Give thanks for its discovery. That i does not make you sick when you

That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil. Give thanks. That it is such a wonder-

ful flesh producer. Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds. Besure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at

50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1892,

The Funcied Emperience of a World. A little world inhabited by men Had swang for ages around its central sun, Until its people came to know all stars Within their range of wision. Each they named and weighed and measured

Computed with their spectroscopes What metals burned in this and Until their wise men thought they knew

No wonder was there but they told its law; All things from nebulæ they formed, And all reduced to system, Until they lost all sight of God And said He was a principle Held helpless in the grasp of changeless

Which He as well as others must obey. The future of their race was all laid out By these wise scientists, and cut and dried, Until one day God laughed at the little fools

And sent His messenger to fetch them. Then from out a distant part of space, Never conceived by that puny world, A rosring comet, of stupendous size, Rushed with a swiftness indescribable, And passing close, within some million

Lashed with its fiery tails that saucy world, And, sacking it away from its old sun, Whirled it, as in derision, through the void, And dragged it flaming past some thousand

For all-to wonder and to marvel at, Then flung it far out into vasty space Where no sun was, where no light came, And there it turned into a blackened ball And froze till God found better use for it.

FUN AT THE MESS.

The Colonel of the Red Hussars was an Irishman, who was as proud of his nationality as is possible for an Irishman to be, and that is not saying a little by any means. He carried his patriotism so far as to aver that not only were the Irish the finest, the most courageous, the most gifted of the four nationalities, but that nearly all the really great Englishmen were really Irishmen. He justified this Hibernianism by a mode of reasoning which was highly original but not wholly convincing. It would have provoked shouts of laughter in the mess if it had proceeded from the lips of a subaltern, but the Colonel was an altogether as peppery as a London fog or an old maid who had been jilted by the curate. It was considered far more advisable "to give him his head," and let him exhaust himself by the violence of his own efforts.

When he launched out on his favorite topic, therefore, he was listened to in regarnished with numerous expressions of a wholly profane character. This was called "doing old Pat," and was a very popular amusement in every mess-room where the Colonel's personality was known. His real name, of course, as the Army List will tell you, was Col. Dominick Sydney Power, but this is a comparatively trifling detail. He had been nicknamed "Old Pat" at a very early stage of his military career, and "Old Pat" of the Red Hussars was almost as well known throughout the service as Cox's Bank or the cold-meat train to Woking.

Therefore, when the Red Hussars heard that Sir James Macleod had been gazetted from the Blues to their own regiment, conjecture ran very rife among the officers whether Sir John would contrive to hit it off amicably with "Old Pat." It was generally felt that the stranger would probably prove a Scotchman of the deepest dye, with a very large allotment of Scotch pride and patriotism, while, no doubt, after his experiences in the Blues, he would be inclined to regard a mere Colonel in a Hussar regiment with more compassion than reverence. Under these circumstances there seemed to be every prospect of some lively and exhilarating scenes when the Colonel should deem it fitting to take the Scotch baronet into his confidence on the important subject of national distinctions.

"It will be great fun if he goes for Old Pat and gives it him hot, when he begins the usual rot," said young Fanshawe, with a broad grin, and it was generally agreed among the junior officers of the regiment that it would be great fun indeed. While his subordinates were coming to

this insubordinate decision, Col. Dominick Power was engaged in reading a long letter from an old schoolfellow of his, and a former brother officer of Sir James Macleod, to whom he had written a few days previously in order to make some inquiries with regard to the new importation into the mess-room of the Red Hussars, and the baronet's motives for effecting the ex-

"A woman is at the bottom of it, as usual," wrote Capt. Fletcher, of the Blues. "Macleod was very hard hit, and she threw him over for no reason that any one can divine. Pure deviltry, that is all. He knew that you were ordered abroad, and he wants to get out of the country without appearing to run away. That's the bait. He is a capital fellow; no damned nonsense about him in any way; is a good sportsman; Al shot; and very popular in the regiment. There is only one point on which I had better caution you. Don't bet always wins."

"Is he, indeed?" mused Col, Power; "and he may be the very divil himself for all he'll get out of me. It's meself that would like to set the Colonel of the regiment betting with a mere whipper-snapper of a subaltern -newly joined, too."

Sir James Macleod proved to be a tall, fair young man, whose long features and high cheek-bones testified very clearly that the place of his birth lay beyond the Tweed. He was not remarkably good looking, but Se carmed himself with such an air of disfinction that it seemed wonderful, as young

Fanshawe said, that any woman could throw over "such a dasher, and a real, live Baronet to boot." His manner, however, and it is not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he got on at once with the young men who were to be his companions

"We thought you would be no end of a heavy swell," said young Fanshawe in a day or two, during which friendship had ripened into familiarity, "but you ain't a

Whereat Sir James Macleod laughed "What shall you do when Old Pat begins his usual rot," continued Fanshawe in a confidential tone, "about Ireland being the finest country in the universe, and everybody else being miserable scarecrows and outsiders? Shall you stick up for 'Auld Reckie'? I wish you would. It would make Pat so sick.' "What do you mean?" inquired the

Young Fanshawe explained his meaning at some length. "And you think that he would be furious if any one contradicted him?" inquired

Macleod, fixing a very wary gray eye on the other. "Furious? I think he would have a fit. Macleod deliberated for a moment with the same wary expression of eye, and then

be said quietly : "I should like to make a bet with you. will lay you two ponies to a five-pound note that if you will draw the Colonel out on his favorite topic, I will contradict him on every point, we will have a most angry discussion, and at the end the Colonel will be as good-humored and pleased as if-well, as if I had put a hundred pounds in his

pocket."

"You don't know Old Pat," replied Fanshawe, shaking his head. "He'll make the regiment too hot to hold you in less than no

"Well, shall I book the bet?" suggested Macleod blandly. "No; I won't bet on a certainty." "Are you sure," inquired Macleod, with

an air of doubt, "that it isn't that you don't feel-quite-up-to drawing Old Pat "You may book the bet," cried Fanshawe,

baughtily, and his cheek flushed with anger. "And if you loose you will have no one to thank but yourself.' "Quite so," said Macleod calmly, and he made the entry in his pocketbook in the

most business-like way. "And if I losewell, at any rate I shall afford you some amusement ! And so it came about that that same evening, after dinner, when the wine was

circulating pretty freely and a mellow glow was beginning to make its appearance on the Colonel's ripe visage, young Fanshawe, to the consternation of the mess, proceeded to introduce the subject of a certain deceased Irish politician. "What a scoundrel that fellow was!" said

young Fanshawe, apropos of nothing, and dragging the dead leader into the conversation precisely as Mr. Dick used to hoist King Charles the First's head into the The other subs looked at young Fanshawe

with an expression of amazement. Had he gone out of his senses, or had the wine got into his head? Closer inspection, however, showed that he looked unnaturally sober and unusually intelligent. Then there must be some game on-some game at the Colonel's expense. This would probably be good sport, and it would be as well to be in

Every eye was, therefore, fixed on the Old Pat was not to be drawn by Colonel. a young Fanshawe. He snorted indignantly, but reserved his steel for worthier

The circle of watchful eyes now turned to Fanshawe. What would be his next "My pater has just bought a hogshead of

the finest Scotch whisky," said the youth, different person to deal with. It would be | coming up to time with commendable dangerous to quarrel with him, and he was | alacrity and a cheerful smile. He launched out into some details on the subject and his intentions thereto, concluding with the following significant remark: "I hate Irish whisky. It is such sickening, soapy stuff. I think Scotch is much the best.'

A joyful gleam shone in the attentive optics. This was getting interesting. spectful silence by his subordinates, but in | Young Fanshawe was actually of malice revenge it was the greatest delight of the | prepense "going for" Old Pat. "Hooray wags of the regiment to mimic his voice and | Yoicks ! Tallyho! Go it, young Fanmanner, and to represent him as uttering | shawe !" were the sentiments reflected in the most astounding Hibernian falsehoods, | the breasts of that hopeful youth's brother subalterns ; while even the Major, who certainly ought to have known better, grinned with intense enjoyment.

"Don't you think so, Macleod ?" said young Fanshawe to the Scotchman, who was cracking walnuts with the utmost in-

"Don't I think what ?" he replied. "That Scotch whisky is better than

"Why, of course. Can there be any doubt? Does anyone dispute it?" This sally was too much for Pat. plunged at once into the fray, and a heated discussion ensued. At least it was heated on his side, for Macleod retained an appearance of judicial calm which would have put Job himself in a bad temper. Young Fanshawe, it may be added, at once seized the opportunity to retire from the forefront of the battle, and took up the safe position of an interested spectator.

In a comparatively short time a great deal of unpalatable information was shot upon the Colonel. He was told that not only was Scotch whisky far more pleasing to the taste than Irish, but it was less injurious to the health, and there was less of illicit distillation in Scotland than in Ireland. Warming apparently to his subject, and totally regardless of Old Pat's passionate and profane defence, Macleod went on to enunciate the view that all that was really good and great in the Irish nation was English or Scotch in origin, that the Irish colonies in English towns formed the most criminal and degraded portion of the population, and that there was actually something in the climate or the soil of Ireland which deteriorated the physical and moral character of the inhabitants. He said this with the calm utterance of a lecturer who demonstrates facts. There was even a softer undertone perceptible now and then, as if he pitied the advocate of so

miserable a cause. The Colonel became almost incoherent with rage. His face assumed a deep purple hue. He manifested an inclination to foam

at the mouth. "For proof of this," continued Macleod "it is quite enough to refer to a well-known and incontrovertible fact. Whether it is due to the potatoes which they eat or the bog-water which they drink, I don't know; but it is quite enough for my purpose that every Irishman of anything like ancient descent has a black roof to his mouth. You will bear me out in that, Colonel, I am

The mess in vain endeavored to preserve a dignified demeanor. They were nearly with him. He is a very devil at bets, and | choking with suppressed laughter. Young ranshawe contrived to upset a decanter in order to hide his emotion. Another young scapegrace was obliged to go to the side board, where he gurgled subterraneously for several minutes with his back to the

"It's a lie!" roared the Colonel, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "An infernal lie !"

"How? A lie, Colonel? Do you mean to deny what I have stated?" "I mean," shricked Old Pat, "that the discussed. A writer to a morning contem-Powers of Ballycoran are one of the oldest tamilies in Ireland ; that they were on in-

mate terms with Brian Born ; and that when the blissid St. Patrick came that way, 'twas me own ancestorr that gave him the Cead mille failtae to Ballycoran; and if ye can find a single black roof in the mouths of the intire family, may the divil fly off with the soul of the dirty var-

And with these words the Colonel struck the table with a blow which made the glasses

"This is very interesting indeed," replied Macleod, gazing at the Colonel as if that dignitary were the Missing Link, or a new form of butterfly. "I had no idea that any one-even an Irishman-would dispute it. Now, I dare say that you have never thought to examine your own

The Colonel's reply was of a nature that would have been an expensive one had he made it in the presence of a Magistrate who piqued himself on enforcing the penalties against swearing. "Strange, very strange," said Macleod, who was still quite calm. "Now, I think I

will lay you two to one in ten-pound notes that I am right." A wolfish light shone in the Colonel's eyes, but he held back with the most praiseworthy self-control. It would be undignified to bet with a mere sub-and especially

"I will make it five to one in twentypound notes," continued Maclead, with an air of great confidence, "that you yourself have a black root to your mouth." "I will take that bet," spluttered the Colonel, who was now in a white heat of "By me soul, I will take that same,

which you know nothing. It will be a useful lesson. And now how do you propose to decide this bet?" Sir James Macleod suggested that ocular inspection would be the quickest and most satisfactory method-ocular inspection by the senior officers of the mess. Their

words would probably be sufficient to both

just to teach you not to bet on subjects of

proposition. It seemed to him totally sub- are a poor apology for the sweeping locks versive of discipline. He was quite sure | that should grace the animal. The proporthat the Commander-in-Chief would not ap- | tions of the members are destroyed by reprove of it. No other possible way of settling the question occurred to him, however, and now that he had got so far he was determined to win that hundred pounds at all hazards, and give the young Scotch jackanapes his much-needed lesson.

Candles were accordingly sent for at once and a dead silence ensued. Every man looked at the other as if enquiring what would be the next act in this singular drama. Even young Fanshawe forgot to laugh. The Colonel breathed heavily, and his eyes glared at his adversary, who still retained his unmoved demeanor.

At last the lights came. Armed each with a candlestick, the Major, the Captains, and the senior subaltern in turn examined the gaping orifice which the Colonel revealed to their gaze, during which inspection young Fanshawe threw himself headlong on to a sofa and kicked like a person in mortal agony; while two other subalterns expressed the feelings in a bear fight behind the Colonel's unconscious head. The verdict of the judges was unanimous. They declared that the roof of the Colonel's

mouth was red, not black. "Decidedly red," said the senior Captain, with a curious chuckle that seemed fraught with a world of meaning. "Not a trace of

"Not black ?" cried Sir James Macleod, in tones of amazement. "Are you sure?" "Quite sure," replied the Major judi-"Pon honor!" remarked the others in

"Well, gentlemen, you have surprised me," said Macleod, glancing from one to the other as if he could scarcely believe his ears. "Of course I believe you-but-if the Colonel will permit it-I should like to look myself just to convince my own eyes.'

nel hoarsely. He was convulsed with delight at his complete triumph. "Ye'll have to pay for your peep." "Well, then, please open your mouth a little wider, Colonel, and will one of you hold the light? Really, Colonel, you must excuse me, but I can't see. You must

"Look away, me boy," chuckled the Colo-

really let me open your mouth a little With these words he actually laid one sacrilegious hand on the Colonel's nose and the other on the Colonel's chin, and pressed them gently in opposite directions. There was not a man among all the reckless crew who stood around, but held his breath for the moment in anticipation of a terrible ex-

The Colonel did not rise and annihilate the audacious Scotchman. He bore this insult like a lamb.

The indignity was, however, of the very shortest duration, for Macleod was satisfied with the briefest glance. "I have lost," he said cheerfully, "and l owe you an ample apology, Colonel.

Luckily I have the notes about me." He produced his pocketbook, extracted two £50 notes from it, and handed them to The latter took them with the most por-

tentous gravity. He was clearly puzzled and uncertain as to the right course of action. He puckered up his face in the most curious wrinkles. Then he rubbed his nose reflectively. The humorous side of the question, how-

ever, presented itself very forcibly to him, and he broke into a broad grin. "Well," he said, with a loud roar of laughter, "you are a damned impudent young rascal. But I didn't think that a Scotchman and his money were so easily

And amid sympathetic roars from the entire mess, who thought the whole thing a capital joke all round, the Colonel's indignation melted into intense enjoyment of his own success. The only person who was unsettled in his mind was young Fanshawe, who could not understand why Macleod should have risked a hundred pounds in so

"I don't think much of that Scotch chap you sent us," wrote the Colonel, a few days later, to his old schoolfellow, Capt. Fletcher, of the Blues. "Too much brag; too little bottom. He'll never set the Thames on fire. Only a few nights ago he actually bet me a hundred pounds to twenty that I had a black roof to my mouth—cheeky roung devil! Well, I took the bet, just to give him a lesson. You ought to have seen his face when he lost. Really, I couldn't help roaring with laughter to see how confident he had been and how sold he was. You must be a dull lot in the Biues if he always wins from you. Anyhow, I have

Capt. Fletcher wrote by return of post to his old schoolfellow, Col. Dominick Power : "Confound you! Didn't I caution you most pointedly not to bet with him? Couldn't you have known that there must be some deviltry on, or a man would not throw away his money in such a preposterous fashion. Before he left us Macleod laid me one hundred pounds to a thousand that he would pull your nose in the presence of the mess before he had been a week in the regiment, and without being court-martialed or even placed under arrest for it, and have just received a round-robin, signed by all your mess, declaring that he has won the bet !"-London Trutt

A Short Chapter on Names. What is a suitable name for a child? The question is one which is being perpetually porary seems to think that with the process

cases where absurd names have positively been a drawback through life to their hapless owners, but I certainly do not think that we are as guilty of selecting ugly and idiculous names as our fathers and grandfathers were. Our chief fault nowadays in the direction of name-giving is to bestow hyper-fanciful appellations upon our dear little possessions. The other day I met with a small Noeline, and I could not help thinking of a fancy soap or a new lamp-oil There are a great many such names about ing among European armies. just now, and I fancy parents must select them from the plants in Kew Gardens; but, The Best Soils for Onions. after all, it is better to have a name like palm or an orchid than to be ruthlessly called "Randolph Churchill Smith," "Brad



Fashion seems to have performed a com plete revolution in its orbit and has brought in once more in full force the cruel and absurd practice of docking horses' tails. Just at present the custom is in full force, and the unfortunate animals appear with the short est possible tails. As a question of beauty, it must be conceded that there is a loss instead of a gain. The horse's glory, like that of woman, is in his hair. The abbreviated representatives of the flowing tails moving the tail. It throws the horse out of balance so that his long neck and heavy head seem out of proportion. It produces the effect of the horse pitching forward on his nose. The animal when docked looks harmonious from no point of view.

The loss of the tail as a weapon against flies and other insects that so torment the horse, peculiarly sensitive in his skin, is one of the greatest injuries done him in the docking process. Again, however humanely the process of amputation can be conducted, it is certain that it is generally an occasion of great cruelty, and that ingorance is the cause of the infliction of great suffering.

One consolation underlies the matter. It is that fashion is perpetually changing and that a new generation of horses may be spared the infliction. The horse with docked tail, as he grows old, will descend to ignoble uses, and when the once fashionable mutilated creature appears in the lower roles of commercial work, the cultured rider may be willing to accept nature as the exponent of beauty unadorned.

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IT STOPS THE PA

of the suns we have come to inflict more and more ridiculous names upon our offspring, and suggests that a society for the prevention of cruelty to children in this remented to 160. The initial velocity of the mented to 160. spect would be desirable. I certainly know bullet is 720 meters per second, and with regard to its penetrative force, it is said that the ball will pierce two mattresses and two planks 12 centimeters (5 inches) thick, at a distance of 1,200 meters, or 4,000 feet. Loading is effected by means of magazines containing five cartridges so arranged that the magazine is exhausted. A few experts who witnessed the experiments assert that the new rifle is too short; but the majority were convinced that the weapon is the best and most destructive at present exist-

> meadows to a clay loam. At certain places they are grown on very gravelly soil. A muck soil should have gravel or sand added to it to make a first-class onion bed, otherwise the onions will be coarse, soft and spongy, besides having a bad color and being poor keepers. Two hundred loads of gritty, gravelly soll to the acre is a good addition. Muck is rich in nitrogen, so commercial fertilizers, ashes or bone should be applied rather than barnyard manure. Very heavy manuring makes the crop better and earlier. On ordinary onion soils 10 cords of barnyard manure, or its equivalent, makes a good dressing. Farmers near larger cities use 20 cords of stable manure. In Bermuda they use part sea manuse and commercial fertilizer. The three weeds most injurious are twitch-grass, purslane and chickweed. The first should be taken out every spring before planting. The second produces many seeds and every piece cut in weeding will take root. Chickweed is the worst and a bed badly infested had better be given up. The ground should be put in the finest possible condition before planting. A good implement to use is a gang plow followed by the pulverizer and the harrow. The beds should be kept free of weeds and be weeded six or seven times curing the season. A hen with a brood of chickens will take care of the maggots in an acre or an

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LUNDSAY, FRIDAY, JUNE A NEWS OF THE W.

TOME AND FOREIGN ITE INTEREST. tempered from the Telegraph _Trapper John Martin of cought a large grey bear in a train shore of Skeleton lake last week.

-The Berlin papers are still d the prospects of a reconciliation Emperor William and Prince Bist -David Bell, a farmer living al miles from Walkerton, was st -The Hamilton and Barton in

way, which is 900 feet long and Hamilton with the mountain opened Saturday. -The overflow of the Danub gributaries in Austria covers two and fifty equare miles, of which

is cultivated land. -Thomas Nelll, the man an of adminis ering pellets to unfortunate London gi to be a Scotch-Canadian. -Herbert McLaughlin, a while bathing at Springwater I day afternoon. He took cramps. -A boy named Charles Kel drowned in the River Thames a Ont., Saturday afternoon by ste

-It is rumored at Ottawa that ernment has decided to restor sownship to the county of Ri thus remove what is perhaps feature of the redistribution bil B-A man giving his name as \$ ston, and who said his fathe Toronto, went crazy on a railros Michigan the other day, and the trainmen and passengers number of shots with a revolve was hurt. -John Golson, of the Judon

suring Company at Francisco,

of \$17,000 on Saturday by two

a hole near the bank while bath

disgorge. He was on his way ville station to pay off the employes. The robbers escaped -An Indian has been received Mountain, Man., penitentiary w sentence of death for killing men of his tribe, because the l to prevent the demise of the children when called in to tres an illness from which they wer -Dr. Moll, a well-known me of Berlin, attended a seance granter, who is one of the leading of Germany, and adopted a no of testing the genuineness of manifestations. He had concer person a syringe filled with solution and when the spirit for ed he squirted the caustic liqui ers upon the shadowy forms, there were shricks of dismay,

scattered with undignified ha

seance came to an abrupt close

tical doctor has proved to his o tion and that of some friend with him that the proceedings kert were fraudulent, and as the exposure Pinkert has been -A western newspaper start on its career under peculiar cir The editor of the Rocky Moun thus opened the first article issue of his paper: "We begin tion of the Rocqy Mountain C some phew diphiculties in th type phounder phrom whom w outphit phor this printing or to supply any ephs or cays, an phour or phive weeks bephore any. We have ordered the mi nd will have to wait until the don't liqu, the loox ov this spelling ady better than our mistax will occur in the best phamilies and iph the cees at que hold out we shall ceep hard) the Cyclone whiring ap

to us, it is a serious aphair." -A Paris cable says: The lo were reported in swarms co the Desert of Sahara about have reached the Mediterra after crossing the Atlas Moun is hardly a farm in Algeria at is not suffering from them. situation is fully as bad as las government is spending is money to mitigate, if it canno evil. Scores of miles of d have been dug on the north which cotton cloth is stretc several feet above the ground, striking against this coth sands into the deep trench they are unable to escape. and colonists are also abroad armed with coal oil and tur on which they play the will music to frighten the pest. have even entered the city of only in small numbers. It is the insects, or a large part of from clear across the Sahar

in the Soudan. Several wes

of them were reported as

some of the desert ossis.

their way north.

shion till the scrts arrive. It

-A Dublin cable says: W Edward Harrington and He Son were in Tralee this after dress a large meeting of Part three thousand persons They remained perfectly ord chairman prepared to i speakers, when it became app meeting had been packed wit ftes. Then there were loud Mr. Harrington and Mr. cries of "Blackgnard!" mies!" and "Traitore!" T for Parnell. Two fights we the platform, and one of was knocked senseless. Th mal for a general row. Seve store order, but in valn. Ci were free y used and the m s mob. Men were thrown and trampled and struck, o from the backs of those tr from the fights, and blow they struck. Those on the ed in towards the platforn friends until all were so that even the most peacesh had to join in the fight in s band, which began playi disturbance to drown the Parnelites attacked the

clube, knocked down five o

and stamped them to pled Herrington stepped down

form to help to pacity the