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YOUNG FOLKS.

THE PRINCESS ON THE GLASS HILL.

(CONCLUDED.)

Now the Princess of that country was the proudest that ever you saw, and it happened that she also was walking just about that time, and looking out of her window she espied, not the stable-boy, but a splendid girl, with skin as white and red as milk and cream, and with hair that shone like spun gold, bathing his face and neck as the water in the court-yard. (That was because she did not have the tow wig upon his head.)

But how she did look and stare, and stare and look, to be sure, for she had never seen the like of the Prince before in all her born days.

By-and-by she called one of her women, and bade her go down-stairs and fetch the lad that stood bathing at the cistern in the court-yard; and down went the woman. But when she came there she found no one but the lean, tattered, pale stable-boy, for the prince had heard her coming, and had clapped his hat upon his head. All the same, as no one else was in the court-yard, the woman took the lad up to the Princess as she had been bidden to do.

But the Princess did not know the Prince in his wig of tow. "Why did you bring this fellow to me?" said she.

"Because," said the woman, "there was no one else in the court-yard."

Then the Princess began to put this and that together. "Why do you wear that ugly tow wig?" said she to the stable-lad.

"To keep my wits warm; and why else should I wear it?" said he.

Then the Princess snatched at the tow wig, and before the Prince knew what she was about, she had it off his head, and there he stood the handsomest hero in the world.

"Tell me who you are," said she.

"That I cannot do yet," said the Prince; so give me your tow wig again, and let me go to my stables and pig-sty."

Thereupon the Princess gave him his wig, and he clapped it upon his head and ran down stairs and away, and that was the last she saw of him for some time to come.

Now in that country was a great fiery dragon that wasted the land and killed the folk at such a rate that all the country for three leagues about was nothing but a starved naked desert.

So at last the King called his wisest councillors together to see whether their wits could not show him a way to get rid of the pest.

"Let it be proclaimed that whoever kills the dragon shall have the Princess for his wife, and half the country to rule over," said the oldest and the wisest councillor, "and then a hero will not be long in showing himself."

So it was done as the wise councillor advised, and the proclamation was posted on all the church doors in the town. Then, hui! what a hurly-burly there was! Nobody talked of anything but the dragon. Every one would have liked to have the Princess for his wife, but not a soul dared face the fiery dragon.

"I would like to go and fight the dragon," said the tattered, pale-faced stable-boy.

"Maybe it was five minutes before those who heard what he said could speak a word for the fit of laughing that shook them all.

is left after we have gone," and that was the same that he had ridden before. Nevertheless he took what he could get, and rode to the forest, and blew the second horn into the air.

"And what is it that you want now?" said the black hairy man.

"I would like," said the Prince, "to have a horse with which to ride up the glass hill and fetch down the golden apple and the silver pear from the lap of the Princess, and also I should like to have a suit of armor fit for a king to wear."

"Very well," said the black hairy man, "so you shall have;" and there they were, a splendid red horse with eyes that sparkled like fire, and suit of golden armor that shone like the sun in the morning; and the Prince put on the one and mounted the other, and off he rode.

When he came to the glass hill, there they were at it, riding and stumbling and slipping and sprawling, with their horses all of a lather. When they saw the splendid knight come riding in his golden armor they all cleared a way for him, and at the hill he went until the sparks flew.

Up he rode, as easily as though it had been Peter Piper's meadow, and there sat the Princess at the top with the apple and the pear in her lap.

The Prince took the one and the other, and then kissed her pretty lips.

"I know you," said she, and that is all she had the chance to say; for the Prince wheeled his horse and rode down the hill again and away, before any could lay hand on him or say a word to him.

As for following after him, why, those who waited below might as well have tried to follow the March wind.

Off he rode to the forest, and there was the black hairy man waiting for him.

"You shall keep them," said the black hairy man, "for you will need them by-and-by."

So the prince took the tattered rags and put them on, so that the splendid golden armor was all hidden by them. Then he mounted upon his old limping horse, and rode away to the King's castle.

"Here is the power penny back again," said they, and everybody had a laugh or a jeer for him. "You should have seen the splendid golden knight," said they, "that rode up the hill as easily as one can swallow a buttered egg."

"Yes—good," said the stable-boy. "But if had been there, I could have done as well."

But the King was as far as ever from finding who it was who had done all these wonderful things. So he and all his wise councillors sat together talking the business over. Just then in came the Princess. "I can find the hero that you seek," said she.

"Very well," said the King, "and where is he?"

"Send for the lad that cleans out the stable and feeds the pigs," said the Princess, "and then we will not be long in finding him."

So they sent for him. But when he came and stood before them, everybody began staring and snickering, for not one had ever seen such a lean, pale, tattered, dusty creature before. But the Princess knew what she was about. Up she stepped and snatched the cap off his head. Thereupon the dirty rags fell away from him, and there he stood in his golden armor that shone so that the whole room was filled with light.

"The King came up to him and took him by the hand. "Are you the hero?" said he, "who rode up the glass hill?"

"Shooting" a Panther.

It is said that a woman's favorite weapon is a broomstick, and that her chosen exercise is painting. It is usually "Shooting" a Panther.

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Fiat Money.

Seek to understand of national currency for Canada, issued direct by the government, irredeemable in gold, and he holds up his hands in amazement and more than hints that there may be a variant bid in the nearest future.

What is a gold sovereign or a gold dollar but fiat money? Place a gold sovereign on a railway track in front of an approaching train, and of what value is that sovereign as a medium of exchange after having been flattened by the wheel of the cars? Its intrinsic value is still there; its weight is the same, not a particle of gold has been lost, and yet no one would think of accepting that sovereign for a debt or for merchandise sold.

Why is this? Simply because the government imprint on the sovereign has been obliterated. That gold coin obtained its money value by fiat of the government and directly the evidence of that fiat was obliterated from the coin, it lost its commercial value. This is only one example out of a thousand that might be given to prove that all money is "fiat" money, and that no medium of exchange, or tool of trade—except that all that money really is—need possess intrinsic value.

What gives money its value is the government stamp, and the government might stamp a cork or piece of paper, and give it a greater value by so stamping it, than gold or diamonds possess. That those who make a profit out of gold are deeply interested in the expansion or contraction of its volume should oppose a national currency is natural enough.

But the great bulk of the people, and especially those engaged in producing the wealth of the country, are not the men who make a profit out of gold corners, and their interests are not the interests of bankers and gold speculators. No solvent nation has yet issued a national irredeemable currency, a legal tender for all debts, including those due the government, that has had any reason to regret the step. In not a single solitary case has such a currency depreciated in value.—[The Labor Reformer.

The Last Buffalo Robes.

Buffalo robes are almost out of fashion. Many other skins have been forced into use for the purposes once supplied by the buffalo. Unlike most fashions, it was the failure of the supply, not the failure in demand, that makes the buffalo robe out of fashion.

Seventeen hundred bales of them arrived in Chicago recently. Several years ago these robes were for sale at several Eastern and Western points, and were brought up for Canadian use. The Canadians did not want them, and they were sent from Toronto to a Chicago dealer who has owned a large number of them. The invoice is a remarkable one, as it is known to be the only commercial collection of what was at one time a special American product, and one that can never again be obtained.

Within ten years the buffalo will be swept from the face of the United States, and almost out of existence. All that remains of these animals are the few small herds owned by the Government and straggling specimens in the Southwest. Commerce is not sentimental, and the thrilling feast of the hunter and his banquet of buffalo hump on the wide, grassy table of the West, count little in the matter of supply and demand.

In less than the past ten years the hunt has yielded over 100,000 bales, containing a dozen skins each. Skins that were skillfully dressed by the red men were sold from \$15 down to \$4. The remnant now here is quoted at from \$14 to \$25.

I think it is best not to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.

Caller—Your little dog doesn't look very well this morning, Mrs. Hobson. Mrs. Hobson—No, poor little fellow! The baby's crying kept him awake all night. He barked until nearly morning.

"I understand that Col. Blair is very wealthy." "Well, he's worth about \$100,000." "How did he make it?" "He made it out of coal oil." "Indeed!" "Yes, his wife lit the fire with kerosene, and he got all her money."

The Scotch are proverbially a "canny" and far seeing race, especially in the matter of money. This exhibition at the present time open in Glasgow has been for the first three months far more successful in the way of attendance than a similar one at Rochester, last year. About half a million of more visits have been paid to the Glasgow show, yet the receipts are \$100,000 behind. How has this come about? The canny Scot has very generally provided himself with a season ticket, which he uses early and late, and on all occasions. Hence the largeness of the attendance and the deficiency of funds.

Some Savney alone, he knows what he is about, and can make his "saxpence" go as far as any other man's shilling. And why should he not buy a season ticket and take penny worths for his "allor"?

The young German Emperor has been talking in a somewhat bellicose fashion but it does not seem as if his utterances were looked upon as really significant and threatening. There is no doubt about the fact that he has young Germany especially at his back and that if he were to push matters to extremity he would be followed with enthusiastic light heartedness by the great mass of his subjects. At the same time it is only fair to say that it was scarcely to be expected that he should have talked of giving back the conquered provinces to France. But why, if he had been wise, say anything on the subject? The success of Boulanger at recent elections is more threatening to the peace of Europe than even the fall talk of the German Kaiser, though it is to be feared that the former is greatly the result of the latter.

When rival roosters take to crowing out their notes of mutual defiance the fear is that they may drift into hostility as well as possible. If Poulanger's duel has not thoroughly discredited him with his countrymen he may as far thank Emperor William for the deliverance, as when threatening and warlike rumours prevail there are supposed to be imminent and deadly risks to the mark. It is only a matter of time to be always more and more regretted that such things should be possible and that the world should be kept in unrest and perplexity by a few foolish, unprincipled and unscrupulous men who manage to get their claws into the lives of the people and disinterested and indispensable.

Sheep Freezing in New Zealand.

Sheep are frozen in several different places in New Zealand. A few miles north of Christ church 15,000 are often slaughtered and frozen for one steamer to England.

The flesh of sheep is assigned to the company which is the largest establishment, which is situated in an open plain near the railway, and connected with it by a siding. They are first packed, but they are large paddocks available for such sheep as can not at once be slaughtered. When their turn arrives the sheep are driven in twos or threes (according to the number of butchers employed) across a short narrow bridge into the slaughter-house, where they are seized, hung up, and slaughtered as fast as they enter it.

Each carcase hangs on a hook, which hook is attached to a pulley grooved roller running along an iron bar under the roof of the shed. Similar iron bars are laid in every direction, so that merely pushing the carcase lightly it can readily be transferred to any part of the slaughter-house; in fact, they answer the purpose of a miniature railway, to which the goods are suspended instead of being carried on it. The floor of the slaughter-house and of the large adjoining space, where the sheep are flayed and the offal removed, is laid in cement, over which are wooden gratings like those on board ships; water flows continuously over the floor and drains off into a large sewer.

As fast as a sheep is dressed—that is, skinned and cleaned—the skins are removed in one direction, and the offal on little tram-barrows in another; the latter are taken to the boiling-down house, on the opposite side of the road, where tallow is made, and this is the only part of the whole establishment where the smell is decidedly unpleasant.

A soap and a chemical factory, within a few hundred yards, take away the portions of the sheep not required for freezing. When dressed and hanging to its hook, each carcase is examined by an expert, and if one be found showing any sign of disease, injury, or even a bruise, it is at once rejected, and this examination is far more severe than any inspection in England for meat which is not quite of prime quality, though thoroughly healthy, is not frozen, but sold to the local butcher, while the unhealthy meat goes to the boiling-down shed. When the medical inspection is over, a sack is drawn over each carcase and carefully closed, and it then passes into the first or cooling-chamber, where the temperature varies from 32 degrees to 40 degrees, according to the season, being, of course higher in summer than in winter.

This, like all the freezing chambers, is constructed of concrete, and completely excluded from the outer air and light; a heavy double door gives access to it, and when the men are at work the electric light is turned on. The sheep are left in this twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to circumstances, and are then transferred to the first freezing-chamber, where the temperature is about 10 degrees below freezing point, and from this again to the last one, where the air is still colder—down to about zero Fahrenheit. Huge admirably-constructed steam-engines drive the condensing and expanding machines which cause the extreme cold, and which are being improved on as every successive one is made.

It is curious to observe in the warm engine-room how one cylinder is so hot that one cannot touch it, while eighteen inches further the large pipes are surrounded with a coating of frost, and long icicles hang from the joints. The cold air is turned into or shut off from the cooling and freezing chambers, as required, by an ingenious system of tubing and valves; and when the process of freezing is completed, such sheep as are not immediately removed are transferred to the store, where there is hanging space for 10,000 sheep, and the temperature is about the same as in the first freezing-chamber.

By this time the sacks are frozen to the sheep in one solid mass, and the carcasses are as hard throughout as a hard stone. Air-tight railway wagons are then run up alongside a platform opposite to the sliding-doors of the store, and the carcasses are quickly transferred to them. When a train of such wagons is ready, it steams off to Lyttelton, where the great steamer is lying alongside the pier, and the sheep are at once placed in the cold chambers, where they will remain until they reach London.

Some slight exposure to the outer air is unavoidable while the carcasses are being transferred from store to railway truck, and from truck to ship; but they are so thoroughly frozen that they receive no injury. The trucks are constructed with double sides, ice being tightly packed between the two, so that each truck is itself a cold chamber. As many as 35,000 sheep are sometimes brought home in one steam vessel.

One of the most significant and encouraging incidents in East India social history took place a short time ago. The Princes of Rajpootana hold the highest rank in Hindoo society in India, and the associations connected with their history not only show the bravery of the men, but also the heroism of the women. Such being the fact, it is specially gratifying to have to announce that these Princes have made a change in the law of marriage within their territories, which Viscount Cross, the Secretary of State for India, has characterized as one of the greatest reforms ever made in India, and as to be looked upon as one of the greatest advances that has taken place in that country during the present century.

These chiefs have unanimously in Council assembled resolved that henceforth no girl shall be married under the age of 14 and no boy before he is 18. This is equivalent to a social revolution, and is sure to be followed all over the country. It rings the death-knell of the abomination of infant marriages.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 florists in the United States, with 1,000 acres entirely covered with glass, in the shape of green houses, devoted to flowers.

An embarrassed young man who had just been married by a clergyman of a city, not knowing how to express his gratitude, in handing over a small fee, said: "I hope to give more next time."

Tourist—My physician has advised me to locate where I may get the south wind. Does it ever blow here? Native—Well, sir, I may say as you're lucky to have come to this place. The south wind always blows here. Tourist—Always? Native—Oh, it may be coming from that direction now, but it's the south wind that's blowing back, you know.—Once a Week.

Curiosities of Cost.

The highest priced piano in America is owned by H. G. Marquand. The works were made by Messrs. Steiway & Sons, and the case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost \$48,000.

Sir Donald Smith of Montreal, is the owner of the costliest piano ever made in this country. It is also a Steinway, and the case was made by potter & Stymus. It cost, when landed in Montreal, \$27,000.

The most expensive sideboard ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Harry G. Packer, of Manch Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room, and was built by H. z Brothers for \$47,000. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful carving.

Mr. Marquand is also the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was \$26,000.

J. W. Mackey furnished about \$75,000 in weight of silver, and paid Tiffany & Co. \$120,000 for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents \$195,000.

The costliest string of pearls in the country belongs to a New York lady, and cost \$51,000.

Another New York lady has a solitary diamond ring, for which she paid Tiffany & Co. \$45,000.

The late Mrs. Morgan paid \$250,000 for her necklace. Mrs. Hicks-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost \$250,000.

Where do Flies go in Winter?

Some one has asked, "Where do flies go in winter?" This is a question of some interest, for a house fly is born fully grown and of mature size, and there are no little flies of the same species, the small ones occasionally observed being different in kind from the larger ones. The house fly does not bite or pierce the skin, but gathers its food by a comb or rake or brush-like tongue, with which it is able to scrape the varnish from covers of books, and thus it tickles the skin of a person upon whom it alights to feed upon the perspiration. A fly is a scavenger, and is a vehicle by which contagious diseases are spread. It poisons wounds and may carry deadly virus from decaying organic matter into food. It retires from the sight at the beginning of the winter, but where it goes few persons know.

If a search of the house be made they will be found in great numbers secreted in warm places in the roof or between the partitions or floors. Last winter we had occasion to examine a roof, and found around the chimney myriads of flies hibernating comfortably and sufficiently lively to fly when disturbed "in overpowering clouds." No doubt this is a favorite winter resort for these creatures.—[Boston Globe.

Realistic.

The Dutch painters of three hundred years ago liked to paint everything to the life, no matter whether the subject were attractive or repulsive. Many of their best pictures were carried home by the Spaniards at the time of the invasion of the Netherlands, and are now in the gallery of that country.

They mostly represent Scripture scenes, but are less interesting as Bible illustrations than as faithful transcripts of the habits and costumes of the Low Countries in the sixteenth century.

Remember one which particularly amused us. The ark, stranded upon the topmost peak of Mount Ararat, occupies the background, while Noah and his family, Dutch to the backbone, are putting to rights their household goods.

His wife is the most prominent figure, as she kneels before a huge oaken chest, carefully taking from it, and arranging in separate piles, the house-hold linen, all marked with her monogram in red!

Pretty Girls and Politeness.

While middle aged and elderly persons ought certainly to encourage young people in having plenty of innocent fun, the latter should also remember that the earth does not belong wholly to them, and ought to show consideration to the elders, and be patient with the children, who are so apt to abound in places of Summer resort.

The quiet and quaintly dressed maiden ladies may seem very tiresome to the pretty girls who are staying beneath the same roof; nevertheless, the latter should remember that conquerors show to the best advantage when they are most magnanimous, and a beautiful and much admired woman is certainly, for a brief space, a conqueror of the earth. Let her, therefore, give precedence, in entering a carriage, in passing through a doorway, or in going up or down stairs, to the spinster whose youth has long since flown, and our young beauty will not only obey the laws of politeness in this way, but may win for herself a firm friend and protectress in the older woman, who may still have a fresh, warm heart, even though her face be plowed with wrinkles.

Impatience with children is a common fault with young people, but surely a most filigical one. According to their own theory, they should yield gracefully to the demands of the little folks, since they claim that age must yield to youth; add it is a poor rule that does not work both ways.

Revenge on Virchow.

Germany, even the Germany of science, seems to have sunk to a low ebb. Professor Virchow is one of the great scientific figures of the age, and in the annual election for the head of the University of Berlin he has just been defeated by Dr. Gerhardt, the doctor whose differences with Sir Morrell Mackenzie have endeared him to the German mind.

What makes the matter worse is that Virchow was put aside a year ago, for the same place to give it to a professor of Botany, but this time he was beaten by Gerhardt, a man of letters, but little known by name.

Both doctors, there seem to be no doubt, rest on the fact that Professor Virchow in his microscopic examination is held to have sided Sir Morrell Mackenzie, yet of all men living Professor Virchow can be trusted to see what is an objective case and to tell what he sees.

An ounce of good cheer is worth a pound of melancholy.

Young Men