

Churn Slowly.

A little maid in the morning sun
 Sings merrily singing and churning—
 "Oh, how I wish this butter was done,
 Then off to the fields I'd be turning!"
 So she hurried the faster up and down,
 Till the farmer called with half-made frown,
 "Churn slowly!"

Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,
 It is not good for the butter,
 And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,
 And put you all in a flutter—
 For this is a rule wherever we turn,
 Don't be in haste, whenever you churn,
 Churn slowly.

"If you want your butter to come nice and sweet
 Don't churn with a nervous jerking,
 But ply the dasher slowly and neat—
 You'll hardly know that you're working,
 And when the butter has come, you'll say,
 "Yes, this is surely the better way!"
 Churn slowly!

Now, little folks, do you think that you
 A lesson can find in butter?
 Don't be in haste, whatever you do,
 Or get yourself in a flutter;
 And while you stand at life's great churn,
 Let the farmer's word to you return—
 Churn slowly!

The Croaker.

"Laugh at those who grumble,
 And be merry as you can."

"We must travel through life, but why make a
 dead march of it?"

Oh, the melancholy croaker,
 With his croak, croak, croak,
 He can always tell a funeral,
 But never tell a joke;
 He, in his ready coffin,
 Can drive a nail no doubt;
 But with a smiling visage
 He never draws one out.

Oh, the poor, unhappy croaker,
 Like a revolving fan,
 He antedates the weather,
 Is sure it's going to rain;
 He knows the crops are not red,
 His memory he jogs
 To prove that now the country
 Is going to the dogs.

The dreary, weary croaker
 Will have to die some day;
 Perhaps he'll go to Heaven
 And walk the golden way;
 But when the shining pavements
 His gloomy eyes behold,
 He'll shake his head and mutter,
 "I—d-o-n't—be—have—they're—gold."

BLOTTED OUT.

What Protection Has Done for American
 Shipping.

The Brooklyn Eagle traces the back-
 ward state of American shipping to
 its source, saying: "There was a
 time, and the graybeards among us
 remember it well, when the hardy
 descendants of the vikings, whose ancestors
 were our own, pointed to the graceful ships
 that beat them into every port and said, as
 plaintively as we now reverse their cry:
 'That ship is American.' But the flag
 that floats over the steamer's wake to-day
 carries no stars and no stripes; the com-
 merce of the world would feel strange under
 the emblem of our liberties; so habituated
 are we to the spectacle of alien triumph
 that we do not resent it. The American
 sailor in the Seng Harbor is most nume-
 rous as a fossilized curiosity; and the Amer-
 ican people, year by year, by their votes,
 record their contentment with an inferior
 place. In painful mockery, it would seem,
 of the slavish spirit of our people, our
 most contemporary the Herald this
 morning devotes the better part of three
 columns to a report of an almost exclu-
 sively British event—the launch of the new
 Cunarder, the Eururia. With coal mines
 situated below the sun three times deeper
 than our own; with ironed mined in the
 Welsh mountains and mixed with ores
 freely bought from Sweden, and at a cost
 in labor treble that which the American
 need pay; through mechanics who earn
 double the wages that their American
 rivals receive our cousins across the Atlan-
 tic annually slide into their waters such
 marvels of mechanism as the Eururia, and
 challenge us to cease our silly boasting,
 practice honesty, and then see if we can do
 as well. For more than thirty years Amer-
 ican newspapers and their readers have
 capered before Christendom as owners of
 the fleetest pleasure craft. Year after
 year British ship-yards turn out such ves-
 sels as the Alaska, the America, the Oregon
 and the Eururia. Year by year the Amer-
 ican people pile up their protective duties in
 the tariff and make more remote the possi-
 bility of competition. The voyager on
 the ferryboat, planning with well-directed
 hatred at the reeking monster that has
 dwindled to a dot before he has well
 thought these truths over, curses the
 politician and the monopolist, and execrates
 his British victor. The Union Jack in the
 harbor of New York is the badge of
 American servitude to corruption in Amer-
 ican politics."

Raising Pigs' Feed.

A painful instance of the dire distress
 experienced by some families in Sunderland
 has just been discovered. A lady who kept
 a pig in the west part of the town, having
 her suspicions aroused, kept watch upon her
 sty, and was surprised at dusk to see a
 man and woman approach the trough and
 scoop out the bread, etc., which had been
 put in for the animal's meal. The lady
 followed the couple to their home, and after
 allowing a few minutes to elapse followed
 them into the house, and was surprised to
 discover five little children sitting round a
 table and readily devouring the food taken
 from her pig's trough.

The following is a brief resume of the
 reports concerning the crops in the dis-
 tricts lying alongside the Intercolonial
 Railway, from Lewis to St. Flavia: Lewis
 —The principal crops are oats, yielding 35
 bushels to the acre, and potatoes, yielding
 300 bushels to the acre; very little wheat
 grown. Chaudiere—Potatoes, crop small;
 oats, more prolific than usual, but buck-
 wheat has proved a failure. St. Henri—
 Potatoes, below the average; oats and hay
 yielded largely. St. Valier—Wheat, 85
 per cent. better than last year; barley, 50
 per cent. better; oats, 75 per cent. better;
 rye, 50 per cent. better; potatoes, 75
 per cent. less, and hay 20 per cent. less
 than last year. St. Pierre—Potatoes infer-
 rior to crop of last year, averaging 115
 bushels to the acre; wheat 15, rye 25,
 oats 22, peas 30. L'Islet—Potatoes
 poor, wheat, oats and barley fair. St.
 Anne—Wheat yielded 16 bushels per
 acre; barley, 20; oats, 25; potatoes, poor.
 River Quenne—Crops reported good all
 round, much better than last year. River
 du Loup—Hay, very light; roots turned
 out well; grain, good. St. Flavia—An
 average crop all round.

A HAIR'S THICKNESS.

A Delicate Machine in the Post-office
 Department and its Use.

A curious little machine in the office of
 the chief of the stamp bureau of the post-
 office department is the cause of the can-
 cellation of the contract of the New Eng-
 land firm with the Government for furnish-
 ing envelopes to the Post-office Department.
 It is a queer-looking contrivance—a cross
 between a set of butchers' scales and ordi-
 nary grocers' scales, or rather a combina-
 tion of the two. There is a larger dial, like
 the face of a clock, with the little hand
 that flies around the face pointing to the
 figures at the side, which are arranged like
 the figures on the clock face, with little
 dots between. "You see three dots?"
 said the gentleman in charge, inquiringly.
 "Well, the space between these indicates
 one-sixteenth-thousandth of an inch. Getting
 it down pretty fine, isn't it? You see this
 movable piece of iron here which comes
 down with a smooth surface upon this
 other solid surface? Well, the raising or
 lowering of that moves the pointer which
 runs round the dial. To test the
 thickness of a sheet of paper we
 simply place it between this movable
 piece and the solid surface below, and
 when the movable piece of iron comes
 down upon the paper the hand registers
 the true thickness of the paper. Delicate
 instrument? Well, I should think so.
 Just give me a hair from your head, will
 you?" Then he took a hair and slipped it
 deftly between the movable pieces. The
 hand on the dial followed the motions of
 the screw until it stopped at the figures 20.
 "Just 20 16-1,000ths of an inch in diam-
 eter," he said. "Now let me try a hair
 from your mustache. They are generally
 much larger, especially if you have been in
 the habit of shaving." He took up a pair
 of scissors and clipped off a hair from the
 mustache and placed it in position. The
 hand stopped at 50. "50 16-1,000ths of an
 inch thick," he said. "That shows the
 effect of shaving. I measured a hair from
 the hand of a gentleman a few minutes ago
 which was 40 16-1,000ths thick, but those
 in his mustache were precisely the same
 thickness, the reason being that he had
 never shaved. Yes, that is the machine
 that proved that the firm making our
 envelopes was not fulfilling its contract," he
 said, as he fell back admiringly.

"By this dial we can see just the thick-
 ness. By this lever, which is very much
 like a pair of grocer's scales, we can tell
 just what pressure the paper will stand.
 You see, we have two other movable pieces
 of iron here, with a hole entirely through
 both, and a plunger which passes through
 that hole. Well, we put the paper between
 those pieces, which, when they are pressed
 tightly together by this lever, hold it firmly.
 The plunger, which passes through the
 opening in the two pieces of iron, encounters
 this paper thus firmly held. To know
 what the pressure is, we have the plunger
 attached to a scale lever with a weight
 attached like an ordinary pair of scales,
 and by moving this weight out along the
 lever until the paper breaks, of course we
 can see just what the weight is that made
 it break. See? Very simple after you
 understand it. Well, that is what the
 paper-makers thought after they had lost
 an \$80,000 contract by it. It was a new
 thing to them, but they acknowledged that
 they were beaten when they saw it."

This delicate instrument, only recently
 invented, is a companion-piece to the scales
 in the Assayer's office of the Treasury, by
 which the weight of a hair is accurately
 tested.—Washington Post.

About Feeding Tramps.

The local philanthropists who are advocating
 the establishment of a public stone
 or wood yard, where a tramp can break
 stone or saw wood for a meal or lodging,
 should remember that the thing has
 been tried on a small scale several times,
 and the result proved anything but satis-
 factory. Any private wood yard in the
 city will give a tramp work enough to earn
 a meal, but the first thing in order is to get
 the gentleman of leisure to the spot. This
 might be accomplished by tying him hand
 and foot and loading him on a wagon, but
 it is doubtful if milder measures would
 succeed. In point of fact a tramp is a
 good-for-nothing. He is an idler; he is a
 loafer; he is a criminal. If there was any
 industry in him it is not one time in a
 thousand that he would have to leave his
 own town for work. He deliberately sets
 out on his travels with the idea that the
 world owes him a living. If he can't
 get it by begging he will secure it by steal-
 ing. He stands ready to cheat, lie, steal,
 rob, commit arson, and no less than
 six of the scoundrels have com-
 mitted rape in this State within
 the past eight months. The idea that a
 beggar should be made to pay for his meals
 is all right, but if Detroit had twenty
 places where he could get his dinner by an
 hour's work with hammer or saw he would
 still find a thousand soft-hearted wives who
 would feed him at the kitchen door. The
 women are more to blame for tramps than
 all other causes. So long as they will feed
 and clothe these vagabonds under the name
 of charity so long will the country be over-
 run with the fellows. If it were a punish-
 able offence to give one of them food or
 old clothes one year's time would see the
 last of them. If we had the same law as
 Ohio and Texas it would not be six months
 before the State would be entirely clear of
 them. The tramp deserves arrest on sight
 and a sentence to prison on general prin-
 ciples. Not one in a hundred can claim
 pecuniary loss as a foundation for setting
 out on their tours. They are fellows who
 never had anything to lose. Their idea is
 to get an easy living, and as for reforma-
 tion, it would be wasting sugar to sweeten
 a bad egg.—Detroit Free Press.

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor
 to the rich, an aid to the young, and a
 support and comfort to the aged.
 Several British noblemen were recently
 arrested in Yellowstone Park and heavily
 fined for obnoxious specimens from
 curious ledges, which they proposed to
 carry away with them.
 A man in Southern Arkansas wrote the
 following notice and tacked it on a tree:
 "This 'ere is to notify merchants not to
 'low my wife to get nothin' at thar stores on
 credit for me an' her have played quits for
 she's a caution. I lived with her as long
 as I could an' I don't believe she could get
 along with a saint. This is also to notify
 folks interested in the cause of eddycation
 that I am goin' to take up school at the old
 Beson place next Monday."

"THE VODOO DOCTOR."

A Genius Whose Opportunity to Swindle
 the Negro is Fast Decreasing.

The arrest of Joseph Carroll, a "voodoo
 doctor," the other day, for swindling an old
 colored woman, calls to mind some inter-
 esting facts about a superstition which has
 had a strong hold upon the negro. With
 the advance of education among the colored
 people, the business of the voodoo doctors
 became less lucrative. They find enough
 dupes, however, to make their nefarious
 practice yield them a pretty good living.
 The voodoo doctor is generally an old white-
 haired negro, who walks with a crooked
 cane and carries something resembling an
 old army haversack slung across his
 shoulders. As he walks along he occasion-
 ally stops, looks upward, waves his stick
 in a peculiar way and seems to hold mys-
 terious converse with the invisible spirits of
 the air if such there be. All these
 antics have their effect upon the super-
 stitious negro, especially those of the female
 sex, who are the largest patrons of the
 bogus doctor. In his bag or haversack he
 carries a queer assortment, the totems of
 dead men, roots and herbs, curious pieces
 of iron, bits of wool, etc., with which he
 pretends to make marvellous cures. It
 was during slave time the voodoo doctor
 flourished. He did a thriving business
 among runaway negroes, who were pro-
 mised immunity from punishment in case
 of recapture for a small sum. One of the
 voodoo doctor's methods of operating is to
 secure a black chicken and two pieces of
 silver from a dupe. He then procures a
 skillet, which he half fills with water,
 placing the pieces of silver in the skillet
 opposite each other. He then requests
 his dupe to mentally name one of the
 pieces after the enemy whom he desires
 to circumvent. When the water begins to
 boil he drops an occasional feather from
 the black chicken into the skillet, mum-
 bling something which is unintelligible. As
 soon as the water boils the pieces of money
 begin to rise and fall, as they naturally
 would do, and by a skilful manipulation
 of the skillet he brings one of the pieces on
 top of the other—the one beneath always
 being the one named after the enemy of his
 dupe. For this the dupe is expected to pay
 according to his means—from \$1 up to \$10.
 Another voodoo trick is to pretend to sew a
 \$1 or \$5 bill in the upper band of the pants
 to insure good luck, but actually secreting
 the money and sewing a piece of folded
 paper in the pants instead. Still another
 voodoo trick is to bury a small package
 wrapped in red flannel and get a dupe to dig
 it up. When the package is found it is said by
 the voodoo doctor to be a good omen, for
 which he charges the dupe a handsome fee.
 An old voodoo doctor in West Washington
 recently acquired quite a reputation by his
 alleged cure of a colored girl afflicted with
 rheumatism, his recipe being a decoction of
 saffraas, red pepper, fine and coarse salt,
 and soap. For a small vial of this he
 charged \$1.50 and for a personal visit \$5.
 The more mysterious the voodoo doctor is,
 the more patients he obtains. They are
 seldom arrested, as they enjoin secrecy on
 their patrons, who generally observe their
 requests. If a patient survives their treat-
 ment, the cure is attributed to the voo-
 dooist, and if he dies his friends are
 ashamed to confess that they have been
 victimized.—Washington Post.

The Wondrous Growth of Sugar Cane—
 Sugar cane grows during about five and
 a half months. It makes its appearance,
 say on the 1st of April, and by the 15th of
 September it has done reaching upward.
 It at that time it grows or ought to grow
 twelve feet, counting the white joints and
 the top flag or tuft. On the 1st of July it
 is some four feet high, so that from then
 until the 15th of September it grows ninety-
 six inches. During August, however, it
 reaches the largest rate of increase, the
 ordinary growth during that month under
 favorable conditions being forty inches.
 August is known as the "growing month."
 It is then that cultivation is over and the
 ground thoroughly shaded by the foliage. It
 is then that the daily showers stimulate the
 process of vegetation until one can almost
 literally "see it" shoot upward. It is on
 clear, still nights during this month that
 you can hear that light cracking sound all
 over a healthy field of cane. It is the
 month when, instead of growing three-
 fourths of an inch per day, good cane ought
 to grow one inch and a half.

Classifying Profanity.

Young Theologue—Yes, we think you
 might class "gosh-dum" and "dad-bing"
 as profane swearing. "Gaul ding" may
 also be considered a swear word. "I'm
 awizzled" is another. All these words are
 the outgrowth of a terrible struggle, the
 theological compromise arranged by our
 Puritan ancestors, who recognized with
 faultless spiritual vision and worldly
 acumen the necessity of a pure life and a
 sinless vocabulary, and at the same time
 the utter impossibility of ploughing a New
 England stone patch without a class of
 words designed to relieve the overburdened
 mind and astonished feelings every time
 the plough-handles broke a man's ribs and
 extorted every last drop of vital breath
 from his panting body.—Bob Burdette.

Chicago's "Old Friends."

Chicago Husband—I am shocked, my
 dear, that you should waltz with that
 stranger; the idea of letting a man you
 never saw before put his arm around you in
 that style.
 Wife—I should not have done it, love,
 only I found after a few moments' conver-
 sation that I formerly knew him.
 "Indeed!"
 "Yes; he was one of my early hus-
 bands."

The Indian girl, as a rule, is not pretty,
 say those who have seen her at the Govern-
 ment schools. She is coarse-featured,
 large-boned and ill-formed, though her hair
 is glossy and abundant, her eyes bright,
 and her color no darker than that of an
 Italian. She is also likely to be predisposed
 to consumption or scrofula, her people are
 so ignorant of hygienic laws. In manner
 she dignified and graceful, but shy.

Water is so incredibly scarce in Texas
 that it is reported of two young men
 returning from San Antonio with a bottle
 of whiskey that they were glad to exchange
 it for an equal amount of water.
 Times are so hard in Italy that an assas-
 sin can be hired to knife a man for 85
 cents.

ON THE PRAIRIES.

The Glories of the Plains and the Awful-
 ness of the Mountains Poetically Con-
 trasted.

I was just thinking I would like to be
 sent out west just about now on some com-
 mission for an able and enterprising jour-
 nalist, at a large salary, railroad passes,
 nothing to do, and two or three of the boys
 to help me do it, says Bob Burdette, in the
 Brooklyn Eagle. I just feel a little bit
 prairie hungry. The western man never
 loses his love for the prairies. They call
 them "prairies" in Indiana, "peraries"
 in Illinois, "prairs" in Nebraska, "perars"
 in Kentucky and "pararies" in Boston,
 but whatever you call them they are all
 the same. I would like to hear the wind
 blowing across the great plains in Kansas,
 over the beautiful treeless bluffs at Man-
 hattan, or along the great reaches out at
 Larned. You know the wind never blows
 anywhere else as it does across the prairies.
 And there it blows all the time, 365 days a
 year. It roars in your ears now and then
 like the rush of many waters; it sighs and
 whispers through the tall, swaying grasses;
 its song is never monotonous; it varies all
 day long; and, as it sings and whistles, it
 breathes into your soul a sense of perfect
 freedom, such as you can experience
 nowhere else. A mountain is a prison com-
 pared with the prairie. The mountain
 threatens you; it is not loving and
 tender; it frowns upon you with
 great gray rocks; it never smiles; it swools
 with dark ravines and treacherous precip-
 itices; it terrifies you with blinding fogs
 and drifting mists; it swathes the stony,
 gorgon head in black clouds and speaks to
 you in muttering syllables of thunder. You
 cannot breathe in the narrow passes; you
 cannot run on the steep, rough, winding
 paths; you bend your head back until your
 neck aches to see a little strip of blue sky.
 But the prairie—boundless, immense, a
 billowy sea of emerald, dotted with the
 rank, bright-colored flowers that play with
 the singing, whistling, whispering winds;
 the prairie that seems bounded only by the
 bending sky and stars; the resin weed
 gives you the compass and the compass
 gives you the path; go where you will and
 as you please, at a foot pace or a headlong
 gallop, free as the free winds that make
 the prairie their only home. There is no
 room for them anywhere else. I don't sup-
 pose I will get the commission I am hint-
 ing at, but I would like to go out to the
 prairies and cool off for about ten minutes.
 True, the walking is good, but—yes, oh,
 yes, I can walk. I can walk. I can walk.
 Oh, yes, I can walk. I don't say I won't.
 But I will say I hate to. I want to see the
 prairies. Yes; but under the peculiar
 circumstances attending this campaign, I
 believe I will wait until the prairies come
 to Ardmore. That's the way the mountain
 did with William H. Mohammed.

Testing the Caber.

"Tossing the caber," says a London con-
 temporary, is in itself worth a journey to the
 far north to view, as it can be seen per-
 formed by Highlanders assembled on their native
 heath. The caber, or "kebar," as Burns
 calls it in one of his poems, is simply the
 stem of a pine tree, perfectly straight,
 and measuring some fifteen or twenty feet in
 length. Its weight alone is prodigious, and
 the effort of raising the weapon at all is a
 trying one. The expert Highlander ap-
 proaches the tree-trunk, which might have
 served for the walking stick of the Cyclops,
 and deftly balances it on end; then with
 a skilful jerk he manages to lift it in the
 air just high enough to get his hands under
 it, and next he poses it, staggering under
 the weight, with the muscles of his brawny
 arms standing out like whipcord as he holds
 the bottom or thin end in his clasped
 hands. In a moment he steps forward,
 and throwing his hands swiftly out from
 the body, contrives—if he is successful in
 his cast—to hurl the pole so far away from
 him that the great pole describes a somer-
 sault in the air, and falls with the pointed
 end away from him. As a test of strength,
 and of skill also, this tossing of the caber
 is a splendid exhibition, but other sports of
 a like nature, and which are known to the
 Southron, are combined with it, such as
 throwing the hammer or putting the stone.
 These are probably introduced from Eng-
 land, but the sport of the caber is exclu-
 sively Scotch.

Life in Arkansas.

A man from the outside world of
 realities describes the life of Arkansas as
 follows: Long days of doing nothing beget
 little energy. Little food is needed, and
 less new clothing. In the fall and winter
 the crops are gathered and turned over to
 the merchant, who holds a mortgage. To
 sum up the labor of years: I was on the
 place yesterday and found an old double
 log-house so nearly rotted down that it is
 propped up all around; the windows were
 without glass, the door-frames without
 doors; the children could pass out between
 the logs in any direction; the lady and
 friend were sitting in the "gallery," a space
 between the two cabins, on split chairs,
 contentedly "dipping" snuff, while the
 lord and master, in dirty, begrimed clothes,
 sat under a tree, doing nothing, but looking
 happy as the day is long. Fences rotted
 down, and lean pigs with "pokes" on
 them, two sorry-looking horses trying to
 pick a living from short grass, and little
 children, half a dozen or more, with but a
 single garment on, were listlessly playing
 in the shade. The lands originally poor,
 with but two or three inches of soil on the
 prairies, were worn out and abandoned.

The Canning Industry.

The canning of fruit and vegetables is an
 industry in which California and Maine
 are both largely engaged. In 1880, the cen-
 sus year, this industry gave employment to
 1,173 persons in California, and 4,890 in
 Maine. The employment is not constant
 in either State, because the canneries
 operate only part of the year; but the wage
 statistics show a remarkable difference in
 comparison between the two States. In
 Maine 4,390 persons divided between them
 as wages \$216,400, giving an average of
 \$44.25 each, while in California 1,173
 hands received \$291,413, being an average
 of \$245.89.—San Francisco Alta.

A man in Hamilton, Ga., has written for
 a divorce to the Governor of the State
 because he says he doesn't wish to give a
 lawyer \$15 for one. His letter closes as
 follows: "Please see about this rite off
 and don't waste until after I am dead before
 you et me hear from you."

Society Notes.

Many elaborate coffees are seen on
 the coaches that adorn the
 every sunny afternoon.
 The hack-drivers' ball on
 Wednesday evening. By the most
 society belles present it was
 the most recherche event of the
 The engagement of Miss Virgil
 the beautiful young heiress, to
 Hodges, of Landeau Brothers' live
 is announced.
 The elopement of one of our mo-
 ful and accomplished belles with
 some young coachman of the west
 an event which may be expected
 Mr. Hans Schwilager, coachman
 esteemed fellow-townsmen, Col. J.
 Macey, was the cynosure of all eyes
 boulevard last Saturday afternoon.
 At the Michigan avenue fair last
 day evening the gold-headed cane
 most popular young man was voted
 Terry McBride, the dashing young
 of the Commercial Hotel.
 Miss Birdie La Grange eloped with
 father's coachman, Mr. Fritz Beisw
 last Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Beisw
 are spending the honeymoon at Ad
 Mich., where they will remain until
 bride's father cools off.
 A duel between the handsome yo
 coachman, Mr. Patrick McGaffey, and
 Timothy O'Meara, driver of the pop
 gurney No. 4,083, will occur to-mor
 morning. The *cesus belli* is said to be
 affections of a fascinating young lady res
 ing on Prair Avenue.

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