

J. L. Sullivan

THE EQUITY.

Vol. XIII, No. 21:

SHAWVILLE, CO. OF PONTIAC, P. Q., THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION: One Dollar a Year in advance.

BANK OF OTTAWA.

Capital Authorized ... \$1,500,000
Subscribed ... 1,487,600
paid up ... 1,204,980
Reserve ... 587,116.50

HEAD OFFICE, Ottawa
Branches ... Arnprior.

Carleton Place,
Keewatin,
Pembroke,
Winnipeg!

A Savings Bank in connection with each ranch. Deposits received of \$1.00 and upwards. Interest allowed.

A General Banking business transacted.
GEO. BURN, CHARLES McGEHE,
Cashier, President

R. S. DOWD,

M. D., C. M. TRINITY: L. R. C. P. & S., EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, GLASGOW.
Residence—over H. S. Dowd's Store, Quyon.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m. and 7 to 9 p. m.

DR. T. C. GABOURY,

(Formerly of Bryson,)

Has removed to Quyon and has his office in the residence of the late Dr. Astley.
Office hours from 8 a. m., to 12 a. m., and 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

JAS. HOPE & Co.

MANUFACTURING STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, PRINTERS, ETC. Depository of the Ottawa Auxiliary Bible Society, Ottawa, Ont.

ARTHUR McCONNELL.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Main St. Hull, Que., will, at request, attend all courts in the district. All correspondence promptly answered.
Will be at Shawville first Thursday of each month.

S. A. McKay, B. C. L.

NOTARY PUBLIC. Clerk of the Magistrates Court at Shawville. Agent for the Credit Foncier Franco Canadian. Money to lend on easy terms.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT

BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT Shawville, Que., respectfully solicits engagements for any business in connection with all Courts in the County. Collections made and prompt returns assured.

L. A. HENAU, L.L.B.

ADVOCATE, SOLICITOR, ETC., ETC.
ATTORNEY FOR THE REVENUE DISTRICT OF PONTIAC.
Bryson, Que.
Mr. Henault will regularly attend the Courts at Shawville, Quyon, P. D. Fort, Bryson, Conlongue and Chapeau.

HENRY AYLEN,

ADVOCATE
Hull, - - - Que.

Mr. Aylen will regularly attend the sessions of the Courts at Bryson.

JOHN COYNE.

CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT AND MAGISTRATES' COURTS FOR THE DISTRICT OF PONTIAC AT PORTAGE DU FORT, P. Q.
All business entrusted to him will receive immediate attention.

ST LAWRENCE HALL.

D. M. McLEAN, Proprietor, Main St. Quyon, Que. This house is in every way furnished to afford excellent accommodation for the travelling public. Commercial men will find the sample rooms second to none on the road. The Bar is always supplied with the best brands of Liquors, Wines, and Cigars. Good Livery in Connection.

GRAND CENTRAL HOUSE,

E. P. Turpin - - Prop.
BRYSON, Q.

THIS hotel has been recently opened for the public accommodation, and has been equipped in first class style with all necessary requirements.
Bar furnished with choice liquors and cigars. First class table, good yard and stabling, and large commodious Sample Rooms. Fair Dressing Parlor in building.

PONTIAC HOUSE,

Shawville, - - - Que.

THIS HOUSE is first-class in every respect, being roomy, neat, comfortable and equipped with every necessary convenience. Commercial men will find the accommodations for their business all that can be desired. Guests treated with courtesy and civility. Bar supplied with only best brands of liquors and cigars. Good livery, and free bus to and from all trains.
C. CALDWELL, - - - PROPRIETOR.

OTTAWA BUSINESS COLLEGE

For Practical Training in Bookkeeping, Office Work, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and Penmanship. Come to us. We have helped thousands. Can't we help you? Write for circular describing the courses and methods of teaching. Address JOHN KEITH, Principal, 152 Bank St., Ottawa.

"THE EQUITY"

Is issued from the office of Publication at Shawville every Thursday.
Subscription, \$1.00 per Annum.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Correspondence of local interest solicited from all parts of the country.

Birth, Marriage and Death Notices inserted free; but obituary lines, or "poetry" will be charged at the rate of 3 cents per line, money to accompany the manuscript in every case.

J. A. COWAN, Publisher.

Capital City BUSINESS COLLEGE.

(78 Rideau St, Ottawa, Ont.)

BUSINESS SHORTHAND TYPEWRITING PENMANSHIP COURSES

Superior advantages offered to those interested in a practical education. Splendid location near Parliament Hill. Well equipped class room. Complete staff of experienced teachers. Graduates assisted to positions.

DON'T FAIL to write for catalogue explaining our NEW METHOD of teaching Bookkeeping and Office work. It will interest you. Catalogue and specimen of Penmanship free. Address

A. M. GRIMES.

Local and General.

Two cars salt just received and selling at 65c. for coarse and 35 for 50 lb. fine, cash at G. Fred Hodgins.

A pleasant little Halloween party was given by Mrs. James McCredie to a few of the young folk of the town.

Dr. Rattray, of Cobden, has just returned from New York, where he has undergone a serious operation—that of having a tumor removed from his side.

The Shawville Marble and Granite Works, Alex. McDonald, proprietor, turns out a superior class of work in Monuments, Headstones, etc. Prices reasonable.

Messrs. Duncan and Colin Campbell, of Sand Point, have been prospecting for minerals in the back townships for some days past. We learn they discovered some pretty good "showings."

A man who recently bought a railway way ticket from Sudbury to Toronto and return sold the return half of it after reaching Toronto. For doing this he was arrested and sent to jail for ten days.

In our last issue we omitted to mention the demise on the 17th ultimo, after a lingering illness from heart trouble, of Willie Workman, eldest son of Mr. Alex. Workman of the 7th range, Clarendon, at the age of fifteen years.

The death of the late Mrs. Barnes, known all over the country as "The Witch of Plum Hollow," is recalled by a suit at the Assize Court at Brockville. The ownership of the historic old home of Mrs. Barnes is in dispute between a grandson of the deceased fortune teller and Mr. Kincaid, of Charleston Lake.

Eight miles south of Alliston lives one James Duroso, who may be fairly be classed as an old man, having more than entered into the second decade of his second century, as he is, according to reliable data, 113 years old. His friends have been waiting for his death for the last fortnight, but on Friday of last week he surprised them all by getting up and shaving himself.

Mr. Cote, the gentleman who has acquired the management of the Pontiac telephone line was in Shawville this week making further repairs and changes in the service here. Mr. C. seems quite sanguine that he will be enabled to put the line in the most satisfactory working order, besides having the encouraging prospect of a considerable increase in the list of subscribers. Applications for the placing of twenty new phones have been received lately which will bring the number of phones in use in the county up to within a fraction of one hundred. Mr. Cote's terms are so very reasonable that thus far, he informed us, none of the old patrons of the line had refused to accept them.

Radford Notes.

Miss K. Wilson, teacher, who has been ill for some time past, is able to resume her duties again.

Miss May King of Renfrew is visiting Miss Clara Brownlee at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean of Douglas is the guest of Mrs. Thos. Prendergast.

Mrs. A. Barber is very ill at present.

Miss Maud Jones, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. G. Richardson for some time past, returned home last week.

There is talk of a wedding coming off in the neighbourhood shortly. I hope J—wont forget

Betsy.

Fur coats, jackets, capes, caps, storm collars, muffs, &c., just in and marked at low prices at G. F. Hodgins.

For horse blankets, goat robes, grey and white blankets go to G. F. Hodgins.

Rev. Father Donovan, of Pembroke, died at the hospital there on Wednesday last.

Mr. Harry C. Fenn, an old resident of Quyon, died on the 25th ult., aged 69 years.

Messrs. J. J. Turner and Thomas Findley have erected comfortable stables on their respective premises.

The ladies of St. Paul's church are preparing their annual missionary box. Contributions thankfully received during this month.

G. F. Hodgins is showing a beautiful range of fall and winter dress goods in all the most fashionable shades, imported direct from the British markets.

Mr. R. Hobbs is pushing the interior of his new building to completion as rapidly as possible. An Arnprior firm have engaged the shop and will move in as soon as it is ready.

Archbishop Duhamel has left Ottawa on a pilgrimage to Rome. He said it was nothing but the ordinary trip that every bishop must make every ten years to give a statement of their diocese to the Pope.

On Wednesday last at Emmanuel church Arnprior, Mr. Fred G. Mulkins, manager of the Rideau Street branch of the Bank of Ottawa, was united in matrimony to Miss Bertha, third daughter of Mayor Mole, of Arnprior.

The O., A. & P. S. Ry. Co., wish to purchase McNab's Grove on Chata Lake from McLachlin Bros., for the purpose of converting it into a picnic ground to be used by excursionists brought to Arnprior on their railway.

The management of the Deseronto cheese and butter factory are now making butter from whey and that in considerable quantities. Experts declare that there is not the slightest difference between it and the usual butter.

Thomas Moorhead, son of John S. Moorhead, Sand Point, came down from one of Gillies Bros.' shanties a very sick man. Indications are that typhoid fever is the cause, and what makes the thing sadder is that just about this time last year one of his brothers got killed and was brought home dead.

The wooden box-trick has been successful on a farmer named Thomas Hand, of Merivale, near Ottawa. He was to negotiate the purchase of a farm for a stranger and was induced to hand over \$400 security for the \$3,000 he thought was in the wooden box. When he opened the box he found two pieces of wood.

The members of Prospect Lodge, I. O. G. T., No. 82, purpose giving a Grand Concert in Stark's school-house, on Friday evening, 8th November. A good program consisting of Dialogues, Readings, Recitations, Vocal and Instrumental Music, etc., will be furnished. All are cordially invited. Admission, adults 25 cts., children 15 cts.

The Sand Point correspondent of the Arnprior Chronicle last week, says:—All the machinery is taken out of the burnt hull of the steamer Perley and she was hauled off the ways and is now afloat. There is some talk about a party in Arnprior taking her down and running her as a ferry to Marshall's Bay. It will be a great boon for those who sleep too late for all other accommodation.

The death occurred last week at Portage du Fort of Duncan Carmichael, Esq., for many years slide master at the Calumet Falls. A couple of years ago he was obliged, on account of declining health and advanced years, to relinquish the position, and removing to Portage du Fort, he has since resided there up to the time of his death. The deceased gentleman was a staunch member of the Presbyterian church, as he was in politics a Liberal-Conservative. An aged widow, five daughters and one son survive him.

Consumption claimed another victim on Monday night of this week in the person of Mr. John Eades, second son of Wm. Eades, Esq., of Clarendon. Although the deceased young man had been in declining health for some time past it was not till only a few days preceding his death that he took to his bed and the anxious ones around saw that the inevitable was not far distant. Besides his other relatives the deceased leaves a young wife and several children of tender years, all of whom have our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement. Funeral to Shawville cemetery on Wednesday afternoon.

Honor Roll for October.

SCHOOL, No. 5, CLARENDON.

Grade IV.—Bella Dale 1, Garfield Hodgins 2.

Grade III.—Rexford Wilson 1, Bella Hodgins 2, Mildred Wilson 3.

Grade II, (Senior)—Nellie Hodgins 1, Arthur Dale 2, Laura Hodgins 3. (Junior)—Herman Wilson 1, Herbert Hodgins 2, Thomas Farrell 3.

II Primer—Willie Pirie 1, John Pirie 2, Garfield Hodgins 3.

Perfect attendance—Rexford Wilson. M. D. McINTOSH, Teacher.

G. Fred Hodgins is paying cash for all kinds of grain, hogs, wool, hides, &c.

Geo. Robinson, of Cobden, had a foot badly crushed by a hay press last week.

The popular manager of the Grand Union Hotel, Ottawa, Mr. Andrew Acres, was married last week.

Mr. Alex. McDonald has removed his family into his new building next to A. N. Wilson's on Main street.

It is proposed to build a beach walk around Parliament hill at Ottawa. The cost will be in the neighborhood of \$25,000.

The second trial of the Hyams Brothers for the murder of young Wells at Toronto, commenced yesterday, (Wednesday.)

Mrs. C. Hains, wife of the C. P. R. agent at Casselman, met her death recently by taking a dose of carbolic acid in mistake.

The O., A. & P. S. Railway line is now built to within a mile of the town of Parry Sound, and within a few weeks it will be completed.

Mr. Jas. McArthur has recently added to his stock a number of neat bedroom and parlor suites, sofas, lounges, chairs, &c. Drop in and inspect.

Mrs. Benjamin Scharf, of Hazledan, was recently held up by a highway robber at Eagle's Corners, while on her way home from Ottawa, and relieved of \$20. The robber escaped.

Sixty three miles an hour is the average speed which a railway train made between Chicago and Buffalo the other day. The distance is 610 miles and the run was made in eight hours.

H. Hobbs is arranging for a cheap sale of clothing and footwear to commence shortly. Look out for a list of prices next week. The figures he intends offering goods at will simply astound you.

Mr. J. Sherwood Armstrong, writing from Masonville, Michigan, in renewal of his subscription, remarks that times are getting brisk again in that locality. Lumbermen are all working full force again, and it is expected by next season there will still be a greater boom in business.

Mr. Ben Smart, who is at present bringing joy into innumerable households in the county by the introduction of knitting machines, owes much of his success, he says, to his advt. in THE EQUITY, which he said has already repaid him fourfold. This is an instance showing that agents do not always talk through their hats.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF GILBERT MAGOON, ESQ., OF THE TOWN LINE OF BRISTOL.

One by one the earlier settlers of the Township of Bristol pass away to their long rest, and soon those who hewed homes for themselves out of the primitive forest will be held in remembrance only. On Friday at midnight the spirit of one of these took its departure, and all that now remains lies entombed in God's Acre in that beautiful sequestered spot at Norway Bay. We refer to Gilbert Magoon, Esq., of the town line of Bristol. Fifty years ago when the present flourishing township was but a wilderness, the deceased settled on the farm which now shows the result of energy and industry. In those days no roads were in existence, and when communication was desired with outlying settlements, a zigzag path through the dense forest was the only route by which such communication could be accomplished. For several years the late Mr. Magoon suffered with stomach trouble, and although the best of medical advice was sought, little relief could be obtained, and the deceased gradually declined until about two weeks ago when he was compelled through weakness to take to his bed. All that care and kindness of a loving family could do to alleviate the pains of a patient, suffering husband and father was done, but all to no avail. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Sunday afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Austin, pastor of the Methodist church at Quyon, which was very largely attended. The text from which the reverend gentleman took his discourse was from Isaiah, "As the leaf falls." He spoke in a pathetic strain, urging his hearers to be always ready to obey the summons of death, for no man knoweth when the call may come. Several appropriate hymns were sung by the choir, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Edey. The bier was decked with a number of beautiful wreaths, contributed by sorrowing friends. The funeral cortege upon leaving the house was fully a mile in length, bearing testimony to the esteem in which the deceased was held by his many acquaintances. He was a municipal councillor for many years, and held the office of Chaplain in L. O. L. No. 46 for many years, of which society he was an honorary member.

Deceased, who was 66 years of age, leaves a wife, two sons and four daughters to mourn his loss.—Wallace and David, who reside on the homestead, and Mrs. F. Beckworth, Mrs. F. Hughes, Mrs. J. C. Williams and Mrs. G. McDermott. Requiescat in pace.

REID BROS. THE ARCADE.

IT'S NOT IN THE PRICE YOU PAY

But in the Quality of Goods you get for the price that leads to true economy.

We will stake our reputation that we have the best values that the markets will afford, for the Fall and Winter Trade of '95 in Ladies' imported and tailor-made Jackets and Capes, Children's Ulsters, Boots and Shoes, Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Furs, Kid Gloves.

Our Millinery Parlour

Is now well stocked with New and Fashionable Goods. Trimming done in "Up to date Style, and at moderate prices.

Inspection Solicited by REID BROS, THE ARCADE, ARNPRIOR, ONT.

Telephone No. 81.

P.S.—Dress and Mantle Making done with fit and finish Guaranteed.

New lot of ladies' readymade jackets at G. F. Hodgins.

A quantity of Shingles and Dry Lumber For Sale at Mill Prices, at Wm. H. Lucas', Caldwell.

Billerica Chips.

Oct. 30.—Not seeing anything from this vicinity in your paper, I thought I would send in a few chips. If these don't find the waste basket, I may write again.

All the farmers here are busy ploughing, regardless of the falling snow, or "Jack Frost's" icy touch. There was so little rain this fall, the ground is rather dry for good ploughing.

A very successful social was held in Knox Church, Wednesday, Oct. 23rd. The program was all that could be desired.

Rumor has it that two of our enterprising school "narrms" are going to have concerts. That is right, ladies; hope more will follow your example.

Mr. David Ward gave an instructive lecture on Geology in Knox Church, Wednesday 30th ult.

Say! have those young folk found out who rapped yet?

Moral:—Never take your best young man into the parlor without first putting down the blinds.

The Fifth.

Orangemen of this neighborhood observed the anniversary of the discovery of the gunpowder plot. At Knox's lodge, two miles from the village, the members of the lodge participated in a shooting match for turkeys, during the afternoon.

In this village No 27 provided a sumptuous dinner at 4 o'clock, to which a goodly number sat down. In the evening there was an assembly at the Masonic Hall where addresses were delivered by Mr. James Hodgins, Mr. James T. Pattison and the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, expriest, the latter speaking for about an hour. Mr. Alex. Elliott, sr., occupied the chair. The addresses were interspersed with selections by the village band. At the conclusion of the addresses, the audience was invited to return to the Orange Hall, where a ten-cent supper was provided. A good number responded. This ended the proceedings so far as the celebration of the event was concerned, but some of the young folk made a final winding up to the occasion by tripping the "light fantastic toe" for an hour or two.

ONLY A MILLION.

CHAPTER IV.

The sudden appearance of Ruth at the Vicarage in a state of much agitation created great commotion in that quiet establishment. Mrs. Ware took her upstairs, and in a little while learned the whole story of her love for Dr. Mowbray and of her cousin's conduct.

Mrs. Ware was a sensible woman, and, whilst making excuses for Mr. Cawley, contrived to soothe her guest by those delicate suggestions of compromises which might lead to future happiness only perceptible by the keen eyes of a woman. She persuaded her that the best thing she could do was to take a long rest, and in the morning she would be able to discuss the affairs of the future. Ruth was so weary and distressed by all that happened within such a short period that she yielded to all her kind hostess suggested.

Then Mrs. Ware rejoined her husband, and after a long conversation with him he put on his hat and proceeded to Cedar Lodge. He had not been able to accomplish all that he had intended to do, but he resolved on the following morning he would tell Mr. Cawley very plainly that he had been most unkind to his cousin. Up to a late hour that evening the good-natured Vicar half expected, or hoped, that Mr. Cawley would come to him for some information about Ruth, if not to ask her to return to the house which had been so long her home.

But he put out his lights and went to bed without having received the visit he had looked for.

Dr. Mowbray made an early call at the Vicarage next day to see one of the young ladies who was suffering from a slight cold which she had magnified into a severe attack of bronchitis. Then he heard something about the rupture between Ruth and her cousin—not much, certainly, for the girls had been told nothing more than that Miss Hansford was to stay with them for a few days. But this was enough to make the young Doctor seek a full explanation from the Vicar. To the latter, the position was an awkward one; he did not know how much of his information he was at liberty to repeat—especially to Mowbray. He discovered an excellent way out of the difficulty.

"Ahem! I think, Mowbray, you should see Miss Hansford in your professional capacity. She is really very ill and requires advice. Then, as her friend, I have no doubt she will give you all the particulars which you require, and which—well, in fact—which I feel some reluctance to give without her sanction. I will ask Mrs. Ware to inform her that you are here."

"Thank you, I am anxious to see her, whether she is willing to make me her confidant or not."

The Vicar went in search of his wife. In a few minutes Mrs. Ware appeared, and, after a formal greeting, conducted the Doctor to a parlor overlooking the garden; she was brisk in manner, and her expression distinctly suggested that she was very sanguine as to the result of this visit. There are few women, whatever may be their age, who do not take an interest in a love affair.

Ruth was seated in a large easy-chair beside a comfortable fire. She was dressed in black, and this rendered the pallor of her face the more noticeable; but a slight flush for a moment sufficed it when Mowbray advanced to her. She rose, extending her hand, which he seized with more eagerness than would be requisite if he only intended to feel her pulse.

"Pray be seated, Miss Hansford. I see that you are very weak, and you must not task your strength."

Smiling faintly, she resumed her seat. He arranged the cushion behind her with the tenderness of a mother nursing a loved child; then he drew back and knew that his own pulse quickened with pleasure at sight of the expression of gratitude on the pale face.

"You must not think that I am very ill, Dr. Mowbray. It is only—a little weakness due to much excitement last night. Will you not be seated?" she added abruptly.

The Doctor took a chair, and his earnest eyes examined her closely. Although no word had yet been spoken to suggest anything between them more than the ordinary relationship of doctor and patient, both were conscious that an important crisis in their lives was at hand. He saw that she hesitated to explain to him fully the nature of her trouble; and he hesitated to attempt to win the secret from her. But that the cause of the breach between her and her cousin was a serious one, he could easily divine from the effect it had had upon her.

"I may tell you," he said gently, "that I know something of what has happened. You have left Mr. Cawley's house owing to some misunderstanding between you; but surely it can be explained away? Mr. Cawley is a gentleman of sound sense, and would not I am sure, cause you unnecessary distress."

She turned her head aside, and her lips trembled slightly; she could not tell him why Mr. Cawley had acted as if he had very little sound sense indeed.

"I am afraid that reconciliation is impossible," she answered, without looking round. "Even if Mr. Cawley were to ask me, I could not return to his house."

"Then, what are your plans for the future? Have you any relatives to protect you?"

"None" (this with a sob).
"Any friends, then?"
"None save the Vicar and his wife. You know that I have scarcely stirred beyond the village since I was sixteen, and have, therefore, had few opportunities of making such friends as I might ask to help me in my present position."

The Doctor himself grew pale now; and it was evident by his blanched lips and the slight tremor of his hands that he was greatly agitated. At length he bent towards her, and his voice was very low and earnest as he spoke.

"Miss Hansford, I am going to say something that will startle you, and perhaps add to your distress. Shall I risk doing so? Do you think you are strong enough to hear me?"

"Go on," she faltered.

"It is very little that I have to say. Some three years ago I met a lady

whose face and character roused sentiments which had long lain dormant under the pressure of severe work and much privation. I was poor then, and I am not much richer now. I understood the lady to be the probable heiress of a large fortune, and I resolved to stifle those feelings which had so suddenly sprung into life. We frequently met, however, and I was too weak to deny myself the happiness of speaking to her and being near her. The thought of her helped me through many severe trials. You know that lady is yourself, Miss Hansford; your position is altered now, and I may therefore tell you that I love you.—Have I offended you?"

She had started at the sound of those words which always thrill the hearts of men and women. For answer she placed her hand in his. He bent over her and kissed her.

The Vicar and his wife were not at all surprised when the engagement of Ruth and Dr. Mowbray was made known to them, for they had long seen what the lovers had been afraid to own to themselves. The Vicar decided that Mr. Cawley should at once be informed of the matter; and again hurried to Cedar Lodge, to find for a second time that he could not fulfil his mission.

At the door was a brougham, and in the hall he found Dr. Walpole (the most popular physician of the district) drawing on his gloves and giving instructions to two servants who were listening with an expression of terror on their faces.

"Good morning, Mr. Ware," said the great physician condescendingly. "I am afraid we have a bad case here. Our friend Mr. Cawley has passed a very restless night, and is now in a state of delirium. The indications are those of small-pox. I have left one of my men with him, and have telegraphed to London for properly qualified nurses. Hope you are all well at home. Excuse me, I am very busy—good morning." And the pompous gentleman entered his carriage and drove away.

The diagnosis proved to be correct: an epidemic of small-pox had been for some time raging in the country, and it had seized Mr. Cawley in its most virulent form. Nurses came and went; the servants fled in terror from the plague, and the millionaire was left almost alone. As the delirium slowly subsided, he was vaguely conscious of shadows flitting around his bed; when the crisis had passed, and he awakened as from a long and horrible dream, he saw a slender figure, dressed in black, standing beside him, and tenderly moistening his feverish lips with some liquid. Behind this figure was that of a tall man was watching him intently.

"Ruth—Mowbray," said the invalid feebly. And then, after a long pause, "What does it all mean?"

"You may speak," whispered Mowbray to Ruth; "I believe he is saved."

"You have been very ill, Cawley," said the gentle voice which he had thought he would never hear again; "but you will soon be well now."

He closed his swollen eyes, and tried to puzzle out the meaning of this strange dream; then he fell into a natural sleep. His attendants were no shadows now; and as he slowly recovered, he learned bit by bit how, when he had been deserted by nearly every one else, Ruth and Mowbray had nursed him through his terrible illness.

On a bright June morning, when the air was perfumed with roses, the bells in the tower of the old parish church rang out a merry wedding peal, and Ruth, in bride's attire, advanced to the altar where Dr. Mowbray waited. The Vicar was in his place ready to make his two friends man and wife. A gentleman whose face was deeply pitted by small-pox was brought up to the altar in a wheel-chair, and gave away the bride. When the bride and bridegroom were stepping into the carriage, he shook hands with the man, he kissed the lady, muttering, "God bless you, my child! May your life be long and happy! I am happy now."

And it was the first time that Mr. Cawley had been really happy. His illness had proved a blessing to himself, to Ruth, and to George Mowbray.

CHARLES GIBBON.
(The End.)

Electric Rapid Transit.

The substitution of the electric motor and special devices for fast travel may be delayed by the managers of steam railways, whose business will be injured thereby, but the change has got to come. Present methods are not in keeping with the progressive science of the age. The steam roads carry a ton of car weight for every passenger they transport, where only 400 pounds are required with the new system. The slaughter of people by crossing roads built at grade on the surface must be stopped, and this is one way to avoid it. Why should passengers be bothered with sleeping-car accommodations to make a journey that can be accomplished within the short hours that now constitute a legal working day? In the Brott system locomotives are dispensed with. The motors are on the axles, under the cars. Hence, it is possible to dispense with the mighty locomotive, that has to be made nearly as heavy as the whole train in order to secure a proper hold upon the track. Now that ocean steamers have so closely approached railroad speed it is high time that the land roads forged ahead before designers of water craft catch up.

Many Divorces in Michigan.

Mr. Melvin A. Root, has been making a study of the divorce statistics of Michigan, and from this, supplemented by investigations made by the Secretary of State, the following deductions are made: The number of divorce suits begun in 1894 was 55.25 greater than the number begun in 1884, while the increase in population was but 2.92 per cent. The ratio of applications for divorce in Michigan per 100,000 population were respectively 86.9 and 11.6 for the years 1884 and 1894. There were 18,220 marriages in Michigan in 1894. The percentage of applications for divorce to the number of marriages is 13.7 and the probable percentages of divorces, taking the probable number granted at 60 per cent. of the applications, is 8.2. The ratio of divorces to marriages in 1886, the last year of the government returns, was 8 per cent. divorce is granted for every twelve marriages in Michigan.

The Family Diamonds.

CHAPTER I.

"They are worth several lacs of rupees."

I had no very clear idea what was the exact value of a lac of rupees, when I answered Cousin Martha as to the supposed value of Aunt Purpose's diamonds. I knew, however, that it represented a large sum; and then, I did not care to confess an absolute ignorance on the subject, especially to Martha, who is quite two years my junior, although a good many say that she looks the older of the two. We were sitting in my little four-roomed cottage before the open case-door, and with my small brown delf teapot between us, were refreshing ourselves with an early cup of tea. Although we are both unmarried, yet we prefer occupying separate tenements, the Misses being too captious and domineering in disposition to agree well together. We are decidedly non-gregarious. Hence, we live apart, and have everything to ourselves. There were but three born Misses living—Aunt Purpose being one marriage only—Patience (that is, myself); Martha; and Robert, a grasping, avaricious old bachelor. I know that it is not nice to detract one's relative; but Martha—perfectly agrees with me in my estimate of our mutual cousin's character; therefore I think I may be allowed to record it. The last generation of Misses consisted of four brothers, the eldest of whom was Robert's father; the next, mine; the third, Martha's; while the fourth, who died childless, had been the husband of Aunt Purpose.

We of the younger generation had long been settled in our parents' native village of Nettletrope, happy, to a certain extent, in our mutual carplings and bickerings; when a great excitement was imported into the eventer tenor of our lives by the news that Thomson—the local house-agent—had been written to by Aunt Purpose, authorizing him to take, in her name, a moderately sized house in our primitive little hamlet.

Now, one word about Aunt Purpose. Uncle Job, her husband, had held an official appointment in the East Indies, where he had met and married her. Nothing was heard of them for some years; and then, suddenly, he arrived. Again an interval of silence occurred, to be broken by the intelligence that our widowed relative whom we had never seen, was about to come and live in the midst of us, actuated thereto by a wish to end her days amongst her husband's kindred, as she had none of her own. The fact of her being a stranger to us, would have been sufficient to have awakened a certain amount of interest in her arrival; therefore, our unusual excitement may well be understood when Robert discovered, by some means or other—he is such a terrible one for sifting and prying into things, but there! men always are so curious—that she was the owner of a most wonderful and almost priceless set of brilliants, that had been presented to her by great Maharajah, to whose children she had been governess. Again, it was said that she was penurious and miserly in her habits, as we knew our uncle had been. He had left her everything at his death; therefore, she must be, we argued, at least comfortably rich. East Indians are never really poor. Their wealth is proverbial. Kithless and kinless, save for ourselves, her approach filled us with joyful anticipations; and already in imagination each one of us saw himself, or herself, the owner of her matchless jewels and sole inheritor of her wealth.

Martha and I were just discussing our second cup, and speculating as to the time of the old lady's arrival, then daily expected, when suddenly my little friend—the girl, whom I had despatched to the village on a marketing expedition, dashed into the room with her arms full of packages, and her tongue charged to its extreme tip with gossip.

"Well, Mary, what is it?" asked Martha, who saw that the child was bursting with news.

"Oh, if you please, m'm, she's come, and druv all the way in 'obson's one-or-se shay, with a great screaming green poll-parrot in a brass cage beside the driver, and a black woman all in white, and a red silk pocket-handkercher tied over 'er 'air, and s'uthing just like a lot of little gold pimples growin' out 'o' one side of 'er nose.—I should not have bin so long, m'm," she added, turning apologetically to me, as she at length paused in her lengthy harangue to get back her breath, "but I stopped to see 'em take in the luggage and things."

There was no need for any name to be mentioned. We both knew that she could only be referring to Aunt Purpose. A rigid cross-examination followed; but all that we could elicit from our informant was that Mrs. Missle was a little, shrivelled-looking old woman, with a very yellow face, and a pair of bright black eyes just like a bird.

"Did you see Mr. Robert there?" I asked uneasily.

"No, m'm; though, if you please, m'm, I 'sereed at the post-office as Muster Robert 'ad gone to Southampton to meet 'is aunt."

"Just like him! Sly and mean in all that he does!" was Martha's indignant comment as she rose and began to put on her shawl and gloves.

I wanted to be by myself to think over matters, and decide as to my Aunt Purpose, so I did not press her to stay; and I could easily see that she was quite as eager to leave me.

"Ought we to call to-night?" I asked her, resolving that whatever underhand means Robert might have taken to forestall us in her favour, we two would be loyal to each other.

"I don't think so," she answered in her usual doubting, hesitating manner. "You see, she has chosen to come quietly and without telling the time of her arrival; so I think it would be much better if we were to leave it now till the morning. She is certain to be tired after her journey. You might, however, send Mary round a little later to inquire after her, and with your love."

After Martha had left me, I sat cogitating and considering. To wait till the morrow seemed a long time,

when we knew that Robert was already laying siege to Aunt Purpose's affections. I felt uncomfortable at the idea of letting him have the field all to himself. At any rate—I argued to myself—there could be no harm in just going to see how matters were. "Fair-play is a jewel all the world over." I could easily explain everything to Martha, afterwards.

The determination was speedily put into execution; and I was soon equipped for my visit. As I passed out by the larder, my eyes fell upon a small corn-flour blanc-mange that I had made that morning. "Poor thing!" I said to myself as I took up the dish on which it stood, and covering it with a small napkin, placed it in a basket; "I darsay her appetite is not of the best; and then those East Indians always have had digestions. I will take it to her. I am sure it will do her good. There's a whole pint of milk in it."

Rose Cottage, whither I was bound, was about ten minutes' walk from my abode; but as I walked very fast, it could not have taken me more than eight, at the outside, to reach it. A strange servant-girl opened the door to me—one of that stupid, interfering Thomson the house-agent's importations. As if he could not have found a good honest girl in Nettletrope—one that we all knew—instead of bringing a stranger into the family!

"Aunt Purpose—Mrs. Job Missle, I mean—has arrived, I believe? I began as the girl stood filling up the doorway, as if to bar my entrance.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you give her this, with my love? Say, her niece, Miss Patience Missle, brought it. It is a little blanc-mange, and is made quite plain, without any flavouring."

She took it from me, and would have left me standing on the doorstep—no Nettletrope girl would have dared to treat me thus—but I pushed by her.

"I will wait here," I said, as I walked straight into the little sitting-room at the back and seated myself on a very hard-bottomed chair.

A door on one side led into the kitchen. Peeping through it, for it was half-opened, I saw the black attendant. She was dressed just as described by Mary; but she was holding something in her hand that, at that moment, excited in me a great deal more curiosity than either her colour or her costume. It was a small fancy basket of a peculiar pattern, that seemed very familiar to me. The sight of it awoke a sad misgiving at my heart, more especially as it was filled with eggs of that peculiar dark hue common to the poultry of Brahma and Cochin-China. Now, Martha possessed a basket the exact counterpart of the one held by the black woman; and when I add that she owned half-dozen pets of the second-mentioned breed of fowls, my misgivings will be readily understood. To relieve my doubts, I crept into the kitchen, and overcoming my repugnance to people of colour, peeped over the black woman's shoulder. She gave a start, and rolling the whites of her black eyes at me, muttered something in her own language.—Yes; I was right! Martha had deceived me! There, on each egg, in her large skewery handwriting, was the name of the hen by which it had been laid, and the date of the interesting event. It is indeed disgraceful, when one's own flesh and blood turns against one! I returned to the little sitting-room, and then the servant came down.

"Missus is very much obliged to you, ma'am, for the blanc-mange; and she hopes that you'll excuse her, as she's too tired to see any one to-night."

"How long is it since Miss Martha called?" I asked, taking the bull by the horns at once.

"She has only just left, ma'am."

"Did she see your mistress?"

"Oh, dear no, ma'am. She had a message just like yours. Nothing more, ma'am."

We had now reached the porch; and I was about to put a number of questions to her about her mistress, when a rough, hoarse voice called out, "Get out, get out! Mind your own business!"

It so startled me—I thought it was the black woman—that I allowed the girl to close the door upon me before I recollected that it was only the parrot, whose cage had been hung just within the lobby. Vexed at my foolish conduct, I hastened homewards. As I neared Laurestinus Villa—Robert's residence—I met him. He was looking very hot and tired.

"What do you think, Patience?" he asked in a mysterious voice as I stopped to speak to him. "She hasn't arrived. That fellow Thomson sent me a wild-goose chase to Southampton by telling me that she was coming over in the Ruby. Well, the Ruby is in; but she has brought no Purpose Missle in her."

"No," I answered with a quiet triumph, for I was glad that he had been duped; of course not, because she came in the Stella. I read the name on her luggage. I have just come from the Cottage, where I was received most kindly. If you had come back by the express instead of waiting for the parliamentary, you would have had the pleasure of travelling with her."

"Then, you've seen her?" he groaned in an anxious tone, as he mopped the perspiration from his dusty face, for it is a good five miles' walk from the station.

"Well, no—not exactly. The fact is, she is too tired to see any one to-night; but she sent me such a kind message. With this I left him."

I knew, however, that he would never rest without going to the Cottage; so, as soon as I got home, I planted myself at my bedroom window to watch his movements. In a short time I saw him come out into his garden. His face had been washed and his coat changed. First, he picked two or three large sycamore leaves, with which he lined a small flat punnet basket that he held in his other hand; then he advanced to the south wall, and stopped before the nectarine tree about which he makes such a fuss. One, two, three. Oh, how carefully and reluctantly he picked the ripe fruit! I could not help smiling as I watched him.—I knew the action must have gone to his heart. He says that he sends the produce of his garden to his friends; but I know better. They are paying friends, and their address is not a hundred miles from Covent Garden Market. Robert is too genuine a Missle to give a quid without receiving a quo. The fruit was carefully arranged in the basket, and covered with more leaves; and then I saw him start off down the road to—I was as positive about it as if I had followed him every step of the way—Rose Cottage. Martha was right in stigmatising him as both mean and sly. It was too bad of him. His income must have been

nearly double ours, which could well have stood an increase. His gallantry as a man should have made him remember that we were of the weaker sex, and he should have given way accordingly. But there—man again!—it is never anything else with them but self and number one, while we poor women may go to the wall or do the best we can.

(To be Continued.)

CARCASS OF A DEAD HORSE.

Haircloth, Boots, Gloves, Combs, Glue and Various Useful Acids Made From the Animal.

In these bicycle days, when a horse is hardly worth the price of his oats, and he is a better source of revenue when dead than he was when alive, it may be interesting to know what becomes of the carcass when it goes to the rendering works in Paris or in Portland, Ore. Not long ago the Portland concern bought one round-up of Montana horses for \$3 each. The canning of horse-flesh for European consumption is yet in its infancy, and there is but slight probability that it will ever become a profitable industry. As a matter of fact, the horse carcass is more valuable for his chemical products than he ever will be as an article of food.

Horses that have served useful and honorable careers of twenty to thirty years are fit only for the chemical process. When the retired animal is dragged in, it is first relieved of its hair by a shaving process. The tail and mane are especially valuable, and from these is made the haircloth of commerce.

THE SHORT HAIR.

taken from the hide is used for stuffing cushions and horse collars, and thus the dead are made to minister to the comfort of the living.

The hide of the horse is quite valuable and the leather known as cordovan is made from the skin over the rump. The leather is used in the manufacture of high class hunting and wading boots, as it can be made impervious to water. The other leather is soft and is used mostly for slippers and heavy driving gloves. The hoofs of the animal are removed and after being boiled to extract the oil from them, the horny substance is shipped to the manufactories of combs and what are known as Mikado goods.

Next the carcass is placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam at a pressure of three atmospheres. This separates the flesh from the bones. The leg bones are very hard and white, and are used for handles of pocket and table cutlery. The ribs and head are burned to make bone-black after they have been treated for the glue that is in them. In the calcining of these bones the vapors arising are condensed and form ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all ammoniacal salts. There is an animal oil yielded in the cooking process which is a deadly poison, and enters into the composition of many insecticides and vermifuges.

THE BONES TO MAKE GLUE.

are dissolved in muriatic acid, which takes the phosphate of lime away; the soft element retaining the shape of the bone is dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares and dried on nets. The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulphuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorus for lucifer matches. The remaining flesh is distilled to obtain carbonate of ammonia. The resulting mass is pounded up with potash, and then mixed with old nails and iron of every description; the whole is calcined and yields little yellow crystals—prussiate of potash, with which tissues are dyed a Prussian blue and iron transformed into steel. It also forms cyanide of potassium and prussic acid, the two most terrible poisons known in chemistry.

In the course of a lawsuit in St. Louis several years ago it was put in evidence that the River Rendering the removal of dead animals from the Company, which had the contract for city streets, made a clear profit of \$24 on each horse carcass that they handled.

WAR BALLOONS.

Some Interesting Experiments Made in Austria.

There have been some interesting experiments with war balloons at the Steinfeld gun range in Austria. A war balloon called the "Budapest," measuring about 33 feet in diameter by 46 feet in height, was sent up to a height of 2,625 feet. A battery of eight 3.18-inch guns was brought into position as soon as the balloon was sighted by the artillery men, and opened fire with shrapnel at a range of 5,750 yards. A staff of men, placed in a safe position, by means of a rope moved the winch-car to which the balloon was attached. In one experiment, which may be taken as a fair specimen of the whole number, the officer in command of the battery had almost found the range after the eighth shot when he was informed that the balloon had shifted, and he had to alter it. As soon as his shells came anywhere near the balloon its position was shifted again, and he soon exhausted, without result, his allotted store of 30 shrapnel charges, which emitted 10,000 balls and splinters, in spite of which the balloon floated tranquilly on. On its being lowered it was found to have received three slight hits, which, however, had not impaired its buoyancy. The difficulty of pointing increases, of course, with the altitude attained by the object. It is necessary to keep the balloon out of a dangerous range (about 4,000 yards), and a clear view can be obtained at a distance of from four to six miles. Shrapnel alone is of any use in firing at balloons at any altitude above 700 feet.

The Wayback Code.

Mrs. Wayback—La sakes, of I ain't forgetful. Arter all that trouble finishing that new dress before them folks come, and all the time I wasted gettin' it on, I forgot the most important thing of all.

Daughter—What was that?
Mrs. Wayback—I forgot to say: Excuse my appearance, 'cause I ain't dressed for company.

ST. VITUS' DANCE.

A Malady That Has Long Baffled Medical Skill.

A Speedy Cure for the Trouble at Last Discovers—The Particulars of the Cure of a Little Girl Who Was a Severe Sufferer.

From the Ottawa Journal.

In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulbourn township, Carleton Co., lives Mr. Thomas Bradley, one of Goulbourn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Bradley's family is a bright little daughter, 8 years of age, who had been a severe sufferer from St. Vitus' dance, and who had been treated by physicians without any beneficial results. Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a correspondent of the Journal called



"Now Entirely Free From Disease."

at the family residence for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, and found the little girl a picture of brightness and good health. Mrs. Faulkner, a sister of the little one, gave the following information: "About eighteen months ago Alvera was attacked by that terrible malady, St. Vitus' dance, and became so bad that we called in two doctors, who held out no hope to us of her ultimate cure, and she was so badly affected with the 'dances' as to require almost constant watching. About this time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement. After using six boxes more she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can see is enjoying the best of health. Several months have passed since the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued, but there has been no return of the malady, nor any symptoms of it. We are quite certain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her and strongly recommend them in similar cases."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

VERY LIPELIKE MUMMIES.

Ghastly Exhibit of the Dead in an Old Bordeaux Crypt in a Remarkable State of Preservation.

It is the general impression that no more horrible and ghastly picture of death preserved for the eyes of succeeding generations is to be viewed than in the catacombs of Rome. There, far down in the earth among tortuous passages which ascend and descend, are niches filled with grisly human skulls and heaps of bones arranged in ghastly, grotesque patterns that seem even more terrible, half lit as they are by the faint gleams of the candle in an attendant's hand.

Nevertheless in a corner of Europe far less visited the busy and bustling city of Bordeaux, in Southern France on the bank of the River Garonne, there is an exhibition of the dead that for horror personified far overtops the skulls and bones of the catacombs of Rome. There are not far from a hundred mummified corpses, clothed in flesh, almost as natural as in life, only with their faces sunken, their eyeballs depressed and all turned to

AGRESOME BROWN,
even their clothes having been preserved. Few tourists pass through Bordeaux, but the Church of St. Michael, to which the crypt belongs, is quite open to visitors and ingress is easy. The crypt lies under the great Gothic tower of the church that is one of the finest pieces of architecture in France.

The guardian of the mummified corpses below is a bent elderly cobbler who, while waiting for the few visitors, sits in a little shop just outside the tower and mends shoes all day long. He starts down the steps in total darkness, pausing half way to light a tallow candle stuck in a piece of tin mounted on the end of a stick. Arrived at the crypt, the visitor sees by the dim candle light that he is in the centre of a ring of horrible figures that grimace and peer at him, that seem in their shrivelled and tattered grave clothes like Holbein's famous "Dance of Death" realized to perfection. It is as if the dead were brought to life again in the flesh, with their cerements half falling from them, every feature and every limb distorted, horrible in the ghastly burlesque upon blooming life that they seem to be enacting.

The explanation of this strange preservation is to be found in the fact which scientists have ascertained that the soil of the old cemetery possessed, through certain chemical properties, a peculiar power of preservation. The cobbler tells you queer stories of the dead, one particularly horrible of a youth who was buried alive. The body in its mummified state is an ample proof of its character totally lost, there can yet be discerned the searing effect of agony and the

STRUGGLE IN THE TOMB.
Misery is plainly evident in the way the body is drawn up, in the swollen muscles

of the neck that tell of the battle with asphyxia, under a tightly closed coffin lid. The legs are drawn up and the fingers have their joints almost torn apart. As if in imperishable marble, all this has been preserved unchanged for a hundred years. Another figure is that of a General who was killed in a duel, and the cobbler points to what seems to be a hole in the now ragged, browned garment that is plainly of a military cut, and says: "That hole in the breast shows where he received the fatal wound. I got the story from an old document."

Side by side with all that remains of several Bordeaux belles of a century ago is the body of an old negro, who has been so remarkably preserved that the low forehead, broad lips and high cheek bones can be distinguished. There is a young mother, too, and tiny baby, who were buried together and are now stood upright, the child tightly enfolded in the woman's arm.

One strange group is pointed out by the old man—a father, mother and four children of various sizes, who died from eating poisonous mushrooms. How this fact has come down to the present day is uncertain, but the custodian insists that that was the cause of their death, and that in a single night this entire family was swept off in this way.

MAKES BURNS PAINLESS.

Discovery That a Solution of Picric Acid Will Ease a Fresh Wound and Heal it Too.

The suffering caused by a burn upon the skin, whether small or great, is intense, as every one knows, and medical science has only been able, thus far, to palliate but not to remove the pain entirely. Chance led to the discovery in the Paris Charity Hospital the other day of a remedy which, it is claimed, will cause burns to cease from being painful as soon as it is applied, and which will cause the injured flesh to heal with marvellous rapidity.

One of the surgeons was in the habit of using picric acid as an antiseptic and his hands were therefore impregnated with the solution. One day, in lighting a cigarette, a portion of the burning match fell upon his hand, but instead of feeling it he noticed not the slightest pain. A short time afterwards, while sealing a letter, some burning wax stuck to his finger, and though it cauterized the skin, he felt no sensation. This set him to thinking, and he arrived at the conclusion that the acid had, to use his own words, "acted upon the tissues and tightened them."

He began a series of experiments in treating burns with a saturated solution of picric acid. "All pain was instantly suppressed," he says in his report, "after having bathed the wound in a solution of this acid. Blisters did not form, and a cure was effected after four or five days. The only inconvenience was that the acid, which is commercially used in the manufacture of dyes, colored the skin yellow, but these stains rapidly disappeared when washed with boric acid. Picric acid, moreover, is odorless, and is neither caustic, irritating nor toxic in its effects."

The cheapness of picric acid and the ease with which a proper solution of it may be prepared and kept ready have induced many of the large manufactories about Paris, whose workmen are frequently burned at their labors, to place jars about within easy reach, so that those injured may be treated with as little delay as possible.

"A little farm well tilled,
A little cellar well filled,
A little wife well willed,
What could you wish a man better than that?" The last is not the least by any means, but how can a wife be well willed if she be the victim of those distressing maladies that make her life a burden? Let her take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and cure all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. It is a boon and a blessing to women. Thousands are in the bloom of health through using it, when otherwise they would be under the sod. Are you a sufferer? Use it, or some day we may read—
A little wife well willed
Rosewood coffin early filled
Spite of doctor well skilled.

Ovarian, Fibroid, and other Tumors cured without surgery. Book, testimonials and references mailed securely sealed for 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Rev. Lucius R. Paige, LL. D., of Cambridge, Mass., thinks that he is the oldest living Free Mason in the United States. He is 94 years of age.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Constipation.

A Pittsburg girl whose lover is a white-washer named Kelsey always call him "Kelsey mine."

Neither Competition nor dishonest rivalry can shake the reputation of St. Leon Water.

A GREAT MEDICINE.

Cod-liver Oil is useful beyond any praise it has ever won, and yet few are willing or can take it in its natural state. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not offensive; it is almost palatable.

Children like it. It is Cod-liver Oil made more effectual, and combined with the Hypophosphites its strengthening and flesh-forming powers are largely increased.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

WEARY AND WEAK WOMEN FIND A REAL FRIEND IN SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE.

Respected of by all Her Friends, and Her Case Pronounced Hopeless by Doctors, Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N.B., Was Restored to Perfect Health.



ERHAPS he was a cynic, but some one has said that in this age there are no healthy women. Let us be generous and discount the statement. The age has many women, strong and noble physically, as they are mentally and morally; but it is true nevertheless, that a large percentage of the women of the country suffer from nervous and general debility. They drag out a weary existence, and each day is a day of pain and suffering. This was the case with Miss Annie Patterson, of Sackville, N.B., a lady widely known in those parts. She was weak, and showed symptoms of entering a decline. She suffered terribly from indigestion and nervousness. Having tried practically all sorts of remedies, and called in the assistance of the cleverest physicians, and, these doing her no good, she was influenced by some one, somehow, to try South American Nervine. Of course, it was like hoping against hope—another patent medicine. But she had taken only one bottle when her system began to take on the health of earlier years, and after using three bottles she was completely cured. No wonder she is strong in her convictions that there is no remedy like South American Nervine.

This remedy is a remarkable health builder, it removes disease, strengthens the nerves, and puts on flesh. Miss Patterson's case is only one of thousands that have been chronicled in these columns at different times.

Corns! Corns! Corns!

Why should you go limping round when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor will remove your Corns in a few days? It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor, made by Putnam & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, painless.

United States Ambassador Bayard has promised to deliver the annual address in the autumn to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it. A man in Pennsylvania won \$50 by drinking a quart of whiskey in an hour and a half. The money was used for funeral expenses.

Pain Banished as if by Magic.

Nervine—nerve pain cure—is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nervine for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. A trial will demonstrate.

John Armstrong once a well known actor, but who has been of the stage for about seven years, is now in the ministry.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it.

People in Madison county, Kentucky, who have paid their taxes are entitled to be married free by the sheriff.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief, speedily cures. Never fails.

Minnesota has a variety of Wolves which so closely resemble the Siberian wolf that many peo ple believe they came from that country.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant Cure for Constipation.

A. P. 787.



Catarrh in the Head

Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following:

"My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FURSLER, Newmarket, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier
Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

Timely Warning.



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

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

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

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

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

Machinery of all Kinds, from Windmills, Fire Department Supplies and Waterworks Plants down to Engine Packing of the best kind.
J. E. NAUD, Manufacturers' Agent,
2257 Notre Dame St., Montreal

FLORIDA LANDS of extraordinary fertility in healthy location; immense profits on shipping winter grown vegetables to northern markets. No clearing, drainage or irrigation needed. Low prices; easy terms. W. J. FENTON, 203 Church Street, Toronto.

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

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

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

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

BAKERS- Get my descriptive catalogue about Dough Mixers afford to do without them. 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W. TORONTO, ONT.
G. T. Pendrith, M'fr.

FOR SALE—NEAR GRIMSBY—FRUIT FARM—80 A. NEW and rich; thirty acres cleared; eighteen planted to choice fruits; very convenient and beautiful location; marketing facilities unsurpassed; no trash; worth forty-five hundred. If taken at once will take thirty-five hundred cash, or one thousand may remain on mortgage; a snap; move quick.
L., Box 43, Winona, Ont.

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free. You work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully. We guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure. Write at once. Address D. T. Morgan, Manager Box A. 4, Windsor, Onto.

G. DUTHIE & SONS
Slate, Sheet-Metal, Tile & Gravel Roofers
Sheet Metal Ceilings, Terra Cotta Tile, Red Black and Green Roofing Slate, Metal Cornices, Pelt, Tar, Roofing Pitch, Etc. Gutters, Downpipes, &c., supplied the trade.
Telephone 1936. Adelaide & Widmer Sts TORONTO.

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

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

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

\$500,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS FOR INVESTMENT on Mortgage of Real Estate. Interest at lowest rates. Special arrangements may be made for Church Loans. Apply to
Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt, Chadwick & Riddell,
Bank of Toronto Offices,
"Church Street Toronto

WHAT A REMARKABLE CHANGE!

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

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO., Ltd.
Head Office—King St. W., Toronto. Tel. 1821.

BANK OF TORONTO

DIVIDEND NO. 79.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT. for the current half-year, being at the rate of TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid-up capital of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after Monday, the second day of December next. THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the sixteenth to the thirtieth days of November, both days included. By order of the Board,
(Signed) D. COULSON,
General Manager.

The Bank of Toronto,
Toronto, 23rd October, 1895. 36333

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

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

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES.

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

CONTENTS: Old Man Savarin—The Privilege of the Limits—McGrath's Bad Night—Great Godfrey's Lament—The Red-Headed Windigo—The Shini's Cross of Rigaud—Little Baptiste—The Ride by Night—Drafted—A Turkey Pie—Grandpapa's Wolf Story—The Waterloo Veteran—John Bedell—Verbitsky's Stratagem.

PRESS OPINIONS.
Montreal Gazette: "Mr. Thomson has studied with equal success the French settler on the banks of the Ottawa or its tributaries, the trans-planted Highlander, the veteran who has carried across the ocean all the traditions of European battlefields, the Nor'wester who has become the ancestor of half-breeds and is still a true son of auld Scotia, the voyager and shanty man, the hunter and trapper, and even the stranger that is within our gates."

Saturday Night: "I wonder what one could say about this book that would induce the intelligent reading public of Canada to greet it with the whirlwind of approval that its merits deserve. It is one of the few great books written by Canadians, and most of the stories are located in Canada."

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,
29-33 Richmond St. West, Toronto

"I CAN'T QUIT."

Tobacco users say, Ah! maybe you say so yourself. There are millions like you, with what physicians call a "TOBACCO NERVE"—that is, your nervous system is completely under tobacco's narcotic stimulant, and when you say, "I CAN'T QUIT," you tell the truth. The natural way is to treat the diseased nervous system by using

NO TO BAC **NO TO BAC**
NO TO BAC **NO TO BAC**
NO TO BAC **NO TO BAC**

acts directly on the tobacco-irritated nerve centres, destroying the nerve craving effects, builds up and improves the entire nervous system. **MAKES WEAK MEN STRONG.** Many report a gain of ten pounds in ten days. You run no physical or financial risk—**NO-TO-BAC** sold under your own

DRUGGIST'S GUARANTEE.
Every druggist is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under absolute guarantee to cure every form of tobacco misuse. Our written guarantee, free sample of No-To-Bac and booklet called, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away" mailed for the asking. Address **THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.** 65

CASCARETS cure cathartic candy constipation. Only 10c.

The Equity.

SHAWVILLE, NOV. 7, 1895.

Hugh McMillan, Esq., ex member for Vaudreuil, and James Rayside, Esq., ex-M. P. P. for Glengarry, died last week.

The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed chief personal aide-de-camp to the Queen, and honorary colonel-in-chief of the forces.

Another ministerial crisis has occurred in France, and a new cabinet has been formed with M. Bourgeois as prime minister.

It is gratifying to note, says the Ottawa Journal, that some prominent papers in the United States take a sensible view of the difficulty between Britain and Venezuela. Among these are the New York Herald and the Evening Post. Another is the Richmond, Va., Times, which in a recent issue republishes the interview with U. S. Consul Spraight upholding England's action, and comments as follows:

This gentleman is an American and there is no reason to suppose that he states the case otherwise than fairly. But the Times is perfectly indifferent to the merits of the quarrel between Venezuela and Great Britain. The Times insists that the United States has nothing to do with it. * * * At the very moment Dr. Spraight was delivering this sensible talk, that blatherskite Bob Ingersoll was making a speech in Bloomington, Illinois, in which he said he wanted this government to annex Canada, Hawaii and Cuba. That is the sort of foolish talk of foolish men which is at the back of this demand that we go to war with Great Britain in behalf of a parcel of semi-civilized Spanish Indians who ought to be made to behave themselves."

STRATEGICAL LAURIER.

Even on the trade question Mr. Laurier suits his policy to the locality he happens to be speaking in. The Mail and Empire says: "On the trade question Mr. Laurier is as strategical as ever. The hon. gentlemen went through the Northwest last year preaching against the Eastern monopolist 'Free Trade as they have it in England' was his goal, and he intended to work towards that goal no matter how long it might take. But in Montreal in February he resorted to a little strategy. There are manufacturers in that city. The policy there was outlined in this way: 'We are told that we must not destroy the manufactures of Montreal. I say that we are not going to destroy the industries of Montreal.' There was to be no attack then upon the Eastern monopolies. On the contrary, 'we are going to abolish completely all the duties on raw material,' and 'inaugurate a period of prosperity such as Montreal has not known since the inauguration of the National Policy.' The people in the Northwest were to suppose that the manufacturers were to be hit hard; but the manufacturers of Montreal were to believe that they were to be enriched through the removal of the duties on their raw material, no word being uttered touching a corresponding reduction of the duties upon the finished article. This was excellent strategy.

SHE IS A POLITICIAN.

A lady, in Western Ontario, writing to a contemporary on the trade question, clearly proves in a very spicy manner, that she at least thoroughly understands the practical side of the subject on which she writes. After saying that she "is a Grit's wife, but is sick of seeing such lies in newspapers whose Editors claim not to be fools," she adds: Now don't this fool Grit who edits the London Advertiser know, or can't his wife tell him that everything a woman wears costs less than it did before the National Policy was adopted? Calico is 6 cents per yard; it used to be 15 cents. A good summer silk costs from 30 to 40 cents a yard; it used to cost a dollar. Sugar is four cents a pound that used to cost 10 cents. Tea is from 20 to 40 cents a pound that used to cost 75 cents to a dollar. Ribbons are half the old price, stockings the same, and jerseys, since they are making them in the country, cost half as much as when they used to be imported. Ladies' things are all down. We ladies know that Grit husbands can lie to each other, but they can't lie to us. We women are not fools. Let the Advertiser man stick to men's things when he lies, and not try to lie about women's things. We won't stand it. I'm a Grit woman, but I don't want any lying to keep the party up."

The School Question.

Winnipeg, Nov. 4.—A member of the Manitoba Legislature told a correspondent to day that in all likelihood another session of the Manitoba Legislature will be called for the meeting of the Dominion Parliament on January 3rd.

"It is most likely," he said, "that the Greenway Government has considered its answer to the Ottawa despatch on the school question. What the answer is nobody knows, of course, beyond the Executive Council, but its purport, many people will agree with me, is not likely to differ from the reply just sent in answer to the remedial order. But as this is a matter in which the whole province is largely concerned, the Greenway Government will most likely prefer that its action should meet with the approval of the Legislature and should take the form of a Parliamentary resolution. In this way the message to Ottawa would convey the sentiment of the people of Manitoba more thoroughly than an order in council and would have greater weight throughout Canada. The Premier has probably no fear that his Government's action will not be endorsed. He is morally sure of carrying it with say 30 votes out of 40. But a Provincial election is on the cards and it is well to show confidence in his followers in addition to feeling it."

Warships on the Pacific.

Victoria, B. C., November 1.—Considerable interest is manifested here in a report from London that the warships of the British Pacific squadron are shortly to be replaced by larger and more modern vessels, the Imperieuse coming out as flagship to relieve the Royal Arthur. In view of the complications in the far East, changes would indicate Britain's determination to keep all her Pacific interests well guarded.

Guilt of Manslaughter.

Toronto, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Mercy Ellen Beer, the Christian Scientist, who is found by the coroner's jury to have caused the death of the boy Percy Beck, by treating the dying lad by Science methods instead of leaving the case to the licensed practitioners, surrendered herself to the police to-day. The charge against her is manslaughter. She was admitted to bail in sureties for \$4,000. The profession have for a long time been on the lookout for a case against the Scientists, whose adherents have become numerous and comprise quite a springing of influential people. The father of the deceased testified at the inquest that the death made no difference in his faith in Christian Science, which he believes is far above the practice of medicine.

London, Nov. 1.—The news of the King of Ashantee's preparations may be quite serious for the British if, as his envoy says, he has 50,000 rifles. He rules more than eight millions of people. Sir Francis Scott, inspector general of the Gold Coast force, who is now in England, will leave for West Africa as soon as possible to organize the expeditionary force, which is expected to begin its advance by the middle of December. In the meantime troops will be sent there from Lagos and other places. A strong body of Housas will take part in the expedition.

In speaking of the tariff a recent Globe item says that "the people are too poor to buy even as much as last summer, yet they are taxed more under Mr. Foster's revised tariff." If the people are as poor as the Grit journal would have its readers believe, how is it that in the very two months' business which the Globe is referring to (July and August of 1895) these poor people sold \$2,317,000 worth of produce more to foreign countries than they did in the same period "last summer." Besides that, in one savings institution alone (the P. O. Savings Bank) these same poor people have now about \$1,000,000 more to their credit than they had last year. Facts are always knocking Grit theories "silly."

BORN.

COFFIN—At Thorne Centre on Oct. 25th, the wife of Rev. James M. Coffin of a son.

DIED.

MAGOON—In Bristol on Saturday Nov. 2nd, Gilbert Magoon, Esq., aged 65 years, 10 months and 14 days.

Strayed Pig.

STRAYED on to the premises of the undersigned about 10 days ago, a white and black pig, 8 or 4 months old. The owner is requested to come and settle costs incurred, and remove the animal at once. JAMES FRENDEGAST, Shawville, Nov. 5th, '95.

Newspaper Laws.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order a discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible until they have settled up their bills and ordered them discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher and the papers be sent to the former address they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a periodical from the office or leaving them uncalled for is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher may continue to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrearages is sent to the publisher.

THE CASH STORE.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

After November 1, no more credit will be given.

We have mailed a notice to each of our customers informing them of the change in our business and asking that the outstanding accounts be paid as soon as possible.

We do not mean to cast any slurs or anything of this kind on our old friends, we believe we had as good a class of patrons as any of the merchants of the county, but lack of Capital would not permit us to run any longer in the old way.

We are putting our prices away down, and you can get genuine bargains in every line of goods.

Remember our terms—Cash or Produce at Cash Prices.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

Morrison's Factory

Is still running on time.

We are still running on time and endeavoring to serve the best interests of the public by turning out the most satisfactory work.

Lumber Planed & Matched on the Shortest Notice.

BLACKSMITH WORK AS USUAL IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Hiram Morrison, SHAWVILLE, QUE.

Jno. G. McGuire, BUTCHER,

Dealer in All kinds of Fresh and Cured Meats, Fruit & Confectionery.

SHOP OPPOSITE J. H. SHAW'S NEW STORE.

We Keep . . .

Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Canned Peas, Canned Corn, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Salmon, (Ocean Brand.)

A full line Fresh Confectionery always on hand.

Cash vs. Credit.

This question has for ages agitated the minds of all business men. The universal verdict is that Cash is King.

We heartily agree with this decision and long for its adoption.

There are however obstacles in the way of us doing a ready pay business for the reason that the bulk of our customers are reliable farmers throughout this district, many of whom are not always in a position to pay spot cash for their goods.

Therefore we have not decided to close our books, and shall continue to do business on the same principles as heretofore. We have however gone through our entire stock and have whittled down the prices on every line to the very lowest figures for spot cash or its equivalent and are prepared to meet any competition that presents itself.

We invite comparison on prices and quality.

We carry a large and varied stock of general merchandise, all bought at right prices.

We are now ready to buy your Grain, Hogs, Wool, Butter, Hides, etc., for Cash or in exchange at highest market prices.

Get our prices before buying or selling.

C. FRED HODGINS.

The Double Action Oscillating

WASHING MACHINE

Eclipses all others in the market to-day . . .

It does its work perfectly and completely, doing away with the washboard and hand rubbing altogether, besides being so easily operated that a child can use it without fatigue.

Intending purchasers should not fail to see this excellent machine before buying.

Wm. S. Clarke, AGENT,

Morehead P.O., Que.

Machines constantly on hand.

A. SMILEY, General Blacksmith, SHAWVILLE.

Has just received

A - Car - Load - of Buggies & Carriages

For the Spring Trade.

It will pay those who require a new rig to look at his stock before ordering.

UNDERTAKING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

A. SMILEY.

Shawville, April 13th, 1895.

FURS, FURS, FURS,

COATS, COLLARS,

CAPS,

MUFFS,

ROBES, etc.,

at very Lowest Prices.

J. H. SHAW.

JOHN BECKITT, JR.,

Is prepared to supply the newest designs in

CARRIAGES,

BUGGIES,

and all kinds of

WHEELED VEHICLES,

this season.

Leave your order with him now, if you want anything in the above line.

JOHN BECKITT, JR., SHAWVILLE

A. J. JACKSON.

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

House & Sign Painter, Gilder, Glazier, Decorator.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

FIRST-CLASS WORKMANSHIP AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ORDERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Farm for sale.

Farm for sale, being the South West half of Lot No. 15 in the Fifth Range of Bristol, containing one hundred acres of good land, nearly all of which is cleared. The premises are bounded on the rear by the F. J. Railway and are conveniently situated to both the school house and church. Further particulars may be obtained from W. M. SMART, Executor of the late Mrs. Byron. Portage du Fort, Oct. 9th, 1895.

Elegant Assortment

—OF—

Ladies' Hats

—and all kinds of—

Fall Millinery

now in stock at

**MRS. MCKENZIE'S,
SHAWVILLE.**

An inspection of goods will repay you

When you Come to Town

Do not neglect to call into my Furniture Store and see the large and beautiful Stock of

PARLOUR and BEDROOM SUITES,
SOFAS, CHAIRS, ETC.,

which I have opened up this week. The prices are as low as the lowest, so come and choose what you need.

Picture Framing

AND
Repairing

Done with neatness and despatch.

**JAMES McARTHUR,
SHAWVILLE.**

WE PRINT

- Circulars,
- Letter Heads,
- Note Heads,
- Bill Heads,
- Receipt Forms,
- Notes of Hand,
- Posters,
- Dodgers,
- Fly Sheets,
- Horse Route Bills,
- Cards,
- Tickets,
- Blanks, etc., etc.

In good Style and at reasonable rates.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

**THE EQUITY,
SHAWVILLE, Q.**

N.B.—Advertise with us—
THE EQUITY reaches more homes in Pontiac than any other paper.

Shawville Produce Quotations.

Oats	24 to 25
Peas	48 to 50
Rye	40
Eggs	12 15
Wool	20 22
Lard	9
Butter	14 15
Wheat, (standard) at mill	70 00
Buckwheat	35 38
Potatoes per bag	40
Pork per cwt.	4.50 to 4.75
Beef	3 1/2 to 4 1/4
Hay per ton	7.00 8.00
Calfskins	00 to 00
Hides	4.50

Returned from Washington.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles H. Tupper, accompanied by John Lambert Payne, private secretary to Sir Mackenzie, and John Carleton, the Premier's trusted private messenger, returned to Ottawa from Washington on Friday last. The Ministers appeared to be in a very happy mood, showing that their visit to Washington was a pleasant one, whatever the practical results may be in this another stage in the controversy over the long unsettled claims of the British Columbia sealers against the American Government for the seizure of their vessels. The story is a long one, but can be told in a sentence. These sealers, whose vessels had been illegally seized and confiscated, offered to take \$425,000 as the amount of their claims, which were put at a very much higher figure if the money was paid at once, rather than waiting for the decision of arbitration. This was satisfactory to the United States and Canadian Governments, but Congress refused the amount. Then came the visit to Sir Julian Pauncefote to Ottawa, followed by the present trip of Sir Mackenzie and Sir Charles to Washington.

Holmes found Guilty of Murder.

Philadelphia, Nov. 2.—Holmes has been found guilty of the murder of Benjamin Pietzel. There was a strange scene at the opening, the police stationed in the corridors to keep the crowd back being swept away and the court stormed and every position taken almost in a breath. Holmes seemed nervous. Only one of his lawyers was present, Rolan, Shoemaker being confined to his home prostrated by nervous strain.

Mr. Graham for the prosecution summed up his case for the jury. He began slowly. Sentence by sentence his force increased, fiery words came faster and his marshalling of the damaging evidence was simply terrible. As for Holmes, it was a sight of a lifetime to watch him color. His face was that of a man whose soul had fled and as shy as Birchall's when Justice McMahon pronounced a midnight death sentence upon him in Woodstock opera house.

Holmes sat glaring like a fiend at his prosecutor, his eyebrows rising and falling involuntarily, his head vibrating from side to side, his whole frame shivering, the victim of an all-powerful conviction that the district attorney's tones were as his death knell. As Mr. Graham laid bare the prisoner's marvellous work in the world of fiction and his masquerading over the continent under a score of aliases the "individual in the brass dock," as a Texan barrister described the accused, he fairly squirmed. "God help such a liar as that," thundered Mr. Graham to wind up with.

Judge Arnold's address was most unfavorable to the prisoner, and as a conviction of the judge's words forced itself upon Holmes, he shrank visibly in his seat with a dazed, helpless look in his eyes. Judge Arnold's consumed an hour and a quarter and at 5.45 the jury retired.

At 8.35 word was sent to Judge Arnold that the jury were ready to return their verdict, having taken but one ballot. The prisoner was brought in and placed in the dock. He was again as impassive as ever. The jury came in and took their places, and it needed but little skill as a mind-reader to know what the words would be which the foreman would pronounce. The court told Holmes to arise, and then in reply to the question of the court, the foreman of the jury pronounced the fatal words: "Guilty of murder in the first degree." The verdict was greeted with absolute silence.

The charge of the judge must have foreshadowed what his fate would be, but the word "guilty" fell upon his ears with stunning force. He made no outcry nor exhibited any emotion of any kind—the blow was too stunning for noisy outbursts. He sat down, and while the jury were polled each man answered to his name, and as each pronounced his sentence Holmes stared vacantly before him. His face was that of a corpse. It was as absolutely expressionless as a mask. Only a nervous twitching of the eyelids and the contraction and dilation of the eyes showed that it was a living, breathing man that sat in the dock. As the effects of the blow began to die away, Holmes slowly recovered. He realized that his counsel was making a motion for a new trial. His underlip fell and he ran his tongue across it, moistening the dryness, and clasping his hands together, he leaned forward to hear the judge's decision.

When Judge Arnold said that he would hear the application for a new trial on Monday, Nov. 18, an expression of something like hope broke across his dull face. Turning to the court officers he said in an eager whisper, Monday, November 18! These were the only words he uttered.

Judge Arnold then ordered the prisoner removed. By this time Holmes had recovered much of his composure, and he walked from the court room with the quick, springy step natural to him.

Chatham, N. B., Nov. 1.—Joe Doherty, aged 17, shot Arthur Luke dead near here last night in a boyish squabble over a gun. Doherty stole his uncle's horse and escaped.

Independent Forestry.

The Toronto Mail and Empire of last Saturday says:—"Dr. Oronhyatekha returned yesterday from Chicago. In his possession was the license of the Insurance Department of the State of Illinois giving authority to the Supreme Court to do business in that State. It will be remembered that for the past three years the I. O. F. have been making continuous efforts to get legally admitted into this State, but have been persistently opposed by the Illinois Foresters, the last expiring act being the issuance of an injunction preventing the High Court, which has been in existence for over three years, from holding a meeting. In order to meet this Dr. Oronhyatekha met the High Court of Illinois at Joliet, Ill., on Tuesday and revoked the charter, thus dissolving the high Court, but on Wednesday called the brethren to Chicago and formed a new High Court, under the license granted to the Insurance Department of the State last week to the Supreme Court, so that the I. O. F. will work in Illinois from this time forward under legal authority. Already the five or six subordinate courts of the Illinois Foresters have made application for admission into the I. O. F., and it is expected within the next three or four months that eight or ten thousand of the Illinois Foresters will be taken into the ranks of Independent Forestry."

Shortis Sentenced.

HE IS SENTENCED TO BE HANGED ON JAN. 3RD NEXT AT BEAUHARNOIS.

Beauharnois, Nov. 3.—The jury in the Shortis case returned a verdict of guilty to-day (Sunday.)

When the jury had responded to their names, Foreman McHardy stood up, and in answer to the clerk of the Crown, said that they had agreed upon their verdict, which is one of guilty of murder, and that he knew what he was doing.

At this point the clerk became so confused that the judge undertook the duty of putting the questions which had been submitted to them for consideration, and the foreman responded thereto, and the other members of the jury signifying their concurrence in the answers given, which were to the effect that the prisoner was guilty of the murder of John Loy, and that he was not insane at the time he committed the crime.

The jury was then discharged with thanks, heartily glad to once more regain their liberty.

This being Sunday it was decided that the death sentence should not be pronounced to-day. It will be passed to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.

During the time that Foreman McHardy was delivering the verdict of the jury the prisoner exhibited not the slightest nervousness or trepidation and when the answer to the affirmative was given to the terrible question, "Is the accused guilty?"—a question upon the answer to which hung the issue of his life or death—his features never quivered and his face neither flushed nor blanched. He stood immovable as the sphynx. The father also bore up bravely.

So unconcerned was the prisoner at the verdict that immediately the court began to disperse he leaned over the dock and spoke to Dr. Anglin about some music catalogues that had been promised him.

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

Beauharnois, Nov. 4.—The death sentence was passed on Shortis this morning to be hanged on January 3.

After sentence was passed the prisoner thanked the judge for his kindness, but appeared unconcerned. Neither his father nor mother was present when sentence was delivered. He will be kept in Beauharnois district gaol till the execution.

An appeal will probably be taken to the minister of justice.

NEW SHOE SHOP

Just Opened in Armitage's
Old Shop by

T. ROBINSON.

Boots and shoes made to order, in the latest style.

Good fit and general satisfaction guaranteed or no sale.

First-class River Boots and Shoes made to order.

REPAIRING promptly and neatly done.

GIVE HIM A CALL.

T. ROBINSON

Shawville, Que.

Sept. 4, 1895. 3m

WINTER GOODS FOR WINTER WEATHER.

Get a move on or the snow will find you dunned up awaiting your neighbor's return for a strong enough set of harness to bring you to town. Take advantage of the good roads and the

Cheap Sale of

Harness Collars Whips Blankets Bridal Halters Sweatpads Bells to adorn your Horses, and thereby make your best girl happy.

Remember the shabby turnout you had last Christmas and consider your appearance in a new one this Christmas, but do not stop at that, complete your consideration by buying new Harness from

B. W. YOUNG.

shawville, Oct. 30, 1895.

Robbery of Beehive.

\$50 reward will be paid anyone giving information leading to conviction of parties implicated.

JAMES RAITT,
Shawville, Que.
October 18th, '95.

Stray Cattle.

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned on or about the 20th of August, three heifer calves. One red colored with white spot in forehead; one brown and one red and white. Any information regarding them will be thankfully received by

THOS. HODGINS,
Quyon, Que.
Oct. 2, 1895.

Salesmen Wanted.

Pushing, trustworthy men to represent us in the sale of our Choice Nursery Stock. Specialties controlled by us. Highest salary or Commission paid weekly. Steady employment the year round. Outfit free; exclusive territory; experience not necessary; big pay assured workers; special inducements to beginners. Write at once for particulars to

Allen Nursery Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED.

A MAN Honest, bright, hard worker willing to pay him well. Ability more essential than experience. You will be representing a staple line and given the double advantage of furnishing both Canadian and States grown stock. The position is permanent although we are prepared to make an offer to part time men. SALARY AND COMMISSION WITH EXPENSES. Exceptional chance for experienced men. Write us for particulars.

E. P. BLACKFORD & CO.,
TORONTO, ONT.

SHAWVILLE Hair Dressing Parlor

SILAS YOUNG - PROP.

Hair-cutting, Shaving, Shampooing done in first-class style.

ACCALLSOLICITED.

Shop next door to Turner

Shears and Scissors sharpened at reasonable prices by means of a new patent machine which does the work perfectly.
Dec 15, 1895.

LIVERY,

**R. HOBBS, PROP.,
SHAWVILLE, - - QUE.**

One of the best equipped

Liveries

in the District.

CHARGES MODERATE.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the scientific business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free. Building Edition, monthly, \$1.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in color, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs, and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 381 BROADWAY.

FOR SALE.

At Bryson, something over two acres of Garden Land with a fine House, in good condition; good well and out-buildings. Will be sold cheap. Apply to W. M. MOVEIGH, Clifton House, Bryson April 10, 1895.

FARM FOR SALE.

The North-west Half of Lot No. 20 in First Range of the Township of Litefield, containing one hundred acres of land, being the property occupied by the late William Fraser. Good house and Outbuildings are erected on the premises. Will be sold cheap. Good title given. Apply to the undersigned at Bryson.

W. M. G. LEROY,
Bryson, Sept. 2, 1895.

Desirable Business Stand for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale on reasonable terms, his property situated at Elmside, Bristol, Que., consisting of a plot of ground 50 yards square. There are erected on the premises the following buildings all in good order:

1. Dwelling House—18 x 24, with Kitchen 14 x 18. Building tin roofed.
2. Shop—30 x 50 feet, divided for carriage and blacksmith work; also building for painting purposes.
3. Stable—16 x 30, clapboarded, and large shed, besides other outbuildings, and good well.

The premises are situated 1/2 mile from school house, 1 mile from Presbyterian Church; 1 mile from R. C. Church; 1/2 mile from cheese factory; store and post office within 100 yards; station on P. P. J. R., 2 1/2 miles; Norway Bay Ferry via Sand Point, 2 miles.

For further particulars apply on the premises, or to A. SMILEY, Shawville:

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, WAGGONS,

• IMPLEMENTS •

WASHERS, WRINGERS, CHURNS.

I have opened an agency in Shawville for the sale of the above articles, and am prepared to supply the same on the most favorable terms, and at prices that will suit the times.

It is not too much to say that my buggies are the best finished vehicles that have ever been brought into Shawville.

I sell the famous "Bain" Waggon which has few if any equals in the market.

In Farm Implements I have everything required on a farm.

It will pay intending purchasers to give me a call.

**JOHN LESTER
SHAWVILLE.**

New Process Canadian DIAMOND

—AND—
American Water White,
Pratts Astral, Photogens!

Primrose, OILS.

These are our brands and we ship our goods in good, sound, fresh filled barrels.

Our prices are low and shipments prompt.

The Rogers & Morris Co.,
(LIMITED.)

... Successors to ...

The Samuel Rogers Oil Co.
Ottawa and Brockville.

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

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

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 5 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c. If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 21 and 23 Front St. East, Toronto.

ONLY A MILLION.

CHAPTER III.

The plan which he had roughly sketched for his life at Cedar Lodge was fairly carried out by Mr. Cawley. He had troops of visitors from London, and many of the families residing in the neighborhood helped to enliven his evenings. His days were spent in irritable inquiries about the arrangements for dinner, or in solitary wanderings across the weald.

But as he had tired of the festivities in London, he also grew weary of this superficial country life. It was not country life; it was only the town and the votaries of fashion carried into the midst of green fields. He was glad to see his guests; he was still more glad when they departed. It was not exactly selfishness which actuated him; it was simply that he had diverged from the course to which he had become accustomed, and had attempted to follow another of which he knew nothing. He began to think that a life of pleasure was much harder than a life of real work. He had spent his money freely; the people who came to him were known as clever people, as very intellectual people, and on the whole had been most kind to him. They had been most indulgent to his shortcomings in those graces of which people who have long lived in 'Society' are possessed. Still, there was something unsatisfactory to himself.

One morning he saw his last guest depart, and he saw before him a whole week without any dinner engagements. For the first hour the prospect seemed to be a dull one; during the next hour he felt as if he had been suddenly released from some self-imposed thralldom; he immediately went to his room and put on the old office coat which had served him many years, sat down in his easy-chair, and gleefully gasped—"I am free!" It was such a refreshing sensation to feel that he could now dress as he liked, and do as he liked, without any fear of incurring covert smiles at his ignorance, or of discovering that he had committed some gross blunder in manners, that he thereupon came to a resolution. He would have no more guests; no more dinner parties; and instead of dining at a quarter to eight, he would return to the good habits of his father and dine at one o'clock. Then he would look after the home-farm, and, if he could manage it, he would try to hold a plough himself. It was quite clear to him that his nervous system was out of order, and this was the way to set it right.

He held manfully to his resolution; but it was somewhat awkward for Ruth that wherever he went, or whatever he had to do, he required her to be with him. She attended cheerfully, and was often amused by his violent efforts to imitate the horny-handed sons of labor, in hacking wood, or in carrying hay or straw to the stables. The ploughing was a complete failure. The plough would not go straight for him, and he made such zigzags that his servants groaned. He blamed the horses, then he blamed the plough; at last he blamed himself, and withdrew from the shafts in disgust.

"You are laughing at me, Ruth," he said, taking her arm and walking towards the house; "but you might pity me a little. Everybody says I am the most fortunate man in the world, and upon my soul I begin to think I am the most miserable."

"Are you not a little like the spoilt child who cried for the moon?" she queried archly.

"That is just it—I am crying for the moon. Come into my room, and I will tell you what the moon is."

They went into the library, the walls of which were lined with the uncut volumes of the best works in modern and ancient literature.

"Sit down, Ruth. I am going to speak to you very seriously as soon as I recover breath."

Ruth took a chair with no other impression about the serious subject of conversation than that he was going to give her directions for another dinner party. He took a strange method of trying to recover his breath; instead of sitting down, he paced to and fro uneasily, at intervals glancing furtively at his quiet companion, occasionally halting as if about to speak, and then starting off again on his parade.

"Well, Cawley, I thought you had something very serious to say to me," she observed, after waiting some time.

He stopped abruptly as a horse suddenly pulled up by a strong hand. "Yes, Ruth, it is serious—at least, to me."

There was something so peculiar in his tone—it was so unusually low, and so unlike the resolute tone in which he was accustomed to speak—that she turned and looked at him. His back was towards her, and he seemed to find something of unusual interest in the title of 'Macaulay's History of England' on the backs of the volumes at which he was gazing intently.

"Is there anything wrong?" she inquired in surprise, "and can I help you?"

"Yes, there is much wrong, and you can help me if you will."

"Then tell me what it is, and it will give me more comfort than you can imagine to feel that I am able to do something for you."

He turned his head very slowly, and gazed at her with such a keen expression in his eyes that she felt as if he were trying to penetrate her inmost thought. Then with a sudden jerk he moved towards her, and stood behind her chair.

He seemed to be afraid to meet her eyes; but he made an effort to speak in a cool, practical way.

"You would be glad to be able to do something for me—and you shall be glad, for I believe that it is in your power to make the rest of my days happy."

This was such a singular speech coming from a man like Cawley, that Ruth did not know whether to laugh at it or to ask him if he were ill. However, she only said quietly, "I wish you would tell me what you mean, Cawley, you are not like yourself to-day."

"Ruth," he said, leaning his hand upon her shoulder, "can you not guess what I mean? I am not a—not a very old fellow. You were left as a legacy to me, and you have been very useful to me. But of course some day you

will be wanting to go away, and I want to prevent that."

Whilst he was speaking Ruth slowly rose from her chair, her eyes opening wide in wonder as he proceeded.

"I have no thought of leaving you, Cawley," she answered in a low voice, for she was beginning to understand him.

"Not just now, I dare say, but by-and-by the thought and the wish will come. Then abruptly changing his tone as if angry with himself: 'Confound it, Ruth, I am a man of business, and don't know how to make love. I'll put it in my own way—I want you to be my wife, that's all!'"

The declaration was so sudden that Ruth was startled by it. She was, however, in her own way as prompt and abrupt as Cawley himself. She took his hand frankly.

"I know you would not make a joke of such a serious subject; but if you had desired to drive me away from the house you could not have adopted a better plan than that of making such a proposal. I like you very much—very, very much, Cawley—but not in the way you wish."

He dropt her hand; the answer had been plain, and the subject was not one which he felt disposed to argue about. He walked to the window, and as he looked out upon the lawn and rich grounds which might be all hers if she pleased, he could not help a slight feeling of bitterness in thinking that, with all his wealth, he could not obtain the hand of the only woman he had ever really cared for.

He wheeled sharply round.

"Is there any one else?" he asked, and there was a harsh note in his voice.

It was a difficult question for Ruth to answer, for the image of Mowbray's pale face seemed to rise before her. She had been obliged to own the truth to herself that if he had put that question she could have answered him; but she could not answer her cousin. Her eyes were turned upon the floor, and her head drooped a little as she replied honestly—

"Yes."

Cawley stood for a minute as if dumb-stricken, as much surprised by the directness of the reply as by the fact which it conveyed. So this timid young creature, whose isolation from the world he had been lamenting, had been consoling herself with a lover; and, no doubt, that was why she had been perfectly content to remain at Cedar Lodge. At first he was inclined to be angry; he was disappointed; but presently he became calm.

"Who is this man, Ruth?" he inquired, and there was no harshness in his voice now.

"I would rather you didn't ask that," she said awkwardly; "the matter is known only to myself and now to you. He knows nothing."

"Do you wish him to know? If he is the right sort of fellow, I don't see why you should conceal his name from me. Come now, make a clean breast of it. Who is he? what is he? where does he live?"

He was again excited, and advanced to her as if he would force the secret from her.

"I cannot tell you," was her firm response as she moved towards the door.

"Very well, I shall say nothing more at present; but I warn you that if he does not satisfy me, you and I will not be long friends."

Ruth felt that if she remained any longer in the room the emotion which he had roused would overcome her and she would begin to sob.

"I do not think there will ever be any necessity to tell you more than I have told you now."

Cawley's eyes sparkled as a hope rose within him that this was some sentimental fancy which would soon pass away.

"Don't you think there is something ridiculous in this mystery, Ruth? If anything is to come of it, you know that you must speak to me. But there, let it rest. I shall know all in time. Will you tell Harris to get out the waggone?"

She was glad of the opportunity to escape from the room.

Now I understand why she did not like me to embrace her—she was thinking of that fellow, whoever he is. She has managed it slyly, and I don't like it. She would not have refused to tell me if there had not been some good reason for her silence; but she'll get over it, and then I can speak again."

Although he maintained an appearance of calmness, the chagrin he felt worked within him, and whilst he was being driven across the weald at as rapid a pace as he could induce Harris to urge the horse to, Ruth's conduct developed itself into a serious offence.

A long circuit brought him into a lane lined on either side by thick hedges, from which at intervals sprang clumps of May, now budding and even at this time perfuming the atmosphere. On one side was a ditch, and on the banks of it grew many wild flowers and long grass. The drive had refreshed him, and he had got into a better humour.

After all, why should he be selfish? Why should he attempt to force a girl's will? He did not know that in certain natures love is always selfish; indeed, until within a few days he had always thought of the thing called love as the mere folly of youth. His idea had been that such affairs should be arranged on a plain, practical business basis; thus, here is a house, and furnish it as you please; here are your servants, here are your horses and carriages, and you can have as much as you like for your milliner and dress-maker; you can have as much pocket-money as you please.

What more, in the name of all that was sensible, could a woman desire? He had never read a novel, because all novels were trash and corrupted the mind; people were fools enough without being educated into becoming bigger fools. He had never had the time to engage in the absurd amusement of flirtation; indeed, he didn't know the meaning of the word. Once he had found a clerk in his office, who had been most diligent and useful, suddenly change all his ways—not exactly neglecting his duties, but blundering so in them that Cawley had been obliged to speak to him privately. The poor fellow had been very quiet, and could give no satisfactory answer about the change, and impulsively resigned his situation. Cawley was certainly a very strict master, but he was a just one; he told the young man he would give him a month's holiday, and if at the end of that time he persisted in his resignation he would accept it. During the month he learned that the young man

had been what is called 'jilted,' and he instantly set him down as a 'confounded fool.'

At the end of the month the young man resumed his situation and was apparently contented.

Cawley put the question to himself, Was he as silly as that young fellow whom he had called fool?

He was answered immediately. Turning a bend of the road, he saw two figures close by the hedge—a man on one knee holding something up to a girl, and looking earnestly in her face, which was bent close to his.

Mowbray and Ruth.

To his mind there could only be one interpretation of the position of the two, notwithstanding the publicity of the place. The fact was, that the Doctor was simply dilating upon one of the plants which he had gathered, and Ruth was interested.

Cawley bent forward and snatched the reins from Harris, pulling the horse up with a sudden jerk.

"Turn! go round the other way," he said gruffly.

His command was obeyed. Whatever petty passion there was in the man's nature had been aroused. He knew Mowbray to be penniless and to be related to a man who had committed forgery, which was in his eyes even a more heinous offence than murder itself.

The thought that Ruth could cast him and his wealth aside for such a man drove him mad, and he was in a furious passion when he reached home. The roundabout way he had taken delayed him much, and Ruth was in the house before him.

She had come into the hall to meet him, but he passed her without a word and went to the library. He could not speak to her—he would write.

Seated at his desk, he seized his pen and wrote hastily. He commenced with out any date or form of address:

"I have seen you and your lover together. I thought I could have looked upon such a sight and remain calm. I misunderstand myself. I shall say nothing about him further than that I think he has done you wrong, and should have considered his own position before he gained your affection."

As it is, I must ask you to find another home for yourself, and I will make a suitable provision for you. I cannot see you again.

Samuel Cawley.

Poor Mr. Cawley, although he was writhing with strange pain whilst he wrote, did not even now understand that the phrases 'winning affection' is a false one; there is no such thing; love which is the highest form of affection comes without seeking, and takes possession of us whether we will or no. He rang the bell and a servant entered.

"Take this to Miss Hansford at once. It was a peculiarity in Mr. Cawley's manner that he rarely said 'Please' or 'Thank you' to a servant."

The moment he had sent away the letter his misery increased tenfold. He sat down; then sprang to his feet and paced the room uneasily. Should he call the servant back and the destroy the note? He ought to wait until he had had time to think the matter over coolly.

Nearly an hour passed in this restless mood, and he could stand it no longer. He went down to the drawing room; she was not there. He went to her own room, knocked, but there was no answer. He opened the door; she was not there. He hastily summoned a servant, and, on inquiring where Miss Hansford was, learned that she had left the house about a half an hour ago.

"Do you know where she was going?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did she say when she would return?"

"No, sir."

Cawley examined her room and found everything in much confusion. On the dressing-table was an envelope addressed to himself. He tore it open; the sheet of paper within bore only these words:

"I obey. Good-by."

'Ruth.' His first feeling was one of shame and regret, but there followed a tide of indignation that she should have been so ready to take him at his word and to go without seeing him.

"It is Mowbray who has done this," he muttered bitterly.

But despite his vexation, he was anxious to know what had become of her, and at once guessed where she had taken refuge. He was about to despatch a note to the Vicar when that gentleman arrived. Ruth was at the Vicarage and was to remain there until her arrangements for the future could be made. The Vicar saw that it was no time to preach to Mr. Cawley about the harshness of his conduct; he simply assured him that Ruth was safe, and took his leave.

(To be Continued.)

English Cycle Thieving.

It has been estimated that bicycles valued at \$60,000 were stolen in England during the season. A scheme that the thieves work over there is described as follows:—In one of the large cities in England there are many small repair shops where proprietors do a thriving business transforming bicycles, transforming handle bars, wheels, and other parts, one from another, scraping off the enamel and replacing with a fresh coat, and in other ways rendering the machines brought them unrecognizable. In a case of bicycle stealing some time ago the machine was taken to one of these shops, and although the police visited it within an hour or two of the time it was left there, they found it entirely disassembled, and all parts scraped clean of enamel. It could not have been identified then but for a few little special marks and had the police been a few hours later it might have been that these parts would have been scattered over quite a number of different machines, rendering identification impossible. Not only is this ringing of the changes carried out in these small shops, but the police allege that a great quantity of fittings stolen from the larger cycle factories are made up in these places.

The Only Good Toilet Set.

The only complete gold toilet service in the world belongs to the Khedive of Egypt. It was made in London and consists of 28 pieces. Each piece bears the monogram of the Khedive in diamonds, the same being surrounded by a fillet in imitation of that of the Grand Turk. Upwards of 3,000 diamonds and over 1,200 rubies were used in decorating these golden toilet articles. The body of each piece is of 18-carat gold, and all are enclosed in a diamond-encrusted ebony case.

Health Department.

Bunions.

Over every joint in the body there is placed a small, cushion-like sac which is filled with fluid, and which acts as a kind of protection to the joint from blows and pressure. These sacs are called bursae.

The thickening of the particular bursa which is situated over the great toe-joint, either from irritation, pressure or weakness, is commonly called bunion, although that term is sometimes applied to any enlarged bursa on the foot.

The origin of bunions is generally from without—either from the pressure of a tight boot, or the continual chafing of a loose one, or from some peculiarity of occupation or gait, by which the joint is constantly pressed upon the ground.

The signs of a bunion are first of all tenderness and pain, which becomes more and more excruciating. Swelling and inflammation, even to the breaking out of an open sore, rapidly follow unless treatment is begun. The toe itself is somewhat involved, and becomes distorted and contracted.

Changes like those of chronic rheumatism of the joint may lead, when uninterrupted, to fatal inflammation of the foot. Or gangrene may set in. Bunions are rarely altogether curable after the disease has gone on to continued inflammation, although much may be done toward alleviation of the pain.

The only absolute cure for a bunion of long standing is excision of the joint.

Rest is the most important thing in palliative treatment. All pressure of the boot should be removed, as this is the chief exciting cause of the difficulty. Plasters of various kinds, soap plasters, painting locally with tincture of iodine, together with poultices and hot applications when active inflammation appears, form the bulk of the routine treatment.

When the bunion is discharging, stimulating ointments and dressings should be applied, and great care exercised lest the inflammation spread and the foot become affected.

In some cases the deformity can be corrected by mechanical methods, such as strapping and the like. Sometimes a proper division of the contracted tendons will relieve deformity.

Nitrate of silver solution, which is purchasable at any drug store, will often suffice to harden a tender skin and prevent irritation.

Cure for Eczema.

Several years since our baby had eczema badly, says a correspondent. It began on the top of her head when she was five months old, and although we used various remedies, in a short time it became so bad that her head and forehead were almost covered with scabs. She suffered terribly from the itching and burning. Finally a good old doctor whom we shall ever hold in reverence, helped us cure it. We washed it thoroughly once a day with carbolic soap and warm water, wiped it with a soft cloth, then applied a wash made of equal parts of carbolic acid, glycerine and soft water. Shake well and apply with a feather. After the wash put on a cap to keep the child from scratching. We were obliged to soak the cap loose each day and use a clean one. It took about three months to cure it.

A Reputed Remedy for Hay Fever.

Martyrs to hay fever will learn with interest the experience of Dr. Fuber, of Hamburg, who suffered a great deal from hay fever during several summers. He noticed that in winter a coryza was accompanied with hot ears, which regained their normal temperature when the discharge from the nose was established. He tried a reverse order of things on the hay fever, and rubbed his ears until they became red hot. He can now lead an endurable existence. As soon as there is the least amount of fullness in the nose, the ears are noticeably pale. A thorough rubbing of the ears has always succeeded in freeing the nasal mucous membrane from congestion. The rubbing must be done thoroughly and repeated.

Canker in the Mouth.

This somewhat troublesome affection is always an indication of a disordered state of the stomach. It is usually due to an abnormal secretion of acid in the gastric juice. A radical cure can, of course, be effected only by a cure of the stomach affection, but temporary relief may be obtained by the use of a variety of simple remedies, the most thorough-going of which is touching the ulcerated surface with a solid stick of nitrate of silver, or with a strong solution of nitrate of silver by means of a camel's-hair brush. Equal parts of sulphur and carbonate of soda, well mixed, is also a useful application.

FARMING IN THE WEST

How Mr. Stevenson of Morris, Manitoba, Conducts His Farming Operations.

A visit to the Lowe farm, near Morris, Man., affords an instructive outing to those who are interested in improved farm machinery. Mr. Stevenson's ideal farm would doubtless be a world of wonder, in fact it is quite wonderful to hear him tell of the appliances which he has already had in operation. One of his curiosities is a traction engine, which ploughs and threshes, gathering up its own fuel (straw), as it travels around. It does not drag the threshing machine, but carries it, bolted to a platform, and secured to the boiler and axle. The sheaves are thrown upon a platform in front of the separator; one man places them on it, and another feeds them through; the grain passes into bags, which are thrown off on one side; and a man comes along with a team and hauls them away to the granary. Ten men and two horses threshed over 1,200 bushels of wheat and stored it in the granary in a single day. The invention has been in operation for three years in succession, and improvements have been made from season to season. This year some 200 bushels more than last year have been threshed.

An Important Result Which Mr. Stevenson Claims to Have Accomplished is That of Reducing the Cost of the Work. The cost of threshing 150 acres, which

recently yielded 7,000 bushels of wheat, was, he says, a very little over one and a half cents per bushel. He claims also to reduce the expense of breaking to 40 cents per acre, instead of the ordinary \$2.50. The work of breaking is done at the rate of twelve acres a day. He expects that the cost of ploughing when done simultaneously with the threshing will not be more than ten cents an acre. Sowing, also, Mr. Stevenson claims to have greatly improved by means of his new drill sows; with it he has had his man sow twenty acres a day, while he sat on the machine. This machine, he says, cuts in even the tough sod and deposits the seed.

THE STATE OF TRADE

Indications Point to a Better State of Business—Prices of Boots and Shoes, Iron Products, and Woolen and Cotton Goods are Going up.

The record of mercantile failures in Canada during the past nine months, as made up by Dun & Co., shows a decided improvement over the corresponding period of last year. The number of insolvents has declined from 1,514 in 1894 to 1,339 in 1895, while the liabilities have receded from \$13,109,716 to \$9,928,203. The failures this year are thus classified: Manufacturing, 303, with liabilities of \$3,150,885; traders, 1,026, with liabilities of \$6,636,463; other commercial firms, 10, with liabilities of \$140,855; and bankers, 2, with liabilities of \$88,050. Commenting on the returns, Dun's Review observes that the third quarter shows a larger number of failures than occurred in the second quarter, the increase being nearly all in trading concerns, but it is an encouraging fact that the average of liabilities in these failures is smaller than in the preceding quarter. It is also somewhat smaller for manufacturing failures. Of the provinces, Quebec reports the largest number, which is not surprising in view of the somewhat unusual strain to which financial events have exposed concerns in that province. Ontario reports fewer than in the second quarter, with considerably

SMALLER LIABILITIES.

but in British Columbia the failures were considerably larger, though not more numerous.

One striking feature of the past quarter, to which Dun's Review calls attention, is that it has witnessed, about the first of September, the lowest general range of prices ever known in the United States, in spite of remarkable advances in cotton and cotton goods, great advances in iron and steel products, and in boots and shoes, leather and hides. So great was the fall in many other articles, including some of much greater relative importance, that prices of breadstuffs declined over 20 per cent. from the end of May to the end of August; prices of meats 10 per cent.; prices of dairy products, fruits and vegetables, 32 per cent.; and other food, including sugar, tea and coffee, liquors, fish and spices only about 2 per cent. Meanwhile all clothing rose over 10 per cent., including boots and shoes, and iron and steel products about 32 per cent. The following table compiled by Dun's Review will be found most interesting:—

	Food	Cotton	Woolen	Iron	Boots & Shoes
Oct. 1890	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0	100.0
Jan. 1895	82.3	74.8	75.2	54.8	73.9
March 1895	93.2	72.5	75.3	61.7	77.7
July 1895	83.7	81.4	75.7	68.1	91.0
Sept. 1895	77.0	84.3	78.9	79.9	104.6
Oct. 1895	76.8	87.5	77.5	83.6	104.6

It will be observed that the fall in prices of food products since March last has been very great, more than 20 per cent., and that it has been continuous.

THE FARMER

has had no compensation as yet for the advance in those commodities which he buys, although the case of Canadian farmers is better than that of their fellows in the United States who grow largely of cotton, sugar, tobacco and more of oats and corn and wheat. As prices stood on March 1st last the farmer was doing well, for while the average price of food products had declined only 3.8 per cent. from the average in October, 1890, cotton goods had fallen 27.5 per cent., woolen goods 23.7 per cent., iron products 45.3 per cent., and boots and shoes 25.3 per cent. As the present time boots and shoes are higher in price than five years ago, iron products are rapidly advancing to the rates then current, and woolen and cotton goods slowly moving up. Over-production is treated as the bane of the farmer, but with the more prosperous trade which both produces and results from the advance in prices of other commodities than agricultural, the consumption of farmstuffs should increase and better returns to the producer be realized.

A Female Physician's Suicide.

A despatch from Buffalo, N. Y., says:—Dr. Addie J. Seymour, a distinguished woman physician, an artist of repute, and the intellectual peer of any of either profession, deliberately took her own life on Thursday night by throwing herself in front of a fast West Shore train near the water works station. Her skull was crushed and her face unrecognizable when the body was found. The only means of identification, except from papers in her pocket-book, were her crutches. She had been compelled to use crutches since last spring, when she suffered an accident to the nerves of her hip while attending a Post-graduate Medical College at Chicago. This affliction had preyed upon her sensibilities until her mind had given entrance to melancholia. She appeared much depressed in spirits on Thursday, but none of her friends conceived that she contemplated suicide. She was born in Batavia, New York, 42 years ago.

The Wise Serpent.

He—The Serpent knew what a woman was when he entered the Garden of Eden.

She—Yes, he knew woman, and man too. You remember the story, I see.

He—Of course.

She—Yes, he tempted Eve through her reason; he tempted Adam through his stomach.

115 English steel pens were sold at shillings each.

HOW HEZIBAH SHUT THE GATES OF PARADISE.

The room had been very still for a long time; only the even, monotonous splash of the out-going tide, and now and again a restless, unconscious movement of the dying woman in the bed, disturbed the stillness of the night.

In the big arm-chair by the bedside, in the light of the lamp, sat a gaunt woman, angular and haggard, with thin compressed lips, yellow skin, light eyes and dead straw-colored hair, drawn tightly back from her forehead, and twisted into an uncompromising knot at the nape of the neck.

She had watched for many weary nights now beside that bed, but still her eyes were wide and watchful, and her attitude alert. She counted each fluttering breath of the girlish form beneath the sheet, she noted each quiver of the unconscious eyelids.

The night wore on, and, with the coming of the grey dawn, a wind arose, moaning round the little house, and shaking the fastenings of the sick-room window.

The dying woman stirred; she moaned, then slowly opened her eyes. Great sad blue eyes—like a child in trouble. She fixed them upon the watcher in the chair with a pathetic look of entreaty.

"Hezibah!" The pale lips just formed the whispered word.

The gaunt woman rose hastily and bent over her.

"Hezibah—you have been very good to me—"

A painful pause, breathing was so difficult.

"Am I dying now?"

The woman bending over her made no response, but tears gathered in her hard eyes, her thin lips quivered.

"No, you need not tell me, I know I am. I can feel it. Hezibah—you have been so good to me. There is something that—you must do—for me—when I am gone—"

Hezibah bent over her, waiting watchful.

The dying girl raised one feeble hand, pointing towards the old bureau in the corner of the room.

"There—in the third drawer on the left—a packet—letters—will you bring them to me?"

Hezibah brought over to her a little bundle, tied round with faded pink ribbon.

The young woman fingered it lovingly, wistfully.

"They are Jack's letters—my Jack, Hezibah! When I am gone, I trust you to burn them for me, Tom must never know. Poor Tom—he has been a good husband to me; but I loved Jack first—only he was so wild—I did not know that he cared for me. And—he went away in a temper—and I married Tom. But when Jack came back from sea, last time, I—I found out how much he cared. It was terrible—and I loved him so! Then he was drowned—my poor Jack—"

A weak sob choked her broken whispering.

"Promise you will burn them, Hezibah, for Tom's sake—"

"Dear, I promise."

"You have been so good to me, so patient with me. When I am gone you will be good to poor Tom."

"A dull red flush overspread the elder woman's face. She turned her head into the shadow.

"I will do what I can, Nellie," she responded in smothered voice.

"Call Tom now, I feel I am soon-going. I feel so cold—so numb."

Hezibah hastily left the room. She was back in an instant, followed by a stout ruddy-faced man of about 50. He stepped softly to the bed, and took the dying woman's hand in his big grasp.

"Come, Nell, my lass, you must bear a brave heart. We'll have you better soon." There were tears in his cheery voice.

Nellie looked at him with a faint smile; she raised the big red hand in which her own was imprisoned, to her lips. Then, exhausted by her recent efforts, she closed her eyes, and seemed to sleep. Presently she started violently; her eyes opened in terror.

"The letters! You will burn them, Hezibah—"

Tom turned to Hezibah, wondering. He thought the delirium had returned.

"What letters does she mean?"

Hezibah was silent; she averted her eyes. Then—

"She means her dead mother's letters," she replied in a steady voice.

The dying woman looked her gratitude for the saving lie. There was silence again and a solemn sense of waiting in the room. At last Nellie made a faint movement with her hand.

The tide was nearly out. Beyond, the sun was rising in golden splendor, making a glittering pathway across the waves, straight to the cottage window. The night wind had softened into a warm breeze. It came wafted in, mingling with the salt of the sea—with the scent of the flowers in the little garden below.

Nellie's big, sad eyes took in all the beauty of the morning, then they gently closed.

"I am coming, Jack—dear—" she sighed.

So Nellie Thurgood, Tom Thurgood's young wife, died, and was buried in the little churchyard by the sea; and the tide came in, and the tide went out, through the long summer days and nights, and peaceful order reigned in the little cottage, for Hezibah was a notable housekeeper; and Tom was grateful to her in a dull impersonal way. His heart was buried in the newly-made grave on the cliff side, and nothing seemed real to him but that.

Hezibah watched him from under her white eyelashes, and kept silent; but his pipe was always ready for him when he came indoors, and his favorite food simmered on the hob.

Hezibah's hair grew brighter as the days went on; her cheeks had a comely flush; she began to take thought of her dress. She bought a blue gingham gown in the village, and a muslin handkerchief for her neck. Her voice took a softer note, she began to sing about her work.

But Tom would sit in the churchyard through the long summer twi-

lights, and when he came in to supper his feet dragged wearily and his eyes were dull with misery.

"You should not grieve so," said Hezibah softly, one night after supper. She was knitting in the fire-light, her head was bent over her work.

Tom woke as from a dream; he looked at her with seeing eyes.

"Ah, it's well to say that to a man whose heart is breaking!"

His voice grew husky, he turned away his head to the fire.

"But you shouldn't grieve as one without hope. Time must soften things a bit,—you have your life before you."

Tom laughed a short, bitter laugh, not good to hear.

"She was all I had—my Nelly. The apple of my eye. What good's life to me now? Such pretty ways she had, too," he went on musingly; "such loving, tender ways—"

Hezibah's needles flashed in the fire-light.

"There are other women in the world as fond as Nelly," she said softly, with her eyes on her knitting.

There was a long silence in the room. The fire flickered; a cinder fell on the hearth. Hezibah could hear her heart throb; she slowly lifted her eyes to the man's face.

He was not looking at her at all, but at a china shepherdess upon the little table against the wall. His eyes were troubled, he was trying to remember.

"My Nelly did not keep that on there. No, it was on the mantelpiece, here, that she had it."

He brought the ornament over, dusting it with his handkerchief.

"We must keep the things as she left them, Hezibah," he said. But Hezibah had slipped out of the door into the summer darkness.

She rested her arms on the little gate, and stood looking far out to sea. Her face shone white and ghostly in the dimness. She shivered in the warm air.

"You dead woman,—you Nelly," she whispered tensely, "why will you not give him up to me? You have your Jack, you do not want him—and I—oh, my God!"

A great tearless sob shook her; the shimmering waves mocked her; her face hardened.

"Why should I not tell him! I shall do you no harm. Are you anywhere here to care at all? God, the life beyond—are these anything but words? How can one hurt the dead? You are asleep in the churchyard; and I love him—I tell you I love him?"

The man was sitting smoking moodily, gazing into the glowing fire when Hezibah glided in and stood behind his chair.

"Tom, I can't bear that you should grieve so. She wasn't worthy of a love like yours."

"Hezibah!"

He turned his chair quickly and faced her. She shrank into the shadow.

"I have thought you ought to know—" she faltered, "because I can't bear to see you spoiling your life for love of her—her who did not love you at all, but Jack."

Her voice was firmer now, she locked and unlocked her hands behind her.

"Woman! what do you mean? What lies are you telling me?"

He had sprung to his feet and came towards her threateningly. She raised a trembling hand to keep him off.

"It's true. Don't you remember her calling out about the 'letters' the night she died? She gave me a packet—Jack's letters to her."

"My God! Give them to me!"

She fumbled in the breast of her blue gown.

"You must not mind so much, Tom. There's many a giddy girl been false to her good man before now, and a fond steady woman has come along to make him happy after all."

"The letters!"

Hezibah laid the packet on the table, and crept away up the staircase to her room. She fell on her knees by the bedside, clutching the coverlet tight over her mouth, that her deep voiced prayer might be stifled. She shook as with an ague.

The still hours passed by. Night waned, but Hezibah, wide-eyed and numb, crouched by the bed, straining her ears from any sound from the room below. Anything, anything but this deadly silence! The hours seemed eternities.

An hour before dawn came the sound of a chair scraping on the flagged floor; he had risen. She held her breath to listen. Then drawers were opened and shut; his footsteps echoed to and fro. Then silence and the scratching of a pen.

It grew unbearable. Dishevelled, wan, fearful, she crept down the stairs and peeped in.

Tom Thurgood sat at the table writing by the dim candle light. He had on his rough pilot's coat; a bundle tied in a red handkerchief rested beside him.

Hezibah's broken cry aroused him. He rose and came towards her.

"I'm going away—back to sea again," he said gravely. "You're welcome to the cottage and the bits of furniture. There's no home for me now—the place would kill me. Out on the brine I shall be gone before you are up. Get back to bed, woman. Good-bye; there, go!"

He turned back to his writing and the room was quiet again. Presently he threw down his pen and passed his inky fingers through his hair.

"The wind moans terribly to-night," he said.

It was Hezibah above, crying for her lost Paradise.—Mark Sale in Chapman's Magazine.

Spain's Great Army in Cuba.

Spain now has in Cuba an army of 80,000 men. This is a force greater by 10,000 than the whole British army in India. The entire population, white and black, is only four times as great and its proportion to the number of whites capable of bearing arms is about that of one to two. Rarely does history record an instance where a country so small has been invaded by an army so great, and when it is remembered that the Spaniards control the whole administrative and industrial machinery of Cuba, and that they have the more or less effective sympathy of a not inconsiderable local party, their lack of success is a startling commentary both on the military skill of Spain's Generals and soldiers and on the merits of the cause for which they are supposed to be fighting.

Mrs. James L. Gates, of Milwaukee, owns a Bible that was brought over in the Mayflower in 1620.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Apple Butter.

The following method of making apple butter is a good recipe. At our home on the farm the cider was always boiled in a large copper kettle, which made the operation a much shorter one than boiling on a stove in a small kettle would be.

Take new cider, fresh from the press, not yet fermented, put into a porcelain-lined kettle and boil until reduced one-half. Boil the cider the day before you make the butter and boil all that you need for the quantity desired. As soon as one kettle has been boiled take it out and boil another. This must be done carefully that it may not scorch or boil over. To each four gallons of boiled cider allow a half-pound of nice, juicy apples, pared, cored and quartered. The apples should be one-third sweet and two-thirds sour. Now, when ready to make the apple butter, fill a very large kettle two-thirds full with the boiled cider and as many apples as you can keep moist; allow this to stand and cook very slowly on the back part of the stove, stirring almost constantly until the apples are soft and of the consistency of marmalade and the color a dark brown.

If you cannot add all the apples at first, after a portion of them are cooked add a few more and so continue until it is the proper consistency. Keep out a portion of the boiled cider; in case the butter becomes too thick you can add a little to thin it down. Twenty minutes before you have taken it from the fire—and remember slow cooking is necessary to insure good keeping qualities—add to each gallon of cider used a teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half a grated nutmeg. Do not add sugar.

When it has the proper appearance of being the right consistency and is dark in color, drop a tablespoonful into a saucer and stand it aside; if it retains the consistency, the liquid not running over the saucer, it is ready to be taken from the fire, but if it separates in the saucer, making a sort of a sauce, the liquid part running around, cook longer. When done, cool; when cool put it in tumblers or jars and cover closely.

Hints on Rug-Making.

We have lately learned that in crocheting rugs, it is much better to start with a chain, working back and forth forming a rectangular shaped rug, than the old-fashioned way of crocheting around a circular starting point. Rectangular rugs will then lie flat upon the floor.

Divide your rags so that the opposite ends may be alike, finishing the ends with raveled rope or yarn fringe. A very pretty one has the ends shaded from black down to a light drab, with a bright "hit or miss" center. Old skirt linings will furnish the drabs, or if these are not at hand, dip light cotton rags in a decoction of oak-bark maple leaves or a weak solution of log-wood dye.

Save up your bright bits of prints, flannels, etc., for the center. Use a wooden hook, making a tight, double crochet stitch.

An imitation fur rug is a novelty. It really resembles fur more than you would think from a description. They are made entirely of gunny-bags or coffee sacking. A piece of the sacking of the desired size forms the foundation. This is covered with five or six-inch strips of sacking which have been raveled out on both sides to within an inch or so of the center. This strip is doubled and tacked onto the foundation. Another strip is tacked close to that, and so on until the whole is covered. The raveled edges stand up like fur. They may be dyed any color, black, orange, or dull green being pretty, but none prettier than the natural color of the sacking.

Rice Recipes.

Boiled Rice.—Pour a cupful of rice into a quart of water, which should be at or near the boiling point, and add a half tablespoonful of salt. Ten minutes later stir gently with a fork or spoon, then leave undisturbed till it has boiled for an hour. Drain off what water remains, and allow the vessel to stand uncovered while the rice dries. Occasionally cover the dish, and shake the contents energetically up and down. Turn lightly into a warm earthen dish, when it is ready to serve, and will be found very attractive, all the kernels being whole and distinct. Dress with butter, sugar, cream or milk to taste, singly or in combination.

Pudding With Raisins.—Into a double boiler put a half cupful each of rice and raisins, pour over them a quart of fresh milk and add a saltspoonful of salt. Allow this to boil gently for an hour and a half, then add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, a cupful of sugar and vanilla or lemon flavor to the taste. Pour into a pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven till firm, then cover with a meringue made from the whites of the eggs, brown lightly in the oven and set away to cool.

Rice Snowballs.—Boil the rice till very tender, and half fill small cups which have been dampened on the inside, putting in the rice while still very hot. Set away in a refrigerator or some cold place for at least three hours. Just before the dinner hour turn out the mounds upon a platter; cut out the center of each rice cake and fill it with some bright colored jelly, and pour soft custard about their bases, or simply serve with cream and sugar. This makes an attractive dessert for hot weather, and is very easily prepared.

Rice Custard Pudding.—Soak a cupful of cold boiled rice for 15 minutes in a pint and a half of milk, then stir in a pinch of salt, three eggs well beaten, a cupful of sugar, and vanilla flavor to the taste. When well mixed, pour into a pudding dish, grate nutmeg over the top, and bake in a hot oven till firm. This will require about 30 minutes and if baking is prolonged curdling will be the result. It is to be served cold and is delicious.

Rice Blancmange.—Put a cupful of rice into six cupfuls of cold water, and

boil till a thick paste is formed, the rice being entirely dissolved. Then stir in a cupful of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, salt and cinnamon to taste. Beat half a cupful of cream and stir that in also, adding as a coloring material, half a cupful of jelly or the juice of preserves. Put in wet moulds, and when stiff it is ready to serve with custard or cream dressing.

Rice Muffins.—For a dozen muffins, stir into a pint of milk one teaspoonful of salt, a cupful of boiled rice, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, and two cupfuls of flour. Beat together very thoroughly, fill hot muffin rings, and bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes.

THE MODEL SALOON NOW.

The Temperance Folks of New York Promote an Interesting Surprise.

The model saloon is the latest thing promised by the temperance reformers of New York. The Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church received at a meeting held last Monday a report from its Secretary, Mr. Robert Graham, as to the type of temperance saloon it would be advisable to build in a great city like New York. Mr. Graham was sent abroad by the society to study the temperance systems in operation in the great cities of Europe. It is the intention of the Church Temperance Society to build here a model temperance saloon.

Mr. Graham will present plans of four important innovations in temperance work at a meeting to be held in November. In his report on Monday he described what he saw in Europe, and his suggestions will bring about some interesting results. These four enemies of the saloon are to consist of a coffee-house and temperance saloon, with library and social conveniences for the workingman; a system of small wagons for supplying waiting coachmen, cabmen and attendants on opera and theatre nights; a system of small ornamental cottages, to be placed in convenient localities near car stables or cabstands, which will supply hot coffee and lunches, and two new lunch wagons, to be built on an elaborate scale at a cost of \$1,000 each.

THE LUNCH COTTAGES

will be erected along the river front. They will be arranged so they can be readily taken apart and moved to a new location. They will be eighteen feet long and six feet wide. In London there are fifty or more of these lunch cottages, or kiosks, as they are sometimes called. It is the intention of the society to encourage its patrons to use these lunch cottages as a place of shelter. It is not necessary for them to buy coffee even. Now the saloon is the only place the car drivers, cabmen, longshoremen or other night workers can find warmth and shelter in on a cold winter's night. Last year the society sold 109,460 lunches at ten cents each, and the church temperance managers assert that this represents the amount of money which would have been spent in saloons were it not for the lunch wagons.

The coffee-house and temperance saloon is receiving the most attention in the society. This will be a much more costly institution than the lunch adjuncts, and it is believed the problem of a temperance saloon will have been solved when the new building is erected. Mr. Graham studied the workings of Oxford House, in East-London, and its sixty-five Tee-To-Tum clubs the Birmingham Coffee-House, or Cobden Hotel, as it is known there, and the various institutions in Glasgow, Belfast, Liverpool and Edinburgh.

The type of building to be adopted in New York will be that of the Cobden House, of Birmingham. This New York coffee-house will have a room fitted up as a temperance saloon, where soft drinks will be sold over a bar, and the cafe will be as attractive as any saloon in the city in its furnishings. There will be reading matter and a piano. In this model coffee-house will be a gymnasium and a fine system of baths. Entertainment, lectures and various other attractions will be provided.

ONTARIO'S IRON ORES

Beginning to Attract the Attention of Foreign Capitalists.

The hematite iron deposits in the Mattawin range, in North-western Ontario, are commencing to attract the attention of foreign capitalists, and their development will be carried on in the future with considerable vigour. The first indication of increased activity has already been shown. The Bethlehem Iron Company, of South Bethlehem, Pa., has secured an option on several properties from Messrs. Folger, of Kingston, Hammond, of Port Arthur, and the other parties interested, and a party of miners with an expert will be sent out immediately to explore the locations and report upon them, with a view to a purchase, in which case work will be vigorously prosecuted. The Bethlehem Company is one of the strongest in its business in the United States. Its works were enlarged a few years ago in order to enable it to carry on the manufacture of nickel steel armour plate for the navy battleships. Heretofore it has brought its hematite ore from Cuba and elsewhere, but the proprietors have now turned their attention to the Ontario fields. The range crosses the Mattawin river in the vicinity of the Three Falls, and it is possible that electric power may be obtained from this source, not only for working the mines, but to operate the railway branch which will have to be built. The iron locations of the Mattawin range are situated from twelve to twenty miles off the lines of the C.P.R., and the Port Arthur, Duluth, and Western road. The range was inspected by Mr. Archibald Blue, Director of Mines, during his recent trip, and he expresses himself as confident that development will show a great amount of mineral which will prove of much value to the country.

Family Eyes.

Friend—Why didn't you ever marry?

Maiden Lady—Because, by the time my relations thought I was old enough to marry, the men I thought I was too old.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Speaking a Piece.

I'll tell you how I speak a piece;
First I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next I throw my hands up so!
Then I lift my eyes—
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surmise.

Next I grin and show my teeth
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides;
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect;
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe;
That's the sign of fear.

Soon I scowl, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger.
"Wretch!" I cry. That's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about;
That's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored;
With a bow my speech is done,
Now you'll please applaud.

Silken Tents.

It had rained five days in a steady drizzle, and out on the terrace the spiders had crept into tiny holes in the ground, where they sullenly remained all day long, not even venturing forth in quest of a stray fly for a meal. At dusk on the fifth day the rain ceased, leaving the earth and its atmosphere full of moisture.

The wise little spiders came out then, worked in the mystic silence of the night a wondrous spell, and lo, when the morning sun began to dispel the dense mist, there, in the grass, numberless white silken tents were spread. They had been pitched one above each hole in the ground. At first one received the impression that some trespasser had scattered sheets of white paper over the terrace, but it took but a second glance to reveal the truth about the silken webs.

Had the spiders gone into camp during the night?

What Paper is Made Of.

Paper is one of the most lavishly used articles of modern times. The materials of which it can be made are almost as numerous and common as the uses to which the finished article is put. There are something over two thousand patents covering the making of paper. It may be manufactured, under some of them, from the leaves of trees; from hop plants, bean stalks, pea vines; from the trunks and stems of Indian corn and every variety of grain; from moss, clover, and timothy hay, and more than 100 kinds of grasses; from straw and coconut fibre; from fresh-water weeds and sea weeds; from sawdust, shavings, and asbestos; from thistles and thistle down; from banana skins, tobacco stalks, and tan bark; from hair, wool, fur, old sacking, or bagging, and from almost any other imaginable refuse.

A Dip in a Japs Pocket.

Japanese folks have six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a curious miscellany peculiar to the droll little people.

As common as twine in the British boy's pocket is the prayer amulet, written on delicate sheets of rice paper and composed by the priests. These prayers are swallowed, paper and all, like a pill, in all cases of physical and mental distress.

Another essential, never missing, is a number of small squares of silky paper, which are put to the most unexpected purposes—to hold the stem of a lotus or lily, to dry a teacup, wipe away a tear, or blow the absurd little nose of the doll-like woman. The most aristocratic people of Japan use this kind of handkerchief for practical purposes. After one of the papers has been used it is thrown away.

Prince Oscar's Birthday Gift.

The little German princes, as is well known, have an English governess, to whom they are warmly attached. The governess' birthday occurred recently, and not only the emperor and empress made her presents but the young princes also tried to afford their teacher some special pleasure. The governess noticed among the gifts a plain little paper box.

"What is this?" she asked, in surprise, taking it in her hand.

"Seven-year-old Prince Oscar drew himself up proudly.

"That's from me!" he replied.

"But it is empty," said the teacher.

"Yes, it's empty now," answered the prince, "but to-morrow papa is going to pull out my first tooth, and the box is meant for that; I'm going to give it to you."

The next day the little fellow, beaming with joy, really did bring the tooth to the governess, and she now wears it as a charm on her bracelet.

The Time for Romance.

Groom—Well, that umbrella is gone and I'll have to get another one. We'll stop into Biggs, Store & Co's.

Bride—Horror! no. Go to some little shop on a side street.

Dear me! Why let's not spend our honeymoon waiting for change.

The Tramp's Revenge.

Housekeeper—Here, you! just you leave or I'll set the dog—

Tramp—Please, mum—

Get out, I say.

Yes, mum, I'll go if you want me to.

Yes, mum, I only dropped in to tell you of a new and sure cure for freckles and red hair, mum. Good-day, mum.

