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This agreeable yet potent preparation is especially adapted for the relief and cure of that class of disorders attendant upon a low or reduced state of the system, and usually accompanied by Pallor, Weakness and Palpitation of the Heart. Prompt results will follow its use in cases of Sudden Exhaustion arising from Loss of Blood, Acute or Chronic Diseases, and in the weakness that invariably accompanies the recovery from Wasting Fevers. No remedy will give more speedy relief in Dyspepsia or Indigestion, its action on the stomach being that of a gentle and harmless tonic, exciting the organs of digestion to action, and thus affording immediate and permanent relief. The carminative properties of the different aromatics which the Elixir contains render it useful in Flatulent Dyspepsia. It is a valuable remedy for Atonic Dyspepsia, which is apt to occur in persons of a gouty character.

For Impoverished Blood, Loss of Appetite, Despondency, and in all cases where an effective and certain stimulant is required, the Elixir will be found invaluable.

In Fevers of a Malarial Type, and the various evil results following exposure to the cold or wet weather, it will prove a valuable restorative, as the combination of Cinchona Calisaya and Serpentaria are universally recognized as specifics for the above-named disorders.

Sold by all Dealers in Family Medicines.

Price, \$1 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.

Davis & Lawrence Co. (Limited)

SOLE AGENTS, MONTREAL, P.Q.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

IS RECOMMENDED BY Physicians, Ministers, Missionaries, Managers of Factories, Work-shops, Plantations, Nurses in Hospitals, —in short, everybody everywhere who has ever given it a trial.

TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR

SUDDEN COLDS, CHILLS, CONGESTION OR STOPPAGE OF CIRCULATION, CRAMPS, PAINS IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER AND BOWEL COMPLAINTS, SORE THROAT, &c.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY.

EXPERIENCE HAS PROVEN IT THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND BEST LIMENT ON EARTH IN REMOVING THE PAIN ARISING FROM

SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SWELLED FACE, TOOTHACHE, BURNS, FROST BITES, &c., &c.

25cts. per Bottle.

Beware of Imitations.

THE CELEBRATED DR. CHASE'S MANDRAKE DANDELION LIVER CURE



HAVE YOU Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Jaundice, Headache, Dizziness, Pain in the Back, Costiveness, or any disease arising from a deranged liver, Dr. Chase's LIVER CURE will be found a sure and certain remedy.

NATURE'S REMEDY

The unqualified success of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure in Liver Complaint rests solely with the fact that it is compounded from nature's well-known liver regulators, MANDRAKE and DANDELION, combined with many other invaluable roots, barks and herbs, having a powerful effect on the Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Blood.

500,000 SOLD

Over one-half million of Dr. Chase's Recipe Books were sold in Canada alone. We want every man, woman and child who is troubled with Liver Complaint to try this excellent remedy.

SOMETHING NEW. GIVEN AWAY FREE

Wrapped around every bottle of Dr. Chase's Liver Cure is a valuable Household Medical Guide and Recipe Book (84 pages), containing over 200 useful recipes, pronounced by medical men and druggists as invaluable, and worth ten times the price of the medicine.

TRY CHASE'S CATARRH CURE. A safe and positive remedy. Price, 25 cents.

TRY CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS. 25 cts. per box.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

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Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S ESTABLISHMENT, 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

THE PILLS OF THE LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the Liver, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions.

In all Female Complaints are invaluable.

For Children and the aged they are priceless.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Eczema, Erythema, Old Wounds, Ulcers, and all Disorders of the Skin.

For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots.

If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

The Midshipman's Grave.

A Stonington, Conn., correspondent says: A very touching incident occurred at the decorating of the soldiers' graves in our village cemetery on last Decoration Day. To give it full effect a little story historic of itself must be related. During the war with Great Britain in 1812 the ninety-gun ship *Superb* was on our coast off Stonington, and during an action with a privateer fitted out under the American flag, midshipman Powers was pierced by a bullet in his forehead and fell dead in his boat while attempting to board the privateer. The body of the young midshipman was brought on shore at Stonington, and buried in the old Phelps burying ground, now a part of our beautiful cemetery, and by his fellow officers a marble monument was erected on the spot. Some years after peace was declared, an elderly gentleman arrived in Stonington from England, and sought out the parish clergyman, Rev. Ira Hart, saying to him: "I have come from England to see the grave of my boy, my only child. In a coach they went to the cemetery; at the gate the Englishman said to the clergyman, 'Tarry here please; let me visit the grave alone.' It is related that the man prostrated himself upon the grave of the boy midshipman and wept bitterly, as beneath the grass upon which he reclined lay the object of his tenderest affections, the hope of his declining years; and in addition to his cup of sorrow, then full, was the thought that he would never again see the grave of his boy. More than half a century has elapsed since the above occurred, and the midshipman's father has long since passed away, but the grave of his boy has been remembered. For seven years it has been the custom of Miss Grace Stanton, a young lady of Stonington, to especially decorate the midshipman's grave in a quiet manner; but last Saturday, while the band was playing a dirge and volleys of musketry were being fired within the cemetery enclosure, a squad of veterans of the G. A. R. visited the grave of the young Englishman, and upon it placed two American flags and a wreath of beautiful flowers. The act of itself was full of simplicity, but how beautiful! Upon the monument is inscribed the following: "Thomas Barratt Powers, aged 18, late midshipman of H. B. Majesty's ship *Superb*, who was killed in action in a boat, on the 31st of July, 1814. A native of Market Bosworth, in the county of Leicestershire, England."

A cubic foot of gold weighs about 19,300 ounces, and gold is worth \$20.67 per ounce and silver is worth \$1.29 per ounce and a cubic foot weighs 10,500 ounces. Consequently the cubic foot of gold would be worth \$398,931 and the silver \$13,545.

The colored strikers at Pensacola didn't go out because of a dispute about wages, but because an old gray-head told them "dat de Lawd commands you to let dese white folks see dat de pilin' up of riches am a sin."



Unapproached for Tone and Quality.

CATALOGUES FREE.

BELL & CO., Guelph, Ont.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND



is effective in small doses, acts without griping, does not occasion nausea, and will not create irritation and congestion as do many of the usual cathartics administered in the form of Pills, &c.

Ladies and Children having the most sensitive stomachs take this medicine without trouble or complaint.

CAMPBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is especially adapted for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS AND BILIOUS DISORDERS.

FOR ACID STOMACH AND LOSS OF APPETITE.

FOR SICK HEADACHE AND DYSPEPSIA.

FOR CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

FOR ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM A DISORDERED STATE OF THE STOMACH.

This medicine being in liquid form, the dose can be easily regulated to meet the requirements of different persons, thus making it equally well adapted to the use of the little child as to the adult. Put up in three ounce bottles, and sold by all dealers in family medicines.

Price Retail, 25 Cents

AN ADVENTURE IN MUSKOKA.

Away up the river, a half dozen of as jolly a crowd as ever paddled a canoe or ran a rapid, were camped on a bright summer evening last autumn. They were coming down the river from Hollow Lake, intending to run through to Musquash, on Georgian Bay, and hence by Penetang. The river was full high, the trout plentiful and sport good. The day had been spent in hunting deer, and one fine buck had been hauled out of the bush and brought down to the camp in a canoe just before dark. We were just where the big portage is half a mile of rapids and small falls, not large to be sure, but with the river swollen and the current swift, no canoe-man would ever go through and live. Any one who has been up there will know the sport. At the end of the portage coming down the current continues very swift but smooth enough to paddle up for another half a mile.

The conversation took various channels, and the talk had been quite desultory, until one of the party, Mr. R., of Toronto, spoke of running the rapids instead of carrying the camp truck over the portage. He never was seriously inclined to work. The whole crowd yelled out its disapprobation as it would be ruin and loss of everything. A doctor in the crowd spoke up and told Mr. R. that his pocket case had a number of medicines in it which would accomplish his (R.'s) object without any need of getting a ducking or losing anything, and that if he did not wish longer to cling tenaciously to life, that he could take the whole of the physic, and "go off" decently where he was. This the others considered a very generous and thoughtful offer on the doctor's part, and argued it would be more consistent with R.'s dignity and less labor for them than committing suicide by the vulgar means of a canoe accident. Mr. R.'s temper was riled considerably that his knowledge of canoeing should be called thus a question—and as many a brave general had made a masterly retreat, by a general advance that turned it into a victory—so he became boastfully aggressive and asserted "that he could run the rapids without a canoe at all," and that he could beat them the half mile, he in the water and they on land, to the other end of the portage. Such an astounding challenge made Mr. M., a lawyer, suggest that the legal preliminary, a will, had better be drawn up at once, and proceeded to do so with a big square of birch bark and the end of a burnt stick from the fire. He had not got further than the *terra facies* *hispidens* *sequi* part of the will when R. said, "I can do it for any man's twenty-five dollars." But no one in the party would bet with an insane man, as all considered him to be. It wouldn't be legal, Mr. M. explained. Having bluffed them into silence—and the will having been submitted and approved—quiet again overcame the camp, and the melody of the Doctor's snoring alone awakened response from a persistent screech owl, who got so enraged that every few minutes it would make a swoop down on the camp, yell its discordant disapproval of the Doctor's nasal labors, and quickly disappear, while occasionally a quiet chuckle from M. or his relative Q. testified that they were wrestling over the great scheme and audacious challenge of R. The latter had wrapped himself up in his dignity and a grey blanket, having stretched out the large buckskin on three strong sticks, and put it on the smoky side of the fire. Two or three times he was warned that the skin would get burnt, it was in such a hot place. But he only answered that he knew more about what he was doing than they did. By and by all was hushed and the tired hunters were safely in the arms of Morpheus. If you had been that screech owl and watched the camp, you would have seen Mr. R. rise cautiously several times and attend to that deerskin, and then quickly slip back under his blanket.

Morning came and with it no end of chaffing at R. The Doctor again kindly offered his quickest and most infallible granules and the lawyer brought the primitive looking will modestly forward. The deer skin was nowhere to be found when packing up to start began. A regular search was made. It had evidently been stolen during the night, was the opinion generally held. R. still held to his assertion that he would go by the water route. So down to the river edge he went. Already Harvey and the cook had gone on by the portage with the canvas. The party followed R. to see what he was about. They found him busy smoothing the end of a stout pole about six feet long and sharpened at one end. He said he was going to pilot himself down the river and off the rocks with it. All knew him to be a capital swimmer, but also that it was next to death to tempt the tumblers on that dreadful half mile of chutes and rapids. He then to our surprise brought out the big deer skin and took off everything but his guernseys and stockings, then he slit four holes in the skin, into two of which he put his feet. The holes were just large enough to let his feet through. Then he put his arms through the other two holes made at the other end of the skin, and had the flaps of his front legs of the deer drawn back on his shoulders and tied together. The long neck of the deer extended stiffly above his head. He then took a little stout stick of dry cedar and braced the skin apart at the middle—to keep it from folding under him. The fur was next him, and the oily, fat, fleshy side next the water. Just then Harvey returned, and seizing two paddles, quickly put the handles together and lashed them into one long double-bladed paddle. This he presented to R., telling him that it would be better than his stick. "Right you are, Harvey," remarked R. as he took it, and with a "good-bye, till I see you, boys," he plunged into the rapid and tumbling water. Down he went, carried rapidly towards the rocks and falls. His friends are in the greatest state of excitement and anxiety. Harvey assuring them he would be all right if he didn't strike his head, and says they better "git" over that portage to the canoe and be ready to help him if he required it. No faster time unrecorded was ever made by party, even with the sheriff after them. Two lacrosse veterans beat the professional gentlemen, and sprang into a canoe. But they could see nothing. They hullo, but no answer is received. They wait anxiously. At last Harvey and the cook appear on the rocks up the river, and shout that he is no where up the rapids. They examined every eddy and falls, and had followed R. right down the bank. At one point where they stood they saw him and said he floated down like a duck. One rapid he dipped over, he went under and only one end of the paddle was visible for fifty yards. But he bobbed up serenely and then for a change

turned on his back, and looked like some bloated monster impossible to describe. For a couple of hundred yards he continued on his back, not swimming, but floating. Then with his paddle he righted himself and swept away out of sight. Down the river both canoes turned and fairly flew with all their speed. Twenty minutes had been wasted looking up stream. Down they went until a mile was covered. Then they saw the funniest looking object that ever met their eyes. It turned out of course to be their own brave comrade paddling up stream with all his double paddle power. Quickly and joyfully they lifted him into the big canoe. "Boys," he said "it was immense. I was going on down to the narrows, but thought I'd paddle and help you. Wait until I'm rested and I'm going in again. Hang your old birch barks. Give me the deerskin canoe. I'm going to the Musquash in this and shall run every blessed rapid between here and there. I have an idea how to rig a sail, and you don't know what you have missed by not being with me. I had no idea it was so good. Harvey put me up to it."

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

It may interest some of our readers to read a little of the sport to be had in the Great North-West. First I must describe the general appearance of the country. It is what is known as "park-like," that is, rolling prairie dotted here and there with groves and trees, bluffs they are here called, in the proportion of about one acre of timber to twenty of prairie, sufficient to supply the settler with building and fencing timber, without interfering with his cultivated land, which is a wise dispensation of Providence. West of Winnipeg along the line of the C. P. R. one sees no timber, and nothing but wave after wave of bare prairie, that may be described as grand and awe inspiring, but it is not picturesque. This northern country carries off the palm for climate, beauty and sport.

Every mile or two through this country one comes on beautiful lakes, ranging in size from an acre to two or three hundred. These lakes are the summer resort and breeding ground of myriads of water fowl. Hue, Grey, Brant and Laughing Geese, Mallard, Seal, Red Heads, Long Necks, Whistlers, Wraggon and Black Duck breed, while in the spring and fall the Arctic geese, White Swan, Pelican, White and Sandhill crane make a temporary stay when going north and returning to summer climes in the autumn. Of birds that stay with us in the winter we have the Prairie Chicken, Willow, and Spruce Partridges, and occasionally a Ptarmigan.

Of big game there is the Moose, Elk, Nimping or White-tailed, and the Black-tailed deer; Black, Cinnamon, and Grizzly bears, and of fur-bearing animals of a smaller size, wolves, foxes, coyotes, badger, wolverines, fisher, martin, mink, otter, beaver, muskrat, and last, but not least, the skunk. This is not a bad list for a sportsman or trapper to commence on. In the Beaver Hills, which commence their rise about four miles from here, all the above animals may be found, but it requires patience, skill, and endurance, to succeed as a sportsman or trapper. Even amongst the Indians it is the exception and not the rule, to be a good moose hunter. The keen sense of smell and hearing possessed by these animals, and the almost inaccessible thickets haunted by them, make their capture a work of difficulty to the most experienced. Sixty-five moose were killed last winter by one camp of Indians, which serves to show their numbers, and the skill of their pursuers. The elk and other deer, and bears are less difficult to hunt, and more of them are killed, and by the less skillful hunters. At the end of the close season, Sept. 1st, the ponds and lakes are teeming with water-fowl and good bags can be made everywhere. But as the cold weather approaches, and the water becomes cold, the birds take to the larger bodies of water, such as Beaver, Pigeon, and Egg lakes, and are joined by the millions of birds which have bred further north. Then is the time for extraordinary sport. Lakes twenty miles long by half as many wide, are literally covered with wild fowl, and all kinds and conditions of geese, swans, ducks, grebe, and waterhens frequent the lakes, while the majestic cranes and pelicans sail calmly overhead or stand meditatively on the islands or shores. Myriads of snipe, plover, and curlew, fly calling along the banks or circle in flocks of thousands. Such a scene is enough to drive a sportsman wild. He hardly knows on what to commence, but generally ends by turning his attention to the larger birds, the beautiful wavy generally suffering the most, as their flight is more sluggish and their senses are not so sharp as the wary grey goose and swan.

Immense bags are sometimes made, 100 to the gun per day is not considered out of the way. Last fall two gentlemen killed a thousand during about a fortnight, twenty-four fell to four barrels, thirteen to two barrels, and nine to one discharge of No. 12 single. These birds are cured in various manners. Some salt down in barrels, others make dried meat of them, but, however cured, they are a welcome addition to winter fare.

The wavy or arctic goose is pure white in plumage, except about 7 inches of black on the tips of the wings. They weigh about 7 lbs. Their breeding place is unknown; as far north as whites or Esquimaux have penetrated, the wavy goes still further.

A noticeable point in all white-plumaged birds, is the black tip to the wings. The white swan, wavy, pelican, crane, and ptarmigan all have it, and it adds greatly to their beauty. But I should like to hear some reason given why birds of different species should be marked in such an identical manner. Perhaps some naturalist will explain. When we consider the quantity of game of various sorts to be found in this region, one is surprised that sportsmen with time and money do not more generally seek it out for two months at least in the year, September and October. The farmer makes practical use of the game that frequents the pond before his door, and many a hearty meal of game is secured with a shotgun, that otherwise would have consisted of "sowbelly."

To the housewife—Don't imagine the pillow displayed at the warehouses of a furniture dealer to be filled with live geese feathers just because they are marked down.

The youthful and inexperienced married man may not have known it, but, it is a fact all the same: Corsets cannot be purchased at the lace goods counter.

HOUSEHOLD.

FLAP-JACKS.—One cup of sour milk, half cup of sour cream, one teaspoon of soda, salt, one egg, flour enough to make a batter. Bake on a greased griddle.

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, whites of six eggs, two teaspoons of baking powder.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of sugar, whites of eight eggs, three-fourths of a teaspoon of cream tartar, one cup of flour; flavor with lemon.

SHORT CAKE.—One cup of sour milk, two-thirds of a cup of sour cream, one teaspoon of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make a soft dough; roll out a half inch thick and bake on pie tins.

BEATEN BISCUIT.—Two pints of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoonful of lard, mix into a stiff dough with equal parts of water and milk; beat thirty minutes with a wooden spoon; bake in a quick oven.

MUFFINS.—One pint of milk, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoon of soda, flour enough to make a batter that will drop from the spoon.

HOMINY MUFFINS.—One cup of cold cooked hominy, one beaten egg, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two-thirds of a cup of milk; stir into this mixture two cups of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in muffin rings in a quick oven.

BOILED ICING.—One cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water; boil till it threads from the spoon, stirring often. Beat to a stiff froth the white of one egg. Put in a deep dish, and when the sugar is boiling pour it over the egg, stirring rapidly together.

CREAM BISCUIT.—One cup each of sour milk and cream, one teaspoonful each of cream tartar and soda, half teaspoon of salt, flour enough to make a dough. Mix as soft as can be handled, roll out half inch in thickness, cut in round cakes and bake in a quick oven.

GERMAN BREAD.—One pint of boiled milk, one-half teacup of sugar, one-half cup of lard, two-thirds of a cup of yeast. Mix the yeast and milk and let rise light; add the sugar and shortening, with flour enough to make a soft dough; roll out an inch thick on a well floured board. Divide the dough and put each in a baking tin; make a dozen indentures with the finger on the top, put a small piece of butter in each and sift over the whole one tablespoonful of sugar mixed with the same quantity of ground cinnamon. Let stand till light, then bake in a quick oven.

WINTER EVENING'S FUN.

Magic Table by Which Ages can be Infinitely Told.

There is a good deal of amusement in the following table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a young lady, and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained, and add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be 17, you will find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	5	9	17	33	
5	6	10	18	34	
7	7	11	19	35	
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	25	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
34	36	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	53	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

It is leaning against a lamp post waiting for offices to come along that is keeping so many young men poor.

Several deaf persons in a Massachusetts rural community are circulating a petition praying the Legislature to give them a hearing.

If all the wealth in this country was divided up per capita, as Socialists and Anarchists hanker for, none of them would have enough to keep them in idleness six months. As it is now they loaf the whole year round.

The annual report of the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, which was laid before Congress the other day, proves to be a very interesting document. From it we learn that the total number of applications filed during the last year, requiring investigation and action, was 41,442, and the number of patents issued was 23,915. The total receipts were \$1,154,551, and the expenditures \$992,503, leaving a balance of receipts over expenditures of \$162,048. The amount to the credit of the patent fund in the Treasury was \$3,107,453.

The Week in referring to the Montreal Carnival says:—"We hear, we confess without regret, that this Carnival at Montreal is likely to be the last. These glacial festivities are advertising Canada as an Arctic region. No wonder an ice-castle is carried as her symbol in a Lord Mayor's show. But apart from this, we cannot help doubting the good effect of popular dissipation on so large a scale. It can hardly fail to unsettle or even in some degree to demoralise. That it is good for trade is a fond delusion. The hotels and a few stores of fancy wares may gain, but regular trade can only suffer by unprofitable expenditure. The money which would pay ordinary bills is squandered in the Carnival. Montreal has done the thing exceedingly well, and may rest content with her success."