THE TERRORS OF A STRIKE.

A Picture of Ruin, Sorrow, Hunger and Despair.

—By Emile Zola.

In the morning, when the workmen arrive at the shop, they find it cold and black with the sorrow of ruin. At the end of the great hall, the machine, with its thin arms and motionless wheels, stands dumb, lending a still more penetrating sense of desolation to the room, which, until then, had resounded with the cheerful clatter and whirring noises of the big machine, throbbing like the heart of the mill. The master comes down from his little office, and says sadly to the workers:

"My men, there is no work — today — there are no more orders; instead, I am receiving countermands on every side, and all the merchandise will be left on my hands. This December, the month of such heavy work in other years, and upon which I had counted so much, threatens to ruin the strongest concerns. We shall have to suspend."

And as he sees the workmen looking at each other with fear in their eyes of returning empty-handed to their homes, a fear of hunger on the morrow, he adds, in a lower tone:

"I am not selfish, no, I swear to you that I am not. My situation is as terrible, even more terrible, perhaps, than yours. I have lost 50,000 francs in less than a week. I am stopping the work to-day so as not to deepen the gulf. I have not the first sou toward my bills of the 15th. You see I am not hiding anything from you. I speak to you as a friend. To-morrow, perhaps, the bailiffs will be here. That is not our fault, is it? We have struggled to the very end. I have wished from the bottom of my heart, that I could help you over this hard time, but the end has come. I have lost everything, and I have no longer any bread to share."

He holds out his hand. The men shake it silently, and for some moments remain there looking at their useless tools, their hands clinched. Every other morning the files had sung and the hammers had sounded rhythmically, and now it seemed as though all that were sleeping in the dust of failure. There were 20, there were 30, families who would not have anything to eat during the following week. Some of the women who work in the mill wipe away the tears from the corner of their eyes. The men try to look more firm. They speak bravely, saying that one does not die of hunger in Paris.

Then, when the master leaves them, and they see him walk away, bent and stooping, crushed within eight days by a disaster perhaps greater than he will tell them, they, smothering in that room, go out, one by one, their throats choked, and their hearts cold with sorrow, as if they were leaving a chamber of death. The dead is their work, the huge, dumb, machine, whose shelter is greatly in the shadows.

II.

The workman is outside, in the street, on the pavement. He has tramped the sidewalk for eight days without being successful in finding work. He has gone from door to door, offering his arms, offering his hands, offering his whole body for any work, even the most revolting, the hardest, the most deadly. Every door is shut. There is nothing, nothing.

Then the workman has offered to work at half price. The doors will not re-open. He would work for nothing if they would only take him on. It is the strike, the terrible strike that is tolling the knell of the garrets. The panic has stopped all the industries, and money, cowardly money, is hidden fearfully away.

At the close of the eighth day the end has indeed come. The workman has made one last, supreme effort, and now he is coming slowly back, his hands empty, bowed with misery. It is evening, and the rain is falling heavily; Paris is funereal in the mud. He walks beneath the heavy shower without noticing it, feeling only his hunger, loitering, that he may reach home less quickly. He leans over the side of one of the bridges of the Seine, the rising waters rush by with a continual noise and the spurts of white foam break against the piles of the bridge. He leans farther over, the mighty flood passes underneath him, throwing him a furious appeal. He draws himself up and turns away, muttering that he must be strong a little longer.

The rain has stopped. The gas blazes in the jeweler's windows. If he could but break the glass he could seize bread enough in one handful to last for years. The restaurants are lighting up, and behind the curtains of white muslin he can see the people eating. He hastens his step, he goes back along the street once more, in front of the butchers, the cook shop and the bakers, in front of all greedy Paris, who feasts in the hour of famine.

When the wife and the little one wept that morning, he promised to bring them bread that night. He dares not go home just yet and say that he lied. And while he walks, he asks himself how he will return, what he will say to make them patient a little longer. They cannot go many more days without eating. He can do very well without food, but the wife and other little one are too weak.

For an instant, the idea of begging comes to him. But when a lady or a gentleman pass beside him and he thinks of stretching out his hand, his arm stiffens at his side, and his throat tightens. He remains rooted to the sidewalk, while the properly clad people turn away from him, believing him drunk as they look upon his drawn, famished face.

III.

The workman's wife, leaving the little girl asleep, has come downstairs to the threshold of the door. The woman is very thin and clad in a gown of printed calico. She shivers in the icy breezes of the street.

She has nothing more in the house; she has carried everything to the Mone-de-Piete. Eight days without work are enough to strip the little house. The night before she sold the last handful of wool in her mattress to an old clothes man; the mattress itself has gone now; there is nothing but the cover left. She has hung that on a hook before the window to keep out some of the cold blasts, for the little girl coughs painfully.

Without saying anything to her husband, she has looked for work, but the strike has struck the women even more heavily than the men. At her stair-head there are poor, unfortunate women whom she heard weeping the whole night through. She met one standing at the corner of the sidewalk, one is dead and another has disappeared.

Happily for her, she has a husband who does not drink, a good man. They would be comfortable if the dead season had not despoiled them of everything. She has exhausted her credit, she owes the baker, the grocer, the fruit man, and she no longer dares even to pass by their shops. That afternoon she had been to borrow 20 sous of her sister, but there also she found such misery that, without saying a word, she began to weep, and together with her sister, she wept for a long time. And when she went away she promised to bring her a morsel of bread if her husband came back with some.

The husband does not return. The rain is falling heavily; she takes refuge under the door, the big rain drops splash at her feet — a stream of water wets her thin dress. At intervals, seized with impatience she goes down the steps, in spite of the heavy shower, rubs her hands over her thin hair to dry it and again settles down patiently, though she is shaken by heavy fits of fever.

The coming and going of the passers-by jostles her. She tries to make herself very small so as not to trouble any one. Some of the men peer closely into her face, and sometimes she feels a warm breath touching lightly her neck. All of suspicious Paris, the street with its mud, the brilliant lights, the rolling carriages, seem to wish to take her and throw her into the stream of it all. She is hungry. She belongs to the whole world. In front of her is a bakery, and she thinks of the little girl upstairs asleep.

Then, when her husband appears at last, veering away from the houses like a poor wretch, she rushes to meet him and looks anxiously at him.

"Well!" she stammers.

He does not answer, but bends his head even lower. Then, pale as death, she mounts the stairs.

IV.

Upstairs the little girl is not sleeping. She is waked up and is thinking, watching the end of a candle as it flickers on a corner of the table. No one knows what monstrous, heart-breaking shadows sweep across the face of this little girl of seven years, with the serious, withered features of an old woman.

She is sitting on the edge of the box which serves her as a bed. Her feet hang down shiveringly, her sickly, doll-like hands are holding against her breast the rags that cover her. She feels a burning there, a fire that she would like to put out. She is thinking.

She has never had any playthings. She could not go to school because she did not have any shoes. When she was very little she remembers how her mother took her out in the sunshine. But that was long ago. They had to work, and after that it always seemed as if there were a cool wind blowing in the house. She has not felt very comfortable, either, she has always been hungry.

She has thought a good deal about that, but she cannot understand. Is everybody always hungry, then? She has tried very hard to get used to it, but she has never been able to. She thinks she is too little, that one must be bigger to understand. Her mother knows, though, this strange thing that is hidden from little girls. If she dared she would ask who it was put you into the world to be hungry.

Then, too, it is lonely in their house. She looks at the window where the empty cover of the mattress flaps in the wind, at the bare walls, the broken furniture, all the shame of the attic which the strike soils with its despair. In her eagerness she thinks she has dreamed of warm rooms filled with beautiful things that shone; she shuts her eyes again to see them, and through her thin eyelashes the light of the candle becomes a great resplendence of gold, into which she would like to go. But the wind comes blowing in, and there is such a current of air from the window that she is seized with an attack of coughing, and when it is over her eyes are filled with tears.

She always used to be afraid before when they left her all alone; now she does not care; it doesn't make any difference. They haven't eaten anything since last night, so she thinks her mother has gone out to look for some bread. The idea amuses her. She breaks her bread in small pieces and eats a few slowly, one by one; then she plays with it.

Her mother has come back; father has shut the door. The little girl looks at their hands very surprisedly. Then, when they do not say anything at the end of a long moment, she repeats in a mechanical voice:

"I'm very hungry, I'm very hungry!"

Her father, holding his head between his hands, sits in a dark corner; he stays there, utterly crushed, shaken with heavy, silent sobs. The mother, stifling her tears, again puts the little one into the box. She covers her with all the clothes in the room, and tells her to be good and go to sleep. And the child, whose teeth are chattering with cold, who feels the fire in her breast burning stronger, becomes very brave. She puts her arm around her mother's neck and whispers softly:

"Tell me, mamma, why are we always hungry?"

Of the 600 known varieties of cotton, 460 are Asiatic, 200 African.

Sixty-one ships clear from London daily.

We make Granby Rubbers and Overshoes out of pure *new* rubber. Can as much be said of any other make?

Granby Rubbers

cost the maker more, but they cost the wearer less, for one pair does the work of two pairs of ordinary rubbers.

"Granby Rubbers wear like iron."

FORCING THE PACE.

George Gordon, an old man of miserly habits, was dying. A neighbor who was on friendly terms with the old man's relatives agreed to call on the minister and beg him to try and induce the old fellow to make a will. The minister consented, and at length persuaded the miser to allow a lawyer to be sent for.

By the time he arrived the old man was rapidly sinking, but the will was smartly drawn up and duly awaited his signature. He was propped up in bed and managed to write "George Gor—" ; then he fell back exhausted.

An eager relative who stood by seized the pen and stuck it in the dying man's hand.

"'D,' Geordie, 'd!' " he urged, referring to the next letter of the signature.

The old man glared up wrathfully.

"Dee?" he snapped. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wratch!"

WAKE UP, BABY!

A New Game for Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.

Some Personal and Business Notes That Will Interest Irish-Canadians.

The engineers' strike in Dublin, which has been going on for five months, has been settled.

Ireland has witnessed many fatal accidents lately. A lady was killed at the steep hill at the village of Howth, and a young constable of the R.I.C. met his death on a long descent some three miles from Mullingar.

The salary of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was originally £30,000 per annum. The Duke of Northumberland, who was immensely rich, on being appointed in 1829, undertook the office at £20,000 a year, and that has been the fixed sum ever since.

During the progress of the present restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, a remarkable discovery was made, that underneath the plaster of the time of William and Mary, real and beautiful 13th century stone work had lain hidden for generations.

During the recent strike of the engineers in Dublin the Great Southern and Western Railway, getting tired of the stubborn attitude of the men, placed orders in England for 12 locomotives, at an average of £2,000 each. This alone means sending £24,000 out of the country.

A very interesting visitor arrived in Dublin last week in the shape of a fine young male giraffe, aged about a year and nine months, which was made a present to the Dublin Zoological Gardens by Butier Bey, a former Dubliner. It is forty years since the Dublin Zoo could boast the possession of a giraffe.

All the tenants of the De Freyne estate, who were recently evicted for non-payment of rent, are now placed on the poor-law relief. Those tenants who have large families are receiving £1 per week, and others are getting 10s. The United Irish League, after urging these people not to pay their rent, has left them destitute.

Some consternation has been created in Cork by the prompt and drastic action taken by Messrs. Cresse and Blackwell in regard to a strike at their works. The firm own a factory in Cork, the workers in which, to the number of 300, came out on strike recently. The firm have replied to the men's action by announcing that they have decided to close the works.

Lord Connemara, just dead, whose family name was Robert Bourke, and who was uncle to the present Earl of Mayo, had a common ancestor in William Fitzadelm de Burgo, who went to Ireland with Strongbow, with the present Marquis of Clanricarde, says the Daily News. Baron Connemara's eldest brother was the sixth Earl of Mayo, who was assassinated in the Andaman Island in 1872. This Earl had been three times Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The town sergeant of Newbridge, near Curragh Camp, in County Kildare, observed a soldier kiss a girl at a window. He summoned the damsel before the town court for "riotous and indecent behavior," and told the magistrates that "she did not seem to care anything about it, and there were people passing." The resident magistrate said it was the first time he ever heard kissing so described. The case was dismissed and the blushing girl withdrew.

Every Woman Should Know.

That Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, has recently made a number of analyses of soaps, and reports that "Sunlight Soap contains that high percentage of oils or fats necessary to a good laundry soap."

What every woman does not know is that in common soaps she frequently pays for adulterations at the price of oils and fats. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see that Prof. Ellis is right. He should know. 206

Her Blessings.

When a man begins to count his blessings, he can generally find plenty to be thankful for, although sometimes he may include things which might not be regarded by other people as altogether joyous.

"I'm thinking about the wonderful progress the world has made and how much we've got to be thankful for," said Mrs. Matthews, rocking in her old stuffed chair, with a pair of knitting needles in her hands and a placid smile on her face.

"It is wonderful," admitted her niece.

"Seems as if everything turned to good. There's lightning, now. If it hadn't been for that, I never should have had those fine rods on the house and barn that make me feel so safe in a thunderstorm. And there's smallpox. If it hadn't been for that, we never should have known the blessings of vaccination, and if there hadn't been nearsighted folks nobody would have thought to invent magnifying glasses and specs. I declare, there's a sight of things to be thankful for."

Real Sea Serpents.

In New Caledonia sea serpents are frequently seen and sometimes captured. They are curious creatures, the head being very small and scarcely distinguishable from the body and the tail being formed like an oar. In length they are generally between three and four feet.

In the jaw there are tiny glands containing poison; but, as the mouth is very small, it is difficult for them to bite, and the natives handle them fearlessly.

M. Kermogant, a European traveler, witnessed an experiment at Noumea which shows that under certain conditions the sea serpent can do deadly work. A rat was caught in a trap, and its tongue was grasped by a pair of pinchers and placed in the mouth of a sea serpent. The serpent immediately bit it, and the rat died in four minutes.

Such is the flexibility of our language that a noble brute may be either a thoroughbred St. Bernard or a rascally foreign fortune seeker.—Washington Times.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A COSTLY CHEESE.

A Scottish farmer was one day selling some wool to a carrier, and after weighing it in the yard he went into the house to make out an invoice. Coming back he missed a cheese which had been standing on a shelf behind the outer door, and glancing at the bag of wool he observed that it had suddenly increased in size.

"Man," he said to the carrier, "I hae clean forgotten the weight o' that bag. Let's pit it on the scales again."

The carrier could not refuse.

Being duly weighed, the bag was found to be heavier by the weight of the cheese inside. A new invoice was made out, and the crestfallen carrier went away.

The farmer's wife at once missed the cheese, and rushing into the yard told her husband that some thief had stolen the cheese.

"Na, na, Meg," replied the farmer, quietly; "I hae just selt the cheese for twa shillin's the pund."

There are plenty of people who have become depressed and discouraged because that dry, hacking cough hangs to them continually. They have taken much medicine, mostly of the advertised quack sort, nothing like Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, the discovery of a then noted German physician 60 years ago. We do not say that this will cure a case where the lungs are badly diseased, for it will not, and up to this date, there is nothing that will cure under these conditions; but on the other hand, if the lungs are not hard hit, the patient should take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, a cup full every night on going to bed, have it hot, drink slowly, then every other night, rub the throat and top portion of the lungs with St. Jacobs Oil, cover with oil silk, let it remain an hour, then remove. Eat good, plain, nourishing food, live in the open air as much as possible. By all means sleep as near out of doors as possible, that is, windows wide open, except in the very severe weather. Take a cold sponge bath every morning; then immediately rub the body vigorously with a coarse towel. Take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops every other day according to directions. One can buy the three remedies for $1.25 of any reliable druggist. Begin the treatment at once, and see how much better you will be almost within a week's time.

Revenge.

Small Boy—Give me a large bottle of the worst medicine you've got in your store.

Druggist—What's the matter?

"Well, I've been left all alone with grandma, and she's suddenly been taken sick, and I'm going to get even with her!"—Life.

Keeps It to Himself.

The man with "untold wealth" is the one who dodges the tax assessor.—Philadelphia Record.

HEARS THROUGH ITS LEGS.

One of the strangest and most unexpected of uses to which one could imagine a leg being put is that of an organ of hearing. Yet such seems to be one at least of the functions of the forelegs of the cricket. On the outer side of a tibia a small oval space may be seen, in which the strong armature which covers the rest of the body is reduced to a thin and membranous condition, making thus a sort of window, or drumhead. Communicating with this, inside the leg, are the ends of a nerve, and it can hardly be doubted, therefore, that the whole apparatus constitutes an auditory organ.

AFTER TYPHOID.

MR. DIXON RECOVERS FROM FEVER BUT TO SUFFER RHEUMATISM.

A Remarkable Case Reported from Rainy River—How a Man Who Was Crippled With Pain Was Completely Restored to Health.

Barwick, Ont., Jan. 5.—(Special)—Mr. William John Dixon, of this place, has had a remarkable experience.

Last summer he was taken down with Typhoid Fever, and was very ill. After he got over it and started to work again Rheumatism set in.

Mr. Dixon thus describes it:—

"I had pains in my back, and in my right hip, so bad that I had to use a stick to walk with, and had no comfort in sleeping.

"I could no more than dress and undress myself for nearly two months, and for three or four weeks I was so stiff and sore that I could not lace my right shoe, or put my right leg on my left knee.

"A brother of mine advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes I began to walk around and do my work, and lace up my shoes.

"Now I am as well as ever, and have not a pain or ache left.

"I used in all six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I can heartily recommend them as a cure for Rheumatism."

The above statement by Mr. Dixon can be vouched for by many of his friends and neighbors, who are all enthusiastic in their praise of Dodd's Kidney Pills for their wonderful cure of Mr. Dixon's case.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have an unbroken record of over a dozen years as a successful remedy for Rheumatism. They have been used in the most severe and long standing cases, and failure has yet to be recorded.

In no matter what form this disease appears it is always a symptom of deranged kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the kidneys. Well kidneys extract the Uric Acid from the blood. Without Uric Acid there can be no Rheumatism.

Fickle.

Tommy—Lil Greenup, you told me last week you liked me better'n you did any other boy, an' now you're letin' Dick Trotter shine up to you.

Lil—I did like you best last week, but I've changed my mind. Does your papa keep a candy store?

Tommy—No.

Lil—Well, Dick's does.

Quick Relief.

Mrs. Trubbles—Doctor, can you do anything for my husband?

Doctor—What is the matter?

Mrs. Trubbles—Worrying about money.

Doctor—Oh, I can relieve him of that all right.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

Men will not be kept from the love of the world by making the world unlovely.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Father — "What can you offer my daughter that equals or excels what she has now?" Young Suitor — "Well, I think the name of Mountjoy is an improvement upon that of Skraggs."

There never was, and never will be a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many creatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through out the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased sustenance, imparting improved appetite. Nordheimer & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

ONLY THE "AD" FIEND.

Slick (to Blossom)—"Is this Mr. Bloomer's office?"

Blossom—"No. His office is across the hall."

Slick (leaving the door open as he walks out)—"Thank you, sir."

Blossom—"Hi! Come back and close that door! Haven't you any doors in your house?"

Slick—"Yes, sir; but they all have springs on 'em. Allow me to show you, sir, my patent, double-back-action door-spring. It closes the door without a bang, and is warranted to last a lifetime."

Page Metal Ornamental Fence

Handsome, durable and low-priced. Specially suitable for front and division fences in town lots, cemeteries, orchards, etc. Retails the cheapest fence you can put up. Write for full particulars. Use Page Farm Fence and Poultry Netting.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ontario. Montreal, P.Q., and St. John, N.B. 7

Everyone wants the best value for his money - Buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green Tea and you will certainly get it. Put up Black Mixed & Ceylon Green

Character In the Ears.

Though there may be counteracting features and signs upon the face, ears that are disproportionately large, fat and red bespeak a coarseness of nature, sometimes sensuality and dissipation.

Ears that stand out from the head like flaps are often seen on religious men, but parsimony is apt to go with them.

A long shaped but small ear lying close to the head denotes refinement, delicacy or perception, but also timidity and sensitiveness. A thin, transparent looking ear shows delicacy and poetic feeling; a thick ear, the reverse. An ear set rather low on the head denotes good brain capacity; set high or on a level with the eye, a limited mental capacity is denoted.

Frank Census Returns.

British census returns are more informative than diverting, but the same cannot be said of the Indian. The Punjab returns include professional crickets under the heading of "Clowns and Tumblers," regarding them apparently in the same light as Mr. Kipling. The Chenab has forty-six male, seven female and sixty-seven "dependent" piano tuners, and the inland state of Nahan rejoices in the possession of 205 shipowners. In the schedule also appear 117 "receivers of stolen goods" and 126 "witches, wizards, cow poisoners, etc." There is a frankness about these returns which is very engaging.—London Express.

A PROMINENT FARMER.

Many farmers, especially those who have attended the Agricultural Colleges, are familiar with the name, John Fixter.

Mr. Fixter is foreman of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa.

He has been enjoying a diversion from his regular duties of late, inspecting the 4,000 harrows made by Massey-Harris Co., Limited, for the British Government for use in South Africa.

Mr. Fixter says that he has personally marked each Harrow with the Government stamp.

The whole shipment of 4,000 was made within one month of the date the order was received, which reflects much credit on Massey-Harris Company and Canadians generally.

The Harrows were made in the Brantford Factory of Massey-Harris Company. Some idea of the capacity of this plant may be gathered when it is known that this big order was filled while the regular work of supplying implements of various kinds for the world's best farmers was still in progress.

Speaking of the world's best farmers, it is astonishing that this company should have gathered together such an enviable list of patrons in almost all quarters of the globe.

The fame of the Massey-Harris implements extends among the farming community of the entire world.

The only conclusion we can draw is that the business has been built up on honest methods—the company has given its patrons, the farmers, good value for their money, and dealt honestly and fairly with them at all times.

SEAWEED PAVEMENTS.

Seaweed or seagrass paving blocks newly invented, are being tried in Baltimore, Md. They are made by compressing the seaweed until it becomes hard and solid, when it is bound tightly with wire. The loose ends of the grass are cut off, and the block is finished by being immersed in boiling pitch or tar.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affection of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

To neglect politics for private interests is as base as to manipulate them for the same reasons.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

English clergymen were prohibited from marrying for rather more than four centuries, beginning from the reign of Ethelred.

They Cleanse the System Thoroughly—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills clear the stomach and bowels of bilious matter, cause the excretory vessels to throw off impurities from the blood into the bowels and expel the deleterious mass from the body. They do this without pain or inconvenience to the patient, who speedily realizes their good offices as soon as they begin to take effect. They have strong recommendations from all kinds of people.

The old custom of presenting the King's Epiphany gift is still carried out at the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace. The gold is given to the poor.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"I don't know what the trouble is," said the hostess in a tone of great annoyance. "My guests seem very distant and unsocial. I wish I could think of some way to start them talking to one another." "That's very easily done," answered Miss Cayenne. "Is there a musician present?" "Yes." "Get him to play or sing something."

THE VOICE OF THE DUMB.

A beggar who had tried many ways for increasing his finances at last hit on the plan of pretending to be dumb. A gentleman who was passing by knew the beggar by sight, and, going up to him, asked him promptly:

"Pray, how long have you been dumb?"

The beggar was taken unawares, and had no time to decide on not speaking, but answered quickly:

"From my earliest youth."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other soap powders, as it also acts as a disinfectant.

There is a lady artist residing in Paris who receives $2,500 a year from one firm of Christmas card publishers, merely for the privilege of having first choice of all her designs.

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from ocean to ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agents, - Montreal.

She—"He didn't succeed in convincing her, after all his argument." He—"No; he merely mad her mad." "But his explanation was clear." "Yes; and that's where he made his mistake. He told her it was as 'plain as the nose on her face.'"

For Over Sixty Years.

An old and Well-Tried Remedy.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Customer — "Look here! Isn't that a hair in the butter?" Waiter —"Yes, sir, a cow's hair. We always serve one with the butter to show that it isn't margarine."

Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure.

Amy—"She has just refused a man worth a million." Mamie—"Is it possible? Any rational explanation of her act?" Amy—"Oh, yes. She had just accepted another man worth two millions."

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Suitor—"So you will give your daughter $25,000; that is a small sum." Rich Papa—"Yes; but she will inherit the whole property at my death." Suitor (absently)—"About what time will that be?"

DIRECT STEAMSHIP SERVICE TO MANILA.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway announces that in connection with the daily trans-continental service, via that line from Chicago to San Francisco, the steamship lines from the latter port have inaugurated direct sailings from San Francisco to Manila, additional to the service via Nagasaki and Hong Kong. Some of the finest steamships in the Pacific are being used for this new direct service.

Unsuccessful Suitor—"Am I so very obnoxious to you?" Miss Freezem—"N-o; I can imagine circumstances under which I might clasp my arms about your neck very gladly." "Thank Heaven! Under what circumstances?" "If I were drowning and you were near."

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

May—"What's the matter, dear?" Clara—"My engagement with Charley is broken." May—"But I thought you intended to break it?" Clara—"So I did, but the wretch went and broke it himself."

WANTED Ladies and Gentlemen. Enjoy your evenings at home by making $5 to $10 per week. Add. Knitting for us at home, whole or spare time. We furnish $35 machine and supply the yarn free and pay for the work each week. Distance no hinder. $5 to $10 a week made according to time devoted to the work. Write at once for particulars. Name of paper.

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Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens.

If you want best prices ship your poultry to us. We want large quantity to meet demand we have for it

EGGS We can get you Big Prices for Them.

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