

MISCELLANEOUS

Sixty-five dollars was paid for a Queen Anne farthing at a recent sale in London.

Sham battle flags, tattered and torn to represent the real article, are the latest product of French ingenuity...

The atmosphere on the English Channel was recently rarefied to such a degree that objects between thirty and forty miles from shore could clearly be distinguished with the naked eye.

Paul, a relative of the Chinese General of the same name, has just been decapitated for trading in forged decorations.

An Englishman recently bought at a purse containing \$3,500 at a London carriage sale.

Mr. Brocco, an Italian engineer, has completed the survey of a proposed canal across Italy from near Castro to the Tyrrhenian Sea to Fano on the Adriatic.

President Elihan Smith, of the Northern Pacific, made the best time on record between New York and Portland recently, going to attend the annual meeting of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

A woman in Walton county, Ga., claims to have performed laparotomy upon the craw of a sick hen, taking out the organ, cleaning and washing it, and restoring it to its place.

A. F. Sims of Conyers, Ga., and Mrs. Bertha Beaton of Memphis arrived in Chattanooga on the 10 o'clock train a few days ago, and at 2 o'clock they were married.

English bettors are being asked to make their wagers for the Derby of 1898 on the basis of the coincidences alleged to have been worked out by a well known turfman.

There is in a Southern insane asylum an eight-year-old boy who has never been awake since the hour of his birth.

France is surprised at the operation of its new divorce law. The first year such a thing as a divorce was recognized by the law there were 1800 granted, the second year 4,000, and the third year 4,500.

Tom Walker and William Tucker, Atlanta farmers, were walking along the railroad track near Birmingham when a thunder storm came up.

Pleade Guilty.

The opinion is said to be common among sailors that the Finns are skilled in magic. If the following story, which is told by a seaman, is true, then these people are more than a match for the Pied Piper of Hamelin in dealing with rats.

He was once shipmate with a Russian Finn who had all the horn buttons eaten off his oilskin clothing by the rats.

The strawberry man who goes through the streets shouting "Bare rash rawbree ten sen quart" proposes to give school children lessons to church choirs after the fruit season is over.

A Russian Prince's Sad Fate.

In the "Life of Prince Paul Veritina, a Russian Noble under Catherine the Great," a dramatic account is given of his fall from his high position.

Novel Escape.

While Mr. Anderson was leisurely travelling through South Africa, in a wagon drawn by sixteen oxen, he heard from the Bushmen many stories of their remarkable escapes from lions.

While returning, they were passing a lion, and the prisoner begged the privilege of going in and getting a "drink."

Canada's Great Fair.

Since its inception in 1879, the Toronto Industrial Exhibition has proved a continued series of successes, and the one for the present year, to be held from the 10th to the 22nd of September, promises to again surpass in every respect those that have passed.

Rheumatic Pains.

Requies no description, since, with rare exception, all at some time have experienced their twinges. Rheumatism is not easily dislodged, only the most powerfully penetrating remedies reach to its very foundations.

This is not from a paper of a century ago, but from one published in New York city last week: "One Hundred Dollars Reward."

The boy ... having left my employ without cause, and being bound to me until he is 21 years old by law, I will give the above reward to any one giving information that will lead to his recovery.

The Children's Voices.

Can you hear them in the twilight, the children at their play, Through the leafy Summer garden, where the long night-shadows slay?

What do We Know. What do we know with the lore of the ages, Opened to us by the sages of old?

Years have spent at the shrine of the mystic, Fathomed the depths of the rivers of Thought, Theories of the wisest Brahmins.

Lips by death sealed never mutter before us, For warmth fatters back to the hands that are cold; Whether the future lies under our feet.

Lethe. 'Tis like a water spirit in her ear, Even as Undine or the Lorelei.

Prejudice Against Firearms. Prof. Drummond, the African traveller, says he has often wished he could get inside an African for an afternoon and just see how he looks at things.

Cheap Excursion

Will leave all points on C.P.R., G.T.R. and N. & N.W. Ry. in Ontario, on AUGUST 28TH, 7-0R LANGENBURG

Fare for Round Trip, \$28 Trains leave TORONTO at 11 p.m. AUG. 28th.

Canada's Great Industrial Fair, Toronto

Sept. 10th to 22nd. GREATER THAN EVER \$50,000 IN PRIZES! AND SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS!

Young Men

SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted...



JOHNSTON'S WROUGHT IRON FENCING WORKS Send for designs and prices.

TO THE SICK AND DEBILITATED!



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Is a Great Blessing because it contains in small bulk Powerful Nutrition.

Barnum Wire & Iron Works, Windsor, Ont. Made from 3-16 Steel Rods, with Heavy Iron Frame and Iron Foundation.

GUELPH Business College. This popular institution, now in its 14th year, is doing a grand work for the Education of young men and women in those branches...

SPORTING GOODS. The Cheapest House in Canada for Guns, Rifles, Cartridges, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball Goods and Sportsmen's Supplies of every kind.

Over 100 Second-Hand Bicycles, Safettes and Tricycles. Sent for List and Catalogue in every town.

10000 PRESENTS. TO FIRST APPLYING, WHILE THEY LAST. We will send by mail an appropriate gift to each member...

Will Re-Open Sept. 3rd, 1888. YOUNG MEN. Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Whaley, Royce & Co. 153 Yonge Street, Toronto. The Cheapest Place in Canada for BAND INSTRUMENTS. New and Second-hand. Agents for "BESSON" and "HIGMAN" Band & Orchestra MUSIC.

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSN. CAPITAL AND FUNDS NOW OVER \$3,000,000. 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, ONT. HEAD OFFICE. A HOME COMPANY, ESTABLISHED OCTOBER, 1871.

To the heirs of Policy-holders (death claims) ... \$649,349 00 To the holders of matured Endowment Policies ... 26,422 00 To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies ... 423,246 08

CURE FOR RATTLESNAKE BITES.

A Simple Remedy that is Said to Be the Best.

Allen Davis of Damascus, in Wayne county, Pa., was bitten a few evenings since by a rattlesnake in the ball of his thumb. A cord was fastened tightly around the thumb to stop the movement of the blood from the region of the wound to the other parts of the body. Young Davis was then taken as quickly as possible to the office of Dr. Kemp, at Calliocon depot. Having seen in a newspaper a few years since a description of the remedy for rattlesnake bites as used by the Geer family at Long Eddy, N. Y., Dr. Kemp made careful investigation of the matter, and became convinced of the truth of the statement therein made, and that the remedy was indeed all that was claimed for it. He therefore advised young Davis to drive to John Geer's as quickly as possible, but first to partake freely of rye whiskey. A bottle of this liquor was obtained, and the horse's head turned to the direction of Long Eddy, distant eleven miles.

It was now late in the night, and, as the moon was down, very dark. The road was a rough one, but by careful and as rapid driving as possible the dwelling of John Geer, the famous rattlesnake catcher, was reached before daylight. By this time, in spite of the tightly drawn cord around his thumb, the poison had made its way into the hand, wrist and arm, which were badly swollen. Davis had taken but two small drunks of the liquor, and Geer promptly forbade the use of more, saying its effect would be to increase the circulation of the blood, and thus spread the poison more rapidly. The effects of the poison seemed not to be entirely confined to the hand and arm, but in some way was affecting the stomach. He had several severe vomiting spells, after which he spit blood freely.

Fortunately Geer knew right where to get the violet, a sovereign remedy for the bite of a rattlesnake, and, lighting a lantern, in five minutes' time had Davis eating its leaves. He then applied salt and indigo to the wound, first faking off the tightly drawn cord, which, however, had probably done good service in preventing the more rapid spread of the poison. Davis soon began to feel better. The pain, which was great when he first came, soon ceased. The stomach sickness also left him, and, lying down, he slept for an hour, when Geer awakened him to give him more of the violet and apply a fresh poultice.

At the end of 12 hours from the time he came to Mr. Geer's, Davis started to walk home, though the swelling had not entirely disappeared. Thinking he might be kept for several days, he had sent his horse home. Geer gave him a quantity of the remedy, cautioned him to walk slowly, not to go to work, but use the medicine till the swelling was entirely gone, and assured him he was safe from all evil effects of the snake bite as he could wish.

This remedy has been known and used in this place and vicinity for over eighty years. It was first obtained by Joseph Geer (John's father) from a half-breed Delaware Indian named John Johnson, who used in 1800 to occupy a hut on the Pennsylvania side of the river opposite Long Eddy, and who, for a pint of whiskey, would let a rattlesnake bite him and then cure himself with it. It is as follows:

Apply to the wound a poultice one-half each of common salt and indigo, mixed with cold water, and renew every two hours. Eat freely of the leaves, or drink often of a tea made from them, of the blue violet (*V. sagittata*) commonly known as the "arrow-leaved" violet. If the bite be upon the leg or arm, bind the leaves in a circle around it above and just below the swelling. Moistening with cold water as often as they get dry from the fever created by the poison, and renew two or three times a day.

Wanted to Get Out.

He was an express messenger on the Santa Fe a few days ago. It was a night run, and there were two messengers in the car. Just as it began to grow dusk the train stopped at a small station and a dead body was taken aboard. Nothing in particular was thought of this, however, and as there was nothing to do and the train would not stop again for a long distance, both messengers prepared to go to sleep. One of them decided that the box containing the body would be a good place to rest on, and so he arranged himself comfortably there and on went to sleep.

How long he slept he had no idea, but suddenly, as if in a dream he heard a voice say: "Let me out!"

The messenger, startled, lay half awake for a moment, when in no uncertain tones came the words, apparently from within the head of the box on which he slept.

"D—n you, let me out!"

It is quite a distance from where the box lay to the other end of the car, but the messenger is positive he cleared it in two jumps. Trembling with fear, he shouted to his companion, but before he had a chance to tell his story that self-same voice exclaimed: "I want to get out of here."

Neither of the men spoke for a moment, and then the one who had first heard the voice said:

"What corpse wants to get out?"

"I thought for a moment, and then said: 'Well, I reckon it wouldn't be right to keep him in there if he wants to get out.'"

So the two cautiously made their way to the head of the box and debated what to do, when the same muffled voice was heard to remark:

"Polly wants a cracker!"

Then the mystery was explained. Some one at Denver had expressed a parrot to a friend in Kansas City. Its cage had been set away and forgotten, and the bird had naturally become hungry and thirsty. So it waited as long as it could, and then made itself heard in the manner that so horrified the express messenger.

Post Office Scarcity.

Ecuador, with about one million inhabitants, has only 47 post offices, but they are so widely distributed that it requires a mail carriage of 5,389 miles to reach them all—72 miles by canoe and 5,317 by horse and mules. About 500 miles of the seaboard is also covered by foreign steamship mail service. Between Quito and Guayaquil there are two mails each way weekly by couriers—the usual time one way, travelling day and night, being six days. Other sections of the country are less favored, the receipt and departure of mails ranging from once a week to once a month, as people happen to be going.

DEATH BY ELECTRICITY.

An English Doctor Thinks It Will Not Work.

While executions still continue, there is nothing in the present and long-established plan of carrying them out which needs to be changed. If the process be considered brutal, it is not more brutal than the spirit of the act itself, all attempts to refine it cannot add to its efficacy as a deterrent of crime. The process of hanging looks brutal without being actually so. Since the age of Morgagni the question now under discussion has been considered, and the opinion of the best informed physiologists, then and since then, has always been that death by strangulation or by suspension, is practically a painless mode of death. Persons who have recovered from the unconsciousness produced by strangulation have testified completely on this point, and that the old and legal method of death by suspension, according to the terms of the judicial sentence, should, at the instance of any ignorant or common officer who may carry out the sentence, have ever been changed for the long drop, or death by an excruciating and cruel blow, is incredible. Some member of the House of Commons ought to put to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who is charged with the duty of directing that the law, be it good or bad, shall be carried out, the question why the gentle, though it may seem prolonged, extinction of life by hanging should not be restored. While death is the national punishment for murder, this national mode of vindicating the law is also the most rational. Making the method of execution more scientific, if it be right to degrade science by so connecting her civilizing powers with such degrading and ignorant work, is simply to put a premium on crime itself.

Since I set up a lethal chamber for the painless extinction of the lives of lower animals I have more than once met persons, not strictly insane but in morbid states of mind, who have looked on the lethal easy death as a prospect of release from life so invitingly pleasant that if such mode of death were to be adopted as the national plan of capital murder they would not hesitate in their worst moods to kill, that they might be killed, since the severest fate that could happen would be a death brought to the painlessness of pleasure. Death by the electric shock would convey to minds of this stamp the same anticipation, but would not necessarily produce the same certain result. In some researches on the application of the electric discharge for the painless extinction of the lives of animals to be used as food, the details of which I recorded in the Medical Times and Gazette for the year 1869, this mode of death was anything but certain in its effects.

Sheep stricken apparently into instant and irrevocable death by electricity, after a few minutes showed signs of life, and if they had not been despatched in the ordinary way by the knife would have been restored to consciousness. The same fact has been observed in attempts to kill dogs by the electric shock, and I once killed an instance in which a large dog, struck into perfect unconsciousness by the stroke of a powerful battery, was submitted to a surgical operation while lying, to all appearances, dead, and was as yet so little affected as to make an easy and sound recovery. It need not be inferred from such facts as these that the electric shock will not kill at one discharge—in most cases it will kill—but, exceptionally, instead of killing outright, it will simply stun, and may induce the semblance of death instead of the real death.

Gambetta's Statue.

The monument to Leon Gambetta, the Great Tribune, consists of a pyramid about 80 feet high surmounted by a female figure representing Triumphant Democracy, and wearing a Phrygian cap. In her hand Democracy holds the Declaration of the Rights of Man and she is supported by a winged lion, which advances with open mouth. In the centre of the pyramid is Gambetta, his head thrown back, his eye gazing along the vast artery from the Tuilleries to the Arc de Triomphe, his hand extended in a fine oratorical gesture away toward the horizon where lurks the unseen but vigilant enemy. It is really Gambetta, just as he might have looked when he made his famous balloon voyage over the Prussian lines and away to Tours or when he ascended the tribune of the Chamber to reply to some thrust from his opponents. Over the orator is a winged figure holding a flag and representing the soul of France which is stirred to its depths by the eloquence of Gambetta. The awakening of the nation by the fervid accents of the fiery patriot is finely represented by a soldier leaning on the breach of a big gun with a broken weapon in his hand, a workman in a blouse stooping to pick up a sword and another citizen shouldering arms and ready to march to battle. The group is called the "National Defence, or the Marseillaise of 1870." Underneath is a tablet of black marble, inscribed with the words, "To Gambetta, the Country, and the Republic." The monument is certainly striking and effective, but the mixture of Classicism and Romanticism, and the blending of bronze, iron, stone, and marble make it rather incoherent. It also looks too fragile and too modern in the shadow of the more magnificent and antique monument, the foundations of which were laid by Philip Augustus.

The Penalty of Greatness.

The German who has been arrested in London for threatening to murder Mr. Gladstone turns out to be an author. It seems that he sent the manuscript of a story to Mr. Gladstone with the request that he would read it. Some way the manuscript was mislaid, and then the German author wrote the threatening letter. One of the penalties of being a great literary man is that literary men who are not great are always trying to climb the ladder of fame over his shoulders. Mr. Gladstone is bombarded with letters and postal cards from all parts of the world, asking all sorts of questions and soliciting all sorts of opinions. The wonder is that he gets time to answer so many of them as he does. That the German author's story was mislaid is not to be wondered at. It would be well for the world if the stories of a good many more authors were to meet with a similar fate. Unlike Milton's "Paradise Lost," which, we were told, "the world would not willingly let die," the world would be very glad to see the last of many of the trashy productions thrown on the market by immature authors. But the German author who has been threatening to murder Mr. Gladstone will

probably find that to threaten a fellow citizen's life is a much more serious thing than to take the lives of at least half-a-dozen characters in a work of fiction.

Italian Oratory.

Father Gavazzi, the Italian preacher and patriot, first visited Canada and the United States about thirty-five years ago, to collect funds for the redemption of Italy. Rome, the chief city of Italy, was then occupied by French troops, ordered there by the French Emperor, Louis Napoleon.

Gavazzi was an orator of the Italian school, and the crowds which flocked to hear him were surprised and thrilled. His manner was both vehement and dramatic. Words rushed forth, like some mountain torrent after a cloud-burst. Then the speaker paused, and, by a look, or by a gesture or attitude, spoke as clearly and as eloquently as by words.

He beat his breast and the resonant sound was heard throughout the hall. Using his monk's robe as a mantle, he assumed the attitude of some classic statue. Speaking of the Emperor as "Napoleon the little," he lowered himself until he seemed a dwarf, for his robe hid the angles of limbs and body.

"Did you ever see such superb pantomime?"

"Every gesture was a sentence."

"What a combination of actor and orator!"

Such were the sentences with which listeners greeted each other, on retiring from the hall where the orator had addressed them in idiomatic English with a slight favour of Italian pronunciation which gave a piquancy to his utterances.

An English surgeon, while travelling in Italy a hundred years ago, saw among the lawyers of Venice several exaggerated illustrations of the old Italian school of oratory.

"Every advocate," he wrote, "mounts into a small pulpit a little elevated above the audience, where he opens his harangue with some gentleness, but does not long contain himself within these limits."

"His voice soon cracks, and, what is very remarkable, the beginning of most sentences, while he is under any agitation and seeming enthusiasm in pleading, is at a pitch above his natural voice, so as to occasion a wonderful discord."

"Then if he means to be very emphatic, he strikes the pulpit with his hands five or six times together as quick as thought, stamping at the same time, so as to make the great room resound with this species of oratory."

"At length in the fury of his argument, he descends from the pulpit, runs about, pleading; upon the floor, returns in a violent passion back again to the pulpit thwacks it with his hands more than at first, and continues in this rage, running up and down the pulpit until he has finished his harangue."

"The audience smiles now and then at this extravagant behaviour. The advocates seem to be in continual danger of dropping their wigs from their heads, and this sometimes happens. There may be some advocates who speak with more dignity, but those I saw were all men of eminence in their profession."

A Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, and at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks more than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mischief that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stir up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your best voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

Inspiration by its own resultant action may amount to revelation. Love has a way of conferring wisdom; conscience, quickened and educated, reflects light upon judgment. But we should say that revelation is the increased seeing ability of mind which comes from purified and strengthened emotion, not a direct communication to the intellect.

Probably the most interesting railroad construction of recent years is the Russian road from the Caspian Sea to Samarcand, a distance of 900 miles across great deserts, which was begun in 1880 and completed a few months ago. It was built for military uses, and for a time, at least, cannot pay commercially; but it opens up the heart of Persia to European commerce, and may develop something like modern enterprise in a country that was once a centre of opulence, power and learning. The road passes through so much desert land that water has to be carried by trains to nearly all the stations. In some sections there are no wells of water within 100 miles of each other. On account of the shifting sands hardy shrubs had to be planted along the way to protect the rails from being buried in sand and it is not yet sure that they will prove effective. One of the possible results of the construction of the road is a reclamation of the deserts, gradually, from many centres and as a result of tree planting. For the present, however, the road is interesting because it opens up at its present southern terminus a rich country to European commerce. In the event of war in India it will be of immense advantage to Russia, for it spans the section of country in which it is most difficult to move troops, because of the want of water. Express trains will put Samarcand within five days of St. Petersburg, though, for the present, even with the aid of the railway, it takes about twelve days to make the journey.

A DESPERATE BATTLE.

Fight Between a Bald Eagle and an Immense Prairie Rattlesnake.

Dr. Allen, in the Field, relates his experience in the Rocky Mountains:—"One morning the stillness was suddenly broken by the shrill scream of an eagle. High up in the heavens I saw him preparing to descend, and down, down he came, with the swiftness of a shooting star, until he had nearly reached the earth, when he spread his powerful pinions and eased himself down until he had nearly reached terra firma, when with a sudden swoop he lighted upon a great prairie rattler, about five feet long, and a battle commenced such as I had never before witnessed. I rode slowly up to the combatants, as near as I could without disturbing them, and eagerly watched the progress of the fight. The bird was one of the largest bald eagles, and the snake was a monster of its kind, being three inches in diameter. The eagle, with its great throat backward, ran up to the snake and gave it a blow over the head with his wings that completely stunned it just as it was in the act of striking at him with all its force. Quick as thought the eagle then caught it in his talons, soared about ten feet in the air, gave it a furious shaking and let it fall to the earth, where it lay coiled in a warlike attitude, rattling and hissing in great wrath. The eagle made a second attack, in the same manner as before, but the snake watched its chance this time, and, when the eagle was close enough, thrust its head between his head and wing, with a desperate effort wound itself around the eagle's body, and it looked for a moment as though the powerful bird must die. But with a violent flap of his wings, he broke the deadly embrace, caught the snake, gave it a number of jerks, and threw it down again. The blood was oozing from several places in the rattler's body, which seemed to make the eagle more excited than ever. The antagonists now remained some feet apart and seemed to be resting, while the rattler kept up a deep buzzing, perhaps to intimidate the bird. The eagle next tried another plan, wheeling around his enemy in a circle, but the serpent was acquainted with this dodge and kept full in his face. Thus folled, the eagle began to whip the rattler with the tips of his wings, his head well thrown back, but the snake dodged the blows. The eagle then made a feint, jumped to one side and struck it a fearful blow; caught it up by the middle, and shook it until the snake was about to twist itself around his body, when he again threw it to the ground. Both showed signs of great fatigue but neither seemed inclined to give way. The eagle ran around and around his victim in every conceivable way, but so far the snake managed to hold him off until he threw back his head and made a desperate dive. The snake struck with all its force as the wing of the eagle came in contact with its head, and while trying to coil around his body was caught and carried into the air, where it was almost jerked in twain, and when it reached the ground again its entrails were hanging out, and it writhed and twisted in great pain, finally expiring. The proud bird stood looking on with the victorious air of a pugilist who has won the world-renowned battle, his head erect and his wings resting on the ground."

Burdock Leaves and Cut Worms.

Having seen it stated that burdock leaves wrapped around the stems of cabbage plants when transplanted would prevent the attacks of the cut worm, I determined to try the experiment, although I had previously used stiff brown paper with almost perfect success. Thirty cabbage plants were set, and their stems wrapped with burdock leaves according to directions. As I might have known beforehand the exposed part of the leaves soon withered and dried, so that no protection whatever was afforded, and forthwith the cut worms began their work, and in one night five out of the thirty plants were destroyed. I immediately replaced them with new plants, and loosely wrapped the stems of all the plants with stiff brown paper, being fully satisfied that the burdock leaf remedy was of no value whatever to me. I have in rare instances known a cut worm to climb above the paper and eat off the leaves or stem, but scarcely one plant in fifty has been destroyed in this way.

A Trip to Polar Regions.

A trip combining pleasure and study will take about thirty scientific men of Austria far toward the North Pole this summer. They intend to take a look at the mountains and floods of Spitzbergen, to have a brief run in Greenland and Iceland; and to spend a week or so on the interesting island of Jan Mayen, near the edge of Greenland pack ice. A large Norwegian yacht will carry them over the northern seas, and if they have good luck they hope to reach 80° north latitude and look out over the Polar ice cap from the north coast of Spitzbergen. The pleasures of summer yachting in northern waters have been pictured in glowing colors by Dr. Hayes and Lord Dufferin. The thirty learned men will doubtless have an invigorating cruise, and as they represent many scientific specialties, they hope to have something of interest to say in a book which will be written after their return.

A Marvel in Steel.

There are 150,000 miles of railway in the United States; 300,000 miles of rails in length enough to make twelve steel girdles for the earth's circumference. This enormous length of steel is wonderful—we do not really grasp its significance. But the rail itself, the little section of steel, is an engineering feat. The change of its form from the curious and clumsy iron pear head of thirty years ago to the present refined section of steel is a scientific development. It is now a beam whose every dimension and curve and angle are exactly suited to the tremendous work it has to do. The loads it carries are enormous, the blows it receives are heavy and constant, but it carries the loads and bears the blows and does its duty. The locomotive and the modern passenger and freight cars are great achievements; and so is the little rail which carries them all.

A Frenchman claims to have invented a thermometer so sensitive that its index needle will deflect two inches upon the entrance of a person into the room where it has been placed. The fabric known as Chinese grass cloth is made from the fibre of nettles. The cloth is peculiarly glossy and transparent, and as belting for machinery, has double the strength of leather.

Syrian Wives.

There are great women in Arabia; women of ability, keen in insight, and of wonderful capabilities. The duties of the wife of a Syrian to-day, are as follows:

She brings all the water for family use from a distant well. This is accomplished by filling immense jars and bringing them upon her head. She rises early and goes to the head of the village carrying corn, enough of which for the day's bread she grinds by a slow, laborious process. This she carries home and cooks in an oven, which is made in the earth. It is a round hole, lined with oval and flat stones, and is heated by a fire built in it. When the bread is mixed with water and a little salt she removes the ashes and plasters a pat of dough against the hot stones to cook. Could anything be more crude?

She cares for her children—usually a large family—and does all the rough work at intervals, while the husband calmly smokes his "argalle" or sits cross-legged upon his divan or horse-top, in converse with some equally hard-working member of Syrian society.

The houses are made of coarse stone, roughly hewn. The house-tops are of clay, covered with coarse gravel. In hot weather the sun bakes this mud-formed roof, and large cracks appear. The rain comes, and, as a natural consequence, the roof leaks. This is something of which the fastidious inhabitant of the Bible land does not approve. It does not add to his bodily comfort.

He remedies the difficulty—shall I tell you how? Not by any effort of his own; far from it; his wife comes, ascends to the house-top, and in the drizzling rain propels a roller of solid stone, backward and forward, much as we use a lawn-mower. This rolls the sun-dried cracks together and prevents the entrance of water.

These are only a few of the Syrian housewife's duties. Her reward is not in this world, surely. She cannot speak to her husband in public; she can receive no caresses before his friends—She goes veiled and scantily clad. She has no time to make her own habiliments, for her hands must weave and spin and embroider artistically and abundantly for the husband and male children. In winter her feet are protected only by wooden sandals, and drops of blood mark the way to the Syrian well. Of course this is among the lower and middle classes of society in Syria, but those who belong to a higher class are very few.

Mrs. Livingston's Grave.

We are fifty miles from the mouth of the Zambesi, the mile-wide water shallow and brown, the low sandy banks fringed with alligators and wild birds. The great deltaic plain, yellow with sun-tanned reeds, and sparsely covered with trees, stretches on every side; the sun is blistering hot; the sky, as it will be for months, a monotonous dome of blue—not a frank, bright, blue like the Canadian sky, but a veiled blue, a suspicious and malarious blue, partly due to the perpetual heat haze; and partly to the imagination, for the Zambesi is no friend to the European, and this whole region is heavy with depressing memories. This impression, perhaps, was heightened by the fact that we were to spend that night within a few yards of the place where Mrs. Livingston died. Late in the afternoon we reached the spot—a low ruined hut a hundred yards from the river's bank with a broad veranda shading its crumbling walls. A grass-growth path straggled to the doorway, and the fresh print of a hippopotamus told how neglected the spot is now. Pushing the door open, we found ourselves in a long dark room, its mud floor broken into fragments, and the remains of native fires betraying its latest occupants. Turning to the right we entered a smaller chamber, the walls bare and stained, with two glassless windows facing the river. The evening sun, setting over the far-off Mombassa mountains, filled the room with its soft glow, and took our thoughts back to that Sunday evening twenty years ago, when in this same bedroom, at this same hour, Livingston knelt over his dying wife, and witnessed the great sunset of his life. Under a huge babab tree a miracle of vegetable vitality and luxuriance—stands Mrs. Livingston's grave. The picture in Livingston's book represents the place as well kept and surrounded with neatly planted trees. But now it is an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest; and, as I looked at the forsaken mound and contemplated it with her husband's tomb in Westminster Abbey, I thought perhaps the woman's love which brought her to a spot like this, might be not less worthy of immortality.

Sabbath-Day Houses.

Every one went to church in the colonial days of New England. Families living at a distance from the meeting-house came prepared to spend the intermission between the morning and afternoon services in the "Sabbath day houses."

These houses, according to a description published in Sanford's "History of Connecticut" were small log structures, ten or twelve feet long, ten broad, and one story high. A chimney in the middle divided the whole space into two rooms, for the use of the two families who united in building the house. The furniture consisted of a few chairs, a table, plates, dishes, and some utensils for warming cooked food. On a shelf were a Bible and two or three religious books.

In winter, on Sunday morning, before starting for church, the mother of the family put up food for dinner, not forgetting a jug of cider. The family rode in a large two-horse sleigh, stopped at the Sabbath house, kindled a fire, and then went into the cold meeting-house, where the minister preached in an overcoat, with a muffler about his neck, and mittens on his hands.

The woman carried heated stones in their muffins, and the men drew bags over their feet. No chronicler informs us how the boys and girls managed to keep warm during the service.

At the conclusion of the morning service, the family hurried back to the warm room of the Sabbath house, where they took their dinner and drank cider from a pewter mug. Thanks were then returned, and the review of the sermon began. If the sermon failed to furnish sufficient matter to occupy the hour, a chapter in the Bible was read, or a few pages from a religious book.

Singing and prayer sent them to the afternoon service in a devotional frame of mind, at the conclusion of which they returned to the Sabbath-day house, extinguished the fire, locked the door, and started for home.



The Pickering News

published every Friday morning at its office
Pickering, Ont.

TERMS
\$1.25 per year; \$1.00 if paid in advance.

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Each subsequent insertion, per line 5 cents.
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Job Work promptly attended to.

CLARK BROS., PROPRIETORS.

Our Politics—Strict Independence.
Our Aim—A First-class Local Paper.
Our Expectations—The hearty support of the people of Pickering and vicinity.

FRIDAY, AUG. 17, 1888.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Crop reports from the different quarters of the Province, since the recent rains have in a great measure dispelled the gloomy outlook. Although in some sections certain kinds of grain has proved a complete failure, in other places they have turned out well. The statement is made, but it really seems doubtful, that the entire grain crop is above the average. Still, it cannot be much below. In Ontario county kind nature has smiled upon those farmers who have industriously plied their vocation, and good crops surround us. There is no reasonable room for complaint here—the crops are ever so much better than was expected a few weeks ago.

British Board of Trade returns show that Canada is receiving a larger share than ordinarily of the old world immigration. In the month of June 42,219 persons left British ports, as against 87,621 in June of last year, and of these 6,787 were bound for Canada as against 5,296 last year, an increase of 1,521, while the increase in the immigration to the United States was 2,970, in a total of 81,000 and for Australia the departures were less by 210. In the six months of the present year 82,909 persons have emigrated to Canada from British ports, or 8,350 more than in the corresponding period of 1886, while to the United States the increase has been 18,800, which is relatively much less than the gain by Canada.

Sir George Stephen has retired from the Presidency of the C.P.R., and is succeeded by the Vice-President Mr. Van Horne. It is alleged by some that if one notices the drift of the changes occurring from time to time in this company, they will perceive a tendency on the part of the early promoters and fathers of the scheme to retire. Presumably they have made their pile. Sir George Stephen says he accepted the presidency in order to secure certain loans and government grants. It was his duty to secure money—and we may be privileged to say he did his duty unflinchingly in dealing with the Canadian Government. Now that a railway man is wanted Mr. Van Horne is selected. It seems strange that an American should be president of the Canadian Pacific Railway—that gigantic Canadian enterprise, stretching from ocean to ocean. The suspicion seems only too well founded that Mr. Van Horne will surround himself in his official capacity with brother Americans.

The Toronto Telegram says:—John Sherman's speech on the fisheries treaty was worthy of the traditions of the United States Senate. Its hostility to ratification was dignified. Its tone was kindly and the expressions of good-will for Britain and Canada are appreciated here. But Honest John is a statesman, not a prophet, and he erred in his declaration that in ten years from now Canada would be sending representations to parliament at Westminster or to Congress at Washington. Canada would prefer Westminster to Washington, but Ottawa is nearer to us than either of these distant capitals. It is to the latter city that we will look for legislation for years. The duties of this present time are heavy enough to employ the energies of a continued and prosperous people. Leaving the future to care for itself we can busy ourselves with the cares of the present. Do not lose sleep thinking about Canada, Senator Sherman. This Dominion is all right. May you live to see it double its population within the next ten years, and turning towards Ottawa you will see there a Canadian parliament legislating for a Canadian people.

General Sheridan is dead. Heart disease carried him off, and Washington is in mourning. Sheridan was one of the best and bravest soldiers of the American army, and probably the presence of no general upon the battlefield had such an effect on his men, as had that of Sheridan. His very presence seemed to lend them power to do and dare anything. Peace be to his ashes!

Those who deprecate the principles on which the opposition to indiscriminate alms-giving is based would have their eyes opened could they read the details of a case in one of the courts of New York last week. A lame woman who was imported by one Greenfield as his capital in a begging venture, sued him for the recovery of \$285, being a balance of \$800 she had deposited with him during her twenty-six weeks' operations, less board at the rate of \$2.50 a week. She gained the suit with interest and costs, and once more illustrated the profitableness of begging.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Word Dominie.

DEAR SIR,—In your last week's issue you ask for information as to the word "Dominie." The word is applied to rural school masters in the south of Scotland, the same as "Boss" is applied in this country, and to those who are conversant with Scottish lore they always place that construction upon it. In a work which I have, entitled the "Early days of Sir Walter Scott," by a Mr. Wm. Weir, an eminent member of the Scottish bar, and written by that gentleman after the death of Sir Walter, I find the word "Dominie" used, and it is applied to his first teacher. I will give you an extract, but will first state that Walter Scott when a boy of tender years was staying with his "Aunt Jenny," who had taken charge of him after his father's death. She stayed at a place called Kelso in the South of Scotland. Mr. Weir says:—

"Miss Jenny's house was situated at a corner of the kirkyard; the parish school-house was erected within the enclosure which surrounded the holy dwelling. The increasing years and stature of her juvenile protege, together with the immediate vicinity of the place of instruction, determined the good lady to send him to school. It is a strange feeling with which children first enter the precincts of the Dominie's rule. A large room filled with wooden benches, crosses and recrossing each other, is filled with children sorted into classes, each with real or pretended interest, muttering to itself in half-articulated sounds the lessons it will shortly be called upon to repeat. At one end of the apartment, is a man enounced in a desk, with a band drawn up in a semicircle round him. They have all books in their hands, and he has laying beside him the "Tawse," a large black leather strap, curiously notched at one end into long narrow "whangs," the terror of the evil disposed and those who play the "Kip" (the truant)."

Mr. Weir goes on to describe the appearance of the "Dominie," &c. I may state that you will find the word in "Wilson's Tales of the Borders" and always applicable to the school master. I never heard of it being applied to a minister. The origin of the word I don't know.

I am, &c.,
THOMAS DUNS.

Claremont, Aug. 15th, '88.
We were quite confident from having met the word in Sir Walter Scott's writings, and in those of his fellow countrymen, that it is applied to school teachers; but we have repeatedly seen it applied to ministers in newspapers and American works of fiction. Some of these latter writers know as much about the Scotch dialect as a hen knows about scrambled eggs.—Ed. News.

Madame Adam, the writer, says that Bisurack is the most impudent liar in the world.

Thirty convicts on the way to Siberia attempted to escape, and eleven of them were killed.

The Haytian revolution has been successful, and the President has taken refuge on an English frigate.

William O'Connor defeated Geo. W. Lee in the sculling race Wednesday on Toronto Bay by one length.

The by-law for the consolidation of Toronto's ventures was carried Wednesday 9 to 549. The by-law for the purchase of the Zoo was defeated by 949 to 248.

Advice to Mothers.—Are you disturbed at night, and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and 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 is pleasant to the taste and is the preservation of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. Be sure you ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

New Advertisements.

Money To Loan.

\$10,000 Private Funds to invest on mortgage on Real Property at 6 per cent. in sums not more than \$2,500. No commission. W. R. BILLINGS, Solicitor, Whitby, Ont. 13-17

STRAY STEER.

CAME to the premises of the undersigned, lot 24, 1st con., Pickering, a red two-year-old steer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply to SAMUEL KING. 42-4

For Sale or To Rent.

A GOOD comfortable 8-roomed Brick House, situated on Church St., in the Village of Pickering, with half an acre of land, new driving house and stable, hard and soft water, fruit trees, &c. For full particulars apply to J. PIRIE, on the premises. 10-17

NOTICE.

PARTIES wanting meat for threshing and other purposes can have it delivered at any reasonable distance from the village. Orders may be left at shop or house, half mile east of the village. Shop hours, 7 to 12 a.m., and 4 to 8 p.m. Beef killed daily. W. WOODRUFF, Butcher.

Farm For Sale.

COMPOSED of the north half of lot 15 in the 7th con., Pickering Township, the property of the late Wm. Gibson. There are on the premises two good dwelling houses—out buildings, good with stone stabling under the barn; two good orchards in full bearing; creek crosses the farm; about 12 acres bush. For particulars apply to Mrs. E. Gibson or John Gibson, Claremont P. O., or James Smith at Whitby P. O. 38-45



Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary. The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c. A map of the locality, together plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tenders can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the local officer in the town of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits. In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name of each member of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$3,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c. The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order
42-49 A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 24th August, 1888.



St. Lawrence Canals.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 31st day of September, next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove, the deepening and widening the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, &c. A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after Tuesday, the 15th day of September, next, at the office of the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops, at the Book-keeper's House, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing, and for the new locks, &c., at lock-stations Nos. 19 and 20, at the town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned. In case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name of each member of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$3,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$1,000. The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order
43-46 A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 24th August, 1888.

SUBSCRIBE!

THE NEWS

FROM NOW TO

JAN'Y 1st, NEXT,

—30R—

35 C.

REMEMBER

though Spot Cash in advance.

W. T. DUNBAR.

PARTIES PACKING BUTTER

for winter use should examine our stock of Extra Glazed Pottery. We can supply all shapes and sizes at the prices of poorer ware.

FRUIT JARS---to supply the township in glass or stoneware, with corks. Half pint jellies, rubber rings, a fine preserving sugar just in.

THIS WEEK--a bargain in low priced Green Tea. Only a limited quantity, call soon.

BROUGHAM AND KINSALE

BIG BARGAINS

IN ALL LINES.

JACQUES & WILLIS

OIL! OIL!

CHEAPER AND BETTER

THAN EVER.

That celebrated 'Peerless Machine Oil.'

Threshers say it is the best.

FOR SALE AT

C. DALE'S

PICKERING.

SAY "VE"

Your money and buy a farm by having your clothes made properly.

The appearance and wear of a suit depends greatly on the make-up as everybody knows. It is our desire to inform the public, that it is an acknowledged fact throughout the grand old township of Pickering that

Greig, the Pickering Tailor

Has no equal in this art.

A Trial is hereby Requested.

DISTRICT DOTS.

STOLEN IN THE MOST BARRETTED MANNER FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Stayner wants a high school.
Six little children died at Aurora last week.
Collingwood does not know what to do with its natural gas.
Hay was an exceedingly heavy crop in township of Matchedash.
Beaverton wants a new railway station—but haven't got it yet.
Warton salvationists have very sensibly given up the use of the drum on parade.
Newmarket has abandoned asphalt and returned to the old style plank sidewalks.
On July 15th they had a frost in Orillia which formed ice on a pile of water.
Thomas Rice, of Stratford, was struck by lightning and instantly killed on Saturday.
The convent of the Sacred Heart, New York, was burned to the ground on Monday night.
Three thousand Tibetans and 1,800 British are opposed to each other in the Jalopla Pass.
Port Perry is going to have a new railway station, and work on it has already been commenced.
Benjamin Cable, son of Policeman Cable of Ingersoll, was drowned the other day while bathing.
The population of Deseronto has increased 50 per cent. during the past three years. It is now 3,200.
The Ontario Teacher's Association commenced its annual meeting in the Normal school Tuesday.
Jane Brown and her two daughters aged 18 and 19 have been committed to jail in Peterboro as lunatics.
Ed. Mick's and his wife had a row and then paid the magistrate of Newmarket \$10 to help fix the town sidewalks.
Mr. J. S. McCuaig, ex-M.P. for Prince Edward, died on Saturday week. He was very popular in Prince Edward.
Building at Chesley is proceeding briskly, and the village is literally filled with builders of one kind and another.
A young son of Mr. John Whittleton, of Goodwood, was stepped on by a horse recently and miraculously escaped serious injury.
The statement that Mayor Campbell of Brampton, has resigned is denied, but there is trouble between him and the council.
British trade with Canada has fallen off considerably for the past few months, but with the other colonies it is on the increase.
Forest fires are doing considerable damage at Stony Lake near Peterboro, and several families are homeless and destitute.
The builders and contractors of Oshawa are kept very busy, and things in this line are more brisk than they have been for years.
Coldwater will buy as deep a hole in ground as they can for \$1,000, owing to a suspicion that coal oil runs wild beneath that burg.
A thick cloud of herring flies invaded Collingwood Saturday night. Store floors and sidewalks were covered to a depth of two inches.
W. R. B. Cawker, of near Bowmanville, threshed 865 bushels of barley off a 74 acre field the other day. Not so bad for a poor season, eh?
Wm. Wetherup, of near Port Hope, fell into the feeder of a thrashing machine and had both his feet torn to pieces, on Friday morning last. Be careful.
The Berlin town council sent a message of condolence to the Empress Victoria on the death of the Emperor, and received a message of thanks from the German consul at Montreal.
The village of Parry Sound enjoys the proud distinction of having never had a license to sell liquor within its borders. It has now become a town and it sticks to the same policy.
Port Hope High School Board has appointed Mr. J. J. Magee, B.A., for many years Master of Uxbridge High School, as Mathematical Master in room of Mr. McMaster, resigned.
Mr. C. Steinburg, the well-known tobacconist of St. Catharines dropped dead on Queen street in that city Saturday night. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause.
The Orillia Masons had no sooner get into their new hall than they resolved that no intoxicating liquors should be allowed in connection with any of the meetings of the order.
Archie Scott, of Woodstock, took the prize at the Scottish games held in Buffalo on Saturday as the best all-round athlete. The Canucks captured nearly everything at that meeting.
Some oats with Paris green were scattered on the pasture field of Hon. D. Reesor, of Stouffville, by some unknown rascals and a valuable thoro-bred Jersey cow was poisoned thereby.
The Simcoe church quarrel is still on. The Methodists of that town will not accept the minister sent them by the Quarterly Board, and have determined to freeze out the gentleman selected.
At a meeting of the Quarterly Board of the Peterboro Methodist church last week, a resolution was passed protesting against the manner in which the stationing committee ignores the expressed wishes of the different churches, and in order to substantially evince their disapproval they reduced the ministerial salary from \$1,350 to \$1,000.
Watts, the young school teacher, who ran away a day or two before his wedding-day up at Acton, has written to the press explaining that he is studying for the ministry and tried to have the match declared off. The girl wouldn't. He then resigned himself to his fate, but being short of cash he asked the girl and her people to economize at the wedding. They wouldn't. The result was that he only had a dollar or two left, and he skipped out. He says that if the girl will wait until he is in a position to marry he will do so, if not he will ramble around the States.

Russia, Germany, England and Austria will support Italy on the Masowah question.
Alexander Buchanan, Galt's oldest inhabitant, died last week. He was 92 years of age, and leaves an estate valued at \$500,000.
O'Connor and Tesmer are to have a race on Sept. 26th for the championship of America and \$1,000 a side, probably on Chautauqua Lake.
PICKERING MARKET.
News Office, Aug. 13 1888.
Fall wheat 90c to 95c; spring wheat, 90c to 95c; 75c to 78c; Flour, family, per bag, \$2.25 to \$2.50; Flour, pastry, per bag, \$2.75; Bran per ton, \$13.70; Shorts, per ton, \$20.00; \$1 per cwt. Screenings per ton, \$16.00 per cwt.
GREENWOOD MARKETS.
Fall Wheat, 90c to 95c; spring wheat, 90c to 95c; oats, 50c to 55c; small peas, 8c; large peas, 7c; family flour per bag, \$2.00 to \$2.50; Flour, pastry, \$2.75; bran per ton, \$14; shorts per ton, \$20; coarse, \$16; screenings \$1 per cwt.; chopp per ton, \$25.
FARMERS' MARKET.
Toronto, Aug. 19 '88.
The street receipts of grain to-day were small and prices unchanged. About 400 bushels of wheat offered and sold at 90c to 95c for fall, 85c for spring, and 75c to 78c for goose. Barley firm, with sales at 50c to 55c. Oats firm, with sales at 75c. Hay in fair supply; at \$20 for new and \$22.00 for old timothy. Straw, \$10 to \$12. Hogs sold at \$8.00 to \$8.50. Beef, \$2 to \$4.00 for forequarters, and \$2.50 to \$3.00 for hindquarters. Lamb \$11 to \$12.00; and mutton \$7 to \$7.00.
The produce market was quiet to-day, and prices generally ruled steady. We quote: Beef 12c to 14c; butter, 15c to 16c; large rolls 13c to 14c; inferior, 12c to 13c; Lard 11c; Cheese 10c to 12c; Bacon 13c to 14c. Eggs 16 to 17c. Potatoes per bag 70c to 85c. Apples per barrel, \$2.75 to \$4.00.
TRAINS TABLE—Pickering Station G.T.R.
TRAINS GOING EAST DUE AS FOLLOWS:
No. 1 EXPRESS. 7:57 A. M.
" 3 MIXED. 2:35 P. M.
" 7 LOCAL. 6:32 P. M.
TRAINS GOING WEST DUE AS FOLLOWS:
No. 8 LOCAL. 9:01 A. M.
" 4 MIXED. 4:16 P. M.
" 2 EXPRESS. 9:52 P. M.
House to Let.
GOOD comfortable frame house on lot 1st con. Pickering—five rooms and a good cellar. Apply to BENJAMIN DIXON, on the premises.
House and Lot For Sale.
ONE and a half miles from Pickering, V. Range, consisting of 37 acres, more or less, and being part of Lot 11 up the 2nd concession of Pickering. There is on the lot a new frame house, never falling well; young orchard, &c., &c. Easy. Applying on premises to Mrs. THOS. WALKEY. 41-44
FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
LOT No. 10 in the 4th con. of Uxbridge, containing 112 acres, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation; well watered and fenced, upon which there is a good brick house with kitchen and wood shed, barn 40x50 with stone stabling underneath; horse stable and driving house 30x40 stone foundation; stone roof house with implement house over head; also one pen or bay barn. Good young stock of choice fruit bearing with shade and other ornamental trees. Immediate possession. For further particulars apply to owner, BENJAMIN MADILL, Sandford P. O., Ont. 42-43
Farm for Sale.
EAST HALF of Lot 12 in the 2nd Con., Township of Pickering, fronting on the Kingston Road and adjacent to Peterboro, containing 111 acres, all in a good state of cultivation. The soil is a good clay loam, and this is one of the best grain farms in the Township. On the premises is a frame house, a barn 40x50, also sheds and driving houses. Possession to suit purchaser. For further particulars apply on the premises, or address
JOHN BAXTER, Pickering, P. O.
INVENTION has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you that will start you in business without anything else in the world. Grand outfit free. Address Tark & Co., Augusta, Maine.
FURNITURE!
Cheapest in the County.
Bedroom Sets from \$18.00 up.
Parlor Suites, cheap.
Call and see at the
Pickering Furniture Depot.
J. H. BEAL.
Undertaking as usual.
Claremont Pump Factory!!
Geo. Gerow, Proprietor.
— MANUFACTURER OF —
Force, Lift and Suction Pumps --
and Cisterns of all descriptions.
Holiday Standard Gears and Pumping Wind Mills supplied. Having erected several of these mills throughout the township, which are giving the best of satisfaction, I feel confident in recommending them. Parties thinking of erecting such would do well to communicate at once.
Parties sending orders to the Factory may rest assured of fair and honorable dealing, both as to article and price. Address
George Gerow, Claremont, Ont.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall Street, N. Y.

THIS IS THE RECORD OF THE 'J.G.C.' Riding Plow

The Lightest Draft Plow in the World. One hundred and twenty sold in 1886—Five hundred and twenty sold in 1887. **six hundred and forty** made and sold in its first two seasons, which proves the superiority of the 'J.G.C.' Riding Plow it being the only Riding or Sulky Plow that has obtained a successful sale to the Farmers of Canada.
Our plows have three sizes of mould boards all interchangeable. Repairs always kept on hand.
I can refer you to hundreds of those who now use this plow, and will have no other. Now is the time to buy.
L. FORSYTH, Agent. 26 1/2

PICKERING Lumber Yard
Having purchased the above lumber business from Mr. John Gee, I am now offering the **ENTIRE STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,** in order to clear out the same, and to make room for a choice selected stock now arriving.
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Posts, Pickets, etc., always on hand.
Also Blacksmith's Coal and best Dry Maple Hardwood.
BILL STUFF A SPECIALTY.
J. H. McQUAY, Pickering. 27

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$30 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 97

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM!
— AT —
W. J. GORDON'S,
It beats anything of the kind found outside the city, and is in fact made from the recipe used in the best city restaurants.
Try it Just Once.
All the best Temperance Drinks are kept on hand and will be found cool and refreshing during this sultry weather.

W. J. GORDON.

THE COOK HEARD FROM.

Sing a song of a cook
With pleasantries interwove
How grumbling she forsook
When they gave her a Dowsell stove.
Sing a glad song with glee,
Of dinners no longer spoiled,
Of breakfast, dinner and tea,
Roasted and baked and boiled.
Sing a song of a cook
Who says she will always adore
The stove that her master bought
At the notorious Dowsell Store.
Sing a song of a stove,
A stove that no rival will brook,
"The Dowsell stoves are the best,"
Is the song of the sensible cook.

Dowsells guarantee that all the stoves they sell are perfect in construction, the latest pattern and first class bakers. Not only stoves but tin-ware, lamps, lamp goods, coal oil and all house-furnishing goods cheap for cash, at

DOWSWELL'S HOUSE-FURNISHING DEPOT,
Pickering, Ont.

Pure Drugs and Chemicals

AT THE PICKERING PHARMACY!

Toilet Articles a Specialty.

BE SURE

And call at the Dominion Agency, Pickering, and examine the New William Sewing Machine before buying any other,

AND GET
Terms and prices for the newest, simplest and most perfect sewing machine in the market to-day. We actually invite competition with

THE NEW WILLIAMS

By any other sewing machine manufactured, and feel assured that any person seeing the Williams, with its latest improvements and handsome new cabinet work will buy it, and have no other. The new cabinet work has lately been added, making this machine a beauty.

Pianos, Organs, Machine Needles, Oil, Repairs, &c., at
THE DOMINION AGENCY, PICKERING,
J. M. PALMER, Manager.

GREENWOOD ROLLER MILLS

Still take the lead. I have just put in more rollers and am better prepared than ever to give universal satisfaction to the public. As usual I make a specialty of the farmers' trade **Exchanging Flour for Wheat,** I always give the same grade of flour, and regulate the quantity by the quality of the wheat. **WHEAT WANTED.** Thanking all for past patronage, and asking a continuance of the same, I remain, yours truly,
F. L. GREEN, PROPRIETOR.

THE GREENWOOD OAT MEAL MILLS

Are now running, and we are ready to supply all grades of Oat-Meal, Corn Meal, Rolled Wheat, &c., to consumers and dealers. A specialty made of exchanging Oat-Meal for Oats. Chopping done for 5 cents per 2 bus. bag. Extra quality-chopp on hand. Try our Oatmeal and encourage our enterprise, which will benefit you as well as us.
F. L. GREEN and L. MACKEY, Proprietors.

GOLDSMITHS' HALL.

New Goods Just in
Ladies' Short Vest and Queen Chains, Brooches, Cuff Buttons, etc.
Gent's Chains, Cuff Buttons and Scarf Pins.
Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Plated Knives, Forks and Spoons. All at lowest prices.
Repairing of Watches and Clocks personally attended to.

JAMES JOHNSTON
Practical Watchmaker, Brock street, Whitby.

CONSIDER YOUR POCKETS!

Don't be led away by flaming advertisements but call at the **THE BRAZILIAN WAREHOUSE** And see for yourselves that we are selling Crockery and Glassware at and under cost, for cash or produce: White Granite Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$2; Handsome colored Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$3; Fine China Tea Sets, 44 pieces, \$4.50; Beautiful Mottio China Cups and Saucers, 25c; Colored Dinner Sets, from \$7.50; Colored Chamber Sets, 9 pieces, \$2.50; Xmas China and Glassware arriving every week, heavy glass tumblers, 50c per dozen, glass goblets, 60c per dozen, Glass Sets and Water Sets, in various Patterns.
Our family groceries are the best and cheapest—Green, Black and Japan Teas 25c worth 50c, if you don't believe it, get a free sample and be convinced. Xmas Fruits in stock and to arrive, selling at bottom prices. Butter, Eggs, Lard, Bacon, Poultry and Potatoes taken in exchange. Wishing you all health and happiness the year round, yours faithfully,
SIMON FRASER,
Deverell's Block, Brock St., Whitby, Ont.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

The will of the late Mr. John Ogilvie, of Montreal, bequeaths property valued at \$900,000.

Capt. Boyd Smith's mine, at Parham, Frontenac, is yielding a hundred tons of phosphate daily.

The Knights of Labour in Kingston intend shortly agitating for the adoption of the nine hour system.

September 30th is appointed election day in Eastern Assiniboia, where Minister Dewdney is to be candidate.

Mayor Abbott, of Montreal, does not think it the duty of the city to take any action against the buckeashops.

Owen Sound has passed a by-law granting \$15,000 to the Canadian Pacific railway, towards building another elevator in that town.

A very serious outbreak of typhoid fever has occurred in the Carmelite convent at Hochelaga. Several nuncios are down with the disease.

Mr. Danham, from Halifax, N. S., who was staying at the Windsor, Montreal, was relieved of \$120 on the stale trick of cashing a bogus cheque.

Shackleton Bay, postmaster at Altona, who also carries on a banking business, has made an assignment, and the amount due depositors is said to be \$29,000.

Capt. Holmes, Dominion Inspector of Fisheries, is on a tour of the coast of Lake Huron to take evidence in disputes arising between lessees of fishing grounds.

The farmers in the eastern Townships have obtained a good crop of hay this season and are preparing to ship their surplus to Ontario, where it will fetch a good price.

The Montreal and European Short Line railway have filed a statement of claim against the Dominion Government for expropriation of their line amounting to \$600,000.

About a dozen soldiers of the Salvation Army, male and female, natives of the East Indies, dressed in picturesque costumes, have arrived in Quebec, and intend making a tour of the army stations in Canada.

Capt. Wile, of the Windsor propeller Lakeland, has been fined \$262 for picking up some ex-convicts at Detroit and carrying them on to Cleveland, in violation of the Act which prohibits Canadian vessels trading between American ports.

AMERICAN.

Detroit's present population is a little over two hundred and fifty thousand.

Major-General Schofield has been ordered to Washington to take command of the United States army.

It is reported from New York that a fireman has become a raving maniac from excessive cigarette smoking.

Over 300 Italians, disgusted at not being able to obtain employment, sailed from New York yesterday for home.

A friendly estimate of the cost of the Trent Valley canal places the figure at \$10,000,000. It is a good round sum.

Senator Riddleberger believes that the United States will never be a great nation until she has whipped England for the third time.

The United States Immigration Committee recommends that a tax of \$200 should be placed upon every immigrant arriving in that country.

The Senate yesterday adopted Senator Hoar's motion to appoint a committee for the purpose of enquiring into commercial relations between the States and Canada.

The California grain crop will be rather below than above the average, although some localities report that land which was believed a month ago to be not worth harvesting will yield a fair crop.

In the United States Senate yesterday the Committee on Inter State Commerce was instructed to make full investigation into the relation of Canadian railroads with the transportation of commerce across the continent.

The crop report of the Illinois board of agriculture shows the prospects for grain and corn to be better than several years past. Winter wheat, however, is an exception, though the crop has improved within the last month.

The crop of lambs in Colorado this present season will reach near to a quarter of a million. Eighty-five per cent. of all of the ewe flocks will raise lambs. It has been the most favorable season for this crop the country has ever had.

Mr. Levi P. Morton, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, will cease to be a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to-day, a fact which the Republicans deem it expedient to publish as widely as possible.

At a meeting of the Angiers' Association of the St. Lawrence, held at Clayton, N. Y., it was decided to appeal against the decision of Judge Williams, of Syracuse, who held that the law ordering the destruction of nets used in illicit fishing was unconstitutional.

In the United States Senate yesterday Mr. Riddleberger, representing Virginia, opposed the ratification of the Fisheries Treaty on the ground that it permitted the Canadians to participate in all the coast, bay, sound, and river fisheries of the United States, and that no laws could be passed on the subject without the consent of the British Government.

One night John R. McLean, editor of The Cincinnati Enquirer, was seated at his desk up to his eyes in business, when a bumptious young reporter strolled in from the city editor's room and seating himself familiarly near the editor-in-chief, inquired in an off-hand way, "Well, Mac, how does the news pan out to-night?" Not in the least disconcerted by the extraordinary conduct of his subordinate, who, by the way, was a newcomer on the paper and hardly known to him, Mr. McLean responded in an apparently pleasant way. "Don't call me 'Mac,' it seems so stiff, call me Johnie."

FOREIGN.

The potato disease is spreading in England.

Rafin continues to fall in torrents in Germany.

The British troops at Suakin are suffering terribly from the heat.

Relations between Italy and France are becoming seriously strained.

It is reported that the Czar will meet the Shah of Persia at Baku in September.

Silesia is being devastated by terrible floods, and the crops are completely ruined.

A serious fight took place between French and Italian laborers at Leon, France, yesterday.

The Turkish Government have sent a protest to the powers against the occupation of Masowah by Italy.

Immense damage has been caused by volcanic disturbances in the Lipari Islands, in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Gladstone says that when he has seen Home Rule for Ireland his political work will be finished.

The Mark Lane Express says the damage done to the British grain crops by the wet weather is irreparable.

It is reported that the Crown Prince of Italy will be shortly betrothed to Princess Clementine of Belgium.

The Vandeleur tenants who resisted eviction have been sentenced to imprisonment for one to six months.

The King of Sweden will arrive in Berlin on the 20th inst., to act as godfather to Emperor William's youngest son.

Gen. Boulanger and M. Laguerre are about to issue another electoral manifesto on the revision of the Constitution.

The rumours of a meeting between the Queen and Emperor William at Baden are officially declared in Berlin to be untrue.

It is stated that Justice Day has declined to sit on the Parnell Commission and that Justice Wills will be substituted for him.

On the occasion of Emperor William's visit to Rome there will be a review of 40,000 troops drawn from all the Italian regiments.

The incendiary fires in Port au Prince the capital of Hayti, on July 4 and 7, destroyed property to the amount of \$2,000,000.

The London Daily News says that the Parnellites have on intention at present to offer further serious opposition to the Commission bill.

The belief now prevails that the white Paaha is not Stanley, but Emin Bey, who, threatened by the Mahdi, resolved upon striking a bold blow.

Mr. Parnell writes to the "Times," challenging Mr. Chamberlain to publish the Colonial Government scheme alleged to be in Mr. Parnell's handwriting.

The Dublin Court has confirmed the conviction of Mr. John Dillon, and refuses the application for a writ of habeas corpus for his release from prison.

It is announced that the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, and the Emperor of Austria will meet at some point on the Austrian frontier in the autumn.

It is stated that Prince Bismarck has intimating to the Queen, through the German embassy, that Emperor William desires to pay her a state visit in November.

The Turkish Ambassador at Berlin has notified the Porte that the negotiations between Germany, Austria, and Italy regarding the Bulgarian question will soon begin.

Mr. Patrick Egan supports Mr. Parnell in the statement that while Mr. Chamberlain was in the Ministry he divulged Cabinet secrets to the Irish party from time to time.

The Italian Government threaten to withdraw their subsidies from Catholic missions in Asia and Africa unless they permit a Government inspection of their curriculum and books.

The news of the result of the last English Derby was telegraphed from England to Australia in one hour and four minutes, which is believed to be the fastest time ever made between these points.

Type Writing Contests.

The New York "Tribune" says of a type writing contest which took place in that city on Wednesday last:—In yesterday's test there was a close struggle for first place between Miss M. E. Orr and E. McGurkin, the latter winning by only three-fifths of a word per minute. The test was for five minutes, and after deducting all errors the jury announced the following decision: McGurkin, 479 words, an average of 95.45 words per minute; Miss Orr, 476 words, an average of 95.15; Miss M. C. Grant, 469 words, an average of 93.45; Mr. Myerson, 431 words, an average of 86.15. The prizes were \$25 to first, \$10 to second, and \$5 to third. Miss Orr is unquestionably the fastest female operator in the world. This is her first defeat, and it would not be surprising if she turned the tables on McGurkin in the tournament which takes place at Toronto for the world's championship on August 13.

Wouldn't Accept the Fit.

We once knew L. W. Allen to preach a sermon for the benefit of one member of the congregation. She was very rich, very old, and had not been to church for 25 years. Allen's fame drew her, and he determined to make the most of it. His text, his illustrations, everything fitted her (and no tailor ever made a better fit). The services over, we went with Brother Allen to the hospitable home of the old lady, only to hear her say to him:—"Mr. Allen, your sermon fitted my overcoat so well that all the time you were preaching I was regretting that he was not there to hear it."

Writer's Cramp.

A Broad street mother reads a child's story paper regularly to her little daughter, and most of the tales are continued from week to week. The other day the little one heard the expression, "writers' cramp," and asked what it meant. "It is a stiffening or cramping of the fingers, my dear," was the reply:—"people who write a great deal often get it, and have to stop writing for a while." "Oh!" said the little miss, as a great light broke upon her perceptive faculties "that's it, is it? I've often wondered why the writers of those nice stories always stop in such interesting places."

English Railway Accidents.

The English railways made a good showing as regards accidents last year. In 1887 only 121 passengers were killed, and, leaving out the loss of life by the Septhorpe disaster, the victims would not have met death had they exercised common prudence. Of employees, 788 were killed, 1,297 passengers injured, and 2,293 workmen. These figures seem large, but they show a decrease of accidents when compared with the records of former years.

DEAMS FULFILLED.

Authentications Given To People of Veracity.

H. R. A. of Hartford, Pa., writes: The following story of a strange dream is related to me by the gentleman to whom it occurred, and is strictly true in every respect, the facts having been known at the time to several persons besides the gentleman in question. I will relate it as nearly as I can in his own words.

"Do you wish to know how I became acquainted with my wife. Well, it is a strange story, almost too strange to be true. It happened this way? One evening after a hard day's work I retired to my bed for a good night's rest. Soon after retiring I fell asleep, when the dream occurred to me. I thought I stood by the chancel-rail in the little country church where I attended meetings, and by my side stood a lady, a stranger to me. The minister who stood before us seemed in the act of performing the marriage ceremony. I recognized him to be the minister who had charge of the church I mentioned. The scene gradually faded away and when I woke it was morning. I did not think the dream strange at the time but when it was repeated on the following evening exactly as before, I began to grow interested. Finally the dream was repeated on the third night and in addition I thought on my side handed me a card on which was her name and address. The dream seemed to fade away as before. When I awoke next morning, after thinking the matter over, I concluded to write to the address which seemed firmly fixed in my memory, telling of my dream and asking if there was such a person as the lady I dreamed of. I did so, and asked if there was such a lady to please send me her picture. In a few days I received a reply stating that there was such a person and enclosing a photograph which I at once recognized as the lady of my dreams.

I corresponded with the lady for some time and finally visited her at her home. I found her very agreeable and she seemed to have found me the same, for when I returned she came with me and we were married in the same church and by the same minister as appeared in my dream. That was ten years ago and I can truthfully say that neither of us has ever regretted my dream."

DREAM OF TWO BROTHERS.

T. S. Dawson, of Dawson, settlement, N. B., says: A friend has a brother who is a sailor. The sailor had been absent for twelve years, and had not been heard from for a long time, when one night my friend dreamed that if he went to a certain seaport town the following day he would meet his brother. He drove there, a distance of about thirty miles, and soon after arriving, encountered his brother on the street. The two, though so long separated, at once recognized each other. After the first greetings were over, "I suppose," said the sailor, "you are very much surprised at meeting me here to-day." "Not at all," replied his brother: "I was expecting it, for I dreamed last night that, if I came, I would meet you here to-day; and the dream was so much like a reality that I harnessed and drove all the way here to find you and take you home." "How strange, how very strange," said the other: "I was not much surprised to see you either, as I dreamed last night that I would find you here to-day, and the dream has been on my mind ever since." The two brothers rode joyfully homewards, both fully satisfied that dreams mean something sometimes.

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

Miss M. A. Leonard, of Mt. Alton, Pa., tells the story of a dream of her mother as follows: Our home is situated in the midst of oil wells in the wilds of McKean Co., Pa., and although I regard the vicinity as dreary and tiresome, my city friends term it "beautiful and picturesque in the extreme." But I am wandering from my subject. My father and my two brothers took charge of this lease, and removed the family to the seat of their employment about five years ago. The boiler and the several wells attached to it which my oldest brother attended were near our home, and we could see him almost any moment harrying, as was his wont, about his duties. The docking or crossing of a 200 bbl. tank, into which one of his wells flowed, had fallen in, and there was nothing to stand upon while gauging the tank, but a 6 lb. board across the top. I was attending school a considerable distance from home, but came home once a week. On one occasion when I came home, I noticed that something was troubling my mother, and she requested me to remain at home the following week. After much pleading I prevailed upon her to tell me her reasons. On two nights previous, she had a very strange dream, which had impressed her so much, that, try as she would, it would not leave her mind. She dreamed that she was visiting at some friend's house, accompanied by my younger sister. She thought that in front of the house was a large vat, filled with a foaming liquid, from which a gas was arising. Missing Cassie, my sister, she immediately instituted a search, but without success for two hours. At length my mother approached the vat, and seeing a gauging pole lying near, put it in, and striking some object on the bottom, pulled it up, and it was Cassie—drowned. At this point she awoke, and on the following night dreamed the same in every particular. This seemed rather strange to me, but I did not heed it, and went to school in the morning. About 3 p.m. a messenger came for me, with the news that my brother was drowned in the undocked tank. He had been lost for the same period that mother had dreamed, and they felt for him with a gauging pole, just as in the dream, so that the dream came true except that my brother lasted of my sister was drowned.

Railways in India

Men in middle life are scarcely likely to realize the fact that in 1853 there were in all only 20 1/2 miles of railway in India; that in 1873 there were 5,695 miles of railway, while in 1887 there were 13,388 miles. Telegraphic communication with India was first opened in 1865, and the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 was scarcely of less importance in developing her trade, first by shortening the passage and second by mitigating the risk from wheat-yeevil. Another agency has been the development of irrigation works. We read that "only" 30,000,000 acres have, up to date, been artificially irrigated, but the appropriateness of the qualifying adverb is rendered evident when it is employed in contrast with the total area of 200,000,000 acres of cultivated ground, and the vast tract of 868,314 square miles which include British India.

ISLE ROYALE'S DEADLY JAWS.

The Octopus of the Upper Lakes.

When crossing Lake Superior, broad in the path of commerce lies Isle Royale, a gigantic leviathan waiting, watching for prey. A long, partially wedge-shaped, crooked backed island covered with rocky hummocks and granite protuberances, here and there flat, treacherous shoal beaches and anon bluffs rising sheer out of the water to a height of hundreds of feet, crowned with stunted growths of pine and poplar; jagged cruel reefs of rock running off into the lake like arms of an octopus—the island the body of a giant reptile, the reefs its teeth.

THE WRECK OF THE ALGOMA.

A terror to mariners is Isle Royale in bad weather. More than one ship's skeleton lies along its borders, evidence that the hungry jaws have been at work. It was on this shore, some miles down from the point, that the proud Algoma laid her broken bones in that awful night a couple of years ago when this queen of the lakes went down—and the number of lives lost sent grief and desolation into scores of homes. I said an awful night. I was told at Port Arthur that on that occasion the waves ran twenty feet high above the breakerwater, and this was within a land locked bay, mind you. Out on the lake the fury of the elements was terrific. A blinding snowstorm raged, while a hurricane tore the waters into spray and thrashed the snowflakes and sleet into whirling sheets, that simply meant blindness to whoever attempted to face them. Add to this pitch darkness and you will have some idea of what the Algoma labored through that live-long night.

Capt. Moore fought for his ship and her precious freight of human lives with gallantry that fell nothing short of heroic. Through all that terrible ordeal he made but one mistake, an error of judgment, an error of calculation rather, of half a minute of time; but that thirty seconds sent ruin to his ship, death to many of his passengers and crew and wounds and anguish to himself.

ON THE ROCKS.

In that awful wreck of roaring winds, thundering waves, loy spray and frozen snow no light could be seen or fog whistle heard. It was impossible to make port that night. He knew he must be approaching Isle Royale, and that his only chance was to turn southward and fight for open water. The order was given, right gallantly the noble steamer answered her helm and bore up against the buffeting waves; but as she came around her stern swung on to one of those reefs, those long arms of the octopus—there was a crash, the winds shrieked in fiendish glee; the mountainous masses rushed on, pounded against her iron sides with mighty force, mounted higher and beat her over slowly but surely—and all was over.

In that terrible moment it is told that Capt. Moore and his crew showed the true heroism of British sailors. Many were lost but many were saved through their exertions. The time in which anything could be done was but moments. They did what could be done, coolly and determinedly, took their lives in their hands to save what they could of those other lives entrusted to their charge; then with the remount were thrown, battered and wounded, half drowned and with bones broken upon the rocks to wait for daylight and help, while the mad sea pounded the wreck to pieces and in mockery threw the fragments up on the shore. The reptile Isle Royale had a bountiful feast. Thirty-seven people died the death that night.

AND PEOPLE HOWLED.

There was a howl raised about Capt. Moore after that by ignorant, chattering landmen. He was called incompetent—did not understand his business. Bah! Ask any lance captain about that. They will tell you that the same might have occurred to any man, that the wonder was, not that the vessel was wrecked—it would have been little short of marvellous had she escaped through that night. I have never met Capt. Moore, but the proof of what kind of a man he is, is shown by the fact the new big steel steamer of the Algoma, which the Messrs. Marks, of Port Arthur, have just brought over from the Clyde, is in his charge, and I am told on pretty good authority, too, that the command of the new Algoma will be offered him. Such vessels are not offered to incompetent men.

A CAPTAIN'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

Very few people have much of an idea of the responsibility weighing upon the captain of one of these big lake steamers. It is much worse than an ocean going vessel. Out on the salt water as soon as the steamer is clear of land she is laid in her course, and then, unless unusual circumstances arise, the captain can take a comparatively easy time of it. Not so on the lakes. If there is clear weather, no fog, not much swell and everything bright, the captain may get a few hours' rest, otherwise not. He is the navigator as well as the captain. Going up from Owen Sound, Capt. Foote, of the Athabasca, was on the bridge all afternoon. He was there peering through the fog at midnight. Towards morning he was still there. At day break he was pacing the bridge, all that day he was on duty, all the next night and the next day until Port Arthur was reached. I asked him at last if he was going to take any sleep that voyage or wait till the close of navigation, and then learned that a great deal of sleep than not the captain does not close his eyes or get a bit of rest throughout the entire journey, and the first mate has nearly as bad a time of it. Add to it the care of the entire vessel, including passengers and cargo, and you will have some idea of the duties and responsibilities of these men. I have spoken of the first mate, his work, too, is never ended, and only second in responsibility is the chief engineer.

IT KEEPS ITS DEAD.

Lake Superior is like the ocean in many respects, notably in this, that it never gives up its dead. The body of a person drowned in any of these waters is never found, unless washed up on the shore. Drop a man overboard and that is the last of him. I think the reason is this: The water is very cold, seldom if ever rising above 40 degrees. This temperature prevents decomposition and as no gas is generated the body does not float as it would in warmer water. Only a couple of the bodies lost at the wreck of the Algoma, I believe, were found, and these had been washed up on the rocks by the storm: The same phenomenon of drowned bodies not floating is observable in Lake Simcoe.

Originally the international boundary

has passed through Isle Royale. Now it passes northward of Gull Island, some 50 miles northward. In exchange the British Government acquired some islands near the mouth of St. Mary's river, and the Americans say we got the best of the trade.

IN SIGHT OF THUNDER CAPE.

Going to Port Arthur you pass between Isle Royale and Gull Island. There are other islands lying around loose of greater or lesser interest, but they are scarcely noticed, because right before towers up the great black mass of Thunder Cape. Standing 300 feet high, it can be seen at a great distance. It is simply a great rock tableland rising out of the water and joined to the main land at the foot of Thunder Bay. Right on the top of this table land is Lake Louise, a body of water 900 feet deep, with no apparent inlet, its surface a thousand feet above the level of Lake Superior.

At one point in the face of Thunder Cape the rock is as straight and smooth as a wall. They tell a story about the old Algoma—not the C. F. R. vessel, but an old timer made of wood, and built in the shape of a tub. She was lying under in a fog one night when the watch heard a peculiar scraping forward. Examination showed that her bowwater was scraping up and down the face of this wall of rock. I don't vouch for the truth of this story; it is Capt. Robertson, of the United Empire, told it.

Thunder Cape gets its name from the Indian belief that the thunder made its home there. Another belief is that a great giant lies there entombed. In pictures Thunder Cape is always seen wrapped about with clouds and mist. In reality it is as fair a headland as one could wish to see. Of course, in dark weather or during a thunder storm the case is different—then the cape can assume, with the clouds lowering over it and the lightning playing about it, an awful grandeur.

PIE ISLAND.

Off against Thunder Cape lies Pie Island—why so called deponent sayeth not. It is a beautiful, nicely-wooded stretch of land, with little bays, smiling valleys, wooded hills—the most beautiful spot, perhaps, on this shore.

But right here, lying midway between Thunder Cape and Pie Island, is a good place to stop and look about. It is a scene never to be forgotten, a scene of impressive grandeur, where the puny works of the hands of man are lost sight of in the bold moulding of the hand of the Almighty. In the presence of which your great steamship seems but a cockle-shell and man himself an atom. Such a scene must form the commencement and not the end of an article.

The Banana Tree.

The banana is a variety of the plantain family, and is a native of the tropics. It is largely used as food and cultivated for exportation. With the exception of two or three palms, it would not be easy to name in the whole vegetable kingdom any plant which is applied to a greater number of uses than the plantain.

The stem of the plantain, or banana, is from fifteen to twenty feet high, although there are varieties having a stem of only six feet. The leaves are very large, the blade being sometimes ten feet long and three feet broad, undivided, of a beautiful shining green. The plant is propagated by suckers, and a sucker attains maturity in about eight months or a year after being planted. The stem is cut down after fruiting, but the plantation does not require renewal for fifteen or twenty years. It has been cultivated successfully in hot-houses.

More than a hundred bananas often grow on a single stem, and so closely do they grow together, that tarantulas, the deadly insect of the tropics, are sometimes brought to the north concealed among them, and even small snakes have been found by the dealers when unpacking the fruit. The banana grows more in favor each year, and no place is too remote for its exportation. But to walk through the markets of a southern city, where bananas are for sale on every hand for almost nothing, and note the immense quantities in every stage of ripeness, it would seem as if they must decay on their stalks, so glutted is the market with this fruit alone.

A Dutch Fisherman's Discovery.

A salted herring seems a rather simple thing. Yet the man who first salted herring revolutionized trade and became a benefactor to his country. It was a long-headed Dutch fisherman, William Buckels by name, who found out that salt fish will keep, and can be packed in barrels and exported. Before this time fish had to be consumed directly they were caught; but the new discovery created a great industry in Holland, and the salt fish trade, which the monopolised for some time, added immensely to the country's wealth. Statues were erected to commemorate Buckels, and Queen Mary of Hungary honored his memory in a very peculiar way. She seated herself in state upon the old fisherman's tomb, and called for and ate a salted herring.

Good Wages—A Dollar an Hour.

Enterprising, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to Stinson and Co., Portland, Maine, learning thereby, by return mail, how they can make \$1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity. Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

Mrs. H. J. Minnie, of Tampa, Fla., killed a rattlesnake a few days ago that measured six feet seven inches in length and 10 1/2 inches in circumference. It was in the act of devouring a rabbit when she found it. Two weeks ago, she killed an alligator eight feet long.

Edison has just turned out a new clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour it simply announces in every-day English, "one o'clock," "two o'clock," etc., and at meal times it cries "dinner time." The invention suggests unlimited possibilities. For instance:—Mr. Jones, whose daughter has a young man disposed to stay late in the evening, buys one with a deep and powerful voice. He places it on the mantelpiece, primed and timed. At 10.30 p.m. it remarks:—"Mr. Smith, it's time to go. Look out for the dog!" The new clock ought to have a great sale.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

OR
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER XVII.—BREAKING A HEART.

When Warren Relf returned to Lowestoft, burning with news and eager at his luck, his first act was to call his sister Edie hurriedly out of Elsie's room, and proceed to a consultation with her upon the strange evidence he had picked up so unexpectedly at Almundham Station. Should they show it to Edie, or should they keep it from her? That was the question. Fortune had indeed favoured the brave; but how now to utilize her curious information? Should they let that wronged and suffering girl see the utter abysses of human baseness yawning in the man she once loved and trusted, or should they sedulously and carefully hide it all from her, lest they break the bruised reed with ungentle handling? Warren Relf himself, after thinking it over in his own soul—all the way back to Lowestoft in his third-class carriage—was almost in favour now of the specious and futile policy of concealment. Why needlessly harrow the poor child's feelings? Why rake up the embers of her grief? Surely she had been wounded and lacerated enough already. Let her rest content with what she knew so far of Massinger's cruel and treacherous selfishness.

But Edie met this plausible reasoning, after a true woman's fashion, with an emphatic negative. She stood out for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, come what might of it.

"Why?" Warren asked with a relenting eye.

"Because," Edie answered, looking up at him resolutely, "it would be better she should get it all over at once. It's like pulling a tooth—one wrench, and be done with it! Why a pity she should spend her whole life long in mourning and wailing over this wicked man, who isn't and never was in any way worthy of her!—Warren, she's a dear, sweet, gentle girl. She takes my heart. I love her dearly already—She'll mourn and weep for him enough anyhow. I want to disengage her as much as I can before it's too late. The sooner she learns to hate and despise him as he deserves, the better for everybody."

"Why?" Warren asked once more, with a curious side-glance.

"Because," Edie went on, very earnestly, "she may some day meet some other better man, who could make her ten thousand times happier as his wife, than this wretched, scold, money-hunting creature could ever make any one. If we disengage her at once, without remorse, it'll help that better man's case forward whenever he presents himself. If not?" She paused significantly. Their eyes met; Warren's fell. They understood one another.

"But isn't it selfish?" Warren asked wistfully. Edie looked up at him with a profoundly meaningless expression on her soft round face. "Selfish!" she cried, making her mouth small. "I don't understand you. What on earth has selfishness to do with it any way? Nobody spoke about any particular truer and better man. You jump too quick. I merely laid on a young man in the abstract. I'm sure I'm right, absolutely right. I always am. It's a way I have, and I can't help it."

"Besides which," Warren Relf interposed suddenly, "if Massinger really did write that forged letter, she'll have to arrange something about it, you see, sooner or later. She'll want to set herself right with the Meyseys, of course, and she'll probably make some sort of representation or proposition to Massinger."

"She'll do nothing of the kind, my dear," Edie answered promptly with brisk confidence. "You're a goose, Warren, and you don't oney little bit understand the interior creature. You men always think you know instinctively all about us women, and can read us through and through at a single glance, as if we were large print on a street-poster; while as a matter of fact, you never really see an inch deep below the surface. I'll tell you what she'll do, you great blind creature: she'll accept the forgery as if it were in actual fact her own letter; she'll never write a word, for good or for evil, to contradict it or confirm it, to any of these horrid Whitstrand people; she'll allow this hateful wretch Massinger to go on believing she's really dead; and she'll come to exist, as far as he's concerned, in a passive sort of way, henceforth and for ever."

"Will she?" Warren Relf asked dubiously.

"How on earth do you know what she'll do, Edie?"

"Why, what else on earth could she do, silly?" his sister answered, with the same perfect conviction in her own inbred sagacity and perspicacity as ever. "Could she go and say to him, with tears in her eyes and a becoming smile on her pretty little lips: 'My own heart's darling, I love you devotedly—and I know you signed my name to that forged letter?' Could she fling herself on these Moxies, or Mumpsies, or Mixies, or Meyseys, or whatever else you call them, and say sweetly: 'I did not run away from you; I wasn't in earnest! I only tried ineffectually to drown myself, for love of this dear, sweet, charming, poetical cousin of mine who disgracefully jilted me in order to propose to your own daughter, and then, believing me to have killed myself for shame and sorrow, has trumped up letters and telegrams in my name, of malice prepense, on purpose to deceive you. He's a mean scoundrel, and I hate his very name; and I want him for myself; so I won't allow him to marry your Winifred, or whatever else her precious newfangled high-faluting name may be. Could any woman on earth so utterly efface herself and her own womanliness as to go and say all that, do you suppose, to anybody anywhere?'—You may think so in your heart, I daresay, my dear boy; but you won't get a solitary woman in the world to agree with you on the point for one single minute."

The painter drew his hand slowly across his cold brow. "I suppose you're right, Edie," he answered, bewildered. "But what'll she do with herself, then, I wonder?"

"Do?" Edie echoed. "As if I do were the word for it? Why, do nothing, of course—be; suffer; exist; mourn over it. She'd like, if she could, poor tender, bruised, broken-hearted thing, to creep into a hole, with her head hanging down, and die quietly, like a wounded creature, with no one on earth to worry or bother her. She mustn't die; but she won't do anything. All we've got to do ourselves is just to comfort her, to be silent and comfort her. She'll cease

to live now; she'll annihilate herself; she'll retire from life; and that horrid man'll think she's dead; and that'll be all. She'll accept the situation. She won't expose him; she loves him too much a great deal for that. She won't expose herself; she's a great deal too timid and shrinking and modest for that. She'll leave things alone; that's all she can do. And on the whole, my dear, if you only knew, it's really and truly the best thing possible."

So Edie took the letter and telegram placidly in her hand, and went with what boldness she could muster up into Elsie's bedroom. Edie was lying on the sofa, propped up on pillows, in the white dress she had worn all along, and with her feet and hands as white as the dress stuff; and as Edie held the incriminating documents, part hidden in her gown, to keep them from Elsie, she felt like the dentist who hides behind his back the cruel wrenching instrument with which he means next moment in one fierce tug to drag and tear your very nerves out. She stooped down and kissed Elsie tenderly. "Well, darling," she said—"for illness makes women wonderfully intimate—Warren's come back—Where do you think he's been?—He's been over to-day as far as Almundham."

"Almundham?" Edie repeated, with cheeks more blanched and pale than ever. "Why, what was he doing over there to-day, dear? Did he hear anything about—about—Were you all inquiring after me, I wonder?—Was there a great deal of talk and gossip about me?—O Edie, tell me quick all about it!"

"No, darling," Edie answered, pressing her hand tight, and signing to her mother, who sat by the bed, to clasp the other one; "nobody's talking. You shall not be discussed. Warren met Mr. Mersey himself at the Almundham Station; and Mr. Mersey was going to Scotland; and he said they'd heard from you twice already, to explain it all; and nobody seemed to think that anything—serious in any way had happened."

"Heard from me twice?" Edie cried, puzzled. "Heard from me twice—to explain it all? Why, what on earth did he mean, Edie? There must be some strange mistake somewhere."

Edie leant over her with tears in her eyes. It was a horrible wrench, but come it must, and the sooner the better. They should understand where they stood at once. "No, no mistake, darling," she answered distinctly. "Mr. Mersey gave Warren the letter to read. He brought it back. I've got it here for you. It's in your own hand, he says—Would you like to see it this moment, darling?"

Elsie's cheek showed pale as death now; but she summoned up courage to murmur "Yes."

It seemed the mere unearthly ghost of a yes, so hollow and empty was it; but she forced it out somehow, and took the letter. Edie watched her with bent brows and trembling lips. How would she take it? Would she see what it meant? Would she know who wrote it? Could she ever believe it?

Elsie gazed at it in dumb astonishment. So admirable was the imitation, that for a moment's space she actually thought it was her own hand-writing. She scanned it closely. "My dear Winifred," it began as usual, and in her own hand too. Why, this must be just an old letter of her own to her friend and pupil; what possible connection could Mr. Meysey or Mr. Relf imagine it had with the present crisis? But then the date—the date was so curious: "September 17"—that fatal evening! She glanced through it all with a burning eye. "Great heavens, what was this?" So wicked, so ungrateful: I know Mr. Meysey will never forgive me.—"By the time this reaches you, I shall have left Whitstrand, I fear for ever."—"Darling, for heaven's sake, do try to hush this up as much as you can."

"Every your affectionate, but heart-broken Edie."

A gasp burst from her bloodless lips. She laid it down, with both hands on her heart. That signature, Edie, betrayed the whole truth. She was white as a sheet now, and trembling visibly from head to foot. But she would go right through with it; she would not flinch; she would know it all—all—all, utterly.

"I never wrote it," she cried to Edie with a choking voice.

"I know you didn't, darling," Edie whispered in her ear.

"And you know who did?" Edie sobbed out terrified.

Edie nodded. "I know who did—at least, I suspect.—Cry, darling, cry. Never mind us. Don't burst your poor heart for want of crying."

But Edie couldn't cry yet. She put her white hand, trembling into her open bosom, and pulled out slowly, with long lingering reluctance—a tiny bundle of water-stained letters. They were Hugh's letters, that she had worn at her breast on that terrible night. She had dried them all carefully ore by ore here in bed at Lowestoft; and she kept them still next the broken heart that Hugh had so lightly sacrificed to mammon. Smudged and half-erased by immersion as they were, she could still read them in their blurred condition; and she knew them by heart already, for the matter of that, if the water had made them quite illegible. She drew the last one out of its envelope with reverent care, and laid it down side by side with the forged letter to Winifred. Paper for paper, they answered exactly, in size and shape and glass and quality. Hugh had often shown her how admirably he could imitate any particular hand-writing. The suspicion was profound; but she would give him at least the full benefit of all possible doubts. She held it up to the light and examined the water mark. Both were identical—an unusual paper; bought at a fantastic stationer's in Brighton. It was driving daggers into her own heart; but she would go right through with it; she must know the truth. She gave a great gasp, and then took three other letters singly from the packet. Horror and dismay were awakening within her the instincts and ideas of an experienced detective. They were the three previous letters she had last received from Hugh, in regular order. A stain caused by a drop of milk or grease, as often happens, ran right through the entire quire. It was biggest on the front page of the earliest letter, and smallest and dimmest on its back fly-leaf. It went on decreasing gradually by proportionate gradations through the

other three. She looked at the letter to Winifred with tearless eyes. It corresponded exactly in every respect; for it had been the middle sheet of the original series.

Elsie laid these all down on the sofa by her side with an exhausted air—and turned wearily to Edie. Her face was flushed and feverish at last. She said nothing, but leaned back with a ghastly sob on her pillow. She knew to a certainty now it was Hugh who had done it, believing her, his lover, to be drowned and dead—Hugh who had done it at the very moment when, as he himself supposed, her lifeless body was tossing and dancing among the mad breakers, that roared and shivered with unholly joy over the hoarse sandbanks of the bar at Whitstrand—It was past belief—but it was Hugh who had done it.

She could have forgiven him almost anything else save that; but that, never, ten thousand times never! She could have forgiven him even his cold and cruel speech that last night by the river near the poplar: "I have never been engaged to you. I owe you nothing. And now I mean to marry Winifred." She could have forgiven him all, in the depth of her despair.—She could have loved him still, even so profound is the power of first-love in a true pure woman's inmost nature—if only she could have believed he had melted and repented in sackcloth and ashes for his sin and her sorrow. If he had lost his life in trying to save her! If he had roused the county to search for her body! Nay, even if he had merely gone home, remorseful and self-reproaching, and had proclaimed the truth and his own shame in an agony of regret and pity and bereavement.—For her own sake, she was glad, indeed, he had not done all this; or at least she would perhaps have been glad if she had had the heart to think of herself at all at such a moment. But for him—for him—she was ashamed and horrified and stricken dumb to learn it.

For, instead of all this, what nameless and unspeakable thing had Hugh Massinger really done? Gone home to the inn, at the very moment when she lay there senseless, the prey of the waves, that tossed her about like a plaything on their cruel crests—gone home to the inn, and without one thought of her, one effort to rescue her—for how could she think otherwise!—full only of vile and craven fears for his own safety, sat down at his desk and deliberately forged in alien handwriting that embodied lie, that visible and tangible documentary Meanness, that she saw staring her in the face from the paper before her! It was incredible; it was past conception; but it was, nevertheless, the simple fact. As she floated insensible down that hideous current, for the sea and the river to fight over her blanched corpse, the man she loved, the man who had had so long pretended to love her, had been quietly engaged in his own room in forging her name to a false and horrible and misleading letter, which might cover her with shame in the unknown grave to which his own cruelty and wickedness and callousness had seemingly consigned her! No wonder the tears stood back in unwillingly from her burning eyeballs. For grief and horror and misery like hers, no relief can be found in mere hysterical weeping.

And who had done this heartless, this dastardly, this impossible thing? Hugh Massinger, her cousin Hugh—the man she had set on such a pinnacle of goodness and praise and affection—the man she had worshipped with her whole full heart—the man she had accepted as the very incarnation of all that was truest and noblest and best and most beautiful in human nature. Her idol was dethroned from its shrine now; and in the empty niche from which it had cast itself prone, she had nothing to set up instead for worship. There was not, and there never had been a Hugh. The universe swam like a frightful blank around her. The sun had darkened itself at once in her sky. The solid ground seemed to fall beneath her feet, and she felt herself suspended alone above an awful abyss, a seething and tossing and eddying abyss of utter chaos.

Edie Relf held her hand still; while the sweet gentle motherly old lad, with the snow-white hair and the tender eyes put a cold palm up against her burning brow to help her to bear it. But Edie was hardly aware of either of them now. Her head swam wildly round and round in a horrible phantasmagoria, of which the Hughs that were not and that never had been formed the central pivot and main revolving point; while the Hugh that was just revealing himself utterly in his inmost blackness and villainous and nothingness whirled round and round that fixed centre in a mad career, she knew not how, and she raved not wherefore.

"Cry, cry, darling, do try to cry," both the other women urged upon her with sobs and tears; but Edie's eyeballs were hard and tearless, and her heart stood still every moment within her with unspeakable awe and horror and incredulity.

Presently she stretched out a vague hand toward Edie. "Give me the telegram, dear," she said in a cold hard voice, as cold and hard as Hugh Massinger's own on that fearful evening.

Edie handed it to her without a single word.

She looked at it mechanically, her lips set tight; then she asked in the same metallic tone as before: "Do you know anything of 27 Holmby Place, Duke Street, St James'?"

"Warren says the club porter of the Cheyne Row lives there," Edie answered softly.

Elsie fell back upon her pillows once more. "Edie," she cried, "oh, Edie, Edie, hold me tight, or I shall sink and die!—If only he had been cruel and nothing more, I wouldn't have minded it; indeed, I wouldn't. But that he should be so cowardly, so mean, so unworthy of himself—it kills me, it kills me—I couldn't have believed it!"

"Kiss her, mother," Edie whispered low. "Kiss her, and lay her head, so, upon your dear old shoulder! She's going to cry now. I know she's going to cry! Pat her cheek; yes, so. If only she can cry, she can set her heart out, and it won't quite kill her."

At the words, Edie found the blessed relief of tears; they rose to her eyes in a torrent flood. She cried as if her heart would burst. But it eased her somehow. The two other women cried in sympathy, holding her hands, and encouraging her to let out her pent up emotions to the very full by that natural outlet. They cried together silently for many minutes. Then—Elsie—pressed their two hands with a convulsive grasp; and they knew she would live, and that she shook had not entirely killed the woman within her.

An hour later, when Edie, with eyes very red and swollen, went out once more into the little front parlour to fetch some needlework, Warren Relf intercepted her with eager questioning. "How is she now?" he asked with an anxious face. "Is she very ill? And how did she take it?"

"She's crying her eyes out, thank Heaven," Edie answered fervently. "And it's broken her heart. It's almost killed her, but not quite. She's crushed and lacerated like a wounded creature."

"But what will she do?" Warren asked, with a wistful look.

"Do, just what I say. Nothing at all. Annihilate and efface herself. She'll accept the position, leaving things exactly where that wretched being has managed to put them; and as far as he's concerned she'll drop altogether out of existence."

"How?"

"She'll go with mamma and me to San Remo."

"And the Meyseys?"

"She'll leave them to form their own conclusions. Henceforth, she prefers to be simply nobody."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dr. Pillbags' Diagnosis.

To Dr. Pillbags, Patrick came with a most woeeful face. Says he, "Dear Docther, what's your name, Will you please treat my case." The docther looked him in the eye, His tongue he made him show: Said he, "My man, you're going to die." "You've got the cholera." "My faith," says Pat, "that's that you say! I've not 'tack-dolar,' oh! Ye're bills before I go, I'll have no more to do wid ye. I'll docther my own case." He took a dose of P. P. P.'s, And wears a brighter face.

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"Ah, my friend," sighed a lugubrious stranger at Asbury park, "there are skeletons in all families. I have mine, and I'm p'poe you have yours?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "She is down there on the beach now."

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Mistress: "Bridget, I don't think the flavor of this tea is as fine as the last we had." Bridget: "Faith, m'um, an' me occasins are of the selfsame opinion. They said last evenin' that the army were bastedly."

The "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Deacon—I was terribly shocked, my dear, to discover on my way home from church a match game of baseball being played on the vacant lot near the park. Wife—Was it that which made you so very late, Deacon?

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A. P. 411.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS THIS DAY.

Stray Steer—S. King.
Notice—W. Woodruff.
Local—E. Stephenson.
Butter—W. T. Dunbar.
Cook's Song—Dowdell's.
Local—Royal Baking Powder Co.
St. Lawrence Canals—A. P. Bradley.
Contractors—Dept. of Railways and Canals.

The Pickering News.

PICKERING, ONT., AUG. 17, 1888.

LOCALISMS.

—Building operations are brisk in this village.
—Barley is said to be quite dark hereabouts this year.
—A letter relating to natural gas will be found elsewhere.
—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Marquis are at Hamilton, visiting friends.
—Miss Beattie, of Toronto, is visiting at the residence of Dr. Rea.
—The late rain will probably spoil the small potatoes—by making them bigger.
—Master Willie Matthews, of Bowmanville, is visiting friends in the village.
—You can't gauge the grip of a green cucumber by the size of the pesky thing.
—Tomatoes may now be seen upon roofs, woodpiles and such places, trying to get ripe.
—What about our Civic Holiday? When will we have it, and what will we do with it?
—Those indebted to THE NEWS will please remember that we are in the collecting business.
—Mr. A. Findlay is able to be around again, after breaking his heel. He sports a cane yet, however.
—THE NEWS office is rushing things just now on the Voters' Lists, and the printing for the Fall Fair.
—Mr. Geo. Atkinson, Rouge Hill, had a heifer killed by lightning during the heavy storm of a week ago.
—The Grey River expects to see farmers pulling peas with a pair of tweezers in some fields up that way.
—We will send this paper to yourself or to any friend of yours to the beginning of next year for 85 cents spot cash.
—The New York Graphic is being well supplied with original poetry. Why do not some of our local poets enter the lists.
—In another column Mr. Thos. Dunn, of Claremont, explains the word Domine, of which we asked a definition last week.
—The Beeton World, Uxbridge Journal, and half-a-dozen other papers are going to take a rest next week, and will not issue.
—Every person who failed to notice the shooting stars on Thursday and Friday evenings of last week, missed a fine sight.
—Mr. and Mrs. T. Jackson left for their home in Clinton Saturday morning. Mr. Jackson thoroughly enjoyed his holidays.
—What this country needs is a dish washing machine that a man can use when his wife is away from home.—Beeton World.
—Several cases of typhoid fever exist around Pickering of a somewhat serious type. Impure water is generally credited with causing typhoid.
—The farmers have got right down to solid hard work, and threshers find difficulty in securing enough men to manage the machine.
—Mr. W. W. Tamblyn, M.A., head master of the Bowmanville High School, has been appointed Principal of the Whitby Collegiate Institute.
—We believe that local apiarists have found the honey crop a failure this year owing to the scarcity of white clover, and various honey producing plants.
—If you know of any item of news give us the facts, don't sneak around with them until the paper is out, and then ask us why we didn't mention the matter.
—We have received a pamphlet ably dealing with the "Swine Industry," but as it is of no use to us we will present it to the first agricultural friend who calls.
—Rev. E. Murray and Rev. F. Buckley, of St. Michael's College, Toronto, spent two days rusticating in this village at the presbytery of Rev. Father Sheahan.
—It may lend a sort of pastoral beauty to the scene to have a cow with a crumpled horn scratch its ribs against our door post, but we'll be best if it don't annoy us.
—We are desirous of getting a regular correspondent at West Hill—our list is growing rapidly up there. Also at Greenwood. It is not squibs we want, but legitimate items of general interest.
—Messrs. Arthur Johnston, Greenwood, and Wm. Boyes, Audley, returned from Scotland on Monday, after a most enjoyable trip. Mr. Johnston brought out four Clydesdale horses for himself and six for John Miller.
—The pulpit of St. Andrew's church was occupied Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Lord, who comes from the Eastern Provinces. The turn-out was the largest since Mr. Cameron preached his farewell. Mr. Lord will occupy this pulpit again next Sabbath.
—G.T.R. all-rail excursion from Whitby, Pickering, Toronto, Brooklin, Myrtle, &c., to Laugenburg (240 miles west of Winnipeg) Aug. 28th, good to return until Oct. 28, only \$26. For tickets etc., apply to E. Stephenson, uptown G.T.R. ticket and telegraph office, Whitby.

Fire Protection.
A public meeting for the purpose of organizing a fire company, will be held in Dale's Hall on Tuesday, August 21st. The subscription list, which appears in another place, has reached a sufficient amount to warrant the committee in a full attendance is requested.

A Terrible Pest.
Farmers in Western Ontario are kicking with excellent cause, against the inroads of the English sparrow. It seems these terrible little pests thrash out the grain in hundreds of fields, and the farmers demand some protection from them. The sparrows are somewhat scarce around here, and we should be truly thankful.

What Is Man?
We can call a man an "enterprising citizen" and can ladle out soft sawder to him with a lavish hand, and he will absorb it in a wistful, expectant way; but if we should call him an "enterprising dead-beat" we have every reason to believe he would stop his paper. Still the latter statement might be the most truthful.

Bad Accident.
The young son of Mr. William Sleep had his arm broken on Thursday last while unloading barley in the barn. He was standing on the load, and grasping a rope connected with a pulley, to which he put his strength. The rope yielded and he fell to the floor breaking his arm badly. We understand he is progressing favorably under medical treatment.

A Runaway.
About 8 o'clock one morning last week Mr. Warren Woodruff had his team and butcher cart standing at his door ready to start for Toronto, and while he was inside they started themselves. He secured another horse and rig and gave chase, overtaking the elopers away out on the 4th con. The cart was full of fresh meat, but no damage was done.

The Soap Business.
Mr. A. W. Wright, of the Brantford Soap Works, who worked the village on Saturday last, informs us that he secured orders here for \$260 worth of soap. This speaks well for the cleanliness of our people, surely.—Warton Echo. Not much, Bro. Cross. If the people of Warton have any pressing need for that amount of soap they will probably unearth numerous gloves and socks of last year's pattern.

A Tall Yarn.
The supposed presence of a rattlesnake in town has revived several snake stories. One party, after explaining that the best cure for a rattler's bite was to fill the unfortunate full of brandy, stated that in local option counties across the lines a man who wanted a drink badly went off and got bit by a rattlesnake and was given all the brandy he could swallow. Quite an old game over there by this time, he says.

Venomous Reptile.
One of the sectionmen on the G. T. R. at this point found a peculiar snake on Monday morning and brought it up to W. J. Gordon's grocery store. It is generally supposed to be a rattlesnake, although it has no rattles. It is perhaps too young. It is spotted brown, black and gray. If it is a rattlesnake it must have been imported from the States in a box car, or in some such way. Later.—A stranger who professes to know pronounces the above reptile to be a milk snake, instead of a rattler.

Our Fall Fair.
The copy of the prize lists of the Pickering Agricultural Society's fall fair has been left in our hands for publication by President Poucher. We see with surprise that the merchants and business men of this village do not figure very conspicuously among the donors of special prizes. THE NEWS is going to give a special, and would like to see a few others do so too. Anyone desiring to offer a special must leave notice of same with ye editor before Monday evening next or it cannot appear in the prize list. Come gentlemen, do something.

Who Is He.
The Woodbridge News, in speaking of Dr. Jug's medicine troupe which gave an open air concert from a wagon in that village recently, says:—"Mr. Watson—who says he is a native of Duffins Creek, near the village of Pickering—is the speaker, and he is a credit to the Creek, and would be the same to any city in Canada. He is a man with an unusual combination of talent and apparently a gentleman in every sense of the word. He would adorn a pulpit or grace the floors of Parliament. He is a good mimic, not a bad elocutionist, and he would make a good tragedian."

A Friend Abroad.
We have before us a copy of the East Los Angeles Exponent, a new paper published by Messrs. Ackerman & Conlee. The senior member of the firm is Mr. L. S. Ackerman, late editor and proprietor of this paper. The paper before us is the first number, and bears the impress of Mr. Ackerman's energy and taste. We most heartily congratulate East Los Angeles upon securing as a resident so sterling a public and private citizen as Mr. Ackerman, and we forecast that the Exponent will prove both a sound financial speculation, and a boon to the thriving town in which it is published.

Dull Days.
This is the dull season, friends. Every thing which is not standing perfectly still, moves along with a slow, listless motion, devoid of life. The lowing kine chew their cud in a lazy fashion, and the erst-while pugacious pup lolls out its tongue and stretches in the shade in lieu of fighting. The horses will not run away, no one will get drunk and smash anything up, and condense it, we cannot find any news worth writing down. Our readers must remember though, that about half the papers of the province are taking their holidays now, and even if ours is not as good as usual, it is better than none.

Out For a Walk.
A gentleman from Toronto went out to Newmarket and started to walk from there to Port Hope. He maintained that walking was the healthiest of exercises. After tramping as far as Pickering he concluded that sitting in a first-class car was very good exercise, so he finished his journey that way.

A Nice School Board.
The Bowmanville school board are at a deadlock, and have been for about a year. They cannot agree upon the kind of building to erect, and always vote a dead tie. Such epithets as "fool," "liar," and "infernal liar" illuminate the eloquent speeches of this refined and intellectual educational board. It would be a good thing to have the children of the section attend these meetings en masse. They would pick up a certain elegance of speech, an emphasis of utterance, and a license of language, probably as yet unknown to them. The Bowmanville News suggests that the board resign every man of them, and prove to a doubting people that they still possess some sense.

A Peculiar Decision.
Police Magistrate Horne took new grounds in a case in Uxbridge a week or so ago. Mr. Frank Webb had been convicted some time ago of a violation of the Scott Act. Since then he has leased his bar to Mr. Boss. Mr. Webb was summoned to appear charged with a second violation, but he produced a lease signed by himself and Ross turning the bar over to the latter. Ross admitted having sold liquor, and stated that he paid rent to Webb for the bar. Mr. Horne held that as the law had been violated and as Mr. Webb received money indirectly from the bar, he saw no other course but to inflict a fine as provided by law, and it being a second offense, he fined Mr. Webb, the proprietor, \$100 and costs. This is a new way of dealing with the case. Mr. Webb states that he will appeal.

Contributions.
The following sums have been subscribed towards fire protection by the following parties:—Ereton Bunting \$10, Christopher Dale \$10 and an extension ladder worth \$10, W. T. Dunbar \$10, E. Wright \$10, Chas. Ley \$10, Jas. Gordon \$10, James Rea \$10, Dickie & Marquis \$5, A. B. Dowdell \$5, Isaac Wise \$5, W. G. Ham \$5, J. A. Hiltz \$5, R. A. Bunting \$5, D. O'Connor \$5, B. Abbot \$5, Alex. Findlay \$5, W. D. Gordon \$5, Mrs. D. Leavens \$5, J. H. Beal \$5, W. J. Gordon \$2, G. S. Cowan \$1, Miss M. McCansland \$2, Jas. Folland \$1, Clark Bros. \$3, J. Greig \$2, Isaac Linton \$5, John Leslie \$1.50, Alex. Falconer \$1.50, W. Alloway \$2, A. Alloway \$1, W. V. Richardson \$5, John Field \$2, Richard Dale \$5, Geo. L. Mavor \$5, Wm. T. Hartrick \$5, Jas. Morrison \$1, Wm. Henderson \$1. There are several parties whom the committee have as yet failed to interview, and it is expected that these will swell the sum considerably.

The United States Crop.
The American Rural Home says the winter wheat harvest is now completed, and shows no improvement in quality over the previous estimates, and the heavy rains during the harvest have caused a decided depreciation in quality. It is an unsatisfactory crop to handle, the millers find it difficult to get enough of a quality to keep up the standard of last seasons flour. The spring wheat harvest is in progress and the quantity and quality promised to be from 10 to 15 per cent. below last year's crop. England has had a bad harvest and reports from Russia and Hungary are toned down, so that the wheat interests of the world bids fair to be stronger than for years. The oat crop is large, but the quality is poor and of light weight. Corn has made a successful advance towards maturity, and nothing but a low dip of temperature can prevent it getting out of the reach of the frost. In the corn belt the farmers' reliance is upon his fat hogs, and as the country is well drained of merchantable hogs he must push his spring pigs to an early market. The outlook for an advance in cattle is not very encouraging.

Our Daily Bread.
Heavy and sour bread or biscuit has a vast influence through the digestive organs upon the measure of health we enjoy. How important to our present happiness and future usefulness the blessing of good health and a sound constitution are, we can only realize when we have lost them, and when it is too late to repair the damage. Notwithstanding these facts, thousands of persons daily jeopardize not only their health, but their lives, and the health and lives of others, by using articles in the preparation of their food the purity and healthfulness of which they know nothing. Perhaps a few cents may have been saved, or it may have been more convenient to obtain the articles used, and the housekeeper takes the responsibility and possibly will never know the mischief that has been wrought. Paterfamilias may have spells of headache, the children may have lost their appetites, or look pale; if so, the true cause is rarely suspected. The weather, the lack of out-door air, or some other cause is given, and the unwholesome, poisonous system of adulterated food goes on. Next to the flour, which should be made of good, sound wheat and not ground to fine, the yeast or baking powder, which furnishes the rising properties, is of the greatest importance, and of the two we prefer baking powder, and always use the Royal, as we thereby retain the original properties of the wheat, no fermentation taking place. The action of the Royal Baking Powder upon the dough is simply to swell it and form little cells through every part. These cells are filled with carbonic acid gas, which passes off during the process of baking. The Royal is made from pure grape acid, and it is the action of this acid upon highly carbonized bicarbonate of soda that generates the gas alluded to; and these ingredients are so pure and so perfectly fitted, tested and adapted to each other, that the action is mild and permanent, and is continued during the whole time of baking, and no residue of poisonous ingredients remains to undermine the health, no heavy biscuits, no sour bread, but if directions are followed, every article will be found sweet and wholesome.

BUY YOUR GLASS JARS
—FROM—
Dickie & Marquis'
Quarts, Pints and Half Gallons,
at lowest prices.

Buy Your Sugar
—FROM—
DICKIE & MARQUIS,
Bought before the recent advance
selling extra cheap for cash.

It will pay you to buy from
DICKIE & MARQUIS.
Highest price for Butter and Eggs.

CENTRAL STORE, BROUGHAM.
Dishes, We have just received several crates of No. 1 Dishes, and are selling them at 20% below the usual prices.
Jars, Jars, Our crown and jam fruit jars have just arrived, we have all sizes and are selling them very cheap.
Sugar has gone up since we bought our summer stock, therefore, we are prepared to supply sugars at the old prices.
Summer Goods, We have just received another large order of summer goods. Customers pronounce this lot the nobbiest, best and cheapest goods they have seen this season.
Toronto prices paid for eggs and good butter. 60 cases of eggs wanted at once. No. 1 Butter for sale in small crocks at cost.

MECHIN & POUCHER,
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Have you seen those Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets
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The most beautiful Sets I have ever seen in Pickering.

RAW SUGAR,
FRUIT JARS
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