DEATH OR GLORY LANCERS

A VIVID PICTURE OF THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

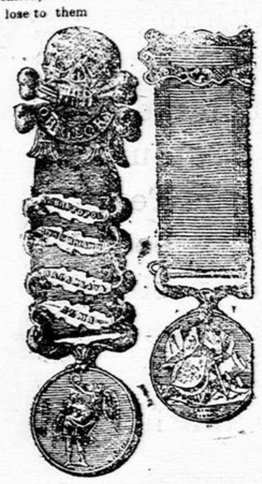
Thos. Morley of Washington, D. C., is the Only Survivor in America of that Gallant Charge—He also saw Severe Fighting in the American Civil War, and was a Prisoner in Libby for a Year.

There is a man living in Washington city who carries about with him enough thrilling memories to stock the lives of a few hundred ordinary citizens with recollections of war, glory and disaster. This is Captain Thomas Morley, the only man in the United States who rode in the famous charge of the 600 at Balaklava. He was a sergeant in the English cavalry in the Crimea, afterwards an instructor and a captain of cavalry in the northern army through the war. Here he saw plenty of hard riding and hot fighting and was a prisoner in Libby for a year.

MEMORIES OF THE CHARGE.

"As for the charge of the Light Brigade," said Captain Morley, to a reporter the other day day. "I believe I remember it more distinctly than I do some things that happened last week, though it will be forty years ago next October.

"During the morning we had been stationed in the South Valley, as it was called, near the Heavy Brigade. We were lose to them



CAPT. MORLEY'S CRIMEAN MEDALS.
THE QUEEN'S "DEATH OR GLORY" MEDAL. THE TURKISH SULTAN'S MEDAL.

when they had their engagement with the Russians, but we were not ordered into action. It was a brilliant affair, but there were not many lives lost. The Russians attacked them when they were unprepared, some of them at breakfast, I think, and some gone to water their horses; anyway they were all tangled up, but they soon got straightened out and made a splendid charge, driving the Russians before them. Ofcourse they were all very large men, and their horses were large. The Russians had small horses. They would shrink and scatter all sorts when the Heavies charged them.

"After that we maneuvered around a little, and were finally stationed over in the North Valley, little knowing that the events of the next hour would make the spot so famous that histories would contain dozens of maps of it, and every hillock, almost, would be a subject of interest. It was a little valley about five hundred yards wide, I suppose, at the narrowest part, and sloping gently down in front of us for about a mile to a Russian battery, behind and around which the main army lay. There were Russian batteries on the Causeway Heights, which were at our right, and among the Fadioukine Heights at the left.

"I did not see the arrival of the order for us to move, and of course when we were ordered forward I hardly knew what we were going to do. I was a non-commissioned officer and consequently at the end of the line, right flank of the second squadrons in the 17th Lancers, (they were known as the "Death or Glory" lancers). As we started down the slope I saw the action of Captain Nolan which has been the subject of so much controversy. He was the aide-de-camp who brought the order for us to move. After Lord Cardigan and the brigade had struck a good trot Nolan saw that the movement was directed straight down the valley, instead of against the batteries at the right. He shouted and waved his sword toward the right. My troop leader, Capt. Winter, evidently understood it for he gave the order, "Second squadron, threes right," and we obeyed. This brought the right troop of the second squadron in the rear of the left troop of the first squadron. At this moment a piece of shell struck Nolan, and killed him. He gave a most peculiar, unearthly cream, and his horse galloped back, throwing his lifeless body off, as it turned and dashed through the intervals between the lines. I heard Corporal Nunnerley, still living at Ormskirk, shout, "Threes left; forward!" and we went left, and on down the valley at great speed. In the next instant a shell burst right in to our troop, and killed or dismounted a dozen or so. My horse was knocked down, but not wounded, and got up without throwing me.

"All that happened in the first four hundred yards. By that time the uproar of

CAPT. MORLEY IN UNIFORM, 17TH LANCERS.

the cannon and the smoke and the confusion from so many falling in front and all around us was so great that no one could tell very clearly what was going on. Captain Winter, our squadron commander, was killed before we had gone far. His body was never seen. Capt. Webb fell out, mortally wounded, our troop was left without leaders, but on we went like mad. The batteries at the right and left were bad enough, but they had a slight disadvantage in having to shoot down hill. The guns in front did the most destruction. They had a fair sweep and raked us through. The Russians were good gunners. The cannon went off in our faces in a terrific volley just as we reached them, and the next instant we were though them, over them, round them, some way, straggling groups of us fighting the gunners and supports.

"Lord Cardigan on his white-legged horse, was one of the first persons I saw after we had passed the guns, but I was looking for officers of my troop. The lancers and 13th light dragoons wore blue uniforms with white facings very similar. I saw an officer I thought belonged to the 17th and rode up to him. It was Lieut. Jarvis of the 13th light dragoons, one of the bravest and most gallant officers that I ever knew. I said to him, "There's Lord Cardigan over there." He said, "Never mind, let's take this gun." We rode up to a cannon the Russians were already moving off. Jarvis pulled out his revolver, and shot one of the horses, while I slashed away at the gunners with my sword and they disappeared and left us with the gun. We did not get far with it before the Cossacks came after us. They swarmed around us like bees. I wanted to get on the other side of the gun, but if I had taken time to get to the other side the Cossacks could have killed me with their lances. They carried lances about twelve feet long. So the only thing to do was to ride at them pell mell and I got through them, but a lot of them chased me into a body of cavalry and I had to ride through that. Then a Russian officer attacked me. My lance had been shot away coming down but I was a good swordsman. He cut my sword half through and gave me such a blow on my head that nothing but my heavy dress cap saved my skull. I managed to get a blow across his face that satisfied him. All this separated me from Jarvis, but I saw no other officer so far down as he and his conduct at the gun and all through should have entitled him to the Victoria Cross.

"Then we were fighting all tangled up together. I saw Corporal Hall, covered with blood, his lance trailing. I shouted to him to throw it away. I wanted to get it myself, but I had no time. They took the poor fellow prisoner, and he died under amputation among the Russians. I saw a body of forty or so of our men driving a brigade of Russian Hussars down the valley. It was madness, and I rode down the rear and shouted to them to turn back. I saw young Clifford, of our troop, ride in among them and cut to pieces, and killed, and others. The Hussars came to a halt and came about. We were half a mile beyond the guns then. I saw a regiment of lancers with flags on their lances advancing down the valley. I rode toward them, thinking at first they were French lancers who had come to reinforce us. When I was within thirty yards they fired on me and I saw the long gray coats of the Jopotkine lancers.

I rode back a little and shouted to our men and they rallied round me. The Hussars were coming up and these lancers were in front. In two or three minutes we would all have been prisoners. Lieut. Wightman joined me at that moment. By the way, in an article he wrote for the Nineteenth Century, May, 1892, he describes me as a 'rough Nottingham man with my long hair flying and bellowing out Nottingham oaths, as he carried the squad through the Russian ranks as if they were tinsel paper.' Some of my friends took unbrage at this speech, but it only amused me, for as the poet says.—'In peace there is nothing so adorns a man as gentleness, but when grim visaged war puts on its wrinked front, then imitate the action of the tiger.' I know Wightman, and correspond with him. He is secretary of our Commemoration society. He says, 'We fell in with the handful this man of the hour had gathered round him,' and if he thought I was rough he certainly did not think I was forgetful of my comrades. I was a young man of twenty-three, with rather long white hair. My hat had been knocked off by the Russian officer in the scrimmage, and I have no doubt my hair was rumpled. I didn't suppose I used any oaths, but if Wightman says he heard me, I won't contradict him. One thing I knew, the enemy were around and were getting into action. I shouted to the fellows, to fall in, as we must cut our way out. I put those who had lances in front, and led them. We closed up and got a good speed on, and as we came up to them at full gallop we could see the Russians pulling back on their horses. I was the first one through the ranks, but it was not much like paper. I got a lance cut in my hand and three men fell near me. As we went through, others of our men galloped round the flanks. Then we had to pass a body of infantry and they fired a volley into us. It was there Wightman fell. He and Marshall were captured, one with nine and the other with thirteen wounds, but both survived. It was still several hundred yards to the guns, which were again manned and in action. We charged through them and scattered up the valley. Two or three men kept close to me. We rode on the slope of the hill, not in the track we had followed going down.

"We were the last to get back. The skeleton lines of the regiments were on parade, the roll had been called and Cardigan had made his speech before we got there. we made forty-five to answer to the call of our regiment. They went into action one hundred and forty-five. Of the whole brigade, six hundred and seventy, there were one hundred and ninety-five to answer roll call. All of them had some bloody mark except Lord Cardigan. His clothes were cut but I believe he did not have a scratch. My recollection is that he was the only one who went through the engagement without bloodshed. There is quite a scar on my right hand but I never thought of taking the wound to a surgeon then.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

"People often seem to think the most remarkable thing in the whole affair was the amount of fighting that was done after we got down to the guns. It seems incredible that a whole army should have been thrown into confusion and momentarily into retreat, by a handful of men who had been almost cut to pieces. I have been asked why we thought of such a thing as capturing the guns, and all that. I can only say, English soldiers are not like any others. They are not worth anything at digging trenches and such work. I have set a squad of them to dig a grave and had them all day about it, but they certainly will fight when their blood is up, and it is up all the time. The ride down the valley only took about five minutes. Kinglake says eight, but I could have run it on foot in five minutes, I was the champion runner of my regiment, and we went at a gallop. We were twenty minutes in behind the guns fighting. There were a dozen or more charges at the Russian troops before we started back. We jumped off our horses to fight and capture the cannon I spoke of. I never could see why Lord Cardigan said he could see none of his men and made no effort to rally them there. I saw him, but only at first, as he turned and rode back alone.

"Volumes have been written about the mistake. Nolan tried to save us but fell dead. He was understood by some as was shown by the "Threes right" order of Captain Winter, but it was too late. Captain Winter was killed too. It was easy to lay the blame on Nolan because he was dead.'

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"That whole affair you know was on an empty stomach. We had not eaten any rations even, though the Russians said we must have been drunk to fight so like mad. At night we fell back behind the entrenchments. During the night some troops of horses broke loose from the Russians and came galloping up on us. At first we thought it was an attack, and the artillery fired on them. We captured the horses and saddles, about three huudred of them.

"Balaklava was on the 25th of October, 1854. Inkerman was ten days after. It was during the battle of Inkerman that I dismounted under fire and brought off Cornet Cleveland, wounded. He is alive now. I have a letter from my commander, Lord Tredegar, speaking of it. After Inkerman there was a big snow storm and snow lay on the ground all winter. The Balaklava battle ground was within the Russian lines. Toward spring the Russian army fell back. As the snow melted off I went out very early one morning and walked over the ground. I saw an officer's sword, very rusty, from lying out all winter, and picked it up. I have it now. The Russians had pretended to bury the dead, but they only threw dirt over them and the rains had washed out a good many bodies. I saw an officer's body in the uniform of the 8th Hussars, and believe it was Lord Fitzgibbons. I could see the tarnished gold lace on the uniform. When the field was taken charge of by the English some of these uncovered remains were taken up and sent home."

IN AN ARSENIC MINE.

By Observing Ordinary Caution the Miners Are Not Injured by the Poison.

Many points of interest are brought out in a description in a technical journal of the way in which arsenic is obtained from one of the most famous mines in England, the Devon Great Consuls. The mine was originally worked for copper alone, and would have been abandoned but for the discovery that the waste thrown out as worthless when copper was sought proved rich in arsenic. Although copper is still raised, it is in small quantities, and the mine has been resolved into an arsenic works. The arsenical pyrites consist of 25 to 30 per cent. of iron, 12½ to 14 per cent. of arsenic, and the rest of earthy matter. After being crushed this is sorted by girls of from 13 to 16 years of age. It is then washed and "jigged," or sifted, and passed on to the first calciner, where it is burned with low-class coal, and produces "arsenic soot"—that is arsenic so mixed with smoke from the coal as to be of a gray color.

The arsenic and soot, deposited in combination in the chimney or condenser, are scraped out and taken to the second calciner for purification. The calciners consist of revolving iron drums, through which a fire of anthracite coal is carried on rotating iron furnaces kept red hot. As the arsenical soot is subjected to the influence of this heat the arsenic is sublimed and condensed. This operation has to be carefully watched and if the workmen burn the arsenic badly they have to pay for it.

The arsenic is liable to produce sores if permitted to lodge in wrinkles and folds of the flesh, or about the mouth and nostrils. As a rule, however, this happens when there is carelessness, as to personal cleanliness, and the arsenic workers simply have to wash themselves thoroughly every day on returning from work. Otherwise the work is considered healthy. It prevents all eczema, and the fumes of sulphuric acid as well as the arsenical dust are fatal of germs of disease. Most workmen remain at the works for a number of years without suffering, but occasionally the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, loss of appetite, nausea, frontal headache, and anæmia, declare themselves. When this takes place the work has to be given up entirely.

The greatest danger to which the workmen are exposed is met when it is necessary for any purpose to enter the upright shaft. The effect on the eyes is most painful, and a further curious evidence of the virulence of the pervading atmosphere becomes manifest. The men wear linen garments, lined with flannel, and the sulphuric acid fumes completely destroy the linen in a few moments, leaving the flannel intact, so that the men go into the shaft in linen and come out clad in wool. Fortunately it is seldom necessary to enter the shaft, or great loss of sight would ensue.

THE SULTAN'S GRIEF.

He Loses Twelve of His Wives Through Vaccination.

The Sultan of Turkey is grieving over the sudden death of twelve of the most beautiful women of the imperial harem at Constantinople. A few weeks ago the 167 wives of his Majesty were obliged to subject to vaccination. Peculiar ceremonies were observed at the time. The physician asked to inject the virus into the arms of the lovely women was a young German who enjoys a considerable practice in Constantinople. As a matter of course, says a correspondent, he was not allowed to look upon the faces of the imperial women. To prevent all possibility of an accident so terrible a temporary wooden wall was built in one of the rooms of the palace. About two feet from the floor a hole was bored about four inches in diameter. The women of the harem took their places on one side of the wall and the doctor on the other. One after the other the arms of the princesses were passed through the aperture to receive the virus. Several large eunuchs and a high officer of state stood guard over the physician. As soon as he had vaccinated an arm the eunuchs hastened to place a huge cloth over his eyes, while another member of the harem placed her arm in the aperture. In this way the physician saw the arm of 167 women, supposed to be the most beautiful in Turkey, but the face of none. Unfortunately for him, however, twelve of the women have died since the vaccination. An autopsy proved that death was due in each case to blood poisoning. Great excitement prevails at the court in consequence of the deaths. The career of the young physician it is feared, will no longer be a glorious one. The Sultan naturally knows that the doctor was innocent, but his days of favor at court are doubtless passed.

An Ideal Country Editor.

First Wayback Citizen—"Heard the news?"

Second Wayback Citizen—"Eh? More burglaries?"

"Mighty near it. As th' new editor of th' Wayback Whoop was goin' home last night, he saw two burglars in Ike Weightlight's store. Well, sir, that editor jus' pitched in, shot one of 'em, an' caught the other."

"That so? Well, I'm glad we've got an editor at last what makes himself useful to the public, instead of sittin' around doing nothin' but writin'."

The Newest School.

Patron—"Can you tell what ails my wife?"

Doctor—"She does not take enough outdoor exercise."

"She does not feel like it."

"True. She needs toning up."

"What have you prescribed?"

"A new bonnet."

A Considerate Employer.

Publisher—"You walk lame. Been kicked out much?"

Book Agent—"'Bout forty times."

Publisher (kindly)—"Well, leave your sample cyclopedia here, and canvas with this sample Bible until your back gets well."

A Practical Girl.

Nellie—"Why do you send out your wedding invitations so far in advance?"

Millie—"Many of our friends keep their money in savings bank, and have to give notice."

Satisfactory.

Mike—How fur is it to Hamilton, sor?

Bill—Who do you want to see in Hamilton?

Mike—Mesilf befoor noight, sor.

Marital Amenities.

His Wife—Do you wear that fright of a hat on the streets?

Himself—No—on my head.

JOHN BULL WANTS A NEW MEAT

Tired of His Native Beef and Mutton, He May Try the Kangaroo.

We, like certain ancient people, are continually seeking for some new thing, and just now the cry has arisen for a new food producing animal, or, rather, a new animal which we can eat regularly. We are weary of our sheep, our pigs, and our oxen; weary of ringing the eternal changes on the three course system of mammalianism—beef, pork and mutton. We don't take kindly to the flesh of the goat, for some reason or other, says the Westminster Budget.

And although chevreau is not inferior to lamb, it must be confessed that the change from our daily mutton which a dish of goat's flesh might afford us would probably not be so very great after all, as many Continental travelers could probably involuntarily testify to after a prolonged course of hotel cotelettes.

We want a change greater than that afforded by the frozen and tinned beef sent to us from Australia and South America, or the excellent New Zealand mutton, against which a somewhat unreasonable prejudice exists. We want, in fact, a new live animal of our own; one that we can naturalize and breed for ourselves; one that will thrive on our paddocks and ornament our parks, and be to us even as the pheasant and hare and the fallow-buck are in their season.

The idea of the introduction into this country, and acclimation, of some of the South African antelopes—the magnificent eland among others—has been mooted. But would they, we may ask, differ greatly in flavor from our own Scotch and park-fed venison, for which there is always a steady demand at reasonable, though (in the case of the buck and doe English venison) remunerative prices. Probably the flesh of the eland itself would be sufficiently distinct, partaking somewhat of the flavor of beef, but of the rest we may expect them to differ but little in taste from our own red deer or from the park-fed fallow deer, whose venison is to many people, who are unable to appreciate the beauties of "high" game, only slightly to be preferred to three-year-old Southdown mutton.

For our new animal it seems that we must look further afield. Many of the animals relished by the natives of distant lands are, for various causes, out of the question. The elephant, for instance, is slow of growth, and very costly; while the shape and appearance of the monkey (which has, moreover, a constitution too delicate for this country) would probably be an insuperable objection to its general adoption as one of the sources of our luxurious food supply. But why should we not adopt and naturalize the kangaroo? The descriptions given by our antipodean cousins of "kangaroo-tail soup" or "steamer" must have often made the mouth of our gourmends to water, and the large amount of flesh yielded by the hindquarters of the kangaroo is deemed excellent by white and black population alike.

No Exemptions There.

Max Lebandy, the French millionaire whose bills have won him much notoriety in Paris, finds that his small stature and palpitations of the heart will not save him from having to serve three years in the army. The recruiting council, before which he went, decided that he was fit for a light cavalry regiment, and might usefully serve as an eclaireur or a military cyclist. He thought he had smoked himself into heart disease. Naturally, with a fortune of 25,000,000 francs to spend, he is disappointed at having to serve as a lancer, which involves cleaning a horse and other stable duties. As it is useless to kick against the inevitable, he intends to give une fete sportique at the Maisons Lafitte before going to be drafted into a regiment.

Francois Carnot, the youngest son of the President, will have to break off his studies at the Central Engineering School to serve as a private soldier.

Ladies' Journal for July.

With weather up in the nineties it is difficult to keep anything moving except butter and tourists, but the publishers of the LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, believe in keeping their paper moving and are making extra efforts to have the present number one of the most spicy yet published.

"Through Toronto and Suburbs with a Kodak," is a seasonable article and one well calculated to enhance the interest of intending tourists to our lovely Queen City. The sketch will be profusely illustrated with beautiful half-tone photos.

There are many pet charities in this philanthropic city, and some that are equally deserving but not quite so well-known. Among the latter may be mentioned The Girls' Home. The July number contains an interesting sketch of the workings of that institution.

The Teachers' page contains an excellent photograph and biographical sketch of Miss Mills, of the Ottawa Model School, together with an important paper on "Keeping the Children off the Street." "What to do for a Living," is the third of the series of most interesting papers by Georgina Fraser Newhall the well-known Canadian writer now a resident of Omaha, Nebraska.

The Fashion and Fancy Work Departments are freely illustrated with numerous line engavings. The other departments such as Home, Mothers', Culinary, Hygiene, Elocution, Boys', Girls', etc., are filled with choice matter appropriate to their headings.

During the summer months the paper will be supplied for 50c a year, just half price. Subscribe now and make one more in our rapidly increasing army of subscribers.

Remarkable Operation.

A remarkable surgical operation was performed last week at the Lancaster, Eng., County Lunatic Asylum upon William Fitzpatrick, one of the inmates. This man, some time ago, took to swallowing things, and on Monday morning he ate 192 flooring nails, which naturally upset his digestion. An operation was decided upon without the remotest chance of saving the man's life. During the operation, which lasted two hours, the surgeon took from his stomach the 192 nails aforesaid, varying from 1½ to 3 inches in length, a half of a screw, a piece of wire, two buttons, and a mass of matted hair. The nails alone weighed nearly two pounds. Fitzpatrick is expected to die.

Expelled

—every poison and impurity of your blood by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Then there's a clear skin and a clean system. Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings, and all Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst scrofula—these are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

In building up needed flesh and strength of pale, puny, scrofulous children, nothing can equal it.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Address in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Snakes in South Africa fear the secretary bird, and will even crawl away from its shadow. This bird can easily thrash a snake twice its size.

Mr. W. M. Carman, Champion Bicyclist of Canada writes that he considers St. Leon the very best thing to drink while in general training.

The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet. The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant, and antelope, all conspicuous for strength, choose a vegetable diet.

A FARMER'S TALE OF WOE

THE INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF A GRENVILLE CO. MAN.

His Spine Injured While Working in the Woods—A Long and Painful Illness Followed—How He Regained Health and Strength.

There are few readers of the Recorder who are not familiar with the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People enjoy a reputation for excellence, both at home and abroad, not equalled by any other proprietary medicine. That this reputation is deserved is amply borne out by the evidence of many of the best newspapers in the country, which has carefully investigated the most noteworthy of the cures following the use of Pink Pills, and have given the facts to their readers, with a clearness and conciseness that admits of no doubt as to the truthfulness of the reports. Recently a reporter of the RECORDER was informed by Mr. John A. Barr, the well known druggist, that the particulars of a case quite as striking as many that have been published could be learned from Mr. Samuel Sargeant, of Augusta township, who had been benefited most remarkably by the Pink Pill treatment. The reporter determined to interview Mr. Sargeant, and accordingly drove to his home in Augusta, about six miles from Brockville.

Mr. Sargeant was found busily engaged in loading logs in the woods near his home, and although well up in the sixties was working with the vigor of a man in the prime of life exhibiting no traces of the fact that he had been a great sufferer. When informed of the reporter's mission Mr. Sargeant said he could not say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and expressed his willingness to give the facts in connection with his restoration to health. "Two years ago," said Mr. Sargeant, "I went over to New York state to work in the lumber region for the winter. One day while drawing logs one slipped and rolled on me, injuring my spine. The pain was very severe and as I could no longer work I was brought back to my home, and was laid up for about six months. I suffered a great deal and seemed to be growing worse. I became badly constipated and as a result piles developed which added to my misery. The various treatments did not appear to do me any good, and one of my neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My wife went to town and procured a supply, and I had not been taking them long when I found myself growing stronger and the pain leaving me. The pills made my bowels regular again and the piles disappeared, and by the time I had taken six boxes I found myself as well as I ever was, and able, as you see, to do a good day's work." Mr. Sargeant further said that he had been troubled with hernia fourteen years during all which time he was forced to wear a truss. To his surprise that trouble left him and in April last he threw away his truss and has had no occasion for it since. Mr. Sargeant declares his full belief that this too was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but whether this is the case or whether his release from the rupture is due to his prolonged rest as a result of his other trouble, the reporter does not pretend to say—he simply tells the story as Mr. Sargeant gave it to him. One thing is certain, Mr. Sargeant and his wife are very enthusiastic as to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Incidentally Mrs. Sargeant told the reporter of the great benefit Pink Pills had been to her sister, Mrs. Wm. Taylor, who lives in Essex Co., England, and who was a sufferer from paralysis and unable to move hand or foot. The trouble affected her stomach to such an extent that she was unable to retain food, and to stimulants alone she owed her existence for a considerable period. Mrs. Sargeant sent her sister a supply of Pink Pills, which soon showed that she had secured the right medicine. The treatment was continued and a further supply of the pills procured after the company opened its London house, and when Mrs. Sargeant last heard from her sister she had regained almost all her strength after having been prostrated for several years.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal trouble, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which makes the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Sea-bathing causes many diseases of the ear. Cotton should be put in the ear when it is the intention to submerge the head.

The Electric Light

Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Polson's Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficient power. Nerviline, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work, that the most agonizing internal pain yields as if by magic. Nerviline relieves neuralgia instantly and for the speedy cure of nerve pains of every description it has no equal. Sold everywhere.

A.P. 718.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY K. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

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MANHOOD Wrecked & Rescued

By W. J. HUNTER, Ph.D., D.D. A series of chapters to men on social purity and right living. It is written in plain language that all may understand. Live Agents wanted. Circulars containing terms sent on application WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto, Ont.

CANANOQUE DRY EARTH CLOSET... Every home should have one. Endorsed by all Doctors and Scientists. PRICE $5.00. MANUFACTURED BY CAN. GEAR CO.

The Sting Within.

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would change their own for that of another. He that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of heartache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

A bulletin-board in the post-office of the City of Mexico contains the names of persons for whom letters are awaiting.

The farm will be more profitable if the orchard is given close attention. Fruit growing must be followed more extensively in this section if our farmers desire their land to yield them incomes proportionate ta their value. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto Ont., handle fine stock. Write them for agency.

Professional fortune-tellers roam from house to house in New York, seeking fools, to whom they reveal the future, at fees ranging from fifty cents to one dollar a head.

Recipe.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract.....one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST. 25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

Canada Permanent

Loan and Savings Company.

Office—Toronto St., Toronto.

Subscribed Capital	$ 5,000,000
Paid up Capital	2,600,000
Reserved Funds	1,554,000
Total Assets	12,000,000

The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it now has for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security. Application may be made to the Company's local Appraisers, or to....

J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

COWBOY'S IMPROVED CARTRIDGE BOXES

Be sure and get one for your buggy. Take no other kind. They won't disappoint you. They are better than ever for 1894.

ST. JACOBS OIL Cures all the Aches and Pains of Man & Beast.

Blood

should be rich to insure health. Poor blood means Anæmia; diseased blood means Scrofula.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood; cures Anæmia, Scrofula, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, and Wasting Diseases. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & $1.

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Every Music Teacher in Canada should know where they can get their Music cheapest. Write us for Catalogues; also sample copy of the CANADIAN MUSICIAN, a live monthly journal with $1.00 worth of music in each issue. $3 to $5 per day made by canvassers. See premium list. We carry everything in the Music line.

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THE MONEY-MAKER KNITTING MACHINE ONLY $10 ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT, OR SEND A 3CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c. THIS IS GOOD FOR $2.00 SEND TO CREELMAN BROS. Mfrs GEORGETOWN, ONT.

What a Heap of Trouble!

Arises from obstruction or sluggish action of the Bowels, Kidneys or Liver. Headaches, Boils, Ulcers, Pimples, and a host of other complications are sure to follow. St. Leon Mineral Water acts DIRECTLY on these organs removing all filthy obstructions—and gives Health and Vigor to the whole system.

Sold by all Reputable Dealers.

St. Leon Mineral Water Co'y, Ltd
Head Office—King St. W., Toronto.
Hotel at Springs opens June 15th.

ORIGINAL CANDY Stitched Cotton Belting. Sold to Leading AMERICAN THRESHER BUILDERS IN 1893. 325,957 feet. 10th YEAR'S PURCHASE For most of them. Outwears Rubber 2 to 1. Prices Reduced. WATEROUS Brantford, Canada.

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GRANBY RUBBERS

They give perfect satisfaction in fit, style and finish, and it has become a by word that

"Granby Rubbers" wear like iron.

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A Printer's Error..

Sometimes is a very expensive thing for the printer, but more often for the advertiser. We recently advertised our well known, and people say, deservedly popular "LADIES' JOURNAL," and the printer made us say that the subscription price was Fifty Cents a year, when everyone knows the regular rate is One Dollar per year, and is one of the cheapest and best ladies' papers on the continent at that figure.

Cut in Two to Stand =:= =:=

Now, the queer part of the whole business comes in. We had such a rush of subscriptions at the fifty cent rate that we have decided to let the JOURNAL go at fifty cents during the usually dull summer months, so as to keep

Our Eight Fast Steam Presses

On the run all through the long, heated term, that most every publisher in the land calls "the dull, dull, dog days."

Ladies . . .

Now send on your half-dollar (by money order, through the Express or Post office; or postage stamps, if these are unattainable,) and get the JOURNAL for a year for just half-price. Take advantage of the low offer while it is going, for, unless we have an enormous list at this price, we will not be able to continue it. We will send the JOURNAL, post-paid, to any address in Canada or the United States at this half rate, *but accept it now.*

Two for One, and a Present

Better still. Get a friend to join you and send one dollar, and we will mail the JOURNAL to each of you for a year, and in addition, make you each a present of a Sterling Silver-Plated Souvenir (Toronto) Coffee Spoon, with gold-plated bowl. We have seen spoons not so good as this retailed at one dollar. No premium is given with a single subscription.

Boys and Girls . . .

There are lots of beautiful things in the JOURNAL of interest to you; it is not only for your big sisters and mother. There are prizes offered every month for the best compositions, poems, stories, etc. Get father to subscribe for it for you.

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