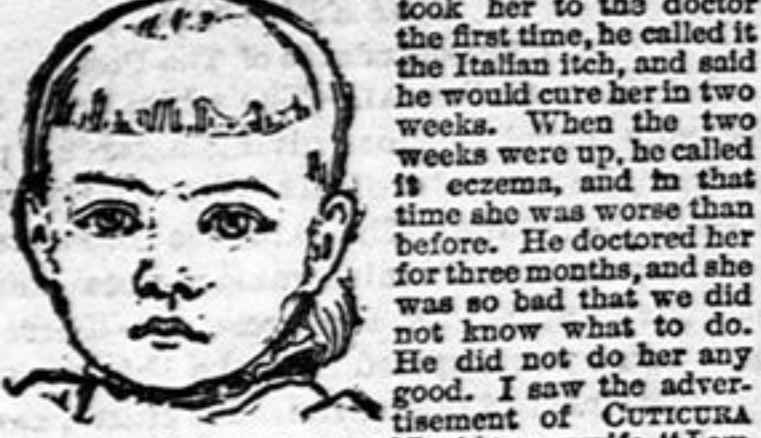


Cuticura Remedies.

ITCHING AND BURNING Sores All Over Her Body. Suffering Endless. Doctor Useless. Cured in 4 Weeks by Cuticura.

Your most valuable Cuticura Remedies have done my little girl good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin diseases. She was troubled with itching burning sores. When I took her to the doctor she was told to use the Italian itch, and said she would cure her in two weeks. When the two weeks were up, he called her to him and said she was worse than before. He said she had three months, and she was so bad that we did not know what to do. He did not do her any good. I saw the advertisement of Cuticura in the paper, and I said to my wife, "I am going to try this." Mind and I say, she was so bad that I took her off. I had her in bed for two weeks. She did not have it on her head. But after taking your Cuticura Remedies for two weeks the itch stopped, and in four weeks the sores were all gone. I enclose her portrait. I am more than pleased with your Cuticura Remedies, and if anybody needs me about your remedies, I will uphold them wherever I go. CHARLES M. GIBSON, Coshocton, Montgomery County, Pa.



Why Suffer One Moment From torturing and distressing skin diseases, when a single application of the Cuticura Remedies will in the most agonizing cases, afford instant relief in the most agonizing itching, burning, scalding, crusting, pimples, eruptions, and blood diseases, with loss of hair, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura 75c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, 25c. Prepared by the Small, Large and Family Cuticura Remedies, Boston.

How to Cure Skin Diseases. 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and testimonials, mailed free.

PAINTS AND WEAKNESSES Of females instantly relieved by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JUNE 9 1893

ON TIME.

The soldiers of Cascahal's B brigade in the spring of 1864 had not found the war a glorious succession of battles, sieges, skirmishes, scouting expeditions, hand-to-hand fights and headlong charges. It was to them a very non-voluptuous and warlike experience. Great armies were contending only a score or two of miles distant, and every day brought news of a fresh battle; but these unhappy fellows of Cascahal's Brigade, wild to be in action, were forced to stay out of it, month after month, in a soul-sickening stupor.

Far out to the south and west of the zone of active operations the B brigade guarded the crossings in the rear of Sherman's extreme right wing, and was left farther a field and farther behind as the wing fought its way toward Atlanta. General Cascahal commanded three regiments of infantry, one of cavalry and a half-battery of artillery; and the serotops were scattered up and down the black, slow-flowing Souphatchee River, with nothing to do but fight external mosquitoes and internal discontent, while the rest of their division wete in the front of the advance into Georgia.

Into this state of things a great deal of delightful turmoil was wrought when it was reported one day at the headquarters at Tooloosa Bluff that a hostile force of unknown strength but supposed to be large, had been heard on the south side of the river, moving in a direction which appeared to indicate an intention to force a passage across the stream.

What a deal of drumming, bugling, wheel-rattling and order-bawling followed this announcement! Everyone was jolly and excited. Old General Cascahal's white moustache twitched with longing for battle. Young Lieutenant Gildero, his aid and military secretary, who had been in only one engagement and seen nothing of that one, immediately recollected that Major McLean still possessed his old captain's shoulder-straps, and was undoubtedly be willing to part with them to a promoted lieutenant.

But Gildero had little time for dreams of promotion. His chief's rapid orders forced Gildero's pen to a gallop, and he aids and orders as fast as the papers as soon as they were signed and scurried away with them.

"We have no reason to suppose that these fellows will advance any further," the general confided to Lieutenant Gildero. "But we must be ready for 'em."

Just then a horseman was heard to pull up outside the headquarters. In his anxiety for more intelligence he hurried out to throw aside paddles, and hurried out to see who the new arrival might be. He returned looking troubled.

Without a word he sat down for a close examination of the map, whilst between his teeth, as was his habit when perplexed, and evidently pondering some difficult question.

Frank Gildero was in a fever of curiosity but he was also a good soldier, and did not even look up from his work. At last the general spoke.

but the soldiers had shortened her little down to Lucy Tom. She carried a captain, two pilots, two engineers, and ten negro firemen and deck hands. She had nearly finished discharging a cargo of do her best.

"How are you off for fuel, captain?" inquired Frank, after he had taken charge. "Not enough for the trip," answered the captain, "but I'll work up at Pooler's plantation. We can make out that distance."

"All right, then. Let's get under way immediately." The Lucy Tom began puffing swiftly up the Souphatchee amid cheers and yells from the guard on board, who considered the excursion as a sort of picnic, the more agreeable from the spice of danger that it afforded. Frank Gildero, too, felt so proud and elated in his responsible charge as the bearer of a weighty and important message, with a steamer and thirty odd men under his orders.

He calculated the time required to reach Wachee Landing at the rate the boat was going, and finding that it would bring him to his destination by half-past two, with half an hour to spare, he abandoned anxiety, and walked the deck in a self-satisfied manner.

But poor Gildero's good luck turned to bad with surpassing abruptness. Just as the steamer was pushing steadily up against the gentle current at an excellent rate of speed, there was a great crash and rattle below. The engines whined violently, she stopped, and the boat began to drift down-stream, broadside on and helplessly.

Down rushed Gildero to the lower deck. He found all hands—soldiers, captain, pilots, firemen and deck hands—crowded round the two engines, who were explaining that a connecting link had snapped, the engine to pieces had they not stopped when they did.

"What's to be done, captain?" asked the young officer, nervously, of the captain. "Nothing. We've no small boats. We'll have to let her drift until we can get near enough to tie up to the bank somewhere."

"If any one of you knows anything about machinery, he will stop one pace to the front." "Why, we'll stay there, I reckon, while we send down to Tooloosa for a gang to come up and fix the rod."

"Can't the engineers fix it?" "They ain't competent. It's a practical machinist's job."

Send down to Tooloosa for help! Lieutenant Gildero knew that this was impossible. The safety of Major Lang's command and what was much less important yet vital to him, his own honor and reputation as an officer, depended upon making the trip in time. The rod must be repaired somehow.

"Sergeant Sampson!" Frank called. The sergeant saluted. "Parade your men." The twenty men were quickly drawn up in line.

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prise on his face, he marched the still-protesting captain off. "An explanation for the rest of this trip, men?" announced Gildero to the boat-hand.

They had heard and seen what had happened. Staring at one another, they hesitated for an instant, and then, first the spare pilot, then the engineers, and all ten of the negroes left their places and went up to Gildero.

"If cap'n goes, we goes too," growled the pilot, as spokesman. "Very well—and you shall go where he's gone, besides. Put all these men under guard, sergeant."

In another moment the pilot on duty abandoned the wheel, and was added to the group of prisoners. Gildero was firm. He saw what must be done and he did it.

"Rise, you've been a locomotive engineer, you say. Can you and Baxter run this machine?" "I think we can, sir. They're different from what I've been used to, but I guess we can manage it."

"Take the engine," Sergeant, tall off ten men to fire. "I'll steer myself." (Continued next week.)

In the jaws of a Hippopotamus. Keeper Hugh Downey, who has under his special care the hippotamus family in Central Park, N. York, entered their out-of-door compartment one morning recently to separate Caliph from his wife and daughter. The family were reunited Friday, after months of separation, and Caliph seemed greatly pleased. He plagued Miss Murphy and hectorer Fatima, however, and at last the mother and daughter combined forces and fought the old fellow Downey, who had been watching them all day, finally decided to shut Caliph in the tank, away from the rest of the family.

Downey had had charge of this family ever since they came to the Zoo, and he is the only person they will obey. So Caliph, when touched up with a pitchfork, was soon induced to take a swim. He snapped at Downey, however, in a particularly vicious manner.

Pitchfork in hand, Downey entered by crawling between the iron railings, and stood aloof, as he had done hundreds of times before, to the iron gate to close it. Miss Murphy and Fatima saw him and started out. Downey, in an endeavor to intercept them, paid too little heed to Caliph, who, in an instant, had swung his great five-ton body about and was for the keeper. Downey was between two fires. Miss Murphy and Fatima barred the gateway, and Caliph, ugly and vicious, lay waiting for him on the other side, snorting and sending the water away over the grass with flaps of his tail.

For an instant Downey thought that Miss Murphy intended to assist him, as she had done many times, but quickly discovered that she, too, was angry. Driving the mother and daughter back, he tried to close the gate. Caliph, enraged beyond control, rushed for him.

Then Downey began to edge away, backing towards the north side and keeping Caliph at a distance by the use of the pitchfork. Every jab of the weapon seemed to increase the anger and ferocity of the hippo, and as Downey made a final jab at him, preparatory to crawling through the iron fence, Caliph, with a terrible stroke of his snout, sent the pitchfork, the keeper's only weapon of defence, clean across the tank and on to the grass plot.

Downey shouted commandingly at the big bulk before him. Caliph was too angry to obey, and instead charged upon the defenceless man, while Downey crouched, with head towards Caliph, and tried to crawl through to safety. It was all done in a minute. A snap of those terrible jaws and a cry of distress from the three hundred odd women and children, and a shout from the male portion of the spectators, and his two feet encased in long-legged rubber boots. All the rest of his body was between those ugly teeth and in a mammoth month. A couple of men spectators fainted; the rest cried and wrung their hands and implored some one to save the keeper.

Backing off from the slope of the tank, Caliph raised his head in the air, grunting and snorting, and with the keeper's legs dangling, shook the man as a dog shakes a rat several times. The legs twisted and wrined about each other, and at each shake it seemed as if they would snap from the man's body.

Two men in the throng retained the presence of mind. One was Clarence D. Levy, general inspector of the park department, and the other was Engineer Ellison of the arsenal building. Mr. Levy came first to the rescue. He jumped the fence at the point of attack and tried to catch hold of Downey's legs, but Caliph was too far off. Ellison came running up and the two tried to rescue the keeper. They failed.

Then an unexpected thing happened. Miss Murphy had been regarding the affair from the gateway with a great deal of surprise. All at once she realized that the keeper was in trouble, and plunging into the tank she made a furious attack upon Caliph's rear, jabbing her teeth into his hips and sides and sending him forward towards Levy and Ellison. As he turned to resent his spouse's intrusion he opened his mouth, and Levy, catching Downey by the legs, pulled him out and dragged him between the railings of the fence to safety. "He's dead," one woman yelled, as she wrung her hands. "No, I'm not dead," Downey gasped, as he came to himself. But for several minutes he was unable to get upon his feet. Levy helped him up and mechanically he made his way to the lion house. After he had gone Caliph and Miss Murphy had the fight out and the wife won.

Downey, while getting off with his life, is considerably injured, it is feared, internally. Where Caliph's two six-inch tusks held him by the chest there are severe punctures, and where the tusks of the upper jaw came in contact with his back the flesh is also punctured. Besides this he is badly bruised in many spots and can hardly straighten himself. He has internal pains at intervals, but he refuses to go to the hospital.

When asked how it felt to have one's head half-way into the maw of a hippopotamus, he acknowledged that it was a very uncomfortable position to be in, and that his thoughts as he felt his head strike Caliph's fat throat was that he had to die, but that he lost consciousness. Downey had many narrow escapes in his career as keeper, but this was the closest shave of all.

This is a most notable issue of this great progressive review, and no readers of magazines should pass it by.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Ontario Game Law. The Ontario government have not embodied all the suggestions of the fish and game commission in the amendments which they propose to the game law.

Protection is afforded the golden pheasant, it is made clear that not only bears but rabbits are not entitled to the protection of the law.

The amendments are good, and if the law is enforced in a liberal and non-partizan spirit it will prove of much benefit to the public.

Newspapers and Magazines. Arthur L. Salmon contributes a fine poem saturated with a deep humanitarian spirit, "Eastward! A song of the city" to the June issue of the magazine.

The midsummer number of Tales from Town Topics has just swept over the land with very noticeable effect.

The June Arena is a mammoth number. It is probably the largest magazine ever published as a monthly issue of a review, containing one hundred and sixty-two pages.

The Trent Valley Navigation Company, Limited. Will run as follows, until further notice:

Leave Bobcaygeon at 6:30 a. m. and 3:10 p. m. Arrive Lindsay at 9:30 " " 5:30 " Leave Lindsay at 11:30 " " 5:45 " Arrive Bobcaygeon at 1:45 " " 8:10 "

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