out a long time, at the risk of having it wet with rain, and as a consequence, hauled it into the barn or stack with so much moisture in it that it was heated and now-burned and nearly worthless. I had just such an experience forty years ago and believed then that clover was "poor stuff for hay." But I learned better than to do that way, and also learned better than to leave the clover—if I cut it green—spread out on the ground for two or three days, scratching it over with the tedder once or twice every day till the leaves and fine parts were nearly all knocked off and the stems were dry like sticks so they would not heat. For many years I have practiced cutting in the forenoon after the dew was off, or, what is fully as good, cutting it late in the afternoon, and, if the sun shines bright, let it wilt during the middle of the day, but not have it dry enough to have the leaves crumble off. Then rake and put up in small piles, narrow at the bottom. Clover put up in this wilted stage, will pack together, if the piles are topped out good, so that they will shed rain good, if rain should come. It is left in these piles two or three days, or longer, according to the weather. Before the hay is hauled to the barn it is usually necessary to open the piles and spread them out some so that the sun and air will take out some of the moisture, but do not think to get it perfectly dry. It may seem quite damp and soggy after this, when it is drawn to the barn, but it has had a time of heating and sweating in the piles and will not heat again in the barn, but will come out in the winter the finest of hay. Some object to this way of making clover hay because it takes more work than it does to let it lie spread out on the ground until it is thoroughly dry before raking. It may be a little more work, but that is compensated for many times over by the great improvement in quality.

### HOW TO SET FRUIT TREES.

When any kind of a plant has its roots exposed, it is sure to suffer loss of vitality by evaporation. These should be kept covered with damp straw or cloth, and if to be kept several days before setting, placed in a cool place, writes one who knows. Trees sometimes arrive in a shriveled condition, caused by delay in shipment or transportation. These should be immediately placed horizontally in a trench and covered with puddled earth and allowed to remain for several days. If the branches are still shriveled, they are worthless. They should be plump when removed.

Remove all bruised and injured roots with a sharp knife or pruning shears. Also cut off all fibrous rootlets, as new growth starts from the large roots. Cut back the top quite severely, the peach to a whip and the pear and apple to three or four short branches equally distributed around the

trunk and not more than three feet from the ground. The branches should not exceed the roots in length and quantity. Dig a hole large enough to admit the roots in a natural position.

In the center of the hole place a small amount of earth. On this set the tree and gently press it into the earth. This insures sufficient soil among the roots to prevent any open space. It is these open spaces which often cause the death of the tree. Pack the soil above the roots as fast as it is filled in, leaving the upper three inches loose to act as a mulch to preserve moisture.

It is best to set the trees a little deeper than they stood in the nursery. This place may be known by the difference in color of the bark. It is customary to set a tree as near vertical as possible, but I have learned that it should be set so as to lean slightly toward the direction of the prevailing winds, then, as the tree grows, it gradually straightens and at maturity is able to maintain that position. A tree should never be mulched the first year, as it will cause the roots to grow near the surface. There is nothing better than frequent and shallow cultivation to conserve moisture and promote growth. It is better to grow some cultivated crop among the trees than to allow the ground to become occupied by weeds and grass, but all seeds should not be planted closer than four feet to the tree. Careful attention should be given the new growth, cutting back any branches which are growing out of proportion to the others, keeping the top as nearly balanced as possible. Rub off all shoots on the trunk which are not needed for main branches.

### CONTROLLING ROT OF PLUM AND CHERRY.

There is great complaint each year about cherries and plums rotting on the tree. There is no doubt good cause for the complaint, as sometimes nearly all the crop is spoiled by it, writes Prof. Platt. Few people seem to know how to save them. I have had great loss with cherries rotting, yet I do not fear the rot nearly so much as I do the black aphid that I have found unmanageable and the cause of the death of more cherry trees than all other causes put together. My treatment for cherries is to spray with sulphate of copper 1 lb to 25 gals of water once just before the buds open and once with bordeaux when the cherries are one-third or one-half grown, then pick the cherries a day or two before they are fully ripe. If the weather is not persistently bad this will be successful, at least it has been with me for several years.

As to plums, I have never sprayed the Japanese varieties except in a small way as a test, but have depended on picking off the decaying fruit by hand. They might be sprayed with bordeaux or sulphate of copper mixture while dormant, which would kill spores of rot then existing on the bark, but I have found the foliage of the Japanese varieties uniformly too sensitive to admit of spraying with bordeaux while in leaf. The European varieties, however, seem to like the bordeaux. They should be sprayed at least twice with it, the first time when the new growth is three to five inches long and the second when the fruit is half grown. Applied at this time it will not show when fruit is ripe.

### ORIGIN OF LONDON BRIDGE.

Its Buildings Traced to the Handiwork of Roman Engineers.

When was the bridge built? It is impossible to say. It was not there A. D. 61, when Queen Boadicea's troops sacked the city, and murdered the people. It was there when Allectus led his troops out to fight the Roman legions. It was there very early in the Roman occupation, as is proved by the quantities of Roman coins of the four centuries of their tenure found in the bed of the river on the side of the old bridge. It is also proved by the fact that Southwark was a settlement of the wealthier class, who could not have lived in a place absolutely without supplies, had there been no bridge. We may take any time we please for the construction of the bridge, so long as it is quite early—say, before the second century.

The Britons themselves were quite unable to construct a bridge of any kind unless in the primitive methods observed at Post Bridge and Two Bridges, on Dartmoor, by a slab of stone laid across two boulders. The work, therefore, was certainly undertaken by Roman engineers. We have, in the next place, to inquire what kind of bridge was built at that time by the Romans. They built bridges of wood and stone; many of these stone bridges still remain, in other cases the pieces of hewn stone still remain. The bridge over the Thames, however, was of wood. This is proved by the fact that had it been of the solid Roman construction in stone, the piers would be still remaining; also by the fact that London had to be contented with a wooden bridge till the year 1176, when the first bridge of stone was commenced. Considerations as to the comparative insignificance of London in the first century, as to the absence of stone in the neighborhood, and as to the plentiful supply of the best wood in the world from the forests north of the city, confirm the theory that the bridge was built of wood. We have only, therefore, to learn how Roman engineers built bridges of wood elsewhere in order to know how they built a bridge of wood over the Thames.

## ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

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

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

In Berlin the firemen wear water jackets, with a double skin, which they are able to fill with water from the hose.

The income tax of India is levied on all incomes of £33 and upwards, and then only one man in 700 comes within its scope.

There have been 71,000 deaths from plague in India so far, according to a recent report by the Secretary for India to Parliament.

Jealousy of the first husband of the widow he had married drove a Frenchman to kill his wife and then himself recently in Paris.

A 130 pound conger eel has been caught in Loch Long, Scotland. It measured 6 feet 10 1-2 inches in length and 2 feet 7 inches in girth.

Russia's estimated population is 106,800,000; the combined population of Germany and Austria is 98,400,000, and that of the United States is 72,300,000.

There are annually killed in Africa a minimum of 65,000 elephants, yielding the production of a quantity of raw ivory the selling price of which is \$2850,000.

There are in Galicia 600,000 children who cannot get any schooling. As many as 1,173 new school-houses are called for, the cost of which is estimated at \$4,622,000 florins.

An eighty-year-old elephant, whose life has hitherto been devoted to crushing the life out of condemned criminals in India, has been acquired by a Hamburg dealer for a Berlin menagerie.

A French author, M. de Mesguil, has written a book on Madagascar, in which he claims that that island was colonized by Greeks, and that Homer was no one else than Ulysses himself, a great traveller.

The Swiss Government is making efforts to protect useful birds, but nothing can be done without Italian co-operation, and the Italians, even in Switzerland, continue to slaughter birds in the most ruthless manner.

The town of Dornstettin, in Wurttemberg, has its funds so well invested that the inhabitants instead of paying taxes receive a bonus of \$25 each annually, besides free firewood and free use of land for raising vegetables.

Lord Bats has tried to encourage marriage at Cardiff, Wales, by offering a dowry once a year to a deserving girl. The Mayor of the town reports, however, that during a whole year he has received not a single application.

Liverpool's Chamber of Commerce is considering the plan of bridging the Mersey by a suspension bridge 150 feet above high water, with a central span 2,000 feet long, and two side spans each of 1,000 feet. The estimated cost is \$12,500,000.

Karl Marx's daughter Eleanor, has completed a consistent Socialistic career by ending her own life with prussic acid. She lived with the Socialist Dr. Aveling and bore his name, but at the inquest he asserted that they had never gone through the form of marriage.

British trade ethics are about to apply to the Klondike. Liverpool has sent out on the steamer Manuensis, bound for St. Michael, the largest cargo of liquor ever shipped. It includes 14,000 cases and 1,000 barrels of spirits, chiefly whiskey, and 3,000 barrels of beer.

Though only sixteen murders of children have been traced certainly to the murderer Vacher, and eighteen more were probably his work, it seems that in the three years after his release from a madhouse there were no less than ninety-eight murders and attempts to murder and outrage in France, where the police were unable to find any clue to the perpetrators.

At rehearsal Sir Henry Irving will sit upon the stage among his players, watching every movement and listening to every word, and constantly stopping any one—Miss Terry as readily as the messenger—who does not do exactly right. Mr. Irving rises, explains the fault, and gives the proper form, and that part of the scene is immediately repeated. As he is very exact as to every detail, and requires its elaboration to a nicety, you can readily imagine that the scene does not quickly reach perfection. But his patience holds out against every test it receives. Over and over again the line is recited, or the bit of action done, until all is perfect. At the Lyceum one sees the perfection of stage discipline, and in Mr. Irving the perfection of stage patience.

### SPAIN'S STATE RELIGION.

The state religion of Spain is the Roman Catholic, which is maintained by the Government. The constitution permits non-Catholics to worship as they please, but they must do so privately and without making any public announcement of their religious services.

### SHE SHOULD BE SATISFIED.

Indignant Woman—This dog I bought of you came near eating my little girl the other day. Dealer—Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you.

## DARING ROYAL EXPLORER.

### PRINCE LUIGI HOPES TO FIND THE NORTH POLE.

The King of Italy's Nephew Has an Original Plan for Invading the Arctic Regions—He Ascended Mount St. Elias Last Year.

Prince Luigi, of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi, is certainly a born explorer. Otherwise, how account for the fact that this man, who is a nephew of the King of Italy, should at present be bent on making a trip to the North Pole. Moreover, this is not the first proof which he has given of his love of adventure. As our readers know, he ascended Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, last year, thus accomplishing a feat which had baffled several older and more experienced men.

The Prince's great aim now is to approach nearer the pole than Nansen did, and in the depths of his heart there is a wild hope that he may have the good fortune to plant the Italian flag in the very centre of the pole. He is especially spurred to action just now, because he knows that Captain Sverdrup is also bent on a Polar expedition, and the idea of playing second fiddle to any one, even to the redoubtable Sverdrup, is abhorrent to him.

#### HELPED BY THE KING.

King Humbert, though he hesitated at first, has at last given his sanction to his nephew's plan, and has even shown his practical interest in it by promising to contribute 500,000 lire towards the expenses of the expedition.

The Prince does not propose to follow in Nansen's footsteps. His plan is to go by sea as far as Francis-Joseph's Land and to complete his journey by means of sledges and Eskimo canoes, known as kayaks. Apparently he is the first to conceive the idea of arriving at the North Pole in this manner, but the arguments which he brings forward in favor of his plan show that he is not acting rashly or without due forethought.

He claims that the main reason why his ascent of Mount St. Elias—a feat which was vainly attempted by a party of tourists a few days before he accomplished it—was such a pronounced success, was because he had with him a large and thoroughly organized caravan, the members of which were trained mountain climbers. Now he reasons that, if he and such men could ascend Mount St. Elias, there is no reason why they should not succeed in reaching the pole.

His plan then is to take with him about twenty of the most skilled Italian mountaineers, as well as several Esquimaux and teams of dogs. When the party approaches dangerous ground scouts will be sent ahead to reconnoitre, and thenceforth the journey will be made by means of relays. In other words, the party will form it to a sort of human ladder, the duty of the foremost being to take possession of a certain point.

Prince Luigi maintains that in this way, not only is the risk of physical danger reduced to a minimum, but the chance of reaching the pole also becomes much greater. General Baldinera recommended that the same tactics be employed during the recent Italian campaign, but unfortunately his recommendation came too late.

The expedition will certainly not fall for lack of funds. "Not only will I have my uncle's 500,000 lire," said Prince Luigi to a friend the other day, "but I will also have ample funds of my own. My intention is to devote my entire income of 150,000 lire to this object during the three years that the journey will last, and if that is not enough I am ready to encroach upon my capital."

The Prince is only twenty-five years old, and he looks even younger. One who did not know him would say that he has not the robustness or physical strength which is necessary for the successful completion of such a hazardous enterprise. He is of slight build, medium height, and, so far as outward appearances go, is not to be compared to such hardy explorers as Nordenskiöld, Nansen or Sverdrup against whom he has fearlessly entered in competition. On the other hand, he has an immense fund of energy and will power, as his successful ascent of Mount St. Elias amply proves.

#### A TRUE SAVANT.

His brother, the Count of Turin, aptly described him some time ago. Speaking of the members of the family, he said: "My oldest brother, the Duke of Aosta, is the handsome one of the family; my youngest brother, the Duke of Abruzzi, is the savant, and I am simply a good fellow."

A savant Prince Luigi indeed is, but by no means one of the ordinary type. "A fin de siècle savant" he is," says a French journal, "and there is nothing in common between him and the legendary scientist."

Every one of the Quirinal is much interested in the forthcoming expedition, and the Italian people in general are proud to think that a member of the royal family has the courage to undertake such a perilous work and the scientific knowledge without which no one could hardly be looked for. On the other hand, the immediate members of Prince Luigi's family, with the possible exception of King Humbert, are rather frightened at the thought of what the young man is about to undertake and they would not be sorry if some unexpected obstacle were to prevent him from carrying out his intention.

ALL PREPARATIONS MADE. That any such obstacle, however,

## Better Health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Produced a Change.

Lungs, Heart and Kidneys were Affected—All Run Down.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." Mrs. Sumner, 217 Ossington Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** is Canada's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Get only Hood's.

**Hood's Pills** act easily, promptly and effectively: 25 cents.

will arise is extremely improbable. Prince Luigi has made all preparations for starting, and those who know his resolute character are satisfied that he will start. The exact date of his departure from Italy has not yet been fixed, but all the indications are that he will begin his journey within a few weeks.

The Prince will be the actual and not merely the nominal leader of this expedition, as he was of the Mount St. Elias expedition. His lieutenant, too, on this occasion will be M. Capri, who is a son of General Capri and a distinguished officer of marines. M. Capri has for some time acted as aide de camp to Prince Luigi, and on all his foreign expeditions he has been his most trusted friend and companion.

He Explains.—Isaac—But, if you think der property will double der value in two years vot for der you wish to sell it Cohenstein—Well, I vos always a kind of a anyt-monopolist, undt I don't want to grab everyting.

**"TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY.** Take Laxative Brown Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 2c.

Pat was suffering dreadfully from seasickness, and there was no prospect of relief, for the vessel pitched and rolled without cessation. By t'nder, he cried in his agony. Won't somebody second this motion and let it be passed without debate.

#### MAN IN DISTRESS.

A whole family suffering. A dull aching of nerve or muscle, or the acuter pangs of neuralgia, toothache, or lumbago makes life a misery. But Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—will relieve all these. Nerviline is powerful, penetrating, and effectual.

Just a Suggestion.—Do you believe in the saying that "Man proposes and God disposes?" she asked. Of course, he replied. Then I should think you would do your share, she suggested. Shortly thereafter everything was arranged satisfactorily.

**Quickcure heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, etc.**

#### RACE PREJUDICE.

Hewitt—How did you queer yourself with that French girl? Jewett—I asked her to dance the "german" with me.

**Hartford & Vim Tires**  
Head Office—9 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

#### A POSSIBILITY.

He never told the truth in his life, did he? Well, he talks a great deal, and he may have hit it accidentally.

Modified Mourning.—I notice that old man Grinnicks has quit mourning for his late wife. Indeed he hasn't. He has taken the crape off his hat, but he has dyed his beard and hair black.

EVERY POUND OF  
**LUDELLA Ceylon Tea....**

Try it. Contains Sixteen Ounces of Satisfaction. 25, 40, 50 and 60c. Lead packages.

#### IRONICAL IPS.

If manners make the man that explains some men's undone condition.

If a man is ruled by his feelings he is apt to travel in a zigzag course.

If riches didn't have wings there would be fewer flyers in the stock market.

If a man could only see himself as others see him he wouldn't say a word about it.

If a man thinks life isn't worth living he can very easily find a way to give it up.

If the saloons were open on election day it might be possible to poll a full vote.

If Eve hadn't been forbidden to eat that apple the chances are it wouldn't have happened.

**THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER**

## FUNNIGRAMS.

Many a young man who has entered on a career has been glad soon afterwards to get a steady job.

The Retort Surprising.—Teacher, showing off his pupils—Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided. Johnny vivaciously—By earthquakes, sir.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives; but if it could be convinced that such knowledge was none of its business, it would try mighty hard to find out.

Host, to student—Look here, sir; if you pinch that cat's tail again whenever some one orders rabbit pie, I'll have you thrown out of the restaurant! The Last Creation.—She—You shouldn't blame a girl for being thoughtless. He—Why not? She—Because even the first woman was an afterthought.

Miss Blackleigh, looking at her photograph—I should like to know what Daisey say about my picture. Miss Daisey—No, dear, I don't think you would.

The Accepted Time.—Pa, can I go to the circus? No, my son; if you're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus. Then I'd better go while I'm had enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?

Always Going.—Mrs. Prim—John, you used to say before we were married that you could die listening to the sound of my voice. Mr. Prim—Well, it begins to look as if I'll have to do it unless you go first.

Gets Off Easy.—James you ought to be ashamed of your language. Well, you would grumble, too, if you had the coal bills to pay. Nonsense; suppose you were a war-ship and had to lay in 8,000 tons.

#### \$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution, and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### SHE SET A DAY.

He—Ah, Miss Sharply, may I have the pleasure of calling on you? She—Yes, Mr. Softly, I am at home the second Tuesday of every week.

**Quickcure cures Tooth Ache. Stops all Pain.**

#### HER WAY.

Cholly—She—aw-laughed at me. Molly—Oh, well, she's always laughing at nothing.

**WIND MILLS**—Steel, Galvanized, Roller and Ball Bearings, Iron Pumps, Sprayers, and Grain Grinders. Genl. Ship'g & Mfr. Co., Limited, Brantford, Canada.

**FARMS AND ESTATES** bought, sold & leased. H. M. SIMPSON, Real Estate and Financial Agent, Montreal, Que.

**LAW**—Mills, Mills & Hales, Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldg., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

**YOUNG LADIES** Working evenings for us. Pleasant employment. Send 15c. for samples. Independent Lotion Co., Toronto, Ont.

**SHIP YOUR PRODUCE.** Butter, Eggs, Apples, Fruit, &c., to THE SAWSH COMMISSION CO., Limited, Cor. of West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

**AGENTS WANTED THROUGHOUT** Canada. Quick selling lines. Sample terms and catalogue 5c. stamps. MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY ASSOCIATION, 20 Alexis St., Montreal.

**WOOD'S PHOTO ENGRAVING** J. J. JONES & CO. 65 & 67 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

**Fence, Fence**—We can cut your 1896 Fence we have the best and most practical fence on earth. Four miles of it in use at the Experimental Farm, Guelph, Ont. Send for prices. Address: Toronto, Picket Wire Fence Co., 821 River St. Toronto, Ont.

**EVERY POUND OF LUDELLA Ceylon Tea....**

Try it. Contains Sixteen Ounces of Satisfaction. 25, 40, 50 and 60c. Lead packages.

**IRONICAL IPS.**

If manners make the man that explains some men's undone condition.

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If the saloons were open on election day it might be possible to poll a full vote.

If Eve hadn't been forbidden to eat that apple the chances are it wouldn't have happened.

**THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER**

**SEEDS** 12 VARIETIES FOR 25 Cts.

This is a BONA FIDE offer made to introduce our Vegetable and Flower Seeds to new customers and which we guarantee to please you or the amount paid refunded and the Seeds given as a present. At these prices we can only offer the varieties named below. Order by number. Buy what you want. They are sent by mail post paid. Select from the following list:—

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1. Beet, Egyptian, flat round  
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3. Cabbage, Flathead  
4. Cabbage, Fottler's Brunswick  
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6. Carrot, Gleaner's  
7. Cucumber, Chicago Pickling  
8. Cucumber, Long Green  
9. Cucumber, Golden Self-Blanching  
10. Herb, Sage  
11. Herb, Savory  
12. Herb, Marjoram  
13. Lettuce, Nonpareil (Cabbage)  
14. Lettuce, Denver Market (Heard)  
15. Musk Melon, extra early, 2 weeks

**FLOWERS.**  
16. Water Melon, Early Canada  
17. Onion, large red Wetherfield  
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20. Radish, French Breakfast  
21. Radish, Eroy Gem  
22. Spinach, Hubbard  
23. Tomato, extra early Atlantic  
24. Tomato, Dwarf Champion  
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29. Nasturtium, tall mixed  
30. Sweet Pea, fine mixed  
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We will NOT ACCEPT AN ORDER at these prices where the packets are NOT selected from the above list. Don't send Postage Stamps.

Not Exactly the Same—Papa, said the youthful student of history, is an ultimatum the last word? No-o, not exactly, that is, not always, replied the old gentleman thoughtfully. You see, there are circumstances under which a man may give an ultimatum to a woman—his wife, for instance—but, of course, that doesn't mean that he will have the last word; not by a good deal.

**PART, FANCY AND PABLE.**  
Have convinced people that Putnam's Famous Corn Extractor should be given the preference. Get rid of your corns; get rid of them without pain; use Putnam's Extractor and no other.  
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**MINERALS TESTED** for Gold, etc. Write for prices.  
MILTON L. HERSEY, B. A. Sc.,  
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**EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT SPECIALIST**

**STAMMERERS.** ADDRESS: CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE INSTITUTE, 9 Pembroke St., Toronto, Canada. CURE GUARANTEED.

**EVERY FARMER** his own miller. Pumping, grinding, cutting and sawing, and the wind made to obey you without grumbling, by using our galvanised steel star mill, any size from 8 ft. to 24 ft. Suitable for all kinds of work. Get our prices. One post card will do it. The Bailey Denison Co., Montreal.

**Love Your-self. Harris Buys Scrap.**

25-31 William St., Toronto. Phone 1720.

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Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer. Large and fast twin screw steamships "Labrador," "Yan-couver," "Dominion," "Bootsman," "Yorkshire." Superior accommodation for First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, \$62.50; Second Cabin, \$34 and \$36.25; Steerage to Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry or Queenstown \$22.50 and \$23.50.

A reduction of five per cent. is allowed on round trip first and second cabin tickets. For sailings of steamers or other information apply to any authorized agent.

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**ALLAN LINE**

Royal Mail Steamship Co., Montreal to Liverpool.

Steamers sail from Montreal every Saturday morning on arrival of trains from Toronto and the West about 9 o'clock.

**RATES OF PASSAGE**  
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H. Bourlier, 1 King St. W. Toronto, or H. & A. Allan, Montreal.

**HAIR PRODUCER** \$1.00 per Bottle from Druggists, or on receipt of price to Job Cook Mfg Co., London, Ont.

**SURE!**

**What? "AMBERINE"**

Over 500 are using it in Hamilton. Over 1000 in Toronto and London.

**Removes Dandruff in One Week. Cures Itching of the Scalp. Prevents Breaking of Hair. Stops Falling Out.**

**POSITIVELY GROWS HAIR.**

SWORN TESTIMONIALS SENT FREE.

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**EMPOWERED BY CLERGY**

**TESTIMONY UNDER OATH**

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INDO-CYLON TEA.  
25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per pound.  
THE MONSOON TEA CO.,  
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YOUNG LADIES make \$50 monthly working evenings for us, employment, steady, pleasant, profitable. Send 15c. for samples. Independent Lotion Co., 809 McKinnon Bldg. Toronto.

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ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR. FINEST HOTEL ON THE COAST.

Sun parlor 300 feet long overlooking ocean and beach esplanade. Vacuum steam heating system. Elevator to street level. Hot and cold, fresh and salt water in all baths. Rooms en suite, baths attached.

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Paid-up Capital \$2,000,000 Assets \$1,450,000

Head Office—Toronto, Ont. Branch Offices—Winnipeg, Man. Vancouver, B.C. Deposits received at interest payable half yearly.

ADVANCES made for money deposited for three or five years.

MONET ADVANCED on Real Estate at low rates of interest and on favorable conditions. Land Mortgages and Municipal or School Debentures purchased.

Information may be obtained from, and applications may be made to G. F. R. HARRIS, General Agent, Winnipeg; C. E. J. MARRAS, General Agent, Vancouver.

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So says Jones, and he resolves to become a "manufacturer." He buys a fence machine, a "county right," etc., and starts in to compete with steam and capital. His neighbor Smith invests same amount in "feeders" thus realizing a good price for his crops, enriching his farm, and enabling him to "lift the mortgage" and fence with Page, while Jones goes to the wall.

Farm styles of Page Fence at from 45 to 65 cents per rod. Send for illustrated advertising matter.

**THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Limited,**

WALKERVILLE, ONT.

P. S.—See our "ad" in next issue.

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.
Half column.....	\$40	\$25	\$15
Quarter column.....	20	12	8
Eighth column.....	10	6	4

Legal notices, 25c per line for first and 4c. per line for each subsequent insertion.  
Local business notices 5c. per line each insertion. No local less than 25 cents.  
Contract advertising payable quarterly.

J. H. A. JOHNSTON

A farmer living a short distance from this city in a moment of weakness the other day blew in twenty-five cents at a city departmental store for a spring hat for his wife. On returning home he was so overcome with remorse that he went out to the barn and did the Haman act from one of the cross beams. The hired man happening along just before the curtain dropped on the scene promptly cut the old hay-seed down. He revived and apparently repented his rashness. At the end of the month, however, while again expressing his appreciation of his employee's act, he qualified it by regretting the latter's extravagance in not untying the rope instead of cutting it, and docked him the price thereof. The hired man believes that he cheated hell out of the meanest man that ever lived outside its sulphurous depths.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.  
**PATENTS**

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the  
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**MUNN & CO.,**  
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**A HEAVY MORTGAGE.**  
How a prominent farmer quickly lifted it.

A mortgage has been described as an incentive to industry, a heavy mortgage, as a sure sign of ruin. The last is particularly true, for if a mortgage is allowed to run it will eat up the farm. In this connection Mr. Henry Fowler, of Huron writes: "From my boyhood scrofula had marked me for a victim and it seemed as if it had a life mortgage on my blood. I suffered fearfully with sores, and knowing my condition I have remained a single man. Doctor after doctor prescribed for me, and finally a Toronto specialist told me bluntly that my complaint was a deep-seated, incurable, blood disease. Sarsaparilla I knew was a good blood medicine, and I sent for a bottle of the best. Mr. Todd, the druggist, sent me Scott's Sarsaparilla, and I have stuck to it. It has lifted my mortgage, for to-day I am free from those horrible sores, my eyesight is not blurred, my tongue is not furry, and I have no irritation. I look upon Scott's Sarsaparilla as a marvellous medicine when it will cure a life long disease in so short a time."

Scrofula, pimples, running sores, rheumatism and all diseases generated by poisonous humors in the blood are cured by Scott's Sarsaparilla. The kind that cures. Sold only in concentrated form at \$1 per bottle by your druggist. Dose from half to one teaspoonful.

**A Claim AND An Offer**

WE CLAIM there is only one preparation in Canada to-day that is guaranteed to cure BRONCHITIS, and that is **DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE**. It is MOTHERS' cure for her child when it is all stuffed up with CROUP and coughing its little lungs out with WHOOPING COUGH. One small dose immediately stops that cough. By loosening the phlegm, puts the little one to sleep and rest. Dr. Chase compounded this valuable syrup so as to take away the unpleasant taste of turpentine and linseed. WE OFFER to refund the price if Dr. Chase's Syrup will not do all that it is claimed to do. Sold on a guarantee at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard St. Price, 25c.

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Write for our interesting books "Inventor's Help" and "How you are swindled." Send us a rough sketch or model of your invention or improvement and we will tell you free our opinion as to whether it is probably patentable. We make a specialty of applications rejected in other hands. Highest references furnished.

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**FACE BLOTCHES**

are particularly disagreeable because they are noticeable and apt to cause comment. Purify the blood with Scott's Sarsaparilla and remove them. All this class of diseases, as well as blood putrefaction and bone decay, are usually of scrofulous origin.

**Scrofula**

and scrofulous complaints of all kinds, blemishes, pimples, blood eruptions, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, heart disease, syphilis, or rheumatic troubles cannot be warded off in the spring if the system is not put in good order.

**A Boy's Life Saved**

"One day my little boy, aged 7, got a fall and hurt his knee. Inflammation of the knee joint set in and the decay of the bone of the leg rapidly followed. Doctors removed over a hundred pieces of decayed bone, but the process of decomposition continued. All attempts to stop it failed. The boy had but a few days' life before him according to all human expectations. Mr. Denham, druggist, Petrolia, advised me to try Scott's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and not only saved but completely cured my boy."—JOSEPH DUNCAN, farmer, Lambton County, Ont.

Doubters may write either Mr. Duncan or Geo. Denham, druggist, Petrolia P.O., for verification of these facts, then they will immediately purchase a bottle of

**SCOTT'S SARSAPARILLA**

All dealers. \$1.00 per large bottle. Small teaspoonful a dose. Scott's Skin-Soap clears the skin.

**WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE**

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

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**GUT PRICES**

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**C. Wendt, Mildmay & Wroxeter.**

- Silver plated 5 bottle Cruet, regular price \$2.25, cut price \$1.50.
- Silver plated syrup pitcher, reg. price \$2.25, cut price \$1.50.
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Gold Rings and Jewelry also at Cut Prices. See Goods and Prices in the Window.

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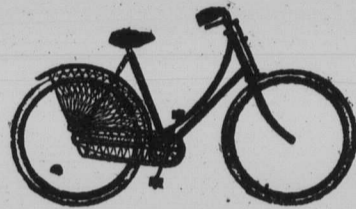
Having the experience, possessing the facilities, incurring the expense, justified by volume of business, and inspired with an ambition to construct THE WORLD'S GREATEST BICYCLE, accounts for the extraordinary increase of Cleveland sales in every civilized country.

**\$80.00 CLEVELAND BICYCLE \$80.00**

The handsomest in design and finish. The best in material and workmanship. The most perfect in its lines and bearings.

**\$55. CLEVELAND BICYCLES... CLEVELAND BICYCLES... \$55.**

Our enormous facilities permit us and we sell better bicycles for \$55 than others sell for \$75 and \$80. Beautiful and Great, contain points of superiority not included in the highest-priced competitors.



**\$100.00 30 inch wheels.**

Represents the highest ideal in the art of Bicycle construction. Short head, long wheel base, 4-inch drop crank hanger, Cleveland improved bearings and numerous other new and beautiful improvements, make it the easiest and smoothest running wheel in the world.

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**The GAZETTE**  
To the end of 1898 for...  
60 CENTS  
Preserver  
Now is the time to get your Route Bills and Pedigrees Printed...  
We make a specialty of such work and can guarantee perfect satisfaction.  
Pries Very Moderate...  
—WE DO ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.  
**Don't Spend a Dollar for Medicine**  
until you have tried

**RIPANS TABULES**

You can buy them in the paper 5-cent cartons  
**Ten Tabules for Five Cents.**

This sort is put up cheaply to gratify the universal present demand for a low price.

If you don't find this sort of

**Ripans Tabules At the Druggist's**



Send Five Cents to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, and they will be sent to you by mail; or 12 cartons will be mailed for 45 cents. The chances are ten to one that Ripans Tabules are the very medicine you need.

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**LIVE STOCK MARKETS  
TORONTO.**

There was a heavier run of cattle than over at the western cattle yards to-day, and the want of a larger market was increasingly felt. All the little corners and all the horse pens on both yards were filled with cattle, and there were three carloads that could not be unloaded until late in the day. There were over 150 carloads of stuff on the boards, including about 100 sheep and lambs, 2,800 hogs, 80 calves and about 20 milch cows and springers.

**Export Cattle**—Offerings were heavy and some of the poorer cattle remained in the pens unsold at the close of the day. As a result of the heavy offerings the feeling was a little weak, not many cattle touching \$4.40, which was the top last Tuesday. The ruling figure to-day was from \$4 to \$4.30. There were sales of good cattle at \$4.15 and \$4.10.

**Butchers Cattle**—There was not an easy feeling in this line, although the offerings were heavy. Quotations ruled from 3 1/2c to 4c for the best cattle and common to medium sold for from 3c to 3 1/2c per lb. Poor cattle are hard to sell.

**Bulls**—There was a fair demand at from 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c.

**Stockers and Feeders**—There was a good demand for steers for Pu'ta's and prices were firm at \$3.30 to \$3.90 per cwt. There was practically no demand for feeders.

**Sheep and Lambs**—The offerings were light and the market firm. Yearlings sold at 5c to 5 1/2c and some extra choice at 6c. In shipping sheep bucks sold at 3c to 3 1/2c, good ewes at 3 1/2c to 4c with a good demand. There were about 30 spring lambs offered and all sold at \$3 to \$4 each.

**Calves**—Were a little firmer, selling at \$3 to \$6 each.

**Milch Cows and Springers**—There is a little enquiry from dairymen for newly-calved cows to put on the grass. The market is steady at \$25 to \$40 each.

**Hogs**—Choice singers were firm at \$5 to \$5.10, weighed off the cavs, and thick fat and light hogs sold at \$4.75 per cwt. Sows sold at 3c to 3 1/2c and stags at 2c.

**BORN.**

**SCHWEITZER**—In Mildmay, on Thursday May 19, the wife of Geo. Schweitzer, of a son.

**Stick Out  
YOUR  
TONGUE!**

What for?  
Because it may save your life!  
How?

It is the barometer that indicates the state of your health by its shape, coatings and colors.

For example?

Well, a pointed tongue indicates irritation and disorder in the stomach and bowels.

The full broad tongue shows want of proper digestive action.

The dry, pinched tongue is the tongue of acute disease.

The fissure tongue proves inflammatory action of the kidneys.

A dry tongue is evidence that the stomach and intestines cannot do much digestive work.

Coating of the tongue is the result of intemperate eating and drinking. The Liver is deranged.

The broad, pallid tongue shows a want of alkaline elements in the blood. It is a danger signal.

The deep red tongue, generally dry, shows acid.

Dryness always indicates nervousness, and diseases of the nerve centres.

Extreme moisture shows the reverse.

Be your own doctor. Examine your tongue. It will show you whether or not you are in condition to stand spring weather changes.

If you are not almost any disease may strike you down. Get in condition at once by using the latest and best spring medicine

**SCOTT'S  
SARSAPARILLA.**

All dealers. \$1.00 per large bottle.  
Small, teaspoonful a dose.

Scott's Skin Soap clears the skin.

**WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK**

**J. D. MILLER**

**Business Booming  
AT MOYER'S  
CORNER STORE, MILDWAY**

We are glad to report that our Millinery Department under the management of MISS WALFORD is in a very prosperous condition.

Great Bargains in . . .

Ladies' Hats, Dress Goods  
Clothing, Boots and Shoes  
Crockery, Glassware and  
Groceries . . .

In fact Bargains in everything  
we carry

Terms Cash or Produce.

**E. N. Butchart, A. Moyer**

MANAGER.

PROP.

Our Motto--We will not be undersold.

**Gulmage**

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE, ASK FOR!

Our Print sales are averaging 50 yards a day. Stacks of them left; designs exquisite and prices right. Tweed and Worsted Suitings in great variety.

- Carpets,
- Chair Carpet.
- Window Carpet.
- Window Holland.
- Lace Curtains, 40c. to \$5 per set.
- Art Muslin, broached and colored.
- Tableing.
- Crotches.
- Salisbury Cloth.
- Verona Cord.
- Printed Challies.
- Wool Delaines.
- Pink and cream Cashmere and every other shade.
- Nuns' Veilings.
- Net Veilings.
- Navy and Blk Dress Serges.
- Lawn Victorias.
- Lawn checks.
- Diaper stripes.
- Flannellette--if pattern.
- Shaker Flannels.
- Carpets warp.
- Weaving warp.
- Black Dress Silk.
- Black Satens.
- Velvets and Plushes.
- Brown Holland.
- Valises.
- Lunch Baskets.
- Chairs.
- Butter Trays and Ladles.
- Washings.
- Crockery.
- Glassware.
- Hardware.
- Patent Medicines.
- Crochery.
- Top Onions.
- Potato Onions.
- Dutch sets.
- Garden Seeds.
- Brushes, all kinds.
- Washing Soda.
- Whiting.
- Raw Oil.
- Lye.
- Turpentine.
- Caster Oil, by the lb.
- Stone Crocks.
- Earthenware Crocks.
- Milk Pails.
- Milk Pails.
- Wash Boilers.
- Tea Kettles.
- do copper.
- Dish Pans.
- Felt Hats, just to hand.
- Straw Hats for 500 heads.
- Lace Frillings.
- Ties and Collars.
- Top Shirts.
- Dress Shirts.
- Shissors.
- Knives and Forks.
- Spools.
- Soap.
- Canned Goods.
- Flax Lines.
- Bed Cord.
- Marbles.
- Wire Goodlines.
- Baby Carriages.
- Proquet.
- Spices.

In staple Dry Goods our Stock is the Best. Dried Apples Wanted, also Tallow and Dry Pork. Produce of all kinds taken.

WE KEEP EVERYTHING, AND SELL CHEAP.

**Lakelet.**

## HOW SHE WON.

"Let me in. It is I—Lady Leigh."

Twice has she knocked and received no answer, but now, as she speaks, there is only a moment's pause and the door is thrown open. The room is perfectly dark, and there is the unmistakable smell of suddenly extinguished oil.

"I beg your pardon, your ladyship. I did not know it was you."  
"Are you ill or hurt?" she questions, curiously, trying to peer through the gloom, and if possible to see his face.  
"Oh! no; I am all right, thank you!"  
"Then why were you shut up here in the dark, and why did you refuse to come up stairs?"  
"The lamp has only just gone out," he explains, "and I was feeling a little tired."

"But Rollo is so ill, and keeps asking for you."  
"Poor little fellow!"

"You don't come to him even now?" she asks, taken aback by what it seems to her can only be intense selfishness, and yet it is not like him, not like what she has proved so often in his character, to be thus unkind of the feelings of others.

"Of course I wish it, or I should not have come myself. Why did you hesitate before?"

"A man naturally pauses before he resolves by his own act to lose all."

"Mr. Dare, what do you mean? What is all this mystery?" questions Lady Leigh, angrily.

He hesitates. How can he tell her all? And yet further concealment is impossible. In the confusion of the fire he has lost both wig and glasses, and is at last himself confessed. He had hoped that perhaps he might succeed in finding them again at night, when he could steal out and look for them without the fear of meeting any one, but Rollo's illness has made this out of the question now, he feels he cannot longer refuse to go. The child at least shall not suffer from his mad folly. But what shall he reply? Lady Leigh settles it for the present.

"Come to Rollo first," she says, impatiently, "afterward I shall expect to hear your explanation."

"And I shall expect a patient hearing," he answers, with a touch of grave pride. "I think that at least is my due; it is the due of those who have committed the gravest faults—and mine is not that."

She bows her head and turning, goes up stairs, he following meekly until they reach the nursery. Then she goes in and, standing under the full glare of the chandelier, beckons him to come in, and he obeys.

At last they stand face to face, and though still ignorant of the motive, she guesses what his offense has been. Her first thought now is for her child—that his already overstrained nerves should not be further taxed by the discovery that has so bewildered her. Quick as thought, she reaches up and puts out the lights.

Rollo, he is here. Try to go to sleep now as you promised, she whispers, leaning over the boy's bed. The child stretches out his hands with a glad cry as Colonel Dare comes up, and then sinks back exhausted, with closed eyes, only now and then smiling contentedly as the quondam tutor soothes and comforts him, holding his hand in a firm yet gentle clasp the while.

By and by Rollo falls asleep, and Colonel Dare, quietly releasing himself, goes down again to where he guesses Lady Leigh is waiting. She is seated in a huge armchair close to the table, on which she is drumming impatiently with her fingers. Her face flushes a little as Colonel Dare enters.

"Well?" she says, questioning, hardening herself into the air of hauteur which lately has been discarded.

"Rollo is asleep."

"I did not come here to speak of my son. He has been the excuse of your presence here too long."

He winces, and does not reply.

"Why have you done this thing?" she goes on passionately, "Why must you select me as an object for your practical joke? Surely my sufferings might have made me sacred?"

"Forgive me!" he murmurs, humbly.

"How can I forgive you? You do not know how much you are to blame. You made me trust in the goodness of men more, only again to show me that such goodness does not exist in any single case."

"That I have deceived you does not make my whole sex false. All are not like me."

"I trust not," she returns, sharply. "I know that I am guilty, doubly guilty, in that I deceived where faith already was so weak. I know I deserve your most scathing scorn, and yet—and yet—forgive me if you can."

He stands before her, tall and strong, but very patient under her rebuke, his head bowed in shame, and only asking for forgiveness as a boon to be given in mercy, not claimed as a right in return for the bravery he has shown that evening. He does not even mention that he has that and other claims upon her gratitude, and she is too indignant to remember. She turns a deaf ear to his pleading voice.

"You should have thought of that before—before you held up a defenseless woman to the world's ridicule and censure."

"The world will never know; you need not fear."

"How can I trust your word when you have lied to me so often?"

"Spare me!" he almost groans.

"Why should I spare you? Have you spared me? Before you came we were happy—Rollo and I; and if I had not forgiven my wrongs, I had almost forgotten them. I told you my sad story—you a perfect stranger; and surely, if you had had a heart, it might have been touched, then, and very shame might have kept you from continuing your deceitful course when with that confidence I had so trusted

you. But no, you had no shame and no pity."

She has risen from her seat and confronts him defiantly, her slight form drawn to its full height, her glorious eyes flashing, and her lips wreathed in scorn of his misdeeds. Looking at them from her point of view, his faults are trebled in magnitude, and she only wonders how it is that the earth does not open and swallow up such a monster of iniquity.

"You have neither the feeling of a gentleman nor the honor of a soldier!" she goes on, angrily, lashing herself into greater fury at each word she speaks, and irritated by his silence.

But this last insult he does not bear so tamely. Colonel Dare is not generally so slow in self-defense.

"I was not the only one," he says, half-sullenly; "there were others as much to blame, only it happened you chose me."

"Tell me what you mean?" says Lady Leigh, peremptorily.

"It was a bet that in spite of your reputed hatred of men you would choose the handsomest that presented himself for your son's tutor," he explains, unwillingly.

"So you made me the subject of a bet—you and your boon companions?" she questions, writhing in the agony of her wounded pride and suffering as only an intensely-sensitive woman can.

Knowing what is going on in her mind, he forgives the insolence of her words and does not resent them.

"I alone believed that the sentiments you professed were really felt, and I proved the truth of my belief. Lady Leigh, I have injured you I am indeed guilty, for it is through you that the faith in true womanliness inculcated by my dear mother is now strengthened and revived."

"Roland for my Oliver!" answers Lady Leigh, disdainfully. "Is this a pretense, too, Colonel Dare?"

He shakes his head sadly.

"I have had as little reason to think well of your sex as you have of mine. If a man has wrecked your life, the best years of mine have been laid waste by a woman."

"Wrecked twice," she murmurs, in slightly softened mood; but the words were so low that he does not catch their sense.

"Nothing that you can say can make me more ashamed than I already am, than I have been ever since I came, and each day more than the last."

"Then why did you stay? Why did you not voluntarily confess all, and go?"

"I could not."

His voice is so firm and self-contained that, not guessing the truth, she questions him again in haughty surprise, tempting him to tell what at present he would keep secret.

"Why not?"

"Because I love—I love you!" he cries, fiercely, and clasps her by the hand. "Better men than I have done worse things for love's sake, Lady Leigh."

She springs back and faces him fearlessly.

"Your love is like your honor, Colonel Dare—defective. Is it a manly way of proving either to win your way into a lady's house by fraud and remain by falsehood? If that is love, I am thankful that eight years ago I renounced it—forever."

"Listen to me this once!" he pleads, passionately, gazing earnestly into her eyes and letting his whole heart hang upon her reply.

He grasps the table tightly with one hand to support himself, and with the other pushes back the hair that in leaning forward has fallen over his face.

"There is nothing left to be said," she answers, moving away. "Once for all, I tell you, Colonel Dare, I doubt your honor and decline your love."

The words in their icy coldness kill all hope, and, without an effort to detain her, he lets her go. Then, directly he is alone, he sinks back in his chair, utterly despairing.

It is all over; the game is played out, and there is nothing left for him but to go. His small portmanteau is soon packed, and yet for a moment he lingers still, looking over every book to see if he can find one with her name in it.

At last his search is rewarded. It is only a small lesson book of Rollo's, but it has once belonged to Rollo's mother. In it is written only one word—"Jenny." And then, lest she should add the crime of theft to those others of which she has accused him, he loosens the watch from his chain and leaves it there with a written slip of paper:

"For Rollo, with Gervase Dare's love."

Practically, it is of more than equal value, but in reality he knows the little shabby dog's eared book is to him worth a dozen watches, however antiquated and however quaint. All his life he shall prize it as a memento of the purest, proudest woman he has ever known since his mother died; and when death comes to him, too, he will only ask that it may be buried with him.

Yes, it is all over! He never for a moment doubts that she has meant all she said, and perhaps he loves her better for her indignation and horror at his falsehood. She would have been a less perfect had she been able to condone his faults at once; he is almost content to have her shine far above him, like a star, in cold, unloving splendor, rather than by a human frailty lose one iota of the purity of her glory. In his present mood, he takes a savage delight in abusing himself and exalting her.

Had any one told him that her words would be repented of almost as soon as uttered, he would have treated the idea as an accusation, and repelled it with scorn. To him she appears as a justly outraged goddess, an offended queen and for all the world he would not have her otherwise. By, and by, perhaps, he may admit that mercy is a womanly quality, which it had been

better if she had not lacked, but now he only exults in her faultlessness.

Once more he looks round the room, his eyes resting regretfully on the chair on which she sat, and the footstool where last he delicately slipped feet were placed. All around is still fragrant with her presence, and Colonel Dare sees that it is an even crueller wrench than he thought to banish himself from her vicinity.

He gives a last look, and then throws the window wide open and steps out into the darkness. The rain is falling heavily still, and the wind is high, and it is not till early morning that, weary and wet through he reaches Castle Dare.

### CHAPTER IX.

Lady Leigh is up early the next morning, looking very pale and with dark shadows under her eyes, which tell of the vigil she has kept. She has been in the nursery several times during the night, and found the child asleep each time; but now he is awake, and evidently refreshed by rest. There is no fever, and he is only a little excited by the stirring event of the evening before.

"Where is Mr. Dare?" is his first remark.

"You will see him soon, my darling," is the soothing reply; but even as the words are spoken the speaker knows that it must be for the last time—that, after what has passed, the tutor must not stay.

"Mother, I have not thanked him yet for saving me!"

Lady Leigh starts. She, too, has been reprehensibly negligent; not the slightest acknowledgment has she given to him for risking his life to rescue that which is dearer to her than her own. Can it be possible that she has been so ungrateful, so unwomanly, as never to offer even a word of thanks?

What must he have thought of her remissness? Surely he must have inwardly termed her a monster, callous to her son's danger, and too heartless to care about his safety. Instead of loading him with abuse, as she had done, she ought to have fallen at his feet and almost worshipped him as her child's preserver.

And now it is she who will have to plead for pardon and perhaps he will be as hard and as unforgiving as she was before. Her cheeks are dyed crimson as she remembers all the cruel, insolent things she said, and how meekly he bore them, never reminding her of the obligation she was under to him. She must go to him at once and apologize, and if he goes—as she supposes he must—well, at least there will be peace between them.

She has never thanked him myself yet, Rollo," she says humbly. "I must go and find him now."

Catching up her dress, she rises from her seat and runs down stairs. She experiences a little fright when she finds the door of the schoolroom wide open, but at first reassures herself with the idea that perhaps he is not up yet, or, on the other hand, he may be out of doors already.

She advances timidly into the room, and to her fancy it wears a strangely deserted appearance. Then she notices that her bedroom door is open, too, and coming more forward still, she can see that the bed has not been slept in and his portmanteau is gone.

That he has left is plain, but there is the hope that he may return to say farewell. If he loved her as he said he did he could not leave her thus; but surely what she said was sufficient to kill a passion of even a longer and stronger growth than this! Oh! how she despises herself when she remembers what she said to him! How she wishes she had bitten out her tongue rather than allowed it to utter such heartless, meaningless words! For now, with a sudden revision of feeling, she decides that he has not deserved the least of them. He is all that is good, manly and brave; how could she so reward him so ill for the patience he has shown her child?

Since his advent Rollo has become so much stronger, and yet more obedient and gentle in his manners; the dreary old house, too, has been perceptibly brightened, and even Tabitha has softened toward the new inmate.

Now the old routine will recommence, and there will be no break in it; she realizes at once how much they will miss him.

Then she catches sight of the watch, with the penciled words beside it, and begins to weep—not stormily, but very, very sadly, as one who has lost a dear friend.

And Rollo—how is she to break it to him? Tabitha, entering, disturbs her reverie. She looks utterly aghast at seeing her mistress in tears.

"What is it, my lady—has anything happened?" she asks, in great concern.

"Mr. Dare has gone," answers Lady Leigh, with a stifled sob, and to her surprise Tabitha gives a decided grin of satisfaction.

"I knew how it would be; I knew he'd never like us all crowding round and thanking him, and he such a quiet man, too! I thought as how he'd keep out of the way for awhile."

"It is not that, Tabitha; he's gone altogether."

"Not he, my lady; and, begging your pardon for contradicting you, he is too fond of the young lord to go away like that without a word."

"You don't know all," says Lady Leigh, meekly; "you don't know that I never thanked him for saving Rollo, and last night I was very rude and said things he could never forgive. After that he could not stay."

"Never thanked him"—and Tabitha looks the rebuke she dare not utter. The silence that ensues is so condemnatory that Lady Leigh, with all her haughtiness, is abashed. She goes back to Rollo and tells him the bad news and his reproachful comment upon it crushes her altogether.

"Mother, how could you let him go?" After this she has no thought harsh enough for her conduct and no praise warm enough for Colonel Dare. To her son she often speaks of him, and always tenderly; and no other tutor comes to Leigh Park. She will not risk another advertisement, and besides who would

be worthy to take his place? Two or three months pass. It was the spring when Colonel Dare first came, now it is late autumn, and he is almost forgotten save by one. That one is wandering listlessly through the grounds of her estate when she meets a tall, elderly man, evidently in search of some one. Curiosity prompts her to accost him.

"Are you looking for any one?" she asks graciously.

"Yes, I wanted to see his lordship, if not inconvenient to him," he says, taking off his hat and bowing low.

"My son is in his lessons, and, excuse me, but I cannot think why you should wish to see him," is the bewildered reply.

It is his turn to look puzzled now. "I mean his lordship himself. Is he ill?" he asks, in sudden fear.

"My husband is dead," says Lady Leigh, and then, seeing the surprise and sorrow written on his face, she adds, quickly, "he has been dead some years."

"And the young Lord Leigh?"

"Is not yet eight years old. I scarcely think you can have business with him."

The man raises his hat with a blank stare.

"I beg your pardon; I must have made some mistake—but I met him in the park."

"You mean the tutor that was here? The man laughs in some amusement. "There are not many tutors, my lady, who can afford to give away a hundred and twenty pounds a year."

A hundred and twenty pounds a year! That was the very sum she had given as salary. Could it be that, disdainful to take money from her hands, he had given it to this man?

"Tell me all about it," she says, quickly.

He complies at once, keeping back nothing of their interview, only interspersing his information with praises of his benefactor, praises which do not in the least degree bore his hearer, but find a fervent echo in her heart.

"And you have never seen him since?" she asks at the conclusion, longing more than she will admit even to herself for news of his well being and whereabouts.

"Never. Two months ago I had a letter from him inclosing sixty pounds, six months' donation in advance. He said he should forward me the same sum twice more, and by that time, if I had the right stuff in me, should have carved out my fortune for myself, and should need his help no more."

"Well?"

The man raises his head proudly. "I have done so; my foot is on the first rung of the ladder, and I shall not fail now, having once succeeded. I came to tell him this and to thank him, but for his opportune bounty I should have remained all my life struggling for mere bread, with no hope or ambition for the future—and now I cannot find him. You do not know where he is!"

She shakes her head. "Heaven bless him, wherever he is!" is the earnest ejaculation.

"Amen," says Lady Leigh, solemnly, then, conscious that she has betrayed herself to a perfect stranger, she explains, quietly, "You know he saved my boy's life."

Long after the man has gone she lingers there, thinking of the would-be lover whom she had so scorned, and whom she now yearns to see again that she may recompense him for all the insults she has heaped upon him, by pleading humbly for forgiveness and avowing her mistake. Whoever he is and wherever he is, she trusts him entirely, and has all faith in his nobility of mind, whether his image be high or not, and if he asked her again to forget all and be his wife, she would not again say nay.

But a woman is so powerless, she muses. It may be that she will never see him again—never have the chance for which she longs. Indeed, unless he loves her so well that in spite of all she has said, he is constrained to see her again, how can they ever hope to meet? Her own life is so isolated, and where he is she does not know.

Then a thought comes into Lady Leigh's head which she resolves to put into execution. She will live in this seclusion no longer. She will go out into the world and into society, and if she cannot find him, at least it will help her to forget. The idea gives a new incentive to life, and her step is as buoyant as it was years ago, before trouble came, when she returns to the house.

Tabitha is dusting the ornaments in her room when she goes in, and makes a movement to go, but Lady Leigh stops her.

"Finish what you are doing," she says graciously; "I am only going to write an advertisement."

"Oh, my lady, not again!" says the woman in dismay, for she knows a little and has guessed more of the history of the last.

Her mistress blushes.

"Not for a tutor, Tabitha; I am going to have a couple of footmen and a butler."

"I am sorry if I haven't given your ladyship satisfaction," is the stiff rejoinder.

Lady Leigh laughs, and places her tiny hands on the woman's shoulders, meeting her defiant gaze with a glance of deprecation.

"Don't be stupid, Tabitha; the fact is, I—I am going into society again and—"

"And you must keep up your position, of course," answers the woman, with quickly-aroused pride. "It would never do to be behind any of the other gentlefolks—you, the flower of them all. I'll never stand in your light, my lady; but if you will just let me wait on you when no one is there—"

It is Lady Leigh's turn to interrupt, which she does with a reproachful smile.

"Tabitha, do you think I could part with you? The man-servants can wait on my guests; but you—you shall always be my own maid and truest friend. What should I do without you after all these years?"

Tabitha bursts out crying and buries her face in the duster.

"I'm main glad you're going out again," she says, presently, when the sobs have subsided; "it will do you good, although I know you are only doing it for his little lordship's sake."

Lady Leigh looks uncomfortable, and turning away, busies herself at the writing table tearing up sheets of paper and selecting a pen with greatest care.

She is at a loss how to reply. It hurts her to take the credit for an act of self-sacrifice when it is so purely a matter of self-consideration, and yet how can she, even to Tabitha, confess the motive that is calling her into the world again?

Womanliness forbids her to tell all her thoughts; honesty prompts her to disown a virtue that in this case she does not possess.

"There are many reasons why it will be best," she answers evasively.

(To Be Continued.)

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

A WIARTON LADY WHO WAS NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

Her Trouble Began With Swelling of the Glands—This Was Followed by General Collapse and Heart Weakness—Doctors Said She Could Not Recover, But To Day She Is Enjoying Good Health.

From the Echo, Wiarton, Ont.

Mrs. Jas. Overland, who lives in Wiarton, makes the following statement in regard to a remarkable cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.—"I am 30 years of age and have lived in Wiarton for the past six years. Previous to this, I, with my husband, who is a stone mason, were residents of Chesley. About four years ago there came a swelling on the right side of my neck which grew as the time went on until in about six months it had grown as large as a goose egg. I consulted a physician and he lanced it. This physician diagnosed my case as enlargement of the glands, and said I would get well after it was lanced. This operation gave me temporary relief, but it was only a short time before the lump again began to grow and in six months I was worse than ever. In the meantime I had been prescribed by different physicians and taken several patent medicines, but none of them gave me more than temporary relief. About three years ago I left Wiarton for Chesley thinking probably a change would improve my health. I consulted a physician there and he said the trouble was incurable and might end fatally. Discouraged I returned to my home in Wiarton, much worse than I was when I left, and believing I had come home to die. Before I left for Chesley I had been attacked occasionally with fainting spells; on my return these occurred more frequently and of longer duration. With the least excitement I would faint dead away. I had become very weak and could scarcely walk across the floor and felt myself growing worse every day. I again consulted the local physician and this time he said it was spasms of the heart and that I would not live more than a couple of days. While lying in bed a lady of the town visited me and advised me strongly to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought it useless, but I was ready to grasp at any means of promised relief, and so commenced to use them. Before the second box was completed I felt myself getting better and before I had finished my seventh box I was able to go about my own work. I continued them until I had used fourteen boxes, when I was completely cured. The swelling has left my neck and I am now as well a woman as I ever was in my life. I make the above statement voluntarily, believing it my duty to that which has saved my life and will if necessary make an affidavit to the above facts at any time."

A deprived condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pallid cheeks. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUR UNSATISFIED WISHES.

Pet Fancies That We May Cherish Through Life and Yet Never Realize.

"I suppose that all of us," said Mr. Billtops, "have some pet ambition or some wish that we never realize; that we carry through life, perhaps quite unknown to our friends, and down with us to the grave unsatisfied. Some of these hopes and fancies on the part of our friends would seem strange enough to us if we knew them, but no more strange to us than ours might seem to them. There are plenty of steady-going, hard-working people that seem full of business only that really cherish with all their occupations, the most romantic ideas, though they may be indeed about the simplest things in the world."

"Sometimes we hear of them, something gives occasion for the expression of them, and then they come to us like a revelation. We had never dreamed that So-and-So had that strain of fancy in him. But for the most part these ideas are personal guests, which we entertain within our own walls, in whose company we find pleasure and which we take with us unmolested when we go."

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## About the House.

### MOTHER'S VOICE.

A mother sang to her child one day  
A song of the beautiful home above;  
Sang it as only a woman sings,  
Whose heart is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the year's that came  
He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;  
It took him back to his childhood days;  
It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day  
In an angry voice, that made him start;  
As if an arrow had sped that way  
And pierced his loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,  
And was tempted and tried, as all men are,  
He felt, for that mother's angry words  
Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

### "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

I have heard that a great part of the success of the first Napoleon lay in the word "come," and I know from personal observation that many failures in life are due to the word "go." There is a partnership, a sharing of things, a sort of fraternity about "come," that is irresistible, while "go" is a word whose imperiousness and isolating tone is calculated to raise a spirit of remonstrance if not resistance, and is the starting point to many a small boy or girl of deceit and disobedience. "Go and practice," to a child full of musical talent, is to chill that talent. To a child with no music in its soul, it is a torture.

"Come and let us study our music lesson," said a lady to her little daughter in my hearing some days ago. And, after listening in an adjoining room to the patient, one, two, three, and four of the mother, while the little one touched the keys in time, interspersed with "no, dear, it is sharp," or "remember, darling, we must have this very perfect," for nearly an hour, I was pleased to see the happy faces of both emerge from the parlor, and the mother with her arm over the neck of the little one saying, "I think we shall have time for two games before tea."

"Come let us try," it was always "come" and always "us." Do you say that mother had more time than most mothers, or that she was a slave to her child? Let me tell you she had brought up four in the same way, and earned her living meanwhile with her pen.

In contrast to this, is a neighbor who has two bright boys of twelve and fifteen years. She began with "go and play, don't bother me," "go to school," "go wash your hands," "go to bed," and now her main anxiety is that they shall "go to college," and it may end by their going to the bad as well. Not that they are badly inclined or in any way vicious or malicious in their disposition, but they have no love for home, no recollection of jolly time with mother, or a small lark with father.

Their only idea of the one is a person who is always getting rid of them, and of the other, a man so absorbed and studious that they have no desire to follow his profession and no sympathy with him in his perplexities. There is a sweet way of governing even the most fractious lad, that, if mothers would only study and practice there would be no hero so readily worshipped in after life, no ta'mian so powerful to guard from harm and temptation as the remembrance of the mother who was always the ready companion.

A mother who went rowing, and took an ear herself sometimes, a mother who, with a big hat, was ready once a week, perhaps, for a stroll or a picnic.

A mother who, by the fireside, listened to boys' stories and laughed at their jokes, even the stale ones. A mother whose lap was always waiting for some tired boy's head, and whose every look said "come."

Girls, too, who can tell mother everything, who are happier when mother is one of the party, are girls, invariably, who have never been reprimanded with "go," but wooed and won, and kept and shielded by the charm of gentle "come."

### BIAS DARNERS.

The proper darning of a rent in cloth is an art that cannot be easily picked up and should be taught to girls as an essential part of their practical home training. The expert darning of woollen cloth will make a rent practically invisible by weaving together torn edges, matching them as carefully as possible and afterward pressing the rent. A fine sewing-silk is used to darn woollen cloth in preference to any wool, which would not be strong enough unless the thread of ravelling were too coarse. Where the cloth is thick enough endeavor to conceal the silk thread between the face and back of the cloth. Begin about half an inch from the edge at one side of the tear, and run the needle the same distance from the other edge concealing the thread carefully and drawing the edges closely together, but not so that they overlap. If there is any nap on the cloth brush it back while you are

darning and then brush it down again. Lay a damp cotton cloth on the wrong side of the cloth over the darn, and press it down once, then remove the press it perfectly dry, but that a very cotton cloth and press next the wool on surface, being careful that you do not little steam arises after the iron is removed. If the cloth is pressed perfectly dry the work of the iron will be shown on the right side. A piece of cloth is usually darned with vertical and diagonal stitches running with the threads of the cloth. The "up-and-down" is usually the strongest way of mending a bias darn. Use no piece of cloth under the darning unless the material darned is thin. In that case a piece of silk of the same color is less clumsy as a backing to darn the wool, unless the wool is sheer. Tablecloths generally wear out first in the folds. It is true that these are not always made in the same place, even by the same laundress, but they generally are, and there is invariably one in the centre. But cutting off a few inches from one end and one side, all the folds will be altered, thus giving the cloth a fresh start.

### THE STUPID BOY.

Here is a lesson and perhaps encouragement for parents who have a stupid boy, for no doubt there are a few stupid boys in the world, even amid the lights of the closing century. It is said that when Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest of English preachers, was a boy, his father thought him very stupid, and used to say if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. But Isaac was not taken; he grew to be one of the greatest preachers in England, a professor in the University of Cambridge and a teacher of Sir Isaac Newton. It is well to remember that a boy is not necessarily stupid, because he is pronounced stupid. He may be stupidly judged. The fire of intellect may kindle slowly; it may seem to be smoldering under a heap of ashes, hopelessly suppressed. Genius does not always shoot up like a skyrocket. It may come like the rising of the sun to meridian splendor, slowly, steadily. Do not be discouraged by the apparent stupidity of the boy or girl. Give him or her a fair chance. The first movement of the great seagoing vessels are apparently awkward and hesitating as she tries to turn to get out of the harbor. But watch her graceful splendid movements as she ploughs the ocean or weathers the storm.

Moreover, a stupid judgment of a boy is damaging to him. To call him a dunce, a blockhead, an idiot is very unwise as well as unkind. It may discourage him, and for a long time paralyze his efforts, may even permanently affect his character. Give the stupid boy a chance and it will be known ere long whether he is really or only apparently stupid.

### THE BABY'S BED.

Mothers make considerable extra work for themselves in rocking their babies to sleep. The little one soon gets into the habit and it becomes simply impossible to get him to sleep by any other method. If the baby is given a tiny bed for itself and put into it when ready for sleep, he will rest just as comfortably, and maybe that method is much the best, so far as his health is concerned.

One young mother contrived as pretty a little bed out of a deep willow clothes basket as one could wish to see. She lined the entire basket with pale blue silesia and over that gathered white dotted swiss, sewing a four-inch ruffle of the swiss around the entire top of the basket. An immense bow of pale blue satin ribbon was tied in each handle. The basket was not a very long one, but would probably be big enough for the little one until about a year old. A mattress made of white drilling filled with hair, fitted the basket exactly and was about five inches thick and stuffed quite hard. Over this was a pad of cheesecloth with two thicknesses of cotton when necessary. A small pillow, six little hem-stitched sheets, four pillow cases, four little white woolen blankets and some pretty, delicate cheese-cloth comforters tied with yarn completed the entire outfit, which was cheap, yet as pretty as could be.

### A NICE PICKLE.

Take several heads of cabbage, clean them up nicely and cut into quarters, if they are small. Large heads should be cut into more pieces but always leave part of the heart to each piece so as to hold it together.

Put them into a kettle, granite-lined preferred, and boil in plenty of water to which has been added as much salt as is desired. It should be allowed to boil until it is about half done. Then take it off and remove the pieces carefully to drain and cool. It should then be placed in vinegar—some light-colored vinegar if it can be had—to which has been added sugar and pepper or any other spices which you may prefer. Place a plate or other object on it to keep it under the vinegar, and in a few hours it will be ready for use. In serving cut into smaller pieces. The vinegar may be used several times if a little fresh is added each time. This pickle can be made very quickly, and is so cheap that anyone can have it, and it is so tender that no one need fear indigestion because of eating it.

### HE SAW HIS ERROR.

First Mormon—And what has shaken your belief in polygamy?  
Second Mormon, with a sigh—My four wives.

## Two Blacks Make a White

"Let us rest a while," I suggested, indicating a clump of heather a few yards from the sheep track where we stood.

"Yes; I'm quite tired," said Nora. "I don't believe there's any white heather within miles of where we are."

"Never mind; here is plenty of the purple variety, and it makes the most comfortable lounge in the world."

"It looks awfully spidery and earwiggy," she remarked, making a little face. Nevertheless, she seated herself on the tuft I recommended as the most luxurious, and I stretched myself lazily beside her.

"Oh, no; not that way! What if anyone saw us?"

She removed my arm from where it was and I had to put it back there again.

"There isn't a soul about," I said soothingly.

"How do you know? There! I'm sure there is some one down at the burn. Now, is it not?"

"That is a sheep, Nora. But I promise to take away my arm if any human being approaches within two miles. Will that do?"

"Oh, well, please be careful, Willy." Nora became absorbed in thought.

"One penny," I hazarded.

She blushed.

"Tell me!" I begged.

"I don't like to. It's something I don't quite understand."

"I'll explain it."

"Well—hesitating—I've been wondering, at least I've been trying to think, why you like to put your arm round my waist, Willy."

"Let me see," said I, reflectively, "why do I like to put my arm round your waist?"

"Yes."

"Because I like," I answered readily.

"But what makes you like?"

"It's nice and comfy."

"Do be serious. I want to know, really."

"But, Nora, you know as well as I do it's the same reason that makes you like me to do it."

"I don't like you to do it."

"Then why do you allow it?"

"I only allow it to please you."

"Oh!"

"And unless you can give me a good reason," she continued, "I shan't allow it any more." I felt a little cross.

"We've been engaged for five weeks and three days," I said. "Don't you think it is rather late for such questions?"

"It's never too late to mend," she returned, cruelly, "and I've just been thinking these last few days, and—"

"Your first effort in that way?" I inquired, revengefully, but she took no notice, and proceeded calmly:

"And I've been wondering if you ever put your arm round another girl's waist. Have you?"

"Quite unexpected was this terribly direct question. I had to consider a moment."

"Once," I began gravely, "I met a girl," I paused.

"Well," said Nora, impatiently.

"A girl with whom I became so friendly that one evening—"

I paused again.

"Do go on!"

"I met her at a dance—"

"Oh, Willy, how could you?"

"I met her at a dance and danced a quadrille with her."

"Yes—eagerly—and afterward?"

"There was no afterward, dear," said I.

I anticipated Nora would be pleased. She was not.

"Do you mean to say you didn't go and sit on the stairs or in the conservatory, or—raggedly—anywhere?"

"No," said I, "did you?"

Nora was ruffled.

"Willy, you are trifling with me."

"I couldn't afford to, dear."

"I see you won't be serious, and yet I have something very serious to say to you. Something that Maud English told me last night."

"I heard her," I said.

Nora started.

"Oh, you couldn't hear what she said."

"Not quite, but you must remember that the walls of these country cottages are mostly made of paper. You and she were talking till nearly 2 o'clock in the morning. I suppose she was treating you to a discourse on Davidson."

"Perhaps; but Maud told me also something about you."

"Awfully good of her to mention it!" I remarked with affected cheerfulness, but I felt desperately uncomfortable. It was too bad of Maud, especially when she had just got engaged to Davidson.

"What do you think it was?" asked Nora.

"I haven't a notion," I replied.

"Oh, guess." But there was no smile on Nora's face.

"Well, may be she was telling you how fortunate you were in having such an adorable individual as I belonging to you."

I laughed feebly.

"Not altogether," said Nora. "She told me—and very distinctly the words came—that two summers ago in this very place, you used to put your arm round her waist, and once you kissed her! That's all I've got to say Mr. Harris."

I had not heard my surname for quite a long time, but I liked it none the better for that.

Nora moved from me and my arm

shipped from her waist. A lamb on the hill behind bleated pitifully and the noise of the water came monotonously from the rock cliff below us. The sun counted for but little now. There was a long, long silence between us, but I felt that Nora was looking at me. And at last she spoke.

"Willy."

"Yes. I was a little surprised."

"Why don't you look at me and say it isn't true?"

I looked at her but a breath. "It's true enough," I said briefly.

Silence again. Then, "You're not frightened of me, are you?" she asked, softly; and I felt her hand touch my hair.

"Oh, Willy, you can't imagine how glad I am!"

"What?" I cried, forgetting my manners.

Glad I found you out. Would you mind putting your arm back where it was not long ago?"

I put my arm there, but I was sorely puzzled.

"You see, Willy," she began, with a quaint look of trouble in her eyes, "I had a confession to make to you, and—it makes it easier now."

I drew her closer. Thank God women are not angels.

"Don't bother to tell it," I whispered.

"Oh, but I must tell you. When Maudie told me about you and herself, I had to tell her about Mr. Davidson and myself. For we had just been as bad. And, Willy, sometimes I felt so dreadful at not having told you before. Often I tried to speak and couldn't. And then I was so glad when Maudie mentioned you—she didn't like my story about Mr. Davidson—for I felt that I could at last tell you."

"Were you quite sure I would forgive you, dear?" I asked, looking down into her eyes.

"Sinners must forgive sinners," she whispered very gravely. "Ah, Willy, you don't care any the less, do you? And you won't think any more of what I said?"

"I did not think I cared so much, my Nora, till I felt that I had lost you just now. And the past is nothing, when I know that you are mine today."

"And forever!" she sighed.

"For ever and ever!" I added, kissing her.

### SPRING SMILES.

Fax—The diamond is the hardest known substance. De Witte—Yes—to get.

They don't have near the fun they did when I was a boy. You mean you don't?

Up to Date—Did you hear old Long-bow's latest story? Nope. Says he saw a hoop snake with a rubber tire.

A Good One—Is your new traveling man enterprising? Enterprising! That man could sell a carved-ivory card-case to an elephant.

A Definition—Mamma—Oh, dear! Jimmy, I don't believe you know what it is to be good. Jimmy—Yes I do, mamma. It's not doing what you want to do.

Husband angrily, after a somewhat heated argument with his better half.—Do you take me for a fool? Wife, soothingly—No, John. But I may be mistaken.

A Pessimist—May—Stella looks at the dark side of everything. Maud—Yes, indeed! Why she is even afraid that she may not be able to have her own way when she is married!

Hicks—That was Mr. Blank. Strange—you didn't know him. His picture has been in all the papers. —Wicks—that was probably the reason why I didn't recognize him.

The following is a brief letter received this week by a Reverend gentleman from a friend in Ireland:

"Dear Silence is golden; you are a mint. Yours, etc."

Observing Brother—Mr. Smith is down stairs waiting for you. Sister Gladys—Oh, is that so? I wasn't expecting a caller this evening. Observing Brother—Did you think he was dead?

Watts—They say it costs \$7,000 for every man killed in battle. Potts—That is a way too much. Why if a man will hire a good lawyer, he can kill a whole family for that much.

Billings—A man never learns to really know his wife until after they are married, no matter how long they may have been engaged. Darrow—You're wrong there. Sometimes the girls have little brothers.

"Albert dear, while looking through some of your old clothes; I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it. What was it, dear? Half-a-dozen checks that had never been written on."

Little Bennie—Papa, is there any difference in the word fool and foolish? Papa—There is. For instance, people who worry are foolish, while people who don't worry are fools. Now, perhaps, you can figure it out for yourself.

The Same Old Formula.—It appears that Li Hung Chang's head has been demanded because of his alleged complicity in the Russian scandal. That seems a Chinese variation of the old formula: Heads I win; tails you lose.

Family friend—I congratulate you, my dear sir on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls of your hands. Old Olivebranch—Off my hands—yes!

But the worst of it is, I have to keep their husbands on their feet.

Mrs. Hoyle—What was that you were talking in your sleep last night about standing pat? Isn't that something about card playing? Mr. Hoyle—Standing pat? Oh, not pat is our office boy and I was talking about not being able to stand his impudence much longer.

## MILLIONS ON MILLIONS.

### COST OF WAR IN MONEY AND MEN IN THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

The Most Costly Luxury in Which Any Nation Can Indulge—Expense of the Different Nations of the World in Times of Peace.

Here are some facts of a lively interest at this juncture of affairs. They show very clearly that war is the most costly luxury in which any nation can indulge. The state of the national debt forms a war thermometer which by its rapid rise in times of strife and its steady, though slow, fall in times of peace, indicates very clearly the effect of warfare on national finance.

Thus, in the French war that began in 1792 England's debt increased to the extent of nearly \$1,500,000,000, and again during the Napoleonic wars about \$1,600,000,000. In the forty years of peace that followed it decreased \$465,000,000 but over \$200,000,000 was added during the Crimean War and Indian mutiny. The decrease during the comparative peace that Britain has enjoyed since that time is over \$750,000,000, the debt now amounting to nearly \$3,285,000,000.

At the present time every nation is not only arming its soldiers with the newest and most destructive weapons ever devised by man for the slaughter of his fellow man, at an annual expenditure of millions of pounds—Britain alone spending over \$200,000,000 per annum—but many have already stored up for immediate use in the event of war large sums of money, amounting in some cases to seven or

### EIGHT MILLIONS OF POUNDS

sterling. Such sums as these, however, merely represent the expenditure necessary for the initial operations of an international campaign.

Even in times of peace the bare possibility of war adds a heavy item to the taxpayer's yearly bill. In France the annual cost per inhabitant is about \$4.25, while in Britain it is only twenty-five cents less. Strange to say, the peaceful Holland comes next with \$3.75; then the warlike German with \$2.50. In Denmark every man pays \$2.25; in Russia and Spain, \$2; in Austria, Italy and Belgium, \$1.75, and in Portugal \$1.50; while Uncle Sam escapes with the comparatively small outlay of \$1 per annum for the maintenance of his army and navy.

As long as peace endures these sums just suffice to secure the necessary efficiency when war breaks out they are wholly inadequate.

What a great war really costs may best be gauged from a short review of the sums that have been spent in warfare during the last half century. The cost of the recent Greco-Turkish war cannot be accurately estimated yet, but even taking the shortness of the campaign into consideration, it must be nearly enough to ruin both the nations concerned.

By far the most costly struggle of recent times was the

### AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

of 1861, when the outlay of the North amounted to \$4,800,000,000, and that of the South to \$2,300,000,000—a total expenditure of no less than \$7,100,000,000.

No European war within the last fifty years has incurred such an immense outlay as this, but the Franco-Prussian war cost, at the lowest estimate \$7,500,000,000 while the Crimean campaign involved an expenditure of \$1,700,000,000, and the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 over \$1,000,000,000.

These sums undoubtedly represent the cost of the greatest of the world's wars during the present century, but the \$330,000,000 spent by Austria and Prussia in 1866 and the \$300,000,000 which was the cost of the Italian war of 1859 are not inconsiderable items in the great bill of international warfare. Besides these, the Zulu and Afghan wars of 1879 cost about \$300,000,000; while \$230,000,000 is a small estimate for the various expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay and Cochinchina.

The sum thus accounted for is over \$13,000,000,000 and the numerous smaller struggles of the last twenty years will easily bring up the total to something like the gigantic amount of \$15,000,000,000, a sum, which, if divided, would allow about \$12.50 to every person on the globe, or rather more than \$3.00 to every man, woman and child in London.

So much for the pecuniary aspect of war. But what about

### THE COST IN HUMAN LIVES.

In the American civil war, which again heads the black list, the Northern States lost about 280,000 men and the Southern States 520,000, a total loss to America of 800,000 lives.

The Russo-Turkish war was in proportion to the money spent, still more destructive, no fewer than 225,000 men being slain, while the Franco-Prussian War involved the loss of 60,000 men to the victors and over 150,000 to the vanquished.

The latter number also represents the total loss during the Crimean War while the Italian War of 1859 and the Austrian War of 1866 each resulted in the slaughter of 45,000 men. Forty thousand lives were sacrificed in the Zulu and Afghan campaigns, while the various expeditions to Mexico, Morocco, Paraguay and Cochinchina cost about 70,000 men.

This number brings the total up to about 2,200,000 men, and the other wars of less importance increase it to the appalling number of 2,500,000 human lives offered up to the god of war, at an average cost of \$6,000, within the last fifty years.

**CHURCHES.**

**EVANGELICAL.**—Services 10 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School at 2 p.m. W. H. Boltzman, superintendent. Cottage prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30. Choir practice Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Finkbeiner, 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. Mr. Robinson, pastor.

**R. C. CHURCH, Sacred Heart of Jesus.**—Rev. Fr. Paton, pastor. Services every Sunday, alternate days 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.

**GERMAN LUTHERAN.**—Pastor, P. Mueller, Ph. D. Services: every 2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday of each month 2:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Sunday School at 1:30 p.m. Every 3rd Sunday at 9:30 p.m.

**METHODIST.**—Services 10:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath School 2:30 p.m. G. Curie, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Thursday 8 p.m. Rev. J. H. Meibach, D. A. Pastor.

**SOCIETIES.**

**M.B.A., No. 70.**—meets in their hall on the evening of the second and fourth Thursday in each month. H. KEBLAN, Pres. A. GIBBLER, Sec.

**C. O. F.**—Court Mildmay, No. 186, meets in their hall the second and last Thursdays in each month. Visitors always welcome. John McCowan, C. R. S. Finkbeiner, Secy.

**C. O. C. F. No. 156.**—meets in the Foresters' Hall the second and fourth Mondays in each month at 8 p.m. J. D. MILLER, Com. F. C. JASPER, Rec.

**A. O. U. W. 416.** meets in the Foresters' Hall, the 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month. L. DUEHLMAN, M. W. M. JASPER, Rec.

**I. O. F.**—Meets on the last Wednesday of each month. J. W. WARR, C. R. W. JOHNSON, Rec. Sec.

**K. O. T. M. Unity Tery No. 161.** meets in Foresters' Hall, on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of each month. W. McULLACH, Com. M. JASPER, R. K.

**Grand Trunk Time Table.**

Trains leave Mildmay station as follows:

GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH
Mail..... 7:33	Mixed..... 1:50 p.m.
Mixed..... 10 a.m.	Express..... 10:15 p.m.

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

—Mrs. Jas. Johnston spent the 24th with relatives in Mt. Forest.

—Messrs. Wm. and Albert Ziegler of the 16th, spent Sunday with relatives in Edell.

—Remember the R. C. picnic in the Fair Grounds next Monday. Splendid program.

—The Misses Harris and Mr. Ernest Turnbull of Atwood spent Sunday at the residence of Mr. J. W. Ward.

—The Township Council meets in the town hall to-day as a Court of Revision and for the transaction of general business.

—Mr. John Dobbie of Guelph spent Tuesday afternoon with his sister, Miss J. G. Dobbie. He left on the evening train for Southampton.

—Ferdinand Hinsperger, son of the railway hotel keeper, who left for Dakota a couple of years ago, is reported to have joined the U. S. army. He enlisted at Fargo and is now supposed to be on his way to the battle field.

—Last Thursday, Ascension Day, as Michael Perschbacher of the 6th con. was driving to church, he had the misfortune to lose a horse. The animal had seen better days and the loss to Mr. Perschbacher will not be very heavy.

—Tom Nulty, the young man who murdered his three sisters and young brother near Rawdon, Que., on Nov. 14th, last, was hanged in the jail yard at Lorette on Friday morning last. About 1000 people witnessed the affair from the roofs of neighboring houses. He met his death as unconcerned as he appeared at his trial.

—Mr. Harry Hauck, of the British Hotel was fortunate enough to secure the lucky ticket, No 791, to J. N. Scheffer's prize competition which was opened on Saturday night. As the result he received a beautiful chamber set. Mr. Geo. Culliton got the second prize, No 1806, for which he was presented a collection of handsome crockery.

—SACRED HEART CHURCH PICNIC.—A grand picnic will be held next Monday May 30th, in the Fair Grounds, for which a splendid program is being prepared. At 10 o'clock a children's procession will take place, headed by the Neustadt band. Luncheon will be served at 12 o'clock. A 7 p. m. a game of football will be played between Mildmay and Walkerton. At 3 o'clock a baseball match will be played between Walkerton and Hanover, and Formosa and Teeswater Baseball clubs will play at 5 o'clock. Supper will be served from 4 to 7. An auction sale of wagon and sleigh will be held at 8 o'clock, at which time the prize drawings will also take place. Admission 15 cents.

—Next Monday will be a lively day in town on account of the grand picnic.

—Mr. Fred Macklin of Stratford, spent the 24th with his brother, Dr. A. H. Macklin.

—J. D. Miller has had the ceiling of his store painted white, which makes the place appear much brighter.

—R. G. Lambert, one of Harrison's leading merchants, dropped dead on Thursday last from heart disease.

—Mildmay was not altogether void of sport on the 24th. Mr. C. Liesemer gave suitable prizes to the winners of foot races, which were as follows: Girls race, Annie Schwalm; another race, Laetitia Herringer; children's race, Olive Herringer; boys race, Edwin Schweitzer; wheelbarrow race, Johnnie Butler.

—Geo. Curtis of Belmore, better known as "Gipsy Jack," the rag, scrap iron and bone buyer, nearly got into trouble in town last week. Some boys sold him a stove belonging to Joseph Schnitzler, and after trying several times to make a trade, he at last sold the stove to Hergott Bros. A search was made for the stove but no further proceedings were taken.

—A good crowd from here attended the sports at Walkerton on Tuesday. The baseball match between Hanover and Walkerton resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 15 to 2. Chesley vs. Walkerton, lacrosse, 2 to 0 in favor of Walkerton. Football, Mildmay vs. Walkerton, victory for Mildmay by 8 to 0. Baseball, Walkerton and Guelph 25 to 5 in favor of Walkerton.

—A cow belonging to Mr. J. D. Parsill was killed on the railroad crossing just north of Mildmay on Tuesday morning by the morning train going south. The cow escaped from the pasture field beside the track and was just crossing when the engine struck her, throwing her about fifty feet. She was a valuable cow and will be a bad loss to Mr. Parsill at this time of the year.

—Last Saturday some of the railroad employees took it in hand to impound a number of cows that persisted in running into the station yard whenever an opportunity offered. The procession commenced at the station, and proceeded down Absalom St, along which they were joined by cows innumerable. When the procession reached its destination, the Commercial Hotel stables, myriads of cows had joined the train. Uncle acted as clerk in the stable and made pretty well out of the affair, while the railroad employees were subjected to harsh remarks.

—The Commercial Hotel has again changed hands, Jos. Herringer having sold out to Mr. Wendell Beitz of Buffalo, who took possession last Friday. Mr. Herringer has been in charge of the Commercial Hotel for six months and during that time has made many improvements about the place. We are pleased to hear that he is not going to leave town at present and has rented the house vacated by Wm. Ballagh. Mr. Beitz is well and favorably known here, having a few years ago been proprietor of the Royal Hotel, now owned by Chas. Buhlman. He has had considerable experience in the hotel business and knows how to conduct an up-to-date house.

—FOOTBALL.—The first football match of the season was played at Walkerton Tuesday, May 24th, between Walkerton and Mildmay, will proved an easy victory for the Mildmay boys. The game commenced at half past three and lasted one hour. The following is the players and positions of the Mildmay team:—Goal, A. Lewis; backs, H. Lobsinger, J. A. Johnston; half backs, J. V. Berscht, S. Hinsperger, D. Lenahan; Centre, J. W. Ward; left wing, Macklin, Lenahan; right wing, Liesemer, Hartley. During the first half, Mildmay scored four goals, two of which were not allowed. In the second half, one more goal was scored, which left the score 3 to 0 in favor of Mildmay. The boys all played splendidly, Henry Lobsinger at back making some beautiful plays. The half backs were right in line and kept the ball up to the forwards in good style, who made good use of every opportunity. Dr. Macklin was a puzzle to the opponents, while Ward, Hartley, Lenahan and Liesemer played splendidly together the combination at all times being so brilliant that it fairly dazzled the Walkerton defence. Charles Johnston refereed the game to the apparent satisfaction of both teams. Mildmay football club is fast making a reputation for itself. They boys expect to go to Port Elgin on Dominion Day, when no doubt they will acquit themselves in a creditable manner.

—Miss May Herringer spent the 24th with friends in Listowel.

—Miss Allie Curle visited friends in Toronto on the Queen's Birthday.

—Mr. E. Hogate, of Owen Sound, spent Sunday at the residence of Mr. W. H. Huck.

—Geo. Hemmer, who is working at Clinton, spent Sunday and the 24th at his home here.

—Harry Schuler, clerk at J. D. Miller's, spent the Queen's Birthday at his home at Hamburg.

—Mr. A. Schneider, north of Mildmay, raised a strawshed on Monday evening. It is a good size and adjoins the barn.

—A swindler appeared on the scene in Mildmay one day last week. He was taking orders for enlarging photographs, and on delivering the finished picture to one of our highly esteemed citizens, was handed a ten dollar bill in payment for some. It was just as the south mixed was coming in and the gent, in his hurry and excitement to catch the train, kept one dollar too much out of the ten dollar bill. The mistake was soon noticed and a search was made for the alleged swindler in the train, but he evidently knew his business and could not be found.

—The little son of John Hundt, hotel keeper at Otter Creek, died on Sunday from pneumonia, after having been confined to his bed for about two weeks. The boy, Edgar William John, was just 2 years, 8 months and 21 day old. The funeral took place on Tuesday forenoon to the R. C. cemetery at Carlsruhe. What makes the event sadder still is the fact that this is their second boy that has been carried off by this dreadful disease.

The Spanish fleet has been able to elude attack thus far partly by its superior swiftness, and partly perhaps by the lack of any ardent desire in its opponents to try conclusions until forced to do so. The speed which is useful in getting away from the enemy may be of the utmost importance in actual conflict in manoeuvring, skill and promptness in which offset heavier gun power. Sampson's monitors are said to be too slow for sea movements against armored cruisers or first-rate battleships, and they roll too much to be effective in any but smooth water. This is a handicap, which will add interest to the inevitable battle, when it comes off.

The war news is in an uncertain condition this week. There is no scarcity of rumours of engagements between the Spanish and American fleets, but it is generally believed that they have not yet come into collision. The most likely story is that the Spanish squadron is in Santiago. It is situated near the southeast corner of the Island, Havana being near the northwest corner and the distance between the principal ports cannot be less than six hundred miles, as there is nearly the whole length of the Island between. There is an excellent harbor at Santiago and it is naturally well protected, the channel into the harbour being very narrow, and the coast on either side being well elevated and said to be well protected by modern batteries and guns.

Admirals Sampson and Schley are supposed to have their fleets at the entrance of the harbour and speculations are abundant as to what will be the most probable movement on their part. Some say they will destroy the batteries at the entrance and force a fight in the harbour with the Spanish fleet, others say that would be taking unnecessary risk, that the only safe way will be to blockade the harbour and starve out the Spanish fleet. The rebel Cubans are said to have full possession of the country round Santiago and supplies cannot reach the fleet from inland. The only supply must come from outside the Island and an effective blockade would surely prevent any help from that direction.

The above news may be all purely speculative as these are no reliable reports as to the exact position of the Spanish fleet. On the 24th inst. pilots belonging to Cape Breton reported seeing seven war vessels off the coast of Nova Scotia and while they could not see any flags flying they believed them to be Spanish vessels.

The only thing to do in the premises, is to quietly pursue our usual avocations and in time we will hear something in regard to the actual state of affairs that can be depended on. There is not the least room to doubt that if the American fleet succeeds in destroying the Spanish Squadron, that American newspapers will certainly publish the victory.

# New Harness Shop

The undersigned wishes to inform the citizens of Mildmay and vicinity that he has opened out a Harness Shop in Mildmay and is prepared to meet the requirements of every person in need of harness or anything else in his line.

Repairing Promptly Attended To.  
Prices Moderate . . . . .

A Call Solicited.  
Stand Opposite Hunstein's Shoe Store.

G. Lindenschmidt.

THE PEOPLES' DRUG STORE  
MILDMAV

First-class  
Turnip Seed.

Pure Paris Green . . .

Butter and Eggs  
Wanted . . .

DR. A. H. MACKLIN.

GUELPH, Nov. 23rd, 1897.

The Sloan Medicine Co.  
Hamilton.

DEAR SIRS:—For years I was troubled with periodical sick headaches, being effected usually every Sunday, and used all the medicines that were advertised as cures, and was treated by almost every doctor in Guelph but without any relief. One doctor told me it was caused by a weak stomach, another said it was hereditary and incurable. I was induced by a neighbor to try Sloan's Indian Tonic, and am happy to say I did so. A few doses gave immediate relief, and one bottle and a half made a complete cure. This was three years ago, and the headaches have never returned. I was also troubled with asthma and nothing helped me like your Sloan's Indian Tonic. I can heartily recommend it to all and I will be glad to give any particulars to any one afflicted as I was.

W. C. KEOCH.

For sale by all dealers  
or address . . .

The Sloan Medicine Co. Limited Hamilton.

Price \$1 per bottle, 6 bottles for \$5.

For use on all Horses that  
have any bad habits, such as  
Running Away, Kicking,  
Shying or Lugging on the Bit

Berry's  
Patent  
Horse  
Controller.

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

Price 50 Cents.

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

Richard Berry, Patentee. Mildmay, Ont.