THE ADVANCE.

One of the leading Local and Family Newspapers in Northern Ontario. Published

Every Thursday,

FROM THE OFFICE,

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Editor and Proprietor.

Flesherton Meat Market.

SEPT. GOOD, • PROPRIETOR

Cash paid for fat Cattle and Sheep.

Fresh Meats constantly on hand for Cash. Orders promptly filled.

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FLESHERTON.

James Sullivan,

The Tinsmith, - Flesherton.

Repairing, Eavetroughing, and in fact everything in the business will receive my prompt and careful attention at reasonable prices.

Stoves & Holoware in Stock.

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FLESHERTON,

Is the place to get your Harness Collars, &c, made up in good style.

Shop in W. Clayton's Boot & Shoe Store, Flesherton.

EUGENIA Grist Mill,

SAW and Lath Mill.

Having made extensive improvements in my Grist Mill, I am confident I can give good satisfaction.

CHOPPING DONE ANY DAY.

Good Flour always on hand.

Custom Sawing,

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Cash Paid for

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FROM THE FRIGID ZONE.

Interesting Arctic Relics Brought Home by the Captain of a Scotch Whaler.

A London cable says: A series of Arctic relics of strange interest has been brought home by Captain Fairweather, of the whaler Terra Nova, of Dundee, and transmitted to the Admiralty through Mr. Leigh Smith. These relics consist of various documents in a cylindrical tin case, which had been deposited by several of the Franklin search expeditions thirty years ago, and a statement left by Sir Allen Young when at Beechey Island in 1875. Captain Fairweather says that he picked up the documents in Prince Regent's Inlet, under the following circumstances: While lying at the floe edge in that inlet, about the end of June last, he was surprised to see several sledges with natives coming off to the ship. He had never seen natives in that quarter before, and therefore thought that they had come from Admiralty Inlet for the express purpose of robbing the depots left by former Arctic expeditions on Beechey Island and thereabouts. The captain was also, with good reason, surprised at the manner in which the natives were dressed. Their trousers were cut from "Dreadnought" cloth, serge and woollen shirts and big pilot overcoats supplied the place of the usual Eskimo trappings, their outfits being completed with English caps of various descriptions. It did not require much acuteness on the part of the captain to surmise where the store was located from which the lucky natives had been so liberally supplying themselves. Their sledges, also from the depot, were loaded with tobacco and various other little luxuries, down even to onion powder, the purpose of which, however, rather puzzled them. On overhauling the sledges, the captain was fortunate enough to find the tin cylinder referred to, and just in time, as the natives were about to use up the contents as wads for their guns. The Eskimo admitted they found the treasure trove on Beechy Island, no doubt in the "Northumberland House" depot, familiar to all readers of Arctic travel. They had also broached the rum casks and the preserved meat tins, many of the latter, however, being bad. Tobacco was the article they seemed best supplied with, and the crews of the ships lying in the inlet bartered not less than eighty pounds from them. Captain Fairweather is of opinion that the natives have cleared out Beechey Island depot of everything that would be of service to man in those regions.

FIGHT FOR A COFFIN.

Disgraceful Scene at a Wake Between Women and Italians.

A last (Thursday) night's Newark (N.J.) despatch says: Bartley Rice was shot by Policeman Baumer a day or two ago while resisting arrest. Rice had been accused of stealing two kegs of beer from the saloon of an Italian named Polito. Rice's body was taken to an apartment over the saloon, where a wake was in progress last night when a party of Italians entered and demanded that the coffin should be taken out of the house. A colored woman tried to bar the way, but she was thrown into a corner, and the Italians seized the coffin, from which the lid had been removed. As they started for the door two men and five women grappled with them, and a fierce struggle ensued for the coffin, which was carried backward and forward in the *melee*. The women were getting the best of the intruders when Polito said something in Italian and a rush was made towards the window. The women were taken by surprise, and before they could make any resistance the head of the coffin was driven through the sash and protruded into the street. A shower of glass fell on the heads of the spectators below. Fully two hundred persons, mostly Italians, and of both sexes, were massed in front of the house, and a wild cheer went up from their throats as the coffin appeared. It was only a moment in sight before the plucky women in the room were reinforced by several young friends of Rice, who drove out the Italians and guarded the corpse until the police arrived. The wake then continued.

REMARKABLE RESUSCITATION.

A Wisconsin Man, Pronounced Dead, Still Lives to Tell About It.

A Galena, Ill., despatch says: John F. Munger, a well-known citizen of Platteville, Wis., has suffered greatly from rheumatism in the feet. Two days ago, with the hope of relieving the pain, he bathed his feet freely with tincture of aconite and then thrust them into a pail of hot water. A tingling sensation followed, the pulse weakened, the skin became moist and clammy, and violent vomiting and retching ensued. A doctor was called, but he found Mr. Munger apparently dead. The heart seemed to have stopped beating, and the doctor, with other medical men who were summoned, decided that Munger had died from aconite poisoning, having absorbed the drug through his feet. An undertaker set about preparing the body for burial, when the doctor, as an experiment, injected with a hypodermic syringe a mixture of brandy and digitalis near the heart. In a few minutes the supposed dead man began to gasp and there was a faint beating of the heart. More hypodermics were given, the death pallor was succeeded by a reddish glow, the muscles relaxed, perspiration broke out, and Mr. Munger slowly returned to life. He is now entirely out of danger. The doctors consider his resuscitation most remarkable.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

How a Smuggler in Human Flesh Got Rid of His Cargo.

A Seattle, W. T., despatch says: The details of a horrible story which gained circulation here to-day are to the following effect: One day last summer an Italian boatman, accompanied by seven Chinamen, left Victoria for the American side of the Straits of Fuca. When almost across the straits the Italian observed the United States cutter Oliver Wolcott coming towards him, the evident intention of the officers of the vessel being to examine the contents of this craft. He became alarmed, and to avoid the penalties attaching to the offence of smuggling Chinese into the United States, resolved to make away with the evidence of his guilt. He called the Chinamen out of the cabin one by one, and as each man came out the Italian struck him on the head with a club, and pitched the body overboard. In this way he got rid of the whole number, and when the officers from the cutter boarded his boat no evidence whatever of a criminating nature was found. The story is told by a recently convicted smuggler now in the penitentiary. An investigation will be made.

A Florida man is trying to introduce the mistletoe into America. We don't think kissing needs any further encouragement in this country.

A farewell bachelor dinner not long ago came very near causing the postponement of what we call a "high life" wedding. The host imbibed not wisely but too well, and it took a doctor and his best man all the morning to get him in condition to appear at the church at noon to be married. Prohibition forever! is now the cry of his wife's mother.—*N. Y. Mail.*

Dr. John Kirk, British agent in Zanzibar, is doing his utmost to make arrangements with the King of Mombasa for the release of Bishop Hannington.

The late Bishop of Manchester owed his extraordinary mastery over his voice to having lived for years with a deaf mother and aunt.

THE ADDIE DAVIS TRAGEDY.

Sad Story of a Girl's Downfall and Death.

TROUBLES THAT LED TO SUICIDE.

A Heart-broken Father Weeps Over the Remains of His Dead Daughter.

The inquest into the cause of the death of the young woman, Adelaide Davis, who committed suicide on Thursday in Toronto by taking carbolic acid, was held yesterday morning at the Morgue, before Coroner Duncan.

John Davis, the father of the deceased, was the first witness called. He is a gray-headed old man, and felt so deeply the disgrace his daughter had brought upon her name that his emotion at times prevented him from continuing his evidence. He testified that he lived in Sarnia. He had seen the body and recognized it as that of his daughter Adelaide. A number of letters which were found in the room where the girl suicided were identified by him as being in her handwriting.

John Sutherland, commercial traveller, was next called. After being warned that his evidence might be used against him, he testified that last Monday morning about 10.30 he was coming out of his rooms when he met Miss Davis and another girl. They looked very hard at him, and he looked at them. They both walked along towards the Albion Hotel. He beckoned for them and asked them where they were going. The deceased said she was trying to find a boarding house. He said, "Why not stay with me?" They laughed and turned away. He said he would be pleased to meet them that evening. They went on a little way, when the deceased turned back and told him she would meet him at half-past 7. He met her on King street at that hour, and they went up together to his rooms. She said she had some trouble with friends, and was ashamed to go home. She wanted to stay till Saturday, when she would return to her friends. She stayed there three days—until noon Thursday, when she left, saying she was going to her brother's house. She asked for the key of the room so that she could get in when she came back. He told her he might want to get in himself, and he finally agreed to leave the key outside under his trunk. He left a few minutes after and returned between 5 and 6. When he went into the room she screamed out, throwing her arms in the air and saying that she had poisoned herself. He took her downstairs to Dr. Reeves' office and asked him if he had a stomach pump. He said he had not, and told them to get some other doctor. Witness said, "You cannot see the woman die." Dr. Reeves said, "Take her out of here." He took her out and sat her upon the steps. At that time she could speak. She had no hat or cloak on, and said that her brother had taken them from her. Witness went to get another doctor, leaving the girl sitting upon the steps, just outside Dr. Reeves' office. He went to Dr. Oldright, but he was out. Dr. James Ross, on Sherbourne street, was found to be engaged. He went to Dr. Ball, on Queen street, who happened to be out. Dr. Chaffee, on being informed of the circumstances, came immediately. Dr. Chaffee said he would need an assistant, and witness told him that Dr. Reeves was near, as he was in the room at the time. Witness was sent for some rubber piping and brandy, and when he returned there seemed to be no one attending to her. She was still sitting upon the steps. With the assistance of Dr. Reeves and Mr. Swinburne he carried her upstairs to his room. She never spoke after that.

In answer to a question by a juryman, witness stated that Dr. Reeves refused to do anything. He never saw the deceased before Monday last.

AFFECTING LETTERS.

The coroner then read the following letters and post-card, which were found in the room with the deceased:

THURSDAY.

DEAR FATHER,—I have just heard that you are looking for me. I cannot tell the truth. I was accused of wrong long before I was guilty, but now I am guilty. I blame D. K. Hawley (a boot and shoe traveller). His home is on University street. He will be held responsible for my poor soul, and what will my friends think when this has been divulged? I cannot live. Hell itself will not be half so bad as I am enduring at present. I have been a source of trouble to you, but now it is all at an end. You must excuse this scribble, for I am just about dead. My poor sisters! I am glad that I am the one who has been led astray instead of any of them, for they will see by my ways that sin has ruined me, body and soul. I cannot live, for I know you are in search of me, and I don't want to see anyone. ADDIE.

P. S.—I did not yield to D. K. Hawley's wishes, but he took advantage of me and forced me to nearly two years ago. My trunk and clothes are at 37 Carlton street, and I am here breathing my last. Don't blame the one whose room I am in, for he has been a friend.—Good-bye. ADDIE.

DEAR FRIEND J——. After I left you this morning I went to my brother's—as I told you I was going to do—and he asked me a question at once. He then took away my cloak from me and went away. I would not wait till he returned, but came away in my bare head. I found that you were not here, so I take this way of telling you that my father is here looking for me. I cannot see him. I cannot live; and I am sorry that my life will be ended in your room. I cannot help it. I came in and fastened both locks, and when I wrote the note to my father I then went to the door to unlock it, but I could not. I confessed all to you last night. I told you about D. K. Hawley seducing me, and he's the man who will be responsible for my poor soul. I also told about Ed. Lancaster betraying. He will be sorry for it, for I would not end my life only for him. All I told you personally I want you to tell again, for you are not to blame for one of my actions. I cannot say sufficient with regard to Hawley. I have told you the truth, and I want you to tell it the same as you heard it and let the guilty parties be punished. When I am found here you may put my bracelets in my pocket and let everything be sent home. I can scarcely write, so will now close. Good-bye for ever, Dear Jack.

I am dying quickly.

DEAR J.—I confessed all to you last night, and now I am about to end my unhappy life. You have been a friend to me, and I don't want you blamed. ADDIE.

P S.—I want you to tell everything as I told it to you last night, and then the truth will be known.

On another sheet of foolscap the girl had begun her last note. By this time the poison had evidently nearly finished its work, for the note ended abruptly. The words written were these

DEAR J.—I have managed to unlock the door, and I know your eyes will come in contact with a terrible sight, but I cannot get down stairs. I cannot see——

This was evidently written in the last throes of death.

The theory advanced as to why the girl selected carbolic acid as the poison is this: Sutherland had been using carbolic acid on a sore arm. Deceased saw the bottle on the table and read on the label that it was poison, and went to Dilworth's drug store and purchased a two-ounce bottle, swallowing two-thirds of it.

The Calendar Craze.

This is the season for hydrophobia, smallpox and calendars. All of these afflictions make their appearance together, but the people will take them—we mean the calendars. One large firm announces ninety different varieties of English, French and American calendars. All the poets, essayists and alleged wits have been drawn upon. Some of these calendars are certainly pretty and useful.

SEVERAL medical writers have lately called attention to the fact that although there is a marked diminution of drunkenness in England, the use of powerful narcotic and stimulating drugs has largely increased. Even nitro glycerine—a comparatively new medicine—has found its devotees. The *Lancet* says: "Since the introduction of nitro-glycerine tablets into the British pharmacopœia the use of the drug has increased to an enormous extent, and it is to be feared that its manufacture is carried on surreptitiously."

FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Topics for Discussion Around the Inglenook.

THE DUTIES OF THE NEXT MONTH.

"Keep the Pot Boiling."

If farmers generally would follow the city fashion of beginning their dinners, as a customary thing, with some kind of soup, they would soon find it healthful as well as economical. Much meat in odds and ends is wasted in farm houses that might be made into good, rich soup. It is the French fashion, and certainly a wise one, to have a pot perpetually on the back of the stove or range, into which all scraps of meat and vegetables are thrown, and sufficient water added from time to time. This is kept, not boiling hard, but simmering, and the family manage to have a supply of bouillon (or broth) for their daily use. If farmers would save their pieces of veal and beef and potatoes, and make use of them in the same way they would certainly on a cold, wintry day bless the housewife who kept "the pot boiling."

Window Plants for January.

The window garden and greenhouse should now be gay with bloom, and repay the earlier care. Bring potted bulbs from the cellar, to give a succession of bloom. Those out of flower should have the stalks cut away, and the leaves allowed to grow until they turn yellow, when the pots may go to the cellar. Insects, dust and dryness of the air are the chief enemies of the window garden. The red spider is so small that it is rarely seen. The leaves turn brown and soon fall. Examine the lower surface of the leaves with a magnifier; if a red or brown mite is seen, it is the red spider. Syringe the under side of the foliage frequently and copiously, laying the plant on its side in a sink or bath tub; this is the only remedy. For greenfly, or plant lice generally, syringe with tobacco water. Mealy-bug and scale insects are best removed by hand-picking. If earth worms infest the soil of pots, saturate the ball with clear lime water. It will not hurt the plants if soon watered with rain water. If a very cold spell comes on, remove the tender plants to the middle of the room at night, and cover them with some light fabric or with newspapers.

Look to Your Live Stock in January.

January is a critical month with all kinds of live stock. They should be kept comfortable and gaining. If they begin to fall off in condition, they will be almost sure to lose rapidly, and will require more food and better care to keep them up, than if well housed, and continuously well fed. Be systematic and regular, then they will not stand and worry for food or water, and will take time to feed, to ruminate and to rest. Look after sheds and stables, to keep them clean and warm. Water ought not to freeze in cow or horse stables on the coldest nights, and at the same time the ventilation should be such that the air is always sweet. Pigs suffer greatly with the cold, and should have dry, well-littered nests always. Litter them with straw or swamp hay, enough so that they can cover themselves out of sight in it. Sheep should have dry sheds; they bear a great deal of cold, but should not have wet nor dirty straw to lie in. Where much straw is to be thrown into their sheds, provide a few movable platforms, like old barn doors, for them to stand upon. They will be a great comfort to them, and they are easily turned over when fresh straw is thrown in, or they get dirty. Fowls will lay if they have warm houses, are well fed, and have a chance to exercise. The free range of the cattle sheds, sheep sheds, and the barnyards gives usually sufficient exercise. If debarred from these, they must have sheltered runs and bare ground. Ducks need to be well fed, but not allowed to get too fat if they are to begin laying early. Too much corn is always bad, except for fattening poultry, as it produces internal fat, stops laying, and makes the fowls lazy. No exercise, no eggs.

Farm Hints for January.

Of course, before you take your vacation, the farm harness will be oiled and repaired, the waggons and sleighs and buggies and carriages carefully examined and the nuts tightened. There will be a place for everything and everything will be in its place—forks, rakes, hoes, shovels, spades, chains, clevises, whiffle-trees, ploughs, cultivators, horserake, mower, binder, roller, harrows, farm drill, garden drill, garden line, corn marker—I am afraid my corn marker is sticking on the fence, but I have no expectation of taking a vacation, unless we may conclude that that is the proper place for it. Of course, you will get the harrow teeth sharpened and the wood-work saturated with crude petroleum. The manure will be all drawn out and piled in the field. You will get everything ready for the lambs and the pens will be made comfortable for the early spring pigs. You will have a plenty of troughs and racks. Hoops will be tightened on barrels. New leathers will be put on pumps. Pruning will be done. Dead trees will be cut down and worked up. Dead branches of shade trees will be removed, and wherever shade trees, or trees on the lawn are too thick, they will be thinned out. Fences, gates and bars, will be in perfect order. All the pig pens, cow stables, hen houses, cellars and sheep sheds, will have two coats of white wash, and some of them three. The potatoes in the cellar will be sorted over, the decayed ones removed, and those intended for seed, for market or for home use put by themselves. There will be no broken panes of glass; no windows loose in the frames; the doors, the locks and the bolts, will all work smoothly. The garret will be overhauled. Perhaps you will say this is woman's work. At any rate, you will see that they have a good bench for the wash tubs.

Cattle Feeding.

The following summing up notes on cattle feeding, by Prof. George E. Morrow, of the University of Illinois, at Champaign, Ill., are well worth study.

Bearing in mind that it is not wise to draw final conclusions from single trials, the facts concerning these cattle suggest or illustrate among other things that:

1. The differences in animals of like breeding and under like treatment are often greater than those between typical animals of different breeds.

2. Under the prevalent methods of wintering steers in the Western States little or no gain is made in weight during winter.

3. It is difficult, if not impossible, to secure under good conditions gains in winter which shall nearly equal those made in summer.

4. The largest gains may be expected from animals in thin flesh, if in good health. It is difficult to secure rapid gain in weight during long continued feeding.

5. Under like conditions young animals make largest gain in proportion to food eaten.

6. A fair profit can be made, even at present low prices, by grazing and then grain-feeding for two or three months cattle which have been judiciously bought or economically reared to be sold when from 30 to 36 months old.

7. Economy of production is quite as important as maximum product, especially in times of low prices. It is not clear that it is profitable to give full grain feeding to steers designed for the grazing markets during the best of the grazing season. It is not proved that it is the most profitable for Western farmers to fatten and sell their steers as yearlings.

Advantages of Underdraining.

It prevents drought.

It furnishes an increased supply of atmospheric fertilizers.

It warms the lower portions of the soil.

It accelerates the disintegration of the mineral matters in the soil.

It causes a more even distribution of nutritious matters among those parts of the soil traversed by roots.

It proves the mechanical texture of soil.

It causes the poisonous excrementitious matters of plants to be carried out of reach of their roots.

It prevents the grasses from running out.

It enables the surface soil to be deepened by removing excess of water.

It renders soil earlier in the spring.

It prevents the throwing out of grain in winter.

It allows work to be done sooner after rains.

It keeps off the effects of cold weather longer in the fall.

It prevents the formation of acetic and other acids, which induce the growth of sorrel and other weeds

It prevents, in a great measure, the evaporation of water, and the consequent abstraction of heat from the soil.

It admits fresh quantities of water from rains, etc., which are always more or less imbued with the fertilizing gases of the atmosphere, to be deposited among the absorbent parts of soil and given up to the necessities of plants.

It prevents the formation of so hard a crust on the surface of the soil as is customary on heavy lands.

It prevents in a great measure grass and winter grains from being winter-killed.—*Canadian Breeder.*

A BIG BLOW UP.

A Steam Tug Blown to Pieces at Her Dock in Brooklyn.

A New York despatch says: The residents in the vicinity of the dock at the foot of Bowne street, Brooklyn, and the sailors on a ship in Atlantic dock were startled at midnight by an explosion. On hurrying to Bowne street dock they found it literally strewn with the *debris* of the tug Niagara, which had made fast to the dock early in the evening. The engineer had let off steam and the fireman banked the fires early in the evening, and everything was thought to be safe. The safety valve of the boiler must have been out of order and the water low. There must also have been sufficient fire to generate steam, for about midnight the dome of the boiler, weighing over 500 lbs., went skyward a distance of 150 feet, and when it came down it went crash through the roof of a grain warehouse adjoining. The pilot-house was blown to pieces, and a portion of the cabin and upper part of the boat went overboard. The fireman was seriously injured and a deck hand was fished out of the river uninjured.

"How Grant Marched Against Mark Twain."

The New York *Sun* calls attention to the curious fact that Mark Twain's article in the December "Century" entitled, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," is, by an odd coincidence, a contemporaneous supplement to chapter 18 in the first volume, just printed, of General Grant's memoirs. It appears that the only time that General Grant was really scared was when he had to meet the little army in which his future publisher was a private. At Palmyra, Grant, then a Colonel, was ordered to move against Col. Thomas Harris, who was said to be encamped at the little town of Florida, some twenty-five miles away. In his memoirs Gen. Grant tells how his heart kept getting higher and higher as he approached the enemy, until he felt it in his throat, but when he reached a point where he expected to see them and found they had fled, his heart resumed its place. Mark Twain was one of the "enemy," and that he and his fellow-soldiers were equally frightened appears in his frank confession in the December "Century." The difference between the two soldiers was that Mark Twain was thrown into such trepidation that he then and there abandoned forever the profession of arms, whereas General Grant made on that occasion the discovery that the enemy were as much afraid of him as he had been of them. "This," says General Grant, "was a view of the question I had never taken before, but it was one I never forgot afterward. From that event to the close of the war, I never experienced trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."

The Tyrol Tear Handkerchief.

In some portions of Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom still prevails. When a girl is about to be married before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother hands her a kerchief, which is called a tear kerchief. It is made of newly-made linen, and has never been used. It is with this kerchief that she dries her tears when she leaves her father's house, and while she stands at the altar. After the marriage is over, and the bride has gone with her husband to their own new home, she folds up the kerchief and places it unwashed in her linen closet, where it remains untouched. The tear kerchief has only performed half of its mission. Children are born, grow up, marry and move away from the old home. Each daughter receives from the mother a new tear kerchief. Her own still remains where it was placed in the linen closet on the day of the marriage. Generations come and go. The young rosy bride has become a wrinkled old woman. She may have survived her husband and all her children. All her friends may have died off, and still that last present which she received from her mother has not fulfilled its object. But it comes at last. At last the weary eyelids close for the long, long sleep, and the tired wrinkled hands are folded over the pulseless heart. Then the tear kerchief is taken from its place and spread over the placid features of the dead, never to be removed until we are summoned to come forth on the resurrection morn.—*Texas Siftings.*

Love on Snowshoes.

A novel marriage that took place near Silverton, Col., is reported by the Colorado *Beacon*. Miss Mellie Connors, of Lake City, and Mr. Oscar Olsen, of Animas Forks, were married on the summit of the divide, at an altitude of over 13,000 feet, the party being on snowshoes. Miss Connors agreed to meet Mr. Olsen on the summit, bringing her friends with her, and Mr. Olsen was to approach the summit with his friends, coming up on the opposite side of the mountain. The bride left Lake City accompanied by her two brothers, and Olsen left Animas Forks at the same hour, accompanied by the Rev. Father Ley, of Silverton, and a few friends. The only way of scaling the snow-covered mountain was on snowshoes and the climbing was fatiguing. The groom and the minister arrived first at the designated meeting point; but they did not have long to wait, for the bride and her brothers were soon observed nearing the spot, trudging along cheerily. Miss Connors seemed less fatigued than any other member of the party. After a short rest Father Ley performed the wedding ceremony with as much impressiveness as if it had taken place in a church. The minister, the bride, the groom and the witnesses of the marriage grouped themselves together as close as the Canadian snowshoes would permit.

Close upon the heels of the story that the young Emperor of China is about to be married comes the startling intelligence that his mother, the Empress, is taking boxing lessons.—*Lowell Times.*

After the election in Rossshire and in her brother's absence, Miss V. Munro-Ferguson delivered a very spirited address to the Dingwall electors from the hotel window.

—Ducks are reported plentiful out at Lake Manitoba.

MAX O'RELL ON LONDON.

He Sums Up Facts and Figures About England's Capital.

The versatile French-Englishman, Max O'Rell, has been summing up facts and figures on the city of London, with the result that he finds that "London is a city of wonders and contrasts. From different statistics that I have gathered, can thus describe the great city. Its diameter is 24 miles, and area 700 square miles. Its numbers within these boundaries 5,000,000 inhabitants. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, more country folks than the counties of Devon, Durham and Warwickshire put together. It has a birth in it every five minutes and a death in every eight minutes; has seven accidents every day in its 8,000 miles of streets; has an average of 40 miles of streets opened, and 15,000 new houses built every year. In 1883 there were added 22,110 new houses to the vast aggregate of dwellings which is called the metropolis, thus forming 368 new streets and one new square, covering a distance of 66 miles and 84 yards. In 1881, Brighton had 20,379 inhabited houses, so that London in 1883 added to itself a town bigger than Brighton. It would require two Cambridges or two Oxfords to represent the addition made to London in a single year. London increases its population by 46,000 every year. It has over 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in its port every day; has as many beer shops and gin palaces as would, if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of 78 miles; has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before its magistrates; has 70,000 miles of open shops every Sunday, and has intercourse with all parts of the world, represented by a yearly delivery in its postal districts of about 300,000,000 of letters. It has more vice than Babylon, and more churches and chapels than the whole of Italy. It has 618 railway stations; 1,374 trains pass Clapham junction station every day, omitting the goods trains and the underground railway; runs 1,211 trains every day, carrying over 12,000,000 passengers in the year. The London omnibus companies have 1,020 stage carriages, which carry over 56,000,000 passengers every year. It is more dangerous to walk through the streets of London than to cross the Atlantic. Last year 130 persons were killed, and 2,051 injured by vehicles in the streets. There are in London 14,000 policemen, 14,000 cabmen and 15,000 persons connected with the post-office. The cost of lighting London by gas annually is $3,000,000. London has over 400 daily and weekly newspapers. Last year there were 2,314 fires. The ancient city of London was founded by Brute, the Trojan, in the year 832. A mixture of beer and bible, of gin and gospel, of drunkenness and podsnappery, of unheard of squalor and unbridled luxury, of poor, abject, shivering, starving creatures and people insolent with happiness and wealth. 'Hell is a city much like London,' said Shelley."

Phenomenal Fecundity.

The most extraordinary case of fecundity that I ever heard of came to my knowledge last week. About twenty-five miles from here, and by rail two or three stations beyond Pompeii, is the historical city of Nocera (the Nucera of the ancients). In the rione, or ward, of Liposta lives Maddalena Granata, aged 47, who was married at the age of 28 to a peasant, just nineteen years ago. Maddalena Granata has given birth to (either dead or living) fifty-two children, forty-nine of whom were males. She enjoys florid health, is robust, and twenty-four hours after her last accouchement was ready to go out to her accustomed labor in the field. She has no hesitancy in conversing with any one about her extraordinary prolificness. Her physician, Dr. Raphael de Sanctis, of Nocera, says that there is not the least exaggeration in these statements. Has any one ever heard of such phenomenal fecundity in the whole history of maternity—fifty-two children, alive or dead, in nineteen years! She has had triplets fifteen times. *Naples Letter to Paris Register.*

How Boys are Spoiled.

As a rule, the cause of the vicious or destructive habits of boys whose parents are in comfortable or affluent circumstances is a fundamental one. The primary and painfully fruitful error is the common teaching in such families, either by precept or example, or both, that industry is discreditable. Boys are not trained or taught the necessity of usefulness; they are trained and taught only to enjoy the luxury of idleness, and vice comes as naturally as the night succeeds the day. Such boys, if they happen to worry through cigarettes and other enervating indulgences to manhood, are ever distanced in the race for honor and usefulness by the alley boys or the mountain boys whose physical vigor is not destroyed by luxury and indulgence. They are taught not only in theory but in practice, that "hardness ever of hardiness is mother," and they bring the highest physical vigor to the development of their mental powers. They forge to the front while the city cigarette boy must be supported by his friends or lag in the rear of the race for a livelihood if dependent upon his own efforts.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Duck of a Bonnet.

Pink in bonnets has appeared at several fashionable gatherings, and very becoming it is to a brunette. Recently, at an afternoon wedding tea, a young married woman wore a costume of black velvet, with a black velvet bonnet trimmed with pink, and a high black cock's tail, and carried a large bouquet of pink carnations. Pink satin ball skirts, veiled with paler pink tulle, have been ordered for some of the coming county balls, and several *sortes de bal* are lined with pink satin, and have a plaiting of the same inside the stiff, high collar. Very long black fur boas are fashionable, some of them almost touching the ground, and measuring 3 yards. Artificial birds—so palpably artificial as to remove qualms of conscience—are being much used on ball gowns. Some are placed in twos and threes on a twig, and adapted to the bodice. The most airy, fairy-looking birds, with chenille heads and bodies, and tinsel wings and tails, are to be had in every color, for fastening among tulle and scattering about bodices and skirts.

He'll Have to.

"What seems to be the news?" she asked as she leaned over to the passenger in front, who had a newspaper.

"The catnip crop is entirely ruined," he gruffly replied.

"Oh, is it That's too bad, But mebbe you kin pull through the winter on sassafras tea

A gigantic engineering scheme is to connect the Caspian Sea with the Persian Gulf by way of the valley of the Euphrates. This would make Asia an island, and would change the tide of travel and business throughout the Eastern world.

Glue is rendered waterproof by first soaking it in water until it becomes soft, and then melting it with gentle heat, in linseed oil.

The softest and finest of California rose blankets are now made into downy and comfortable robes and princess wrappers, the rose-colored and pale-blue striped borders being utilized as trimmings o belt, sleeves, and front of the gowns.

Young lady—Do you admire Miss Rollington's dancing? Horsey young man—Yes, very much. Young lady—And she dresses so well, too. Horsey young man—Oh, I'm no judge of the harness, but I can answer for the action.—*Judy.*

DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

A Husband-and-Wife Quarrel Results in a Murder and Suicide.

A Charleston (S.C.) despatch says: At Mount Pleasant, a village near here, yesterday a terrible tragedy was enacted. E. Geretti, an Italian, was beating his wife, when his brother, S. Geretti, and James P. Colburn, a well-known insurance agent of this city, interfered in the woman's behalf. The wife, with her four little children, escaped from her infuriated husband, who, incensed at the interference, crept up behind Colburn and fired three shots at him, one of the balls lodging in his spine and inflicting what is thought to be a fatal wound. After shooting Colburn he fled to his farm, about a quarter of a mile distant, pursued by the town marshal and a *posse*. He locked himself up in his house, and the *posse* being unarmed, defied them to arrest him. While his pursuers were deliberating Geretti placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth and blew out his brains.

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skilful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhœa, impotence and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Superintendent (to little girl)—Now, my dear, how can you best show your appreciation to your parents for the liberal education they have given you? Little girl—By marrying rich, sir.

Joy in Every Drop.

This may be truly said of Polson's NERVILINE, the greatest pain remedy of the age. It brings comfort to the weary sufferer when failure has attended the use of every known remedy. Nerviline is an absolute cure for all kinds of pain, internal, external or local. Purchase a 10 cent sample bottle and try this great remedy. Nerviline, nerve pain cure. Don't forget the name, at any drug store.

A Southern critic likens a certain literary lady's sonnets to "the silvery texture of a cobweb endowed with the durability of a pearl."

The Sweet Singer of Michigan

Tells no story that finds as responsive an echo in all hearts as the comforting and assuring words given in the short extract below. Speaking of one of the painful realities of life—i.e.,—an aching corn. Mr. C. Cronk, of Dowagic, Michigan, adds testimony to the marvelous results attending the use of that great corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—"I have tried it to my entire satisfaction and though not in my line of business, would like to keep it in stock." Beware of substitutes and imitations. Sold by druggists and country merchants.

A machine called the Buffalo home trainer has been invented, by which bicyclists can train for races in their own room. It is stationary.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and all bilious attacks.

Contagious diseases have excited the people of Fairhaven, Mass., to such a degree that the horse cars carry two bags of camphor as disinfectants, one at each end, placed there by the Board of Health.

Favoritism

Is a bad thing, but Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" deserves its name. It is a certain cure for those painful maladies and weaknesses which embitter the lives of so many women. Of druggists.

—Even Russian blouses are made of jersey webbing.

Figaro says that a Yankee maker of sewing machines has offered Mme. Patti $1,000 for each appearance, in addition to her regular salary, if she will sit at one of his sewing machines, instead of the spinning wheel, while singing the "King of Thule."

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

(DOUBLE 386)

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