

# The Sherbrooke Examiner.

VOLUME XVI. NO. 2.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1893.

WHOLE NO 782

## Seasonable Goods

**Chase & Sanborns**  
CELEBRATED CONDENSED COFFEE  
WITH CREAM AND SUGAR

**Batger & Co's. Table Jelly,**

In packages,  
Assorted sizes and flavors.

**Potted Tongue,  
Chicken, Ham.**

**Pettijohn's California**

**Breakfast Food**  
In 3 lb Packages.  
Terrine de Tuis Gras.

**Ballentyne, Johnston & Co.**

**ICELAND CREAM**

Is an excellent preparation for  
the prevention and cure of

**CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS,  
ROUGHNESS of the SKIN, etc.**

For use after Shaving it is  
unequaled.

TRY IT.

ONLY 25CTS A BOTTLE  
TO BE HAD AT

**FRASER'S  
DRUG STORE.**  
Commercial St., Sherbrooke.

## Lennoxville.

SCHOOL BOOKS

AND

SCHOOL REQUISITES

Of all kinds.

Lowest Prices.

AT THE

LENNOXVILLE

**Drug Store**

DR. BARTON'S

**PICK - ME - UP**



**HORSE POWDERS**

Prevents all Manner of Diseases,  
GLANDERS, JARCY, WORMS, BOTS,  
PINK EYE, SCRATCHES,  
SWOOLEN LEGS,  
HEAVES, ETC.

These Powders are the best in the market and  
used by all who are desirous of seeing life  
in their horses.

Try a package and be convinced.

SOLD EVERYWHERE, OR FROM

**GRIFFITH'S**

**DRUG STORE.**

### Wanted.

**WANTED**—A Cook Apply to  
MRS. A. G. LUDMAN, Belvidere St.

**WANTED**—By a first-class English Fire Insurance  
Company, an Agent for Sherbrooke.  
Address Post Office Box 316, MONTREAL 1-2

**WANTED TO RENT**—A small House or  
Tenement with five or six rooms, within five  
minutes walk of the Post Office. Address "X"  
EXAMINER OFFICE.

**WANTED IMMEDIATELY**—Good Plain Cook,  
good wages to right person. Apply to WILLIAM  
G. HALL, "Oriental Hotel," Compton. 1-2

**WANTED**—MACHINIST to look after AIR  
DRIERS and other mining machinery. Apply to  
THE FOSTER MINING CO., Estab., Que. 1-2

**WANTED**—By the 4th September for Compton  
Ladies' College, a good plain cook and two  
housemaids. Apply to MRS. A. BLISS, Compton.  
1-2

**WANTED**—A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT  
to a small family. Apply to  
MRS. W. N. IRWIN, St.  
Sherbrooke, Aug. 4th 1893 15-52

**WANTED**—A COOK Good wages. Apply to  
MRS. WILLIAM WHITE, Moore St.  
June 1st, 1893. 15-43

**WANTED**—By a young lady, a position as book-  
keeper in a store. Has practical knowledge of  
bookkeeping. Address "Q" Box 2, North County,  
Que. 15-51

### For Sale or To Let.

**WANTED**—A limited number of music scholars  
Terms moderate. Apply to H. C. WILSON  
& SONS. 13-39

**TO LET**—ONE TENEMENT in the GRAYTON  
Terrace. Apply to H. INGRAM, MAGOG  
HOUSE. 15-28

### Blacksmith Wanted.

**AT MOUNTAINS CARRIAGE FACTORY.** Good  
wages paid for a first class work-man. Apply  
at once to W. T. MOUNTAIN,  
Sherbrooke, May 21st, 1893. 15-2

**TO LET**—A FIRST CLASS STORE and TEN-  
EMENT, suitable for any line of general busi-  
ness. The best stand in the "Y" Block. Possession  
first of May. MALCOLM McTHERSON,  
March 27th, 1893 15-34 Lake, Lennoxville, Quebec.

**FARM and CITY PROPERTY** For Sale.  
Enquire of J. W. HALL. 15-34

**FOR SALE**—Desirable BUILDING LOTS in  
EAST SHERBROOKE. Enquire at the  
EXAMINER Office. 15-47

### Shingles for Sale.

**LARGE QUANTITY CEDAR, FINE and  
SPRUC SHINGLES** for sale by W. H. BROWN  
& CO. 15-45  
Sherbrooke, July 8th, 1893.

### Lots For Sale.

The most desirable Building  
Lots in the North Ward, fronting  
on Moore and Elizabeth  
Streets. Apply to  
W. E. PATON. 15-40

**MONEY TO LEND ON FURNITURE MORTGAGE.**  
Apply to D. G. BERRINGTON  
Lennoxville, Que. 15-51

### IMPROVED YORKSHIRE PIGS

Seven to eight weeks old from imported  
stock, twenty dollars a pair, or ten dollars  
each with registered pedigree.

### IMPORTED SHORTHORN SHEEP

Shearing Home and Ewes of the choicest  
quality at very low figures, if taken soon.

### ALSO TWO REGISTERED SHORTHORN BULLS.

One 2 year old and one yearling; good indi-  
viduals and good pedigree.  
Address **JNO. Y. ORMSBY,**  
Manager Ingleigh Farm,  
Danville, Que. 10-1

## Seasonable GOODS

**J. R. McBAIN'S  
DRUG STORE.**

**"SURE KILL" FLY PAPER.**  
Tanglefoot Fly Paper,  
PARIS GREEN,  
HELLEBORE, INSECT POWDER

**LIME JUICE,  
ROOT BEER EXTRACT,  
CITRATE OF MAGNESIA,  
ATLANTIC SEA SALT,  
EXTRACT WILD STRAWBERRY.**

**BLACKBERRY BRANDY**  
A certain cure for Canadian  
Cholera.

**FLORIDA WATER,  
EAU DE COLOGNE**  
Triple Extracts for the Herdierchiefs sold by the  
Bellefleur Co. "bring a bottle." These perfumes are  
of superior quality, as is testified by all who use  
them.

**J. R. McBain**  
No. 17 Wellington Street,  
In the Square.

**FOUND**—AN OVERCOAT on the road between  
LENN-EXVILLE and CAPETON. The owner  
can have it by applying to B. LEMIEUX, Capeton  
and proving property and paying charges. 3-651

### LOST.

**ON SATURDAY MORNING** below Nagle's  
Farm on the Magog River, a lady's BLUE  
SERGE JACKET and a man's GREY COAT, in the  
pockets of which were a Silver Watch, a silver  
mounted pipe and a valuable Knife. Any one  
finding the above and bringing them to the BRIT-  
ISH AMERICAN LAND CO'S OFFICE, or to  
MR. HENKERS HOUSE, will be rewarded.

### FOR SALE CHEAP.

**SECOND HAND STEAM BOILER FOR  
HEATING PURPOSES.**  
This boiler has been heating the Library and Art  
Building, Sherbrooke, containing 650 feet of piping  
and is being replaced by a more powerful.  
Several boilers of the same pattern are being used  
satisfactorily in private houses in Sherbrooke.  
To be sold very low  
Apply to **JAMES HETHERINGTON,**  
2-21 Asst. Sec'y.

### NEW LIVERY STABLE.

The undersigned has added a Livery to his Ford  
Stable and will keep several good horses and car-  
riages to let at reasonable prices. He has a nice  
driving pony suitable for ladies and children, safe  
and gentle, with wagon to match. My rigs are  
new. Give me a call.  
**JAS. HARKNESS,**  
MEADOW STREET 15-46

### ICE! ICE!

**G. T. ARMSTRONG  
City Ice Dealer.**

Families, Hotels and Stores (daily) supplied with  
best quality of Ice in any quantity at lowest  
rates. Orders left at Post Office will receive prompt  
attention.

### SARGENT & BRADFORD PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PLASTERERS

—AND—  
**STUCCO WORKERS**  
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

Furnaces and Chimneys built and Cement work  
done. All work guaranteed. All orders will receive  
prompt attention.  
**V. W. SARGENT, GEO. E. BRADFORD,**  
75 Brooks St. 46 Queen St.

### BAR-LOCK

The well known and popular hotel has been  
recently purchased by Mr. Clark, late of the Massey  
House, and is in a thorough state of repair. It offers  
superior accommodations to the travelling public being  
situated in the business portion of the city, and con-  
taining a well equipped bar, commodious dining  
saloon and billiard room.  
First class in all its appointments.  
Free Buses are run in connection with trains.  
Apply to **H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or to  
E. H. CLEGG or F. DALE,  
Sherbrooke.**

### ALBION HOTEL,

Corner King and Wellington Streets  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.  
**W. M. CLARK, Proprietor.**

### THE MODERN WRITING MACHINE

Has special features possessed  
by no other typewriter.  
Visible Writing.  
Permanent Alignment.  
Unlimited Speed.  
Rapid Manifold.  
Light Running.  
Call or send for descriptive catalogue.  
**CHARLES F. DAWSON,**  
Mercantile Stationer,  
26-52 233 St. James St., Montreal

### Livery, Board and Feed Stable.

The undersigned recently purchased the Livery  
Stable owned by R. G. Berry at  
11 AND 12 LOWER WATER ST.  
(In rear of Magog Hotel.)  
And has refurnished the same with new harness,  
new harness and new Carriages of the best de-  
scription and is now prepared to let teams at reason-  
able rates. A full and satisfactory catalogue that I  
have as fine rigs as can be had anywhere. Patronage  
Solicited. Horses fed and boarded at fair prices.  
Horses Clipped and Trimmed.  
GIVE ME A CALL.  
**E. N. STACEY.**  
Sherbrooke, June 27th, 1893

### MUCH LIKE A WORLD'S FAIR

**Canada's Great  
INDUSTRIAL  
FAIR  
TORONTO  
SEPT. 4 TO 16  
1893.**  
Excelling all Others  
NEW STABLES, NEW CATTLE SHEDS  
And many other Improvements  
SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS.  
GREATER AND BETTER THAN EVER  
The People's Greatest Annual Outing  
Cheap Excursions on all Railways.  
**J. J. WITHERS, H. J. HILL,**  
5-1 President, Manager, Toronto



**VOLUMES COULD BE WRITTEN,**  
filled with the testimony of women  
who have been made well and  
strong by Dr. Pierce's Favorite  
Prescription.

It's a medicine that's made es-  
pecially to build up women's  
strength and to cure women's ail-  
ments—an invigorating, restorative  
tonic, soothing cordial, and bracing  
nervine; purely vegetable, non-  
alcoholic, and perfectly harmless.  
For all the functional derange-  
ments, painful disorders, and chronic  
weaknesses that afflict womankind,  
the "Favorite Prescription" is the  
only guaranteed remedy.

It's a legitimate medicine that  
corrects and cures. If it doesn't  
benefit or cure, you have your  
money back.

It must have been the medicine  
for most women, or it couldn't be  
sold on any such terms.

Isn't it likely to be the medicine  
for you?  
Sold by druggists everywhere.

### ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.  
REDUCTION IN RATES.  
Steamers sail regularly from  
Portland and Halifax to Liverpool  
via Londonderry  
DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.  
Cabin, \$40 and upwards. Second Cabin, \$25  
Storage at low rates. No Cattle carried  
SERVICE OF  
**STATE LINE } ALLAN LINE  
LINE. } STEAMSHIPS.**  
NEW YORK & GLASGOW  
via Londonderry, every fortnight. Cabin, \$40 &  
upwards. Second Cabin, \$25. Storage at low  
rates.  
Apply to **H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal, or to  
E. H. CLEGG or F. DALE,  
Sherbrooke.**

### ALBION HOTEL,

Corner King and Wellington Streets  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.  
**W. M. CLARK, Proprietor.**

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### COUNTY NEWS.

**HATLEY.**—The Right Rev. W. W. Niles,  
Bishop of New Hampshire, is visiting  
friends in Hatley and will (D. V.) preach  
in St. James Church on Sunday morning  
at 10:30 and at Ayer's Flat at 3 p. m.  
The public are cordially invited.

### East Hatley

Mrs. L. E. Parker will give a social at  
her home on Tuesday eve, Aug. 22nd for  
the benefit of the Methodist church.  
Supper will be served and a good social  
time is anticipated. Price 15cts.

### Dixville

The Dixville Baptist church is to be  
favoured next Lord's Day, Aug. 20th.  
In commemoration of his 81st birth-  
day, Elder Chandler is to preach in the  
afternoon, at 2:30. In the evening at 7:30  
Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of  
Baptist Home Missions, is to preach.  
A profitable time may be expected at both  
services. Seats free, every body welcome.

### Waterville and Vicinity.

Church of England services—Sunday  
Aug. 20, North Hatley 10:30; Waterville  
11:00 and school 2:15, service 3;  
East 7 p.m. Wednesday Aug. 23rd,  
Waterville, Holy Communion 10 a. m.  
Thursday St. Bartholomew's Day, North  
Hatley, Holy Communion 7:45 a. m.,  
Belvidere Road, service in red corner  
between Moore's and T. Howard's,  
7:30 p.m. All appointments by standard  
time.

### East Bolton

Last week was the best kind of weather  
for haying, but very hot until Sat. eve,  
when a shower cooled the air greatly.  
Some are harvesting their grain.... The  
new S. S. Library has been received, and  
gladly welcomed, they are 140 fine books,  
and were much needed as our library was  
gone years ago.... The S. S. will have an  
excursion and picnic by the Lady of the  
Lake on Tuesday.... A number of our  
neighbors have new mowing machines,  
but the best one we have heard of is the  
"Improved Buckeye," and is owned by  
Mr. Aylmer Place. It has done his hay-  
ing in good shape and season, and has also  
mowed a field of its poor "back-  
ward" neighbors and cut down their  
hay, as the old saying is, "working for  
nothing and boarding itself." If any  
one has a better one let us hear of it....  
Mr. Carter's two boys saw a bear while out  
rhubarb-patching lately, and one of our pa-  
trons saw a deer, while coming to the  
factory.

### Leavitt's Mills.

The farmers around here have finished  
haying at last, and the young folks are  
having a good time picking blue-berries,  
and are successful.... Mr. Hynds has a  
very fine hop yard which will soon be  
ready to harvest.... We were all glad to  
see Mrs. Sushbury and niece from Sher-  
brooke, who have been visiting friends in  
this neighborhood for the past week....  
Mr. and Mrs. L. Griffin and son, who  
have been visiting friends in Charleston,  
Vt., safely returned last Friday.... Miss  
Kate Leavitt, who has been very sick with  
a fever, we are glad to report, is gaining.  
... Miss Winnie Bailey came home last  
Sunday; she will now stop at home and  
attend school.... Mr. Johnson had a val-  
uable cow, which strayed away on Satur-  
day and was not found until Monday,  
when an army of searchers found her in  
the woods a mile from home.

### Massawippi.

Monday morning the 14th, we expe-  
rienced a frost; quite a sudden change  
from 95° in the shade Friday.... An  
Evangelistic service was held in the  
church Friday evening under the auspices  
of the W. C. T. U. A paper was given  
by Mrs. P. Sutton of Coaticook, an ad-  
dress by Rev. Mr. Mick of Minton also  
cheering words by Rev. Osborne of East  
Hatley and Mr. Woodside of this place.  
Singing filled in the time. This was the  
first of a series of meetings proposed to  
be held by the Township (Hatley) union  
throughout the town monthly.... There  
will be held a Sunday School Convention  
here in the church, Aug. 23rd, afternoon  
and evening. Addresses will be given by  
Rev. Moore of Ayer's Flat, Rev. Osborne  
of East Hatley, Rev. L. S. Hughton and  
O. M. Moulton of Coaticook. Ministers  
and Sunday School workers generally in-  
vited. Collections will be taken in aid of  
the work.... The W. C. T. U. intend to  
have a "tent" at the Fair at Ayer's Flat  
Aug. 30th and 31st. Particulars later on.

### Kingsey Falls.

Is it not about time to hear of the suc-  
cessful termination of the grand concert  
held on the evening of 4th August? Well  
listen a minute. Mr. Almond, student  
minister of the Anglican church here, ran  
across the fact that there was something  
in the shape of a \$50 debt on account of a  
church pew purchase, and he conceived  
the idea of holding a pow wow among the  
friends to decide upon ways of liquidating  
the said debt. The plan suggested and  
adopted was to get up a concert with ice  
cream accompaniment. Then Mr. Almond's  
abilities as a concert organizer became  
prominent. He secured the willing  
assistance of competent helpers at the  
Falls and from Lorne, and got to work.  
And when the evening of August 4th  
arrived all were ready for the occasion,  
and Mr. Editor, and readers in general,  
I want to tell you that this concert was  
exceptionally good. Every part of the  
interesting programme gave pleasure to  
an unusually large audience. The desir-  
ability for a more commodious and  
comfortable public hall was again forcibly  
demonstrated. Quite a number could not  
gain admittance, and those who did had  
to pretend contentment with the kind of  
seats used in the back woods school houses  
forty years ago. However, this concert  
promised so much pleasure that the people

came. Yes, sir, and all the way from  
Danville, too. A most pleasing contingent  
from this neighboring town was the  
Danville Brass Band, and the nice music  
discussed at intervals by the band was  
truly exhilarating. Thanks and three  
rousing cheers were tendered to the band  
for coming so kindly and helping the en-  
tertainment with such enjoyable music.  
The play entitled "The Last Leaf," was  
well acted. The plot was a happy family  
brought to their last leaf through the  
unprincipled persecutions of a disappoint-  
ed lover, out of sheer revenge to try and  
gain his point. The sequel proves him  
foiled and exposed through the manly  
and practical intervention of the favored  
admirer, who was none other than  
the son of the plotter. The destitution  
through drink in this play is keenly  
portrayed, a striking lesson in favor of  
abstention from drink and righteous prin-  
ciples is taught, the participants in this  
two act drama all deserve special reference  
but space in your columns will not permit.  
The musical quartette from Lorne assisted  
by Mr. Ross, violinist of Richmond  
received a well deserved encore.

The financial proceeds netted over fifty  
dollars, exceeding the most sanguine ex-  
pectations. Rev. Mr. Blaylock of Dan-  
ville acted as introductory chairman and  
expressed himself as highly delighted with  
the entire entertainment.  
Our Anglican friends can rest assured  
that their first concert was well appre-  
ciated—"Nothing succeeds so well as  
success."

### The Stanstead County Farmer's Insti- tute

The Annual Meeting of this Institute  
was held in the County building at Ayer's  
Flat on August 15th for the purpose of  
electing officers for the ensuing twelve  
months. The following officers were elected:  
Honorary President, T. Byron  
Rider, M. P., M. F. Hackett, M. P. P.;  
President, John P. Brown, Hatley, Que.;  
Vice Pres. for Barford Township, Carl  
Hannon; Vice Pres. for Barnston Town-  
ship, M. J. Chamberlain; Vice Pres. for  
Hatley Township, J. H. Oatley; Vice-  
Pres. for Magog Township, C. Manning;  
Vice Pres. for Stanstead Township, L. P.  
McDuffie; S. Secretary, Treasurer, Arthur  
W. Grindley, Massawippi, Que.

### A Resolution of Condolence

DEAR BRO. S. J. ROLFE—We the mem-  
bers of Court Pride of the Valley, No. 25,  
being assembled in our first meeting after  
your sad bereavement, in the loss of your  
good and esteemed wife, do offer you our  
heartfelt sympathy in your great loss, but  
we hope you will consider it is the decree  
of our great chief, and only the course of  
nature though sad and sudden. But what  
is your loss is her gain, and whilst you and  
your dear children are mourning the sad  
loss of a dear wife and loving mother, who  
was beloved by all that know her, will  
remember that it is God alone that can  
comfort and sustain you in your severe  
trial and affliction. The prayer of the  
Court will ever be, "that God will fill the  
void in your hearts, yours and  
family with his love and strength, and  
send you the consolation of the Holy  
Spirit in your great trial.

Signed in behalf of the Court,  
E. G. TURNER, C. R.  
D. Z. IYTHE, R. S.

### Albert Sunday School Picnic.

The Albert Sunday School Picnic to  
Bacons Bay, Saturday, Aug. 5th was a  
grand success. The day was a fine one  
and could be wished for, and the large  
number present (about 500 persons) was  
excellent proof of the interest taken by  
the people in general. In addition to  
the Albert school, there were several  
other schools from the neighboring vil-  
lages among which was the Estrie Sab-  
bath School, and altogether the day was  
well spent. The programme of sports  
was unavoidably cut short, owing to the  
impossibility to encourage competition.  
There were, however, two races,—a 200  
yard dash (open to all) which was well con-  
tested, and a 200 yard dash (open to boys  
under 12) which was also well contested.  
The Victoria Band, led by Mr. Chene,  
was in attendance, and furnished excellent  
music which was highly appreciated by  
all.

The proceeds of the day amounted to  
\$128.54, and after deducting running ex-  
penses, children's fares on train, etc., etc.,  
left a balance of \$25.25 to the credit of  
the school.

### Entered Into Rest.

MAY 5TH, 1893.  
Mrs. Betsy Farwell Mallory, wife of  
the late Rev. C. P. Mallory, pastor of the  
Universalist church at Huntingville, died  
at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred  
Elliot, in Lennoxville, Quebec, of  
neuritis of the heart. She was the  
youngest daughter of the late Gladden  
Farwell Sr. of Compton, Que.  
Mrs. Mallory was a woman of large  
heart, patient and tender to all, faithful  
in duty, strong in her convictions, sym-  
pathetic to and all who needed her tender  
ministry, very unselfish and helpful. To  
see a duty was but an invitation to do it,  
and many beside her own loving children  
can testify to her brave, patient care in  
sickness. She was an angel in many sick  
and afflicted households. She was a  
staunch Universalist, all her life being  
spent in one church. Her home was  
ever open to others and her large hearted  
hospitality was beautiful to remember.  
Her record is finished and gone on high.  
She was rich towards God

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is superior to all other preparations claiming to be blood-purifiers. First of all, because the principal ingredient used in it is the extract of genuine Honduras sarsaparilla root, the variety richest in medicinal properties. Also, because Cures Catarrh of the yellow bladder, being raised expressly for the Company, is always fresh and of the very best kind. With equal discrimination and care, each of the other ingredients are selected and compounded. It is

## THE Superior Medicine

because it is always the same in appearance, flavor, and effect, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed. It is, therefore, the most economical blood-purifier in existence. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly by the natural channels. - AYER'S Sarsaparilla gives elasticity to the step, and imparts to the aged and infirm, renewed health, strength, and vitality.

## Cures SCROFULA

It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly by the natural channels. - AYER'S Sarsaparilla gives elasticity to the step, and imparts to the aged and infirm, renewed health, strength, and vitality.

# AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 5¢; six bottles, \$2.50. Cures others, will cure you

## Dr. Fowler's

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure

### Extract

containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents, well known to medical science. The leaves

### of Wild

Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery and looseness of the bowels; but medical science has placed before the public in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild

## Strawberry

a complete and effectual cure for all those distressing and often dangerous complaints so common in this changeable climate.

It has stood the test for 40 years, and hundreds of lives have been saved by its prompt use. No other remedy always

### Cures

summer complaints so promptly, quiets the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this

### Summer

be sure and take a bottle with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel

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Price 35c. Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers for the sake of greater profits.

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NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cures the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, the errors or excesses of youth, the effects of disease, or the effects of old age. This remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other treatments have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at 25¢ per package, or six for \$1.50, sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in blackrock by W. H. GRIFFITH.

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### An Appeal to the Emperor

[It is reported that the following appeal has been forwarded to the German Emperor by certain Commissioners in Chicago.] O Wilhelm, canst thou say to us nay when we ask you to come And so our wondrous Fair, good sir, a sight to strike you dumb? Hast thou observed that Spain has sent her sweetest and her best, Who put herself into our hands and let us do the deed? Hast thou observed that Hampus's Lord—the great and famed Nawab—Has come among us with his suite, and shared our soft-billed crabs? Has he sailed across the ocean vast to see our monster show? If he hath come, O Kaiser, is't for thee to answer us? Hast thou seen that he who rules in far-away Japan? Hast thou seen his wives and riches there upon his native shore? To travel over the stormy deep to this home of the free, Deep seas all discomforts so that with us he might be free? We have with us the Hike of Tick, the B o of Bally. In might state hath likewise come the Pip of Tamarrack. The 112 of Macgalloway is here, the King of Ballygoon, The Tarara of Bomeaday, we hear, is coming too. Can Kaiser father when the great of other lands come here? Let's for a Hebezen illen now to greet us with a surer? Come over, get the William; come and see our wondrous dress state. Let not a Kaiser be outdone by lesser pot a tea or

### AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS.

#### The "Jefferson Borden" Mutiny.

BY EPHRAIM W. CLARK.

I fared somewhat better at the hands of the tyrannical after guard. Whether from an intuition that I might be less tolerant than the others I know not, but it is a fact that I, of all the crew, was at the same time least tractable and the best treated. I make no admission of a fractious spirit; on the contrary I treated my superiors with a proper degree of respect according to my light, but I rebelled at times against what I deemed to be an unwarranted abuse. On one occasion Captain Patterson and I had some words when I was at the wheel and he threatened to "put his boot to me," as he expressed it. I told him plainly that I would not suffer actual violence without defending myself as well as I might.

"No, hol we've a bantam here, eh?" said the captain. "Well, let me tell you, young snipes, we don't propose to fight that way; we've got a way of tanning your damned hide without taking chances." "How's that, sir?" I asked. "Why, by starving the snout out of you; by working you up. Ah, that's the boss plan! I'll take the kick out of the biggest kicker ever was by putting him on short rations; damn him!" "Wouldn't that be a cowardly process, captain?" I asked, with a sense of the enormity of my own presumption in thus catechising my imperious master. "Maybe it would, but we'll see wh'ill equal first in the business. That's the last test of cowardice, young fellow." And he turned his attention elsewhere.

The reader may suppose that I was over bold in my language to the captain. Admitting that I was, the fault was not in me so much as in my circumstances. An American born and bred, I had been educated in the conception of a degree of equality between men that was outraged by the bully Patterson. If I was wrong in resenting the tyranny of the captain that was the fault of my education and the fact of my being an American. But in those days I had no time to commune with myself on the score; I set it as the circumstances suggested the proper course at the time and I believed I did right and felt a satisfaction in acting a manful part at considerable risk to myself.

One day as I passed the captain on deck a sudden lurch of the vessel threw me against him. With an oath he pushed me from him in the same fashion one might expect a mangy cur and said, "Get away from me, you damned dog! Where's your legs?" At another time when all hands were at the pumps, the captain came forward and found fault with something. The fault was not corrected fast enough for him and he began to abuse us.

"You're a nice five hundred dollars' worth, ain't you? Five hundred dollars in good gold 'twenties I paid for you, and, by God, I'll have my money's worth out of you before we get across, and then drive you to hell ashore! You're a pretty gang to give jaw, but I'll take that out of you. I'll have you as tame as cats before long. As for you," and he shook his fist under my nose, "if you show any of your mutinous tantrums I'll bore a hole in you! I've shot and killed many a better man, and I'm good for some more yet. D'ye hear?"

I heard but said nothing; neither did my shipmates. This was forbearance under the greatest temptation that I have never properly appreciated in myself. I kept silent with the best of intentions to all concerned, but the sequel proved that it was an unavailing attempt at maintaining the peace. Patterson wanted trouble and was bound to have it, whether the crew would cooperate or not.

In spite of these occasional outbreaks we got on so far tolerably well. Of course, we had no watch-and-watch; the weather was bad, besides being terribly cold, and the Borden's gear needed constant care night and day, but we worked well in the hope of getting safely to London and ending all our troubles there. For my own part, I made an honest effort to please the captain and his mates, a herculean task, you may be sure, and I did more on that vessel than I had ever done before during my ten years' experience at sea.

The previous heavy weather was now succeeded by a day of welcome calm. The sun shone cheerfully among the fleecy masses of cloud and the sea, a placid surface, rose and fell in long, regular undulations, reflecting the changing hues of the heavens as in a looking glass. The Jefferson Borden gently rolled this way and that on the swell and seemed to be crooning herself to rest after the weary days and nights of constant labor. Our white canvas flapped listlessly and the spirit of peace was over all the elements.

The sun had dried up the decks here and there where his rays bore and this, after a complete submersion for three weeks, seemed like a dream of impossibilities. This was the only perfect day of the voyage, and one of the most horrible at the same time. While Nature reveled in this peaceful mood, the souls of Patterson and his bully mates were moved by the cruellest designs upon the forsaken crew. Miller was the chosen victim. At two bells in the afternoon watch all hands were called on deck as usual. Miller was ordered up to oil

the foremast and myself the main-topmast. We each took a bosun's chair, hooked on the gaff-topail halliards in the crossbeams and went to work.

While we were aloft I observed Captain Patterson and the two mates go forward and enter the forecabin. This seemed at the time a suspicious proceeding, but with my utmost capacity for imaginative fancy I fancied nothing of the real nature of their business. The trio were laying their plans for a piece of the most infernal devilry on record and had gone through everything belonging to the crew and had taken (shorten, practically) our rizes, knives, marlin-spikes, etc. This was a piece of the law's anomalies that permits a shipmaster to ride rough-shod over the rights of the subject at sea in the interest of a so-called discipline.

"Lower away, sir," sang out Miller to the mate, who was tending the halliards at the fore. The mate did as requested, at the same time keeping an eye on the man aloft, who steadied himself in his descent by holding on to the topmast rigging. The mate sang out to Miller to keep his oily paws off the rigging and the latter replied that he must hold on to something to steady himself. Then the captain sang out to the same effect and supplemented his order with a choice collection of down-east compliments. At the same time I sang out to the second mate to lower away, which he did, but neither he nor the captain took any notice of me although I, too, as of necessity, held on to the rigging in my descent. This gave the busness an appearance of being concerted against my poor shipmate.

The mate now took the halliards from the pin and began jerking them up and down, at the same time singing out, "Come down on deck, damn you; come down on deck!" Then he let the halliards go altogether with the result that the man came down by the run. For unluckily, or unfortunately, as the case may be with Miller to-day, which nobody but himself knows, he caught foul in the gear in the crossbeams and was saved from a fatal fall, to suffer further. He picked himself up and began descending to the deck, rather slowly, to be sure, as his nervous system had received quite a shock.

As the unfortunate fellow reached the sheepole the captain and mates seized him by the legs and threw him to the deck. Miller, as I have said, was a powerfully built man and now struggled against his tormentors with almost superhuman strength. But superior numbers and the effects of his fall overcame him and he was compelled to succumb to the inevitable. "Bring me the bracelets, Emma!" parted the captain to his wife. Like the dutiful wife and the misnamed woman that she was, Mrs. Patterson produced the "bracelets" (trons) and they were immediately clapped on the prostrate victim. A rope was then run through them and over a ratline and the unhappy man tried up so his toes just to used the deck. This is the most painful and barbarous torture in vogue anywhere outside of China, yet the Pattersons, men and misnamed woman, stood there and surveyed their devilish work with a joyful satisfaction and seemed to experience a thrill of sincere pleasure corresponding to each tremor of agony that ran through the suspended man's frame as they poked him and jibed him in his helplessness. Miller uttered no plaint. The physical pain was overcome, but the mental gain was supreme. Like the brave man he was, he never quivered; only an agonized expression told the excruciating pain he suffered.

Glew, the British sailor, was at the wheel, and Jake sat sewing sails on the house during this time. Overcome by indignation at what they saw, they advanced toward the tormenters, although they were physically unfit to hold their own in the argument of force (the only effective argument) with the officers. Captain Patterson shook his fist in Jake's face, and calling him a vile name ordered him back to his work. Glew was made of sterner stuff and defied the captain.

Quick as a flash the mates, who stood close beside their chief, sprang upon him, knocked him on the deck, kicked him nearly into insensibility, and left him lying in his blood. The captain and mate then went into the cabin, leaving the second mate in charge of the deck and their helpless victims still hanging unaided agonies.

From my position aloft I was an unwilling spectator of this inhuman conduct that is paralleled only in American hell-holes. I finished my work as quickly as possible and came down on deck. I immediately went forward and would have cut my shipmate down at the risk of my life. However, I saw Miller resting with his feet on the rail, the rope by which he was suspended having stretched, and as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. For that reason I forbore to interfere at the risk of making Miller's situation worse.

In the first dog-watch, after hanging in the rigging in the position indicated for several hours, Miller was taken down and ironed to a ringbolt by the main hatch for the night.

Having taken the "saucy" out of Miller and given an object lesson in the virtues of unquestioning submission on board ship to the remainder of the crew, the Pattersons set about covering their tracks, with a degree of tact that would have done credit to a better cause. First we were "fed on pie," the universally accepted method of reaching a vengeful sailor's heart and the antipodes of the other method of "starving the sauce out of him." A good dinner on board the Borden was like water in the desert and we were divided between the pleasure of "pie and gingerbread" and wondering what was coming next. We were not kept long in suspense.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after Miller had been tried up, the captain called me aft and received me with, for him, astonishing gentleness.

"I have called you aft, Bill, to talk over this trouble with Miller. It is a most unfortunate affair and I wish it had never happened. I want you and the others, Miller included, like sensible fellows, to let bygones be bygones, eh? I want you to sign this paper which I have drawn up, then Miller will be released and we will make the rest of the voyage in peace and quietness. Do you agree?"

The captain spoke so reasonably, as I thought, and was altogether so pleasant, that I had to acknowledge without any more ado my willingness to do anything for peace. Still I was curious to know the terms of the paper he wished signed. "What do you wish me to sign, sir—a

treaty of peace?" "Just an entry in the official log—nothing of importance—a mere formality," was the answer.

I agreed to do as the captain wished me to, not without some misgivings that there might be a trap of some sort in it, but at the same time feeling that I could not very well refuse even if there was. I was referred to the mate, whom I assumed to be the author of this important document that was to transform the floating Borden into a realm of peace and good will. Mr. Patterson refused point blank at first; then seeing that I was determined, he produced the paper. There were merely a few set terms of agreement against further trouble, so I readily put my signature to it. The others did the same and Miller was at once set free from his shackles.

This document proved to be no less than the famous "apology" that was used in evidence against us at the subsequent trial and which, as much as anything else, jeopardized our lives. If my tyrants had that sinister object in view in compelling us to sign it, their genius for trickery did them credit for they came within an ace of succeeding.

The reign of pie and gingerbread continued for a week; then the Pattersons cast away the mask of fair treatment and the Jefferson Borden became a floating hell indeed. We had encountered a succession of heavy gales and all hands were almost constantly on deck. Hunger, cold and the additional privation of a lack of drinking water was telling upon the crew in their emaciated forms and consequent inability to get about as quickly as they might under less severe circumstances. One day something went wrong about the deck—we were not moving fast enough or we were moving too fast—and Captain Patterson let loose his passionate distemper at us.

"See here, you fellows, you'd better brace up a bit livelier, or I'll make it warm for you. And don't you dare give us any jaw, for if you do I'll have you juggled. I've got your names to the proof of your infernal tricks to make trouble aboard here. Now I've got you where I want you. If you yap I'll hang every mother's son when we get it to port."

From that moment our lives were a continual torment at the hands of the Pattersons. Each one of them forward were poked upon in turn and submitted to violence. I, who had formerly been comparatively well treated, was now no better off than the rest. It was evident that the officers had taken courage to defy all restraint by virtue of the "apology," which they claimed would damn us in any court and in spite of any evidence, and which really did do all that was claimed for it. A blow with a belaying-pin or a handspike was a daily occurrence; we were taunted by the vilest language and forced to suffer the most unprovoked and cold blooded cruelty at every turn, while the captain and his mates revelled in a brutal saturnalia.

On one occasion, just before the fatal night, when we were reefing the spanker I lost my balance to leeward of the sail and fell overboard. Jake threw me a line which I caught, the vessel having no headway at the time, and would have clambered aboard had not the captain jerked the rope out of my shipmate's hands and caused me to fall back into the sea again. However, Jake was determined to save me at any cost and threw me a bowline (the captain and second mate looking on meanwhile) by which I finally managed to get aboard again. Captain Patterson told me in presence of the other men that he was sorry that I had not gone to the bottom and that if matters had been ordered to his liking the rope would have been well gripped.

### (To be continued)

I'd like to be out in a yacht. These days when the weather is hazy; With the wind in my teeth, And the ocean beneath, I'm sure it would touch the right spot.

"Shrewdley's wife didn't turn out to be the jewel he expected, eh?" "No; but that doesn't bother him any." "Why not?" "The setting proved all right. Pore gold and a hundred the ward of it."

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## THE HAIR

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Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. Annie Collins, Dighton, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

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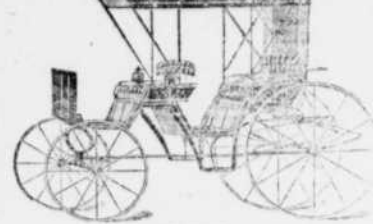


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TWO-SEATED FAMILY CARRIAGE (Jump Seat) TOP BUGGIES, LIGHT ROAD WAGON PHAETON, SPEDING WAGON, GARTS, TONY CARTS, GLADSTONE SURETY, TURNABOUTS, TURKEY, GODDARD TRACK, ULKIPS, ETC., ETC.

I use the MILLS patent Cone rollers, (the best in the market) in my Concord and Road Wagons also on my Express Wagons.

I am a keeper for sale the Miles Patent Axles, from 7-1/2 to 11 inch.

Fatties in want of a GOOD CARRIAGE would do well to come and look over my stock before purchasing elsewhere. You can save money and a lot of trouble.

Reduced Prices on all finest work.

P. BIRON

March 23, 1893. KANT-SHERBROOKE

COME TO J. McManus & Co.,

Corner King and Wellington St. FOR BARGAINS IN PRINTS (200 Patterns to choose from)

GREY COTTONS, SHIRTINGS, TWEEDS, DRESS GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS, ETC.

We are overstocked in these lines and prices have been marked away down.

See our \$5.00 Men's all wool Suits. Best value the city.

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF Groceries, Etc.

Which we are selling at rock bottom prices.

TEAS a specialty. Buy from us and save 25 per cent. on your purchases.

J. McMANUS & CO.

Just What You Want in Summer Foot Wear at

Morency Bros

SHOE DEALERS, SHERBROOKE.

UNDERTAKING.

The subscriber has now in stock very fine assortment of Coffins, Caskets, Trimmings AND FUNERAL REQUISITES, which he is prepared to furnish at moderate prices. All orders will receive careful and personal attention.

W. R. BRADLEY, No. 55 Factory Street.

THE OLIVE ON THE HEIGHTS.

Come, listen, O Love, to the olive hued dove, The dove and the olive of old; Companioned still in their world above As when the deluge rolled.

Hark! harken, O Love, to the voice of the dove, Hark! harken, and bear him say: "There are many tomorrows, my love, my love; There's only one today."

And this is his wooing, you bear him say: "This day in purple is suited, And the baby stars of the milky way Are cradled in cradles of gold."

Now, what is thy secret, serene army dove, Escaping death's design away? "There are many tomorrows, my love, my love; There's only one today." —Joseph Miller in Peterson's Magazine.

HIS LAST ROLE.

The curtain had already raised three times and still the applause was prolonged. They were compelled to raise it again. Darzincourt, his left hand pressed against his heart, his right holding several gilt laurel crowns, bowed, while his eyes filled with tears. The bravos increased to a storm; he wanted to say something to express his thanks to the public, but the old comedian could only open his lips and utter a mumbling sound. He was overcome; his emotion was too deep to clothe in words.

Cries beat on the floor with a furious noise. The entire theater shook with the sound. Again and again did the ushers pass up to the stage paper palms branches bearing ribbons on which the principal roles of the actor were printed. Meanwhile as Darzincourt stood in the midst of the company that had supported him the stage manager left the group and embraced him in the name of the crowd. At the same time he placed one of the crowns on his head. The crown, far too large, slipped down to his shoulders, but what of that?—the scene was beautiful!

It was on this tableau and amid fresh and furious applause that the curtain descended, leaving Darzincourt to take off his crown and receive the felicitations of his comrades.

Never before in that provincial city had a similar manifestation been made over a retiring actor, and as he was to leave the stage permanently there was no jealousy among his fellows. So they retired to the Cafe de la Comedie, where a second ovation awaited him, and the fragrant smoke from the punch bowls on the marble tables revived the enthusiasm of those who pressed forward to do him honor. And there were toasts without number, you may be sure!

The old habits of the theater reproached him for leaving them so soon. "Why, if one pleases during the one last evening."

And he, rubbing his chin that had been shaved for more than half a century, was obliged to defend his retirement. His hair was white; he was too rheumatic to kneel gracefully in the love scenes. Besides he had made his mark; his life had been passed on the boards. Well he needed repose. He wanted to see the real country instead of faded canvas. He had dreamed of a little farm—a little garden where he could smoke his pipe in peace to the end of his days. It was time to think of himself; he had given enough of his life to the public. And it was amusing to hear him speak of his farming projects seated there in the costume of Louis XV, with the "makeup" still on his face, which in the heat of the café glistened in oily lines.

At last the manager, with his majestic gravity, and also moved by the libations he had taken during that affecting evening, declared that there was no telling what the future might bring forth. Who could say that Darzincourt would not come back some day? But the latter shook his head. Not his decision had been made, he wanted now to enjoy the luxury of doing nothing.

Two days afterward Darzincourt, installed in his little house, his head covered with a large straw hat, wearing a linen suit and wooden shoes, began to water his flowers in the midst of a broiling sun, while chatting with his little serving maid.

"But you ought to wait till evening," she said. "They will perish."

"Bah!" he smiled. "Flowers are like women. You can't show them too much attention."

From that time a delicious life began for him in the peace of his rustic home. He thought with horror of the rehearsals of others; days of the constant changing of costumes and parts to be learned and shivered at the remembrance of those scenes which called for nervous action. A year of peaceful pleasure followed. He was very happy, and why not? he kept asking himself again and again—so often in fact that he began to doubt if he felt so sincerely.

This happiness at the bottom was devilish monotonous. Yet he was not willing to admit this to himself, that he had found that pretty little house which he had longed for so much, and the more he assured himself that he needed nothing the more he saw that the days that dragged by were abominably void and dull.

Today, seated in an arbor taking his coffee, he allowed his pipe to go out as he read over some old plays, occasionally pausing to exclaim as he came to some familiar role. "Ah, I was great in that!" And the old memories of the past that he thought were buried came back to the present and sang a siren song in his ears. Ah, the music of applause, the shouts and bravos that set the lights trembling after an impassioned speech! And the little servant coming to remove the dishes surprised him standing there flushed of face, his hair blowing in the breeze, apostrophizing an imaginary personage.

"Ah, monsieur, ie comte—at last we are face to face!"

"A count here! Where is this count of yours?"

And the girl laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks.

Oh, these old habits that we can never lay aside! One fine day Darzincourt was forced to acknowledge that he regretted the theater. Well, yes, why not? One cannot live on the boards with impunity and not suffer from nostalgia. He subscribed to the town paper, and followed the theatrical notices written by a young lawyer's clerk who had literary aspirations. When he read the eulogies on his old companions, his bile rose; besides they were playing in roles that he had filled. He had hesitated before, he hesitated no more.

One morning he abandoned his linen suit, put on his holiday clothes and sought the director of the theater. The latter appeared to be surprised at the visit, and learning the motive raised his hands with a gesture of deprecation.

"What, Darzincourt at his age wished to reappear?"

And he noticed that the comedian stooped feebly since he had lived an idle exile and had accumulated a fresh crop of whiskers. Still the prospect of a fruitful evening, on the strength of the actor's reputation, tempted him, and he had already formed a

plan announcing the "reappearance" of the celebrated Darzincourt.

"Well, why shouldn't you return to the stage?" he said.

Radiant with the idea of again filling this dingy hall with his sonorous speeches, the old actor began to discuss the piece. He didn't need any rehearsals, of course; he had played the part so often! With the joy of a child he sought the costume room, tried on again the clothes that he had worn more than a hundred times, requested that a few changes be made and passed the day in consultation with the hairdresser and costumer of the theater.

Not a wisp pleased him, he ordered a new one. A nervous anxiety possessed him; he could have turned somersaults.

The advertisement produced its effect. When the time came, the hall was crowded to witness his reappearance, but the feverish enthusiasm that he had counted on was lacking. He appeared—a little applause saluted him, but it was not continued. The audience became apathetic. What! Was this the Darzincourt that had charmed them in other days? Why the poor fellow was grotesque! He felt disconcerted, but not alarmed. Since his departure they had missed the fire of the old school of acting; he would show them what it was!

The old retractions of the theater whom he knew uttered little exclamations of surprise. The newcomers began openly to ridicule. The rest of the company sulked and gave Darzincourt his cues reluctantly until he began to lose his assurance, little by little. He stumbled in a pathetic speech—turned a sentence into ridicule—the parterre howled. From that moment every word, every gesture, provoked a tempest.

Darzincourt felt a cold perspiration gather on his forehead. Around him in the boxes people were going out, and he murmured pale with anger: "Ingrates! Ingrates!"

At that point in the play where he was to fall—in a faint after reading a letter—he could not get up until a machinist was sent to help him. Then the hisses rose like a storm. Such an opportunity to have fun was infrequent in the quiet town, and the crowd set up an awful racket. But Darzincourt persisted, though his eyes were filled with tears—at last crushed by his emotions he forgot his lines. He stood with mouth wide open, hearing no more the derisive shrieks of the orchestra or the cat calls from the galleries. The failure was decisive, the play could go no further. Entering his dressing room the old comedian tore his hair—reeling like a drunken man.

"You've put me in a nice box," growled the director, who nevertheless had just pocketed the receipts.

Darzincourt regained his home in a crushed condition. A whole life of glory to end in this fatal defeat! Still dressed he lay down on the bed and reviewed the horrible evening. No! he would not allow himself to be beaten. He would fight again. Could he leave the theater forever? Even with his chagrins and mortifications he had need of it!

The handsome Darzincourt of the past now supplicated and implored the director; he did not wish to be paid—he only asked to have a small role given him—a little, a very little role.

From motives of economy they acceded to his request—he was given the part of a servant and he set out to study it with all the ardor of a debutant.

When he came in, letter in hand, the audience without remark, except that of cruel joy, began to sing "Darzincourt—Darzincourt" to a popular air. From balcony to orchestra rang the derisive sound.

"You see, my poor old man," said the manager, "you are no longer wanted."

And he—haggard, sinking—having tasted again the intoxication of the theater, asked himself in desperation what was to become of him away from the footlights.

After that he asked only permission to be a supernumerary—man of the people, archer of the palace, noble without importance. But they recognized him in the midst of the others, and the public accustomed to having amusement at his expense filled the hall with noise and laughter. It was impossible to allow him to appear now even as a "savage." The little house at the gates of the town still smiled beneath its burden of clematis and fresh green vines, but he came there no more.

All his life was bound up in the theater. He was a martyr of the stage! He passed his days in a corner of the wings, having no more the right to show himself in the evening, however humbly. He wasted away, worn by sadness and longing, wandering about through the dressing rooms of the artists like an old dog whose hunting days are over, but whom no one will turn away. One night the manager approached him with a cruel smile. "Look here," he said, "we are going to put on a new piece. In the third act the barking of a dog is heard in the wings. You be the dog, will you?"

Darzincourt took the extended hand in his trembling joy, his face transfigured, as he stammered out his thanks.

"A role," he cried. "I shall have another role!"—Translated from the French For Short Stories.

Loneliness a Cause of Cancer. Researches of medicine shed a very strong and awful light on the obligations of kindness, faithfulness, sympathy. It is proved that one great cause of cancer and allied disease springs out of the depression from loneliness and unshaded mental suffering. That this is true needs no words of science to verify, for those who have been through such experience and know the awful sinking of bodily energies which follows lasting grief, not so much the pain of bereavement as of daily harshness, crossing and unkindness—or non-kindness—the mere lack of affection.

Men and women of fine natures have died of this time without number, only the physical effect takes another name. It has too long been the fashion to sneer at nerves, and yet it is yearly more conclusively proved that they hold the balance of life and health. The disease of which Mrs. Carlyle died was brought on by the years of solitary brooding she spent, shuddering at the sound of Carlyle's stamp of passion overhead.—Housewife.

A Yankee Translation. Some years ago a remarkable name appeared on the programme of a concert given by the band of the academy at West Point. The bandmaster had sent to the adjutant a list of the pieces to be performed, that copies might be made from it.

The first selection on the programme was the overture, "Felsenmühle," the English of which is "Mill on the Rock." The adjutant, who was a downright Yankee and had a firmly rooted objection to all foreign tongues, made a "free translation" into English, so that as he said, "folks could have some idea what they were hearing."

The bandmaster's disgust can easily be imagined when he read, as the first number on the printed programme, "The Fenced In Mule," Reissiger.

Undoubtedly the adjutant thought every one present could understand the general design of such an overture, even if unfamiliar with the workings of a German composer's mind.—Youth's Companion.

Don't You Hear It?

The praise of Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is sounded everywhere. It makes the weak strong, it cures a chronic cough and it checks the progress of wasting disease.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all Druggists, 50 cents and \$1.00.



NOYES' COUGH SYRUP

BEST IN THE WORLD. GIVES INSTANT RELIEF, AND CURES CROUP, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHIAL COUGH, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, LUNG FEVER AND INFLUENZA.

READ WHAT MR. CRAWLEY SAYS: "GENTLEMEN—I am happy to testify that I have used your Cough Syrup with the most effective results. My daughter had the Measles, which left her with a frightful cough. She had the best of doctors, but they said there was no cure for her, unless a voyage at sea would do it. I took her to England and spent several months there, but her cough was no better, and returned home. Accidentally at the church door I overheard two ladies praising Noyes' Cough Syrup, and saying how it had cured a certain person of consumption. I immediately procured a bottle and gave it to her as directed, and it perfectly cured her. Yours respectfully, M. A. CRAWLEY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. NOYES' MEDICINE CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

AVENUE HOUSE

17 & 19 McGill College Avenue, Montreal

This popular Family Hotel is central, quiet, near depots and points of interest. Travelers and families will find clean, comfortable rooms and good table. Hot and cold baths. No liquor sold. Terms \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day, according to rooms. Reduced rates to permanent guests. Also table board. In future rooms please write or telegraph in advance. Five minutes to C. P. and G. T. Railway Stations. F. S. BURNHOLDS, Prop.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Gents Furnishings, Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Valises,

—IS AT THE—

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS CLOTHING HOUSE,

You are sure to find the goods right as to last and to wear. The finest patterns the latest style of Clothing in men's, boys and children's a specialty. We will defy any man in Sherbrooke who can undersell us in price or quality. All we ask you is to call and examine our goods and prices, which speak for themselves, and you are sure to be well served at

J. L. VINEBERG & CO.,

Eastern Townships Clothing House, 75 WELLINGTON ST., IN LONG'S STORE OPPOSITE MARKET, SHERBROOKE.

Latimer & Bean

221 WELLINGTON ST., SHERBROOKE.

THE FARMERS THREE FRIENDS



Now is the time to buy your MOWERS and RAKES. Special discount on early orders. Intending purchasers should see the valuable improvement on our Mowers for 1893. Prices lower than ever. CULTIVATORS, either steel or wood frames.

Our stock of CARRIAGES is still complete in all its branches.

FARM WAGONS

Of all kinds, either one or two horse.

ANYTHING TO RUN ON WHEELS WILL BE FOUND AT

LATIMER & BEAN'S

221 or 245 Wellington St., Sherbrooke.

Quantities Tabular: heat liver tonics

The Examiner. PUBLISHED FRIDAY BY W. A. MOREHOUSE & CO. Subscription \$1.00 per year; six months 50c; three months 25c.

THE BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION.

The tribunal of Arbitration has handed in its decision and strange to say both parties appear satisfied. We cannot ourselves see that the award should be proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets as "A Canadian Victory," inasmuch as taking a practical view of the matter the United States seem to have got the best of it.

The most important feature in the case, however, in our opinion is embodied in the regulations laid down for the carrying on of the seal fisheries in the future. These are (1) a close season from May 1st until July 31st to be observed both in the North Pacific ocean and in the B-Bering Sea.

THE LIBERAL PICNIC.

The much talked of Liberal gathering was held on Monday last on the Exhibition grounds, Montreal. Among those present on the platform and in the grounds were the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, the Hon. Louis Turville, Messrs. Brunson, M. P. for Richemou, Dechene, M.P.P. for L'Islet.

The principal speaker was Mr. Laurier who delivered an eloquent and interesting address enunciating his views as to what the aims and policy of the Liberal party should be.

THE CHECK REIN.

A recent number of the Star contains an exceptionally clever cartoon by Bengough depicting a horse perched upon the driving seat of a buggy and a man in the shafts with his head most unpleasantly drawn back by the atrocious modern overhead check rein.

nonsense. Men of this stamp cannot be convinced by argument. The best way would be to put them in the shafts as Bengough has done and let them tell how they feel. There can be no question as to the cruelty of tying a horse's head up out of its natural position, the only doubt is as to its utility.

En Route To Chicago.

Mr. Editor.—Allow me to give you a short sketch of my journey to this fine city. I arrived at Lennoxville from Johnville Saturday at 3:40 a. m. when to my sorrow I found the train two hours late which was a sore disappointment as it meant that I should miss the "flyer" from Montreal to Chicago.

Chicago, 14th Aug, 1893.

Mr. Editor.—In my last note I tried to give you some account of the country I passed through, but for the present I must omit the balance. I am now on the fair grounds, and truly it is a wonderful place. Things look splendid. I met Hon. John McIntosh shortly after arriving on the ground and he sent a guide with me and showed me around; he introduced me to his brother Wm. McIntosh Esq., who represents the mining interests of the Dominion.

Mr. Foster at Cookshire.

The great success of the Province of Quebec, and the County of Brome particularly, in the dairy exhibit at Chicago was very much owing to the efforts of Mr. Foster, Registrar of Brome County.

LOST.

ON TUESDAY, the 8th instant, between the C. P. R. station and Hill Street a "Duchess" Lace Handkerchief. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it with WM. GIFFITH, Sherbrooke, 12th Aug, 1893.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR SHERBROOKE. CHICAGO AND RETURN, SINGLE FARE.

REPORTS. RIDDLE.—At Danville Que., on the 8th August last, the wife of James Riddle of a daughter. COLLINS.—At Craticook, August 15th, a daughter to Mr and Mrs Jeremiah Collins.

New Advertisements

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, Municipality of the VILLAGE OF WATERVILLE.

At a general session of the Municipal Council of the Village of Waterville, held at the Council Hall, in the said Village of Waterville, on Monday, the seventh day of the month of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety three, at the usual hour and place of meeting of said Council, in conformity with the provisions of the Municipal Code of the Province of Quebec, at which session were present Francis G. Gale, Esq., Mayor of the said Village of Waterville, and Councillors H. M. Bernard, George W. Powers, James Logan, Alphonse G. Gosselin and Honorable John McIntosh, forming a quorum of said Council, under the presidency of the Mayor, the said Council did then and there make, ordain and pass and enact the following By-Law:

BY-LAW No. 31.

A By-Law to enable the Corporation of the Village of WATERVILLE to grant assistance and encouragement to certain manufacturers to be established within the limits of the said Village. WHEREAS it is desirable to encourage the establishment of manufactures within the Village of Waterville, and whereas THE DOMINION SALT COMPANY, Limited, of the Village of Craticook, in the County of Brome, has applied to the said Corporation to establish a manufactory at the said Village of Waterville, and to engage in the manufacture of rock salt, and whereas the said Corporation has agreed to establish a manufactory at the said Village of Waterville in an advance by way of loan.

And the Mayor and Secretary Treasurer of said Corporation are hereby authorized and empowered to execute the necessary Obligations, Mortgage or instrument in writing, for all or any of the purposes aforesaid, and to sign and affix their seals and signatures to such instruments, and to do all such things as may be necessary in connection therewith.

NOTICE.

A MEETING of the electors of the municipality of the Village of Waterville, being owners of real estate, is by me convened in accordance with the provisions of the By-Law of the 10th day of SEPTEMBER next, in the TOWN HALL, in this municipality, at the hour of 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of approving or disapproving of the following By-Law.

At a meeting of the electors of the Municipality of the Village of Waterville, this 15th day of August, 1893.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. CHEAP TRIP TO CHICAGO AND RETURN FROM SHERBROOKE \$19.20. HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

C. F. OLIVIER, BOSTON STORE. READ! All Wool Scotch Shirts and Pants at 90c, sold elsewhere at \$1.12 1/2. Ask for my corded Hip Corset, a perfect fit guaranteed, sold in Black and Grey.

The Celebrated GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS. Strictly First Class. A fine assortment of these choice INSTRUMENTS can be seen at my PIANO WAREHOUSES, in artistic finish, tone and action; they will suit the most exacting. Large assortment of other good reliable makes.

Fortify Yourself against the Hot Weather By Strengthening up. The regular use of FERRON'S STROISNHOFF. Has a wonderful effect in keeping the system well nourished.

GENTLEMEN! How is your Wardrobe? Have you a full Stock of UNDERWEAR, SHIRTS, COLLARS, GUFFS AND NECKWEAR.

JOHN O. DUNCAN, Tailor and Outfitter. AUCTION SALE Household Furniture and Effects. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1893.

WESLEYAN COLLEGE. WILL RE-OPEN ON Tuesday, September 5th, 1893. STAFF OF INSTRUCTION: CHAS. R. FLANDERS, B. A., (Victoria), HECTOR W. KOLLMYER, B. A., (Gold Medalist in Classics, and First Rank Honors in Mental Philosophy, Montreal).

Coaticook Academy. The Scholastic Year of the Coaticook Academy and Graded Schools will commence Monday, August 28th, 1893. Under the immediate supervision of MR. C. L. MASTEN, Assisted by a Competent Staff of Teachers.

Household Furniture of all Kinds. The Whole Stock to be Sold. \$5000 WORTH OF ELEGANT FURNITURE. CONSISTING OF THE FOLLOWING, VIZ: 20 Ash Bedroom Suites finished in antique, 5 Ash Suites, neat pattern; 2 Black Walnut Suites, marble top; 1 Black Walnut Suite, wood top polished very fine; 2 Polished Oak Suites, very fine; 1 Maple Suite, 15 Ash Suites, finished antique with cheval glass, 18 x 36; 1 nicely Carved Ash Suite, large beveled glass; 1 Elm Suite carved, British beveled glass large size; 2 Fine Oak Music Cabinets carved and polished, 1 fine Walnut Music Cabinet with beveled mirror, 6 different styles of ladies' Oak Writing Desks, 1 large Secretary and Bookcase combined, polished Oak carved latest style, 1 Oak Book-case carved and polished, 2 Oak Chiffoniers polished one Chiffonier in Ash, 18 Fancy Tables in Oak, Walnut and Bamboo all different styles; 20 Extension Tables in Walnut, Oak, Ash and Elm different styles; Iron Bedsteads combined, Hall Racks, Oak, Elm and Walnut, 25 Bureaus different styles, 4 Set Leather Divan Chairs in Oak, 100 Oak Dining Chairs, assorted styles; 100 Bedroom Chairs, 200 Common Chairs, 48 Office Chairs, 50 Nurse Rockers, 50 Childs Chairs, 50 Wash Stands, 10 Ash Sideboards, carved backs, nicely finished, one Turkish Rug Parlor Suite, spring seat and back; 4 Plush Parlor Suites, to Platform Rockers, covered in Velvet, Carpet and Silk Tapestry; 10 Students Chairs in all colors of covering, 20 Lounges in Plush, Tapestry, Jutes, etc.; one Wardrobe Bedstead, to fancy Oak Chairs upholstered in Silk, Plush, etc.; 5 fine Antique Arm Chairs, 20 Dining Tables, different sizes; 10 Office Desks, 2 Desks roll top polished Oak, 3 polished Oak Sideboards, 2 Sideboards in Walnut, 50 Panel Bedsteads, 50 Nurse Rockers, cane seat, and other articles too numerous to mention.



FACTS, FIGURES AND FICTION.

Mias Whacker—"Do you consider it a sign of weakness in man to weep, Mr. Factor?"

Fretful crying children should be given Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It regulates the system and removes worms.

She—"Dear me, I never realized what talkers Americans are until I found this item."

You would not have had that throbbing headache had you taken a Burdock Pill last night.

"How is the table at the beach this summer, Hicks?" "Same as it was last year."

A sure and pleasant tonic and invigorating appetizer—Milburn's Aromatic Quinine Wine.

Minard's Liniment is the Best. "John, what a lovely place! If we could only manage to raise the rent."

Minard's Liniment is the Hair Restorer. G. M. Milguy, Parkdale, Toronto writes: My wife had several severe attacks of cramps in the stomach.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc.

To the Deaf. A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a Simple Remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177, MacDougal St. New York.

A Perfect Cook. A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks, and consequently indigestion is very prevalent.

Among the vain men whom we meet, the vainest of all is he who boasts of his little feet, when his head is just as small.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mae—"That Miss Jumper is dreadfully masculine in all her ways." "What does she do?" Mae—"Oh, I've seen her get off the car before it stopped without falling."

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism. Minard's Liniment cures La Grippe—Man wants but little here now while in this earthly school.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a diseased condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone."

Deacon Bragg—"Do you think it is sinful to marry for money?" Rev. Mr. Tim—"It never occurred to me so; on the contrary, sometimes I have thought the fee was too small."

Coughing leads to a fine unless stopped by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The best cure for Coughs, Colds, and Lung Troubles.

Keep cool! You'd better let the world wag onward as it will. Than stew and fret until you're sick and pay a doctor's bill.

A Cure for Dyspepsia. Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint.

Swizzle—"It's strange I meet Jones so rarely. How do you suppose I can arrange to see him often?" Bronson—"Borrow \$5 of him and you'll meet him every day."

History of 15 Years. For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhoea, and we never had anything to equal it.

"This baby of yours seems pretty solid," said Hankinson, holding Tompkins' baby up in his arms.

Rheumatism in the Knees. Sirs.—About two years ago I took rheumatism in the knees, which became so bad that I could hardly go up or down stairs without help.

Fizzlem—"I went home full the other night, and had the greatest difficulty in finding the keyhole."

"I can always find a dozen when I go home in that condition."

THE SWIFT EXPRESS.

I hear the whistle sounding: The moving air I feel; The train goes by me bounding O'er throbbing threads of steel.

OLD SHIPMATES.

It does not seem natural for an old warrior to die outside the scene of actual strife. Nelson in Hardy's arms, Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham and Lyon at the battle of Wilson's Creek fulfilled their destiny, but to die in bed after escaping the storm of shot and shell, and he was known in the world as a puerile.

"I'm retired," said the admiral gruffly, although not unkindly, "and I don't know a d—d thing about politics."

And he struck it, although the reporter made a very pretty story of a column or more out of what the admiral did not say.

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I've remember how we sunk the Tenessa in the gulf after a running fight of a day and a night.

"Quite well, Bill. She went down, though, and we got no prize money out of that engagement. But the two blockade runners the next week—eh, Bill?"

"They was pie, sir. We'd been rich if them pickin's had kept comin' along. I was drafted on the Powhatan after that capture, and it was three years 'fore I saw you again."

"Ab, Bill, those were famous times," said the admiral, gazing fixedly into the air with his great eyes.

"Wan't they, though! And when we went up the straits together in the Columbia, when you'd just got your commodore's pennant and took charge of the squadron—seems like it was always my luck to be shipmates with you, and I didn't want nothin' better."

"And here you are again, Bill," said the admiral, with a smile.

"Yes, sir, here I am on deck again. When I heard you were here, I said to Tom, my son, 'I'm goin' to see the old man once more.'"

"Right, Bill, right," said the admiral, smiling through the wave of pain that rippled across his face.

"Yes, they're gone, and we're goin'," said Bill, his voice thickening, "but we did our duty, and no man can say 'no' to that."

"Yes, we did our duty, old shipmate," said the admiral in a voice that had become thin and weak.

"Just going to shipmate," said the admiral, while the great gray eyes stared straight ahead.

"Stand by," said the sailor man softly. A convulsive clasp of the withered and bearded hand, a sigh, and Bill's grizzled head sunk on his breast.

The long voyage was over, and the admiral had dropped his anchor.—James Harvey Smith in Romance.

The Runaway. Dorothy Deems, in her dove colored hat, On a sweet, sunny day, Taking her grandmother's coal-colored cat, I tried to run away.

A tall turkey-gobbler, with confident pace, Flapping his wings in the air, Full in with Dorothy Deems face to face, But—Dorothy wasn't there!

Dorothy Deems, To judge by her screams, Regretted exceedingly this whole affair.

Dorothy fled with the coal-colored cat, In an undignified way, Trotted off, trailing the dove colored hat; Reached home in tears, but they say Deems had been in a terrible way!

C. C. Richards & Co. Gentlemen,—For years I have been troubled with excruciating sores upon my face. I have spent hundreds trying to get off a cure without any result.

Stranger—"So that's the United States steamship Michigan, is it? I don't see anything so remarkable about her." O d d settler—"You don't, hey?" Sir, Lake Michigan was named after that boat!"

Bertie—"You say he called you a donkey! What did you do?" Fred—"Nothing." Bertie—"Well, if a man called me a donkey I'd kick him with both feet." Fred—"Just so. Any donkey would do that!"

Artist—"Miss Brownie Brown Brown, who is to marry a prince, won't let us have her photograph for publication." Editor—"She won't, eh? Tell the foramen to use one of those cuts labelled 'Before taking.'"

What Am I To Do? The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SMALL EYE.—Now is the season when the ubiquitous small boy fills himself with green plums and greener apples, and bolts half-ripe cherries, seeds and all.

MOTHERS! Castoria is recommended by physicians for children teething. It is a purely vegetable preparation, its ingredients are published around each bottle.

"Mary Jane, you say you had no company in the kitchen last night. I would have sworn!" "O, mum!" "I mean, I'm sure I heard a kiss there." "Sure, it was only the master, mum."

There, I knew something was in the wind," said the western farmer sadly to himself as, through a crack in the cellar wall, he saw his new barn sailing along on the crest of a cyclone.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN. Has come not a little knowledge as to cookery—what to do, as well as what not to do. Thus we have learned to use COTTOLENE, the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes.

NOW READ OURS PLEASE? We have the above monument which is 12 ft. high and 2 ft. 9 in. at base, and made out of first-class marble on hand ready to set up, and we will sell it for \$100 in cash, former price \$140.

REMEMBER THE PLACE—SMITH BROS., Office and Works back of Z. P. Corbier's Fur Store, WELLINGTON STREET, SHERBROOKE, P. Q.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. The successor of the "Unabridged." Ten years were spent revising, 100 editors employed, and over \$300,000 expended.

Have your Bookseller show it to you. G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A. Do not buy cheap spurious editions.

BOSTON & MAINE R.R. PASSUMPSIC DIVISION. The short and direct route to all Points in New England and New York.

SUMMER TIME COMMENCING Monday, June 26, 1893. TRAINS LEAVE SHERBROOKE: 4:35 A. M. MAIL, arriving St. Johns Junction 11:30 a.m., Concord, N. H., 2:00 p.m., Nashua 3:00 p.m., Worcester 4:20 p.m., Boston 4:55 p.m., Greenfield 5:08 p.m., Springfield 5:32 p.m., New York 9:40 p.m.

FROM THE SOUTH. LEAVES Boston 1:15 p.m., Worcester 11:30 a.m., Nashua 2:35 p.m., Concord 3:15 p.m., New York 8:30 a.m., Springfield 12:10 p.m., Greenfield 1:15 p.m., W. R. Junction 5:42 p.m., Portland 8:45 a.m., arriving at Sherbrooke 11:25 p.m., Quebec 6:30 a.m.

Railways. The Northern Pacific R.R. St. Paul and Duluth to Tacoma and Portland. NORTH DAKOTA BAD LANDS. Among the most interesting sights along the entire line of this road are the strange Bad Lands of South Dakota.

Canada Atlantic Railway. The Short Quick Route Between Montreal and Ottawa and all Intermediate Points. Time Table. JULY 10th, 1893.

QUEBEC CENTRAL RY. The favorite route to Quebec and all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers and Intercolonial Ry. Stations. Only line running Palace cars between Boston Springfield and Quebec via Sherbrooke.

Trains Leave Sherbrooke: EXPRESS Leaves Sherbrooke 7:15 a.m. Leave Hudson Junction 8:30 a.m. Arrive Levis 1:00 p.m. Arrive Quebec (ferry) 1:15 p.m.

Trains Arrive at Sherbrooke: EXPRESS Leaves Quebec (ferry) 2:30 p.m. Leaves Levis 3:00 p.m. Arrive Hudson Junction 7:45 p.m. Arrive Sherbrooke 8:45 p.m.

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D. C. LOOMIS & SONS CONTRACTORS, BRICK MAKERS and BUILDERS. DEALERS IN PORTLAND CEMENT, FIRE CLAY, FIRE BRICK, etc.

LEMAIRE & LOW CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS, Sherbrooke, P. Q., MANUFACTURERS OF SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, HOUSE FINISH, FLOOR BOARDS, MOULDINGS, DRESSED AND UN-DRESSED LUMBER.

G. G. BRYANT, MANUFACTURER OF SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, Architraves, Mouldings, and Floor Boards, &c.

Machinery, etc. THE EVANS PATENT CO. 85 Water Street, Boston. Address—JENKINS MACHINE CO., SHERBROOKE, QUE.

MAGOG WOOLEN MILL SHERBROOKE, P. Q. A. L. GRINDROD & CO., CUSTOM MANUFACTURING. Spinning, Carding, Pulling.

THE SHERBROOKE IRON WORKS Water Street. Messrs. D. W. Hyndman, Alfred G. Campbell and Ephraim Caron, practical machinists, are prepared to take orders for all descriptions.

A. MORENCY PICTURE FRAMER. The largest and best stock of MOULDINGS in the city to select from. Mirrors, Engravings, Globes, etc.

H. M. TOMLINSON, BOOKBINDER, RULER, AND Blank Book Manufacturer. LETTER BOOKS, ACCOUNT BOOKS, MEMORANDUM AND SHORT-HAND BOOKS, UNDERWOODS' WAITING INKS AND MUCILAGE.

I WILL SELL. Now is your time to secure Bargains! During the month of August, at a small margin over cost, all kinds of SUITS. Also Gents Furnishings. GIVE ME A CALL. HENRY VEILLEUX, 215 Wellington St., Sherbrooke.

What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

### Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."  
Dr. G. C. Osborn,  
Lowell, Mass.

### Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
H. A. Archibald, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."  
Dr. J. F. Kimmeler,  
Conway, Ar.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."  
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,  
Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES  
DANDRUFF  
**ANTI-DANDRUFF**  
D. L. CAVEN.  
Restores Fading hair to its original color.  
Stops falling of hair.  
Keeps the Scalp clean.  
Makes hair soft and Pliable  
Promotes Growth.

**McCOLL'S OILS ARE THE BEST**  
**USE LARDINE MACHINE OIL**  
CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL OIL OF THE DOMINION.  
**McCOLL'S CYLINDER OIL**  
Will wear twice as long as any other make.  
THE FINEST HIGH GRADE ENGINE OILS ARE MANUFACTURED BY  
**McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto, Ont**  
FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DEALERS IN THE COUNTRY.

**BETWEEN SEASON**  
This is the time when bargains may be had in all of our lines as we are anxious to clear before placing our midsummer orders.  
**EVERYTHING IN GENTS' FURNISHINGS.**  
**JOHN O. DUNCAN,**  
Merchant Tailor and Gents Furnisher.

**THE PLACE TO BUY**  
**Boots, Shoes & Rubbers**  
—IS AT—  
**A. E. ODELL & CO'S**  
Where you will find everything in the line of  
**FOOTWEAR.**  
Gents Bals, Congress and Oxfords, in Cordovan, Calf, Dongola, Tans and Buff.  
Boys Bals and Oxfords, in Calf and Buff.  
Ladies' fine Kid button Boots and Oxford ties, all styles.  
Ladies' Buff Button Boots and Oxfords.  
Misses Boots and Shoes in Kid and Buff.  
Rubber Boots for city wear for Gents', Ladies', Boys, and Children.  
—REMEMBER THE PLACE—  
**A. E. ODELL & CO.**  
TUCK & MENICOL BLOCK,  
WELLINGTON SQUARE.

The Churches.

CHURCH.	PASTOR.	A. M.	P. M.	S. S.	Prayer Meeting
St. Andrew's.	Rev. W. Shearer.	11:00	7:00	8:30	Wed. 7:30
COMMUNIONAL.	Rev. S. J. Mitchell	11:00	7:00	12:30	Wed. 8:00
St. Peter's.	Rev. G. Thorneloe.	11:00	7:00	8:00	Wed. 8:00
METHODIST.	Rev. W. H. Sparling	11:00	7:00	8:30	Wed. 7:30
Baptist Church.	Rev. C. W. Townsend	11:00	7:00	9:30	Wed. 7:30
St. Michael's CATH.	Bishop Racine.	10:00	8:00		
St. Jean Baptiste.	Rev. J. A. Letevette.	10:00	8:00		
St. Patrick's Church.	Rev. E. C. Fiasco.	10:00	7:00		

SALVATION ARMY.—Regular meetings held Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday at 8 p. m., Sunday at 5 a. m. & 6 o'clock p. m.  
CAPT. LIDDLE

Ripans Tablets cure scrofula  
Ripans Tablets are always ready.

All Stock Raisers use  
Dick's Universal Medicines

### A Dark Career.

Call it mischief, crime, or what you will, his presence was a blot here all was bright and fair—  
A blot! at its darkest tale  
And left its mark on every trail  
Behind him everywhere.

He staid by the Atlantic's shore,  
And crossed the same main,  
And even the sea, so blue before,  
About his wake got black and bore  
The emblem of a stain.

On English soil he scarcely more  
Than paused his breath to gain;  
But on that fair island's shore  
There seemed to go first, as before,  
A darkness in his train.

Through sunny France, across the line  
To Germany, and up the Rhine  
To Switzerland he came;  
Then over the snowy Alpine height,  
To leave a stain as black as night  
On Italy's fair name.

From Italy he crossed the blue,  
And hurried on as if he knew  
His journey's end he feared  
On Desert Africa he threw  
A shade of even darker hue  
In the sands of Timbuctoo  
His record disappeared.

Only an ink-stain's record was  
O' him; and yet! remains to show  
The source of our mischief;  
But though you've black as my bayonet  
The foot-prints of your tour du monde  
Still decorate my map.  
—St. Nicholas.

### A Hint.

When skies were blue and all was bright,  
And soft and balmy was the weather,  
On stinging cycles, swift and light,  
Sweet Man and I rode out together.

"If we'll go with 'em, 'twill side by side  
Ride thus along life's path, at random,"  
He lent her hand, then blushed and said,  
"I think I should prefer a tandem."  
—Outing.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

(We do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of our correspondents.)

To the Editor of the EXAMINER.

SIR—A "nickel chain" subscription, which has reached the Eastern Townships, from the United States, presents several peculiarities.

The pets in from whom a subscription is asked receives a numbered letter from a friend asking him to mail five cents to an address in Philadelphia to help educate a "poor boy who is anxious to prepare for the Christian ministry," and also to send three copies of the letter giving them the next higher number, to trusted friends with a similar request to each. The circulation is to end with the forty-fourth issue. Calculating a 5 cent contribution in 44 series with a constant ratio of three we get as a result \$25,618,525,000,000,000 (short logarithms only being used, this result is less than the true one) or in round numbers, twenty four and a half quintillions of dollars. Now it is clearly evident that this boy must either be very poor or he requires considerable education. Suppose his own authorized capital to be not beyond that of Job's turkey, how far would "these small contributions" carry him?

Pain living is good for students and theological students are not supposed to give wine suppers etc., but let him have \$10,000 a year for a good one; or else say 100,000 years and the sum, without interest, would not only prove sufficient for him, but also for 24,619,524 other poor boys at the same time.

Again consider the enormous task of the lady who has undertaken to receive contributions in American nickels, this sum would weigh, approximately, 961,934,600,000,000 tons which, it would be her duty to bank safely. This will occupy all of her spare time while the scheme is in progress. But the "chain" may be often broken by many refusing to fall in with the plan and thus cause great loss to the object of the scheme. If that loss should amount to the twenty four quintillions, the half one remaining ought to be enough for him. Estimating the population of the world at one and half billions, this "odd change" could be raised by a tax of \$412,350,000 a head.

The postage on four letters for each five cents is another item, but enough of figures.

The circulating letter is marked by many expressions of piety as well as scriptural references.

Sincere friends ask one another to help it on, and on it goes. We have seen a No. 25 already.

Should this scheme be regarded as the result of some well intentioned effort or as a fraud?  
D.  
July 31st; 1893.

### For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."  
1843

Fiction and illustration are features of the August Harper's. Besides instalments of William Black's "The Handsome Humes" and Miss Woolson's "Horace Chase," there are five short stories and a one-act play by Mr. W. D. Howells, called "Bride Roses." Richard Harding Davis's "His Bad Angel" will rank among the best work of this writer, and "At the Hermitage," by E. Levi Brown, the wife of a colored minister in the South, is a strong tale of negro superstition and the peculiar relations of the black and white races at the South. "A Landscape by Constable," by Mary F. Wilson, and "A Cast of the Net," by Herbert D. Ward, will command attention even in the midsummer season of fiction. In addition to these tales, Howard Pyle has contributed a narrative of "The Cuck Lane Ghost," an apparition which startled London more than a century ago.

Rapid growth of the finger nails is considered to indicate good health.

### A Popular Appointment.

The appointment of Mrs. E. M. Jones, of Brockville, as one of the jurors on butter, at the World's Fair as announced in the Recorder a few days ago, will be very popular. It is a fact that the chairman of the executive on awards limited the number of jurors that Canada was to have to a very small number, making the selection more difficult. No one with less than a continental reputation had a chance of being thus honored. That a Brockville lady has been chosen is quite an honor to her and the town, and a tribute to that lady's acknowledged ability as an authority on dairying.

The World's Fair committee have made no mistake. Mrs. Jones is known far and near as a leader in dairying, and a book embodying her views on this important question, entitled "Dairying for Profit, or the Poor Man's Cow," has been placed on the market and been cordially received. It contains a mint of information on the subject of dairying. It embodies a series of letters written by this talented lady for the Montreal Star, to which she has added many useful hints and results of practical experience. Her herd of Jerseys has a world wide reputation, and in this book she points out how to be successful in obtaining the best results in the dairy, and no one knows better than she. The first pigs are devoted to "choosing a cow," and very minute particulars are given as to the "points" to be noticed in purchasing such an animal. Next comes a chapter on "feeding and caring for the cow." This is perhaps one of the most interesting chapters in the entire work, as it deals with the essentials necessary to the production of milk in paying quantities, which is the object aimed at by all dairymen. A formula of a daily ration is given, costing 33 cents per head, but the writer says this can be varied somewhat according to circumstances. In addition to proper, regular and systematic feeding, cleanliness is given prominence, and a thorough use of comb and brush is commended. The cleansing of the udder is not sufficient, but the entire animal should be kept perfectly clean. The writer says she has often thought that over each cow's stall should be written these lines—

"A good man is merciful to his beast;"  
"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."  
"I pays, it pays, it pays."  
"Milk and skimming," "setting milk," and all the apparatus connected therewith are thoroughly discussed in this book, and the valuable hints are legion. How to churn, salt and prepare butter for the market receive considerable attention, and perhaps these three are as vital points in dairying as can be mentioned. Good cows, plenty of milk, proper care, etc. are all lost unless the churning is done properly, and the butter prepared for market in a tasty and palatable manner. A chapter is devoted to the care of dairy utensils, and is very interesting.

In concluding this valuable book, Mrs. Jones gives an outline of what book-keeping is necessary on every well regulated farm, and in this age it goes without saying that a farmer or any other man who fails to keep a record of his business, is behind the times.

Already over 100,000 copies of Mrs. Jones' book have been sold, and still the demand continues, which attests the worth of the information it contains, and is also proof that the World's Fair Executive on Awards, could not have chosen a more competent juror on butter than Mrs. E. M. Jones, authoress of "Dairying for Profit, or the Poor Man's Cow."  
Brockville Recorder.

### Bits of Science

An oyster may carry as many as 2,000,000 eggs.  
Many small animals eat their own weight in food in a day.  
The largest apes have only sixteen ounces of brain; the lowest men have thirty-nine.  
Twelve thousand microbes strung on a line would make a procession only one inch in length.  
The biggest fresh water fish, the "ara paime," of the Amazon, in South America, grows to six feet in length.  
A thousand millions of the animalcules found in stagnant water do not collectively equal the size of a grain of sand.  
A tad is no fonder of dirt than anyone else, and before he sucks an angleworm down his throat scrapes the dirt off with his paws.  
Darwin asserted that some species of trailing vines can see. They always make for the nearest object around which they can twine.  
The breaking weight of one foot of cast iron one inch square is 5,871 pounds; the breaking weight of a piece of hickory of the same dimensions is 270 pounds.  
Thunder storms are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the world, there being an average of ninety-seven days in each year in which they occur.  
Lightning is zigzag because, as it condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path, it flies from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to its progress.  
It is said that the orange was originally a berry of the size of the ordinary wild cherry. Its evolution in size and sweetness is the result of 1,500 years of attention by horticulturists.  
The elephant is given the credit of being the most long-lived as well as the most intelligent of all animals. Cuvier says there are instances of their having lived to beyond the age of 300 years.  
Many deep sea fishes are covered with phosphorescent spots, which act as portable lamps. These fish live at a depth of two to five miles. Their soft bodies are made firm by the tremendous pressure of the surrounding water.  
Snow appears white to us because it is an aggregation of an infinite number of minute crystals, each reflecting all the colors of the rainbow; these colors, uniting before they reach the eye, cause it to appear white to every normal eye.  
Extensive drought will cause the snail to close its doors, to prevent the evaporation of its bodily moisture and dry up. These little animals are possessed of astonishing vitality, regaining activity after having been frozen in solid blocks of ice, and enduring a degree of heat for weeks which daily crimps vegetation.

### AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

John Henry had rented a couple of chairs,  
And Susan had had sat down  
To gaze at the lovely, bewildering things  
Which give the White City renown.

John Henry and Susan were deeply in love,  
And what are White Cities to those  
Whose pulsating hearts the low setting sun  
Shines on as it glows when it rises?

Perhaps for a moment, or less it might be,  
They gazed on the beautiful sight,  
Then they gazed on each other with all of  
Their eyes  
And forgot the great city of white.

To them they were visions more lovely than all  
The city contained in its bounds,  
And the sound of each voice was sweeter to  
Them  
Than all of the White City's sounds.

They billed and they cooed in their innocent  
way.  
Regardless of what might be said,  
John Henry held on to her dear little hand  
And looked on the cheeks that were red.

"Look not on the wine when it's red," so they  
say:  
It might quite as well be unsaid,  
For the matter of that, if temptation is meant,  
It is nothing to cheeks that are red.

John Henry looked once, and then once again,  
And Susan looked smilingly back;  
"Gee hills, the Moses!" John Henry exclaimed,  
And Susan was kissed with a smack.

"Let up on that, now," came a voice of com-  
mand,  
And a guard fluttered down on the pair.  
"You cannot do that on the grounds, don't you  
know?  
It belongs to a concessionaire!"

John Henry jumped up, and he reached for the  
guard.  
"By gravity!" he yelled as he slammed  
The guard on the ground. "I'll not have it, I  
won't! If I do, I'll be d—d!"

So setaper tyrannic, his foot on the neck  
Of his foe, John H. was a sight  
To behold, and the people who happened that  
way  
Applauded with trembling delight.

"The star spangled banner floats high in the  
breeze,"  
John shouted, "and I want to see  
The son of a gun of a concessionaire  
Who can keep Susan's kisses from me."

"I paid my good money to come to this show,  
And I want to kiss her, for a sight,  
And if I want to kiss her, she wants me to,  
Who says that I ain't got the right?"

Like the roar of the ocean, the rounds of ap-  
plause  
Broke in upon John, then and there,  
As he let up the guard, kissed his Susan once  
more  
And took in the rest of the fair.  
—New York Sun.

### Only For a Time.

"I reckon Simon Jenks has lost his reason facilities since he hed that last spell of sickness, don't you?" inquired Mr. Hanson of his gentle friend wife.

"How old is y'r Cousin Simon?" asked placid Mrs. Hanson, who had been listening to a long story about the old gentleman's shortcomings and peculiarities since the recent illness.

"Eighty-two come next September," said Mr. Hanson after a reflective pause.

"Oh, well, he ain't so old as he might be by a good deal," said Mrs. Hanson cheerfully. "I shouldn't feel to call it that folks hed lost their reason facilities at his age, Ezy, but praps in y'r Cousin Simon's case," she added, seeing a mischievous expression on her husband's face, "praps, take it by an large, you might say that Simon's facilities was mislaid for the time bein'."—Youth's Companion.

### He Understood.

Young Rorty—What do you mean when you say you are a gentleman because you are not in business?

Old Rorty—I mean, sir, that to be a gentleman I must have no business.

Young Rorty—Ah, I understand now! You mean that you have no business to be a gentleman.—Brooklyn Life.

### Retrospective.

"Ah! She may put on airs now, but I can remember the time when she didn't have no horse or carriage."—Life.

Where It Comes In.  
Mr. Ghout—All my money cannot give me health, doctor!  
Dr. Bolus—No, perhaps not, but it is of inestimable value nevertheless. It gives your physician great confidence.—Truth.

Not to Him.  
Jones—It's very amusing to see those ladies across the street looking at the bonnets in that window.  
Brown—Amusing! Why, that's my wife and daughter.—Brooklyn Life.

Becoming Serious.  
Manager Dime Museum—What's the row in here?  
Attendant—One of the heads of the two headed girl wants a hoopskirt, and the other doesn't.—Good News.

Strong In the Spirit.  
Goodman—Is Dr. Thirdly a powerful preacher?  
Deacon Hicks—I should think so 'Bout every fourth week we have to have the pulpit repaired.—Truth.

Marriage Not a Failure.  
Old Friend—Was your daughter's marriage a success?  
Hostess—Oh, a great success! She's traveling in Europe on the alimony.—New York Weekly.

Precipitate Moisture.  
"I hope that loud girl won't go to our picnic."  
"Why?"  
"She'll be almost sure to make it rain."  
—Detroit Tribune.

Exactly.  
"Why do people always speak of the owl as being particularly tough?"  
"Because he stays out so much at night, I suppose."  
—Boston Globe.

# "German Syrup"

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had gone such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called Hoarseness, at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." D

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