A DEMORALIZED MEDIUM.

Kicked Out of Doors With His Ghosts and Cabinet.

Dr. Francis Buckner was in court at Covington, O., last Monday to answer to a charge of assault on Dr. Warner, a spiritualist medium. Some weeks ago Warner took rooms at Buckner's, and before the latter knew what was going on had gained complete control over Mrs. Buckner and the children so far as spiritualism was concerned. Buckner ordered Warner to leave the house, but the wife interfered and he remained. Last Sunday evening Buckner came in from a professional visit and found Warner holding a seance in his parlor, assisted by two women from Chicago named Hughes and Shaw. Several neighbors were present and the disembodied were making frequent visits to the room. A white something, that claimed to be a dead sister of Mrs. Buckner, was sliding about. Before anybody realized what was going on Dr. Buckner had the something in his arms. It yelled, but it was useless, and Buckner dragging it to the hall door, threw it forcibly down the steps, when, after the wraps were removed, it proved to be Mrs. Shaw, with cut and bleeding face. Rushing back, Buckner caught Mrs. Hughes and threw her out of a window, and then gave his attention to Dr. Warner, first warning the people in the room not to interfere. Warner was knocked down and kicked, thrown against the wall and rolled under the piano. He was mauled on the head and pummeled on the body. His nose bled, blood came from his mouth, one eye was closed, and his clothing was remarkable for the variety of rents it displayed. Finally Buckner stood the medium up and kicked him out of doors down the walk into the street.

Returning to the house, Buckner smashed the cabinet and tossed Warner's personal effects into the street, where a great crowd had gathered and cheered the doctor as he made spiritualism a wreck in the Buckner household. The two ejected women had returned to the house, but Buckner drove them out, throwing their effects after them. Warner had Buckner arrested for assault and battery and malicious destruction of property. Warner presented a doleful appearance. One eye was closed, an arm in a sling and his face disfigured. The two women, who appeared as winesses, looked little better. After hearing Buckner's story the Judge dismissed him, and told Warner he thought he got off easily.

WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

Recent Cases That Have Been Exciting Considerable Interest Abroad.

An unusually large number of cases of women passing for men have recently been discovered in Great Britain and France. The most remarkable for length of time during which the deception was maintained was that of a person who, during a voyage from France to the Island of Jersey, acted in a strange manner and finally fell unconscious. A doctor found that although dressed as a man it was really a woman. After being sent to a hospital in Jersey she told her story, which was that at the age of 13 she had been left an orphan and had then adopted male clothes, which she had ever since worn without discovery. She was 55 years old and had therefore worn trousers for forty-two years. She had for the greater part of her life pursued the calling of a courier, guiding parties of travellers over all parts of Europe, under the name of Louis Herman Tobush. She had done well at the business and had a balance at her banker's. When she was taken sick on the steamer she wore a fur waistcoat, a long overcoat, a stiff hat, and a turned down collar, and smoked a long pipe or a strong cigar, as she chanced to please. No one had any suspicion she was not a man. Among the witnesses in a recent suit at the Palace of Justice in Paris was a person, apparently a young man, dressed like a student, who was accompanied by what seemed to be an elderly gentleman of grave aspect. When the name of M'me Libert was called the young man stepped forward. "I beg your pardon," said the clerk. "I am asking for a lady, and not a man." "But this young man is my daughter," exclaimed the sedate gentleman, stepping forward. The clerk decided to let the judge see the witness and settle the matter. The judge told the young woman to go home and put on proper clothes before she appeared to testify. "But I have not a single dress to my name," she exclaimed. It turned out the old M'me Libert runs a printing office and had for a long time worn male clothing in order to manage her business better. She was bringing up her daughter to the same custon.—*New York Sun.*

Joe Beef's Epitaph.

Some time since the famous "Joe Beef" died at his residence on Common street, Montreal, and was duly mourned by his wife and children. One of Mrs. McKiernan's first acts after "Joe" had ceased to live was to compose something appropriate for the stone which was to mark the last resting place of the deceased. Messrs. Forsyth & Co. have furnished the tombstone and Mrs. McKiernan the poetry. Here it is, with the inscription:

In Memoriam.
CHARLES MCKIERNAN,
Better known as "Joe Beef,"
Born at Cavan, Ireland,
December 4, 1835,
Died at Montreal
January 15, 1889.

Such was the departed one we mourn,
Dear to us all, cherished be his name;
Eternal pleasure reigns where he is gone—
Our loss is great, but oh! how great his gain.

Full many a man of wealth and power
Has died and gone before,
Who scorned to give a poor man bread
When he stood at his door.

But Joe took in the great unwashed,
Who shared his humble style;
He made their life a merry one,
Without a thought of guile.

Their eyes are dim for loss of him,
Their grief is quite sincere;
He housed them from the winter blast,
And filled them with good cheer.

And when the day of reckoning comes—
As come it does to all—
Such sincere mourners they'll not have
Behind their funeral pall.

—*Erected by his Wife.*

—"Curious," mused the bankrupt, "the more you wind a business up the less it goes."

FRED'S PUNISHMENT.

Rather Hard to Decide On, but it Would be Pretty Severe.

They were talking of somebody who had been shamelessly jilted by her young man. A woman is never as hard on a young man for jilting a girl as on a girl for jilting a young man.

"Fred, if you did that to me, if you went off with another girl, do you know what I would do?"

"No, dear. What?"

"I would simply get hold of you and tell you what I thought of you, and then I'd leave you and never speak to you again."

"Would you really do that?"

"Yes, I—no, I don't think I would. I would despise you and have too great a contempt for you to take any notice of it at all or of you ever after. If you think so little of me after all you said you cannot be the gentleman I thought you were."

"But, I say, dear, I haven't, you know; I haven't done anything at all.

"No, I know you haven't, but if you were to, if I found that you were making love to another girl—I d—no—I wouldn't—I'd just be as nice as I could be to you—doublynice to you—and I'd make youso fond of me you couldn't live without me, and then I'd turn around and tell you I wanted nothing more to do with you."

"That would be mean."

"Well, so it would. No, I guess I'd go to you and tell you quietly that although you were so contemptibly double-faced it couldn't be. I have too much self-respect; and that you were free—free to go with anybody you liked."

"That would be better."

"Would it? Oh, that wouldn't be all. I'd make you suffer—Oh, I'd make you suffer if you ever treated me like that."

"What would you do?"

"I'd wait till I got a good opportunity and I'd humiliate you."

"How?"

"I don't know, but I would do it all the same. Maybe you think I'm stupid; but I'd show you."

"Shall I tell you what you'd do if you ever found me out——"

"Do you mean to say you have already? Well——"

"No. If I ever did, do you know what you'd do?"

"What?"

"You'd go out and get another young man and make it out you jilted me."

"Well, I guess that's what I really would do, after all."

Comparisons of Religions.

When returning to Buda-Pesth, Mohammed Naim, an Afghan dervish, called upon me. He related to me the details of his extraordinary adventures, and the impression produced upon him through his dumb intercourse with the people is highly interesting. Judging men and things from an Afghan point of view, he was at a loss to find an explanation for the kindheartedness shown to him by a nation so utterly different in religion, morals and habits. He very naturally arrived at the conclusion that his own countrymen, agitated by an incomprehensible mode of thinking, are rude, cruel, and certainly inferior to the Christians among whom he wandered. "My Afghan brethren," he said, "by caring too much for the salvation of men belonging to another creed, are certainly acting against the rules of hospitality and humanity, while the Christians, by caring little or nothing for religious differences, really fulfil toward their fellow-creatures all the duties of humanity and of social intercourse." This he gladly admitted; but, on the other hand, he stanchly adhered to the superiority of his Mahommedan religion, and curious were the motives with which he tried to justify his opinion. "The Jews," he said, "accept and follow Moses as their prophet; the Christians, by accepting Moses and Jesus, have got two leaders, and are in advance of the Jews; while we Mohammedans, by accepting Moses, Jesus and Mohammed, have got three leaders, and are therefore ahead of all as regards spiritual guidance, for a people led by three leaders is certainly less exposed to lose its way or to stumble on the path which leads to truth." In the course of his further conversation he nevertheless felt himself obliged to confess that the Christian world is in the ascendency over the Moslem world, and that sooner or later all Islam will be subdued by the overwhelming power of the active, strong and just men of Europe. The downfall of the Mohammedans he finds inevitable, but he ascribes it rather to the sinful negligence and religious laxity of his fellow-believers than to the higher level of the Christian religion.—*Arminius Vambery in Good Words.*

Hit by a Coincidence.

The owner of a place on Second avenue stood in his barn door on the alley the other day when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and passed the time o' day and finally said:

"Say, I want you to do me a favor. I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes."

"Why?"

"I want to go around on second avenue and work a house for half a dollar in money. I've got a pointer that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I'm sure of it."

"Very well; just leave your leg here and I'll take care of it."

The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley. Five minutes later he rang the doorbell of a house around the avenue, to have it opened by the man he had seen at the barn.

"W—wha—what!" he gasped in astonishment.

"Very sympathetic family lives here!" quietly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you."

The leg was handed over, the man sat down on the steps and strapped it on, and, as he got up and stumped through the gate, he said to himself:

"I've heard of coincidences ever since I was knee-high to hop-toad, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet to once!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Emperor William and Prince Bismarck have sent telegrams to President Carnot congratulating him on his escape.

AN UNPRECEDENTED RACE.

It Lasted 108 Days and Was Won by Only Ten Minutes.

Two old sea dogs were celebrating New Year's Day in a comfortable little grog-shop in the Plaza Mayor, the principal square in Manila. One of them, Capt. Stuart, a Scotchman, was commander of the John McLeod; the other, Capt. Sewell, an American, commanded the Paul Revere. Both vessels were full-rigged ships, nearly the same size, and both were noted for their sailing qualities. The two captains were proud of their ships, and each claimed that his was the best. The controversy, at first friendly, became heated. Finally Capt. Sewell brought his fist down on the table and shouted: "I'll race you to New York for anything you want to bet. We can sail from here the same day and we are both bound for the same port. What do you say?"

"Done," said the Scotchman.

"Let it be for the best dinner money can buy."

Two days later both vessels had their cargoes aboard, weighed anchor and set sail for this country. For a long time they could see each other through their glasses, but when they reached Cape Horn they were driven far apart. Their destination was never forgotten, and all the canvas their ships could carry was crowded on. The horizon was constantly scanned for a sight of the rival ship, but for more than a month without success.

At length, when southeast of Hatteras, they sighted each other. They were almost abreast and about fifteen miles apart. In this position they continued until nightfall. After dark a furious gale came up, driving them several miles out of their course. Sail was shortened as little as was consistent with safety, however. For four days the gale continued, during which time neither ship could gain an advantage. At last the weather moderated, but the vessels had lost sight of each other. No time was lost, and both made for the winning post, then only a few hundred miles away. Down the homeward stretch they came, until when day broke yesterday morning they were in sight of Sandy Hook. When Capt. Sewell got out his glasses and leveled them to windward, he yelled: "By Jehosaphat, there's the McLeod, and we're not a foot ahead of her."

This was the literal truth. The two vessels were "neck and neck" after a race of 108 days. Capt. Stuart saw the Revere about the same time and both ships crowded on every inch of canvas they could carry. Over the bar they came, up through the lower bay, neither having the slightest advantage. Just before they reached the Narrows the Revere got a slant of wind which the McLeod missed. It was not much, but it carried her ahead and she dropped anchor at quarantine at 7.10 a.m. The yell which went up from the throats of her crew awoke all hands on shore, who came out just in time to see the McLeod let go her anchor ten minutes later. Thus was won and lost the longest and closest race on record.—*New York Correspondent Chicago Journal.*

Bits of Wampum.

It is only the lucky who think fortune blind.

A paradox is often a truth serving its apprenticeship.

Children are the coupons on the bonds of marriage.

White lies are the gentlemen ushers of the black ones.

Rarely do we contradict those we love or those we despise.

Scratch a pessimist, and, more often than not, you will find an optimist turned sour.

Many a man forgets his evil deeds so swiftly that he is honestly surprised when any one else recalls them.

Man has a firmer grip on the truths he thinks he has found out for himself than on those he has been taught.

Many a man would blush for his wisest decisions if only he should reflect on the reasons which moved him to them.

To see a clever man making a fool of himself is a sorry sight; and it is pitiful to discover that he can always give most excellent reasons for his folly.

Some people keep a friend as children have a toy bank, into which they drop little coins now and again; and some day they draw out the whole of their savings at once.

A Big Fence.

Arrangements have been about completed by the Walrond ranch to fence in a large portion of their range. The fence will begin at the Old Man's River, this side of the Piegan reserve, and will extend to the hills some twelve or fourteen miles, gates being left at regular intervals. We believe the contracts for getting out posts, etc., have already been let.—*Macleod Gazette.*

HEADACHE, fickle appetite, failure of eyesight, tube casts in urine, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, cramps in calf of legs, gradual loss of flesh and dropsical swelling—any one or more of the above disorders are symptoms of advanced kidney disease or Bright's disease, and Warner's Safe Cure should be freely used according to directions. Dr. Wm. H. Thompson, of the city of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption. The late Dr. Dio Lewis says, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble I should use your preparation."

The London *Lancet* recently contained this advertisement: "Home wanted for homicidal lady in house of medical man. Address, stating terms," etc.

Two original editions of "Walton's Angler," 1653, have been sold in London, realizing $2,400 and $360 respectively.

A man named Hopkins was fined $10 and costs in Kingston yesterday for selling pop and fireworks to a boy on Sunday.

A conflict occurred yesterday between the strikers and military at Essen, Germany. The soldiers killed three men and wounded five.

A young lady's letter to her papa in Brookline, Mass., says of the ending of the Centenpial ball at New York: "Champagne was all over the floor, and men pouring it down one another's backs." It was a "glorious" celebration!]

A POINTER.

As every reader of this paper knows, it has become one of the fine arts to write attractive and interesting advertisements—especially medical ones.

Now it seems to us that if, for instance, the world-wide advertisers of Warner's Safe Remedies would adopt a style whereby they could work in a startling story of, say—wolves, we believe the immense sales of their medicines could be still more largely increased. We give them the benefit of the idea at any event. Let it commence like this:

Patter! Patter! Patter!

There it is again. It is not fifty yards from where he last halted. The steps are too light for those of an Indian. A grizzly would rush upon its victim with a roar of defiance and anger. A panther would hurl himself through thirty feet of space, with a scream to unnerve the hardiest hunter. "Wolves," whispers the hunter, as a howl suddenly bursts upon his ear.

Wolves! the gaunt grizzly wolves of the foot-hills—thin and poor and hungry and savage—the legs tireless—the mouth full of teeth which can crack the shoulder-bone of a buffalo. He can see their dark forms flitting from point to point—the patter of their feet upon the parched grass proves that he is surrounded—yet no more in danger, and no more effectually surrounded than he who trifles with the symptoms of kidney disease. And you, reader, know whether or not you are a victim to its insidious encroachment. If your backaches, if your evesight is failing, if your appetite is fickle, if your urine is not clear and of a pale straw color, do not hesitate on the prairie of danger, but flee to the nearest haven of safety, and resort to the only known cure for kidney and liver troubles, Warner's Safe Cure. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to your family and society at large.

Delays are dangerous.

Had the traveller not been overtaken in the night, and unarmed, the wolves would have had no terrors for him. We warn you just now, in broad daylight, before the wolves of disease sink their poisoned fangs deeply into your flesh and the night of death settles down upon you, to stop your ears to prejudice and bigotry, and to fly to safety through the means we have pointed out

Chamberlain's Great Blow Out.

Edmund Yates says: Chamberlain's party at Highbury made one rub one's eyes and wonder whether he were awake or only passing through a dream. Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, all came to pour incense on the altar of Unionism in the temple of which Chamberlain is the high priest. How the wheel goes round! For it seems but yesterday, under other auspices and with Schnadhorst as guardian angel, that another Gospel was preached and another altar lighted at the shrine—but no one wishes to be critical. The Highbury party was Unionist, intellectual, smart, amusing, cosmopolitan. Mrs. Chamberlain made the most charming of hostesses, and won every heart not already captivated. Her reception was very crowded. She pleased her Birmingham lieges by appearing in their pearl necklace. Every one who came feasted his eyes on a larger collection of the British aristocracy than they had ever seen or were likely to see again. The house at Highbury, most comfortable and luxuriously furnished, was done up recently, and what few improvements were wanted were added when Mr. Chamberlain brought home his bride.

How to Manage a Kicker.

Says a writer: "I have seen gentle cows spoiled by pounding, but I never saw a kicker cured by it. If any horned animal kicks you, try to make it think you like to be kicked. Kind treatment and the entire ignoring of a kick from a cow will generally cure. Animals kick because they are afraid of you and can't get out of your way. Convince them that you won't hurt them under any circumstances and the cause for kicking is removed. For an unsafe or nervous cow, however, I use a rope; about three-eighths rope is best. Tie a good snap to one end and a ring to the other, and have it about two or two and a half feet long over all. Pass the rope around the left hind leg just above the gambrel joint, give it one twist between the legs and then snap the ends together outside the right leg, and your cow is harmless. The more she is inclined to kick, the tighter the rope may be twisted. Now keep this rope hanging just behind the kicker and you need never whip her."

Gulls Always in Season.

A few days ago a young man in an eastern city sent 25 cents to the United States for an article that was advertised as a sure destroyer of potato bugs. The parcel arrived on Saturday and contained two small blocks of wood, with directions for use; the purchaser being informed not to open it until necessary. The innocent youth was given these directions: "When the insect is captured place it between the two blocks, squeeze down on them, and you will find that it is sure death to all kinds of bugs." Another gentleman sent 25 cents to Boston for a steel engraving of Queen Victoria and a 1 cent Canadian stamp was sent to him.

Settling the Argument.

Marietta—Husband, you are alway complaining about the ostentation of th diamonds I wear in my hair. Have you forgotten that Shakspeare wrote, "E'en the venomous toad hath a jewel in his head?"

Husband—Oh, well, if you want to dress like a toad, I have nothing more to say.

Needed Relief.

"Could I induce you, Mr. Jobson, to par with your seraphic daughter Clara?"

"Bless your life, young man, yes. I told her mother last night that if nobody came along pretty soon I'd let her run off with the coachman."

The rumor is out that Digby Bell will go starring next season.

Mrs. T. Charles Watson, the well-known elocutionist and actress, is dangerously ill in New York.

Bagley—I want a little advice. My friends tell me to adopt literature as a means of a livelihood. What is the most necessary thing to do first? Editor—Get somebody to give you a good big bank account.

DR. CRONIN SPOKEN.

A Recent Mysterious Disappearance with a Queer Sequel.

Dr. H. P. Cronin, of Chicago, the former St. Catharines resident, whose mysterious disappearance has caused such a sensation in Chicago, was seen in Toronto yesterday. He took the 12.20 G. T. R. train for this city. The reason for the man's strange conduct is not given. He was seen on Yonge street, Toronto, by a person whose family physician he was in Chicago. When accosted with "Why, hello, Doc, how are you? What are you doinghere?" he replied, "My dear sir, you have the advantage of me. I don't know you."

"Now look here, Doc, there's no use of talking like that. Why do you speak that way to me?"

"My dear sir," replied the doctor," if you don't cease molesting me I'll call a policeman and have you arrested."

Then Dr. Cronin drew himself up and moved off. He looked half crazy, says the man who spoke to him.

The Millionaire's Secret.

"The secret of success," said the prince of American millionaires, "is very simple. Keep out of debt, keep your head cool and your bowels open." Thus in twelve words of wisdom was summed up the policy which turned a poor boy into a hundred-millionaire. Success often hinges upon as small a matter as the state of the bowels. So you see that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are not only the royal road to health, but to wealth and happiness as well.

How to Tell a True Flasher from a False.

"It doesn't require an expert," said Dr. De Menil, "to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple and can be made in any place and in a moment. All you need is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered, or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at $500."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Doomed to die, and oh, so young,
Is there nothing that can save
This poor, hopeless sufferer
From the dark and cruel grave?
Comes an answer, "Yes, there is:
"Favorite Prescription" try
It has saved the lives of thousands
Who were given up to die."

For all "female diseases" Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the standard remedy, and no woman should despair of recovery until she has given it a trial.

Time Brings Wisdom.

Rev. Dr. Prim—"Do you preach *extempore*, Brother Yallerby, or do you take notes?

Brother Yallerby (from the South)—Well, sah, thar was once a time I took notes, but I'be found it safest, down in my deestrick, to insist on habin' the cash down!—*Texas Siftings.*

When you feel your strength is failing,
In some strange, mysterious way,
When your cheek is slowly paling
And, "Poor thing," the neighbors say,
As they look at you in pity,
To the nearest drug store send,
At the earliest chance, and get a
Bottle of the Sick Man's Friend.

You will get what you want by asking for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine tones up and invigorates the weakened system by purifying the blood and restoring lost vigor.

Encouraging.

"Well, how did you enjoy yourself in the Art Exhibition?" "Oh, splendidly! I looked at nobody's pictures but yours! You see there were always so many people standing before the other pictures, and there was always plenty of room by yours!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Sat Upon.

The Montreal *Star* says: It is announced on excellent authority that the recent Papal decree constituting an independent university in Montreal has been quashed at the instance of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec.

D C N L. 21 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that in his specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN Figure Paintings (5). Full directions: paint $1, post paid. SPANISH PORTRAIT CO 44 West 23rd street, New York. Agents wanted

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.

With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND