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MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1896.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The sugar market at Toronto is unchanged. Granulated is selling at 4c.

Drafts on New York are steady at $1.00 to $1.23 premium between banks.

There is a good demand from small investors for bank shares, and quotations are very strong. Commerce, Montreal and Imperial are higher.

The shipments of Canadian peas have been unusually large of late. It is estimated that they have amounted to 1,500,000 bushels this season.

The Grand Trunk earnings for the third week of October were $437,053, an increase of $40,047 as compared with the corresponding week of last year.

Returns of traffic on the Canadian Pacific Railway for September, 1896: Gross earnings $1,826,680; working expenses, $1,068,352; net profits, $758,328.

Stocks of wheat at Fort William and Port Arthur are 1,503,251 bushels, as compared with 1,401,814 bushels a week ago, and 1,850,000 bushels a year ago.

The fortnightly settlement of the London Stock Exchange closed to-day. The account was a small one in Americans and stocks were carried over at 5 per cent.

Mr. James W. Robertson, the Dominion dairy commissioner, has prepared an interesting report showing the sources from which Great Britain obtains her butter supply and the average prices paid. The total quantity imported in 1896 was over 816,000,000 pounds, of which Canada supplied only 4,362,288, average price paid for Canadian butter being 17.1 cents per pound.

There is no abatement of the better feeling noted of late among Montreal business men, and the general trade distribution is of a freerer character, though buying is still marked by a commendable degree of carefulness, and large orders are the exception. In some quarters a little improvement is noted in remittances, but letters from the country would indicate that farmers are disposed to hold for higher prices, and are not reducing their store bills as they are generally expected to do at this season.

The failures in the Dominion last week show a considerable decrease, being 40, as against 54 the week before and 53 in the same week of a year ago. Ontario again heads the list with 21; of this number 15 had our lowest credit or blank rating, and the highest rating was $2,000. Quebec had eleven, being eight less than the previous week. Manitoba had four. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia had two each. None were reported from the other provinces last week.

Here and There.

It's a poor wheel that won't carry both ways.

Jonah was the first man who really got right in the swim.

Spain's expenditure of $300,000 a day on Cuba looks like a permanent investment qualified by their own distance from bankruptcy.

If we believe what they say—and of course we do—the number of women who have attained their majority is in the minority.

The suburbs are now lovely. Sky, water, landscape and beauty on the wheel each lending a charm to the panorama. There is nothing quite so inspiring as autumn at her best.

The man who announces that the odor of peppermint stimulates the business instinct seems to have made a great discovery. Business colleges will, of course, lay in large stocks of peppermint forthwith.

Australia has plenty of gold, and we have plenty of wheat. Each wants what the other has, and puts no barriers in exchange. This is reciprocity in the original package, and ought to be universal.

The megaphone has begun to figure in revival meeting. Far distant be the day when it will be brought into requisition by the perambulating peddler and the hustling huckster. They make noise enough now and to spare.

Kate Field's remains lie unreclaimed and neglected, though in her dying moments she requested that letters announcing her death be sent to certain friends in the United States. The letters were written, but no answers came. Miss Field was badly in debt.

A Kentucky town is mystified by the spectacle of a cow perched up on the top of a high tree, and nobody knows how she got there. It doesn't seem to have occurred to them that there has never been any authentic account of the coming down of the cow which jumped over the moon.

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

ODDS AND ENDS.

Pope's father was a merchant.

The mother is the child's first creed.

To stop a door's creaking put a little oil on the hinges.

What is the good of good that does not do somebody good?

One should never lose confidence or become discouraged.

Save all old, clean linen or cotton cloths to give to hospitals.

Charlemagne on state occasions wore a silk gown worth $5,000.

Cannibalism, it is reported, is still practiced in 14 places in the world.

Pith balls were used as electroscopes by Gilbert and many others in 1601.

Lucretius, the great Latin poet, stabbed himself in a fit of disgust with life.

He that makes knowledge most attractive to the young is the king of sages.

A Pittsburg man is determined to live to be a century old or die in the attempt.

Probably the first electric railroad in Brazil has been put in operation in the city of Bahia.

God made the sun to give light, but he gave every man the right to put up shutters on his windows.

Æsop's father was a slave, and the writer of fables is believed to have been in servitude most of his days.

TOPICS OF A WEEK.

The Important Events in a Few Words For Busy Readers.

CANADIAN.

Mr. Hector Cameron, Q. C., died at Cobourg.

Live stock shipments from Winnipeg are very heavy.

A block of two stores and six dwellings was burned at Clinton.

The price of bread has been advanced in Montreal two cents per loaf.

A good roads campaign is to inaugurated at the municipal elections in Hamilton.

A syndicate is said to be negotiating for the purchase of the Nickel Plate Mine.

Low water in the Morrisburg Canal is causing a great deal of trouble to navigators.

The Electric Light and Water Works Company is installing a larger plant at Rossland.

The Controller of Customs has received $96 conscience money from a party in Glasgow, Scotland.

The heavy machinery for the new Lerol plant is arriving and being installed on the Black Bear ground.

Burglars were surprised at the residence of Mr. George Walker, London, and fired a shot at Mr. Walker.

Mr. John Ransler, of Nottawasaga township, died from injuries received by being crushed in a hay press.

The Ottawa authorities are prosecuting persons who drive two-wheel vehicles with less than four inch tires.

The Ottawa, Arnprior & Parry Sound Railway is completed from Ottawa to the waters of the Georgian Bay.

Dr. L. E. L. Desaulniers, Inspector of Prisons and Asylums for Quebec, died at Montreal at the age of 73 years.

The fund for the relief of the families of the Montreal firemen recently killed has closed. It amounts to $14,000.

Chief Architect Fuller, of the Public Works Department, has been presented by Lord Aberdeen with a silver snuff box.

Prof. Robertson, the Dairy Commissioner, has completed a plan for assisting creameries in the Northwest Territories.

Cars have begun running on the completed line of the H., G. & B. Electric Railway between Beamsville and Hamilton.

Hog cholera is reported to have broken out on Walpole Island, and the animals attacked are said to be dying by the hundred.

A sixteen-year-old son of Mr. Michael Paradise, of East Zorra, lost his life in endeavoring to rescue a horse from a burning barn.

A big Toronto syndicate is applying for letters patent of incorporation under the name of the Canadian Mining Trust Company (Ltd.)

Mr. W. D. Cooper, of Virgil, who was thrown into a ditch by a runaway horse and lay there all night, died at St. Catharines Hospital.

Mr. A. T. Neill, Hamilton, has examined a sample of the Sudbury coal, and he is of the opinion that it is carbonized peat bog, a useful article.

C. C. Condie, at Brandon, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment at hard labor for the theft of an express package containing $3,000.

Professor A. P. Coleman has issued the preliminary report of his investigations during the past year into the mineral resources of the province.

The dentists of Perth and Huron counties met at Mitchell for the purpose of reorganization and promoting scientific study in their profession.

Mr. Courtland Olds walked off the dock at Port Dover with his sister, in the dark, and was drowned. His sister, Mrs. Cunningham, was rescued.

The investigation into the alleged irregularities in connection with the contracts for the Hamilton House of Refuge supplies was begun by Judge Snider.

Col. Beer, lessee of Sussex Farm, a military property in New Brunswick, owned by the Government, has been given three months' notice to quit.

A Brantford man took a flask of whisky with him while serving summonses in the Indian reserve and was fined $50 for his breach of the law.

Deposits in Dominion Government savings banks during September were $271,516 and withdrawals $822,653. Balance at credit of depositors, $37,985,582.

The Bank of British North America has purchased a lot on Columbia avenue, at Rossland, and will erect a substantial bank building by the first of January.

Mr. John Mitchell, of Dorchester township, Middlesex county, Ont., celebrated his 103rd birthday Saturday. He was born in Banffshire, Scotland, in 1793.

For the second time Michael J. Brennan has been found guilty of the murder of Mr. John A. Strathy, and sentenced to be hanged in Barrie on Tuesday, January 19 next.

Lieut.-Governor Dowdney is in Rossland, looking after his mining interests, and recently laid the corner stone of Allan House, Rossland's first brick and stone building.

Mr. Laurier informed a deputation that waited on him that he was in favor of a 30-foot channel between Montreal and Quebec and of fourteen-foot canals west of Montreal.

Roy, the son of Anthony Edwards, jr., of Chatham, Ont., fell under a waggon laden with corn on Wednesday and was run over, both wheels passing over his abdomen. He will die.

The Dominion Government steamer Petrel arrived at Port Stanley with fourteen sturgeon and eight herring nets, the property of American fishermen, seized in Canadian waters.

The mystery surrounding the death of Mr. William Maynard, of Orillia was solved by the finding of his body in Lake Simcoe, he having been drowned while fishing off Strawberry Island.

It has been discovered that there may possibly be a flaw in the charter of the Banque du Peuple, sufficiently serious to render that important document null from the commencement.

The Colony Company, which proposes to build a $55,000 hotel and establish a first-class summer resort at Burlington Beach, have asked the council to assist in securing a patent from the Government.

UNITED STATES.

Texas had another cyclone Saturday.

Boston, Mass., has received its first band of Armenian refugees, numbering eleven.

Cornwall is excited over a story told by Mrs. Winters, who says she saw a young man apparently murdered about the time that Frank McGarry disappeared.

A woman named Pepper, employed by Mr. Judson Baker, of Burton's Corners, was found dead on the floor of the house, with a quantity of Paris green near by. It is supposed that she committed suicide, but an inquest will be held to-day.

The Railway Committee of the Privy Council has made an interim order to allow the T., H. & B. Railway Company to proceed with the building of the spur line at the Desjardins Canal when it deposits $20,000 in the Bank of Montreal in trust for the Hamilton & Milton Road Company.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Herman Davison, the San Francisco jewellery merchant, is dead. His estate is worth $3,000,000.

John W. Hamburger, a wealthy retired furniture manufacturer, of New York city, committed suicide.

Eight men, with drawn revolvers, held up Joseph Hamm's saloon in Chicago and secured about $500 in cash.

All western railroads have perfected arrangements to put into effect an advanced freight tariff on Nov. 2.

Mrs. Fred Gardner, at Cheektowaga, N. Y., has given birth to three girls and a boy. The doctors say all will live.

Mrs. Charlotte Saunders of West Meadows, near Coney Island, was found murdered in the yard back of her home.

The sloop Birdie, which sailed from Cook's Inlet for Juneau early in July with three passengers, is supposed to be lost.

Six men were killed and two injured by an explosion of gas in one of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Co.'s mines Saturday.

Prof. George L. Burr, chief historical expert of the American Venezuelan Commission, has arrived at New York from Liverpool.

A coal train ran into a switching train in which were three loaded oil tanks, near Manhattan and caused a great fire. One man killed.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and hindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

FOREIGN.

Many of the departments of France have suffered greatly by floods.

The fetes in connection with the Queen's accession jubilee will commence in February.

Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

The Princess of Wales has founded in Norfolk a Technical school for dressmaking and cookery.

Rumors of a European congress to revise the Treaty of Berlin are causing the Sultan great uneasiness.

The British Cabinet will resume its meetings on Wednesday to prepare for the work of next session.

After a thorough test by the Imperial War Department, the Zalinsky dynamite gun is pronounced a failure.

Russian pressure on the Turkish Government is having a beneficial effect, and the Sultan is already pushing his promised reforms.

Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Henry M. Stanley, M. P., have written letters supporting the British claims in the Venezuelan dispute.

While the want of rain has caused a wheat famine in India, excessive rains have destroyed the potato crop of the West of Ireland.

There is no confirmation, either in London or Washington, of the rumored appointment of a tribunal to deal with the Venezuelan boundary dispute.

A sepoy belonging to the British-Indian troops stationed at Fort Sandeman ran amuck on Wednesday, and killed two British lieutenants and two soldiers.

The revelation of the secret Russo-Germanic treaty is causing the greatest excitement on the Continent of Europe, and may result in the rupture of the Dreibund.

The Duke of Connaught will represent the Queen at the marriage of the Duc d'Orleans and the Archduchess Maria Dorothea of Austria, in Vienna, next Thursday.

Cablegrams received from Bombay say that the drouth continues, with no signs of abatement, and that the crop situation in India is daily becoming more serious.

The Paris Eclair expresses itself in favor of granting Germany preferential tariffs in Tunis, provided the former cooperates with France in the settlement of the Egyptian question.

To promote a better commercial feeling between England and France, the Lord Mayor of London has invited thirty French Mayors to meet a number of English Mayors at the Mansion house.

Mr. Grenier, editor of the Libre Parole, and the defendant in the case of Tarte v. Grenier, in a sworn statement denies the charges brought against him by Mr. Tarte that he was at one time a Christian Brother and later a Protestant minister.

Advices received in Paris state that Sir Herbert Kitchener intends to demand an increase of sixty four thousand pounds to the military estimates, for the purpose of raising the effective of the Egyptian army to fifteen thousand men, and continue the reconquest of the Soudan.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

TO ANGELINA.

They Were After Him, but Angelina Wasn't on the Map.

Just at this time there is an intense rivalry among railroads to secure travel over their respective lines to Chicago and summer resorts. A few days ago a thin, antiquated specimen of the granger species arrived at Milan, Tenn., on the train from the south and began making inquiries about rates. He was instantly surrounded by the Illinois Central agent, and the following conversation ensued:

"Going north or east, sir?"

"Yes, north," was the reply.

"Ah! Step right up to the ticket window. Great through line, sir. Land you in Chicago six hours ahead of all competitors. Finest sleeping and dining cars in the world. Butter on two plates. Chicken and good bread and molasses all over the table. Come right in, sir."

The innocent countryman walked along for a few steps, when the Louisville and Nashville man greeted him affectionately:

"Going north, sir?"

"Yes."

"Step right in. Shortest line, free from dust, put you there nine hours ahead of all lines. Soup three times a day, codfish balls at each meal. Conductors all of pious and respectable parentage. Come right along."

The unfortunate bayseeder was completely dumfounded, and before he could recover the two agents were hustling him into the Louisville and Nashville office, when another parley occurred.

"What point are you going to?" was asked by both agents simultaneously.

"Goin to Angelina."

Instantly maps were produced, and for 10 minutes two pairs of eyes inspected them closely. Then they looked at each other and both asked one question:

"Where is Angelina?"

"Where's Angelina? Why, I s'pose she's to hum. Angelina's my wife and lives four miles north of town."

The railroad maps disappeared, likewise the agents, while the countryman boarded a one horse wagon for Angelina.—Memphis Commercial.

She Distinguished Herself.

She had attended the ambulance classes and obtained the certificate. The street accident she had earnestly prayed for took place. The man had broken his leg!

She confiscated the walking stick of a passerby and broke it in three pieces for splints. She tore up her skirt for bandages.

When all was completed, she summoned a cab and took her patient to a hospital.

"Who bandaged this limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon.

"I did," she blushingly replied.

"Well, it is most beautifully—most beautifully done, but you have made a fine, one little mistake. You have bandaged the wrong leg."—New York Mercury.

UNITED AT THE LAST.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

(Copyright, 1896.)

All his friends envied, when George Travers wooed and won Myra Sanderson. It could not but seem strange that this big, healthy six feet of humanity should choose for his life-mate a semi-invalid—a frail little woman, whose path from childhood had been through the vale of sickness. To express the thought in the words of Marty Hamilton, who prided himself on his special knowledge of affinity—it was carrying the theory of opposites to extremes. But the ways of the little winged god are devious, and his arrows fall about in such an utterly irresponsible manner, that the social philosopher is oftimes dumbfounded.

And somehow it didn't seem to be at all curious to Travers. He almost built the thought of love on his wife's physical weakness. It pleased him to think that she needed his sturdy, rugged nature to lean on—just as the delicate tendrils of the clematis require the rough walls to shield them from the cold north wind. And never was lover more attentive, nor husband more solicitous—at least, for the first year or so, of their wedded life.

And what a change came over Myra. We could hardly believe that this rosy, blooming young matron could be the same listless sickly young woman to whom a single ball meant a month under the doctor's care. It almost seemed as if she had caught his vitality; for the ruddy hue of health began to bloom upon her cheeks, and her step acquired an elasticity that it had never known before.

But, in accordance with human perversity—as she grew more adapted to be his companion in outdoor recreations, he seemed to tire of her. Not that he intentionally slighted her, or said in so many words. He was of too gentle breeding for that. But her womanly intuition told it to her, before she was willing to acknowledge it mentally. And bitter was her cup when the latter time came.

They had a pretty little summer cottage on the ocean shore of Mecox Bay. In front lay the sand dunes; beyond the ever-roaring surf, while a few hundred feet in the rear was the little dock, at which their cat-boat, the "Daphne" was moored. In the first happy summer, Travers had been in the habit of taking Myra in his arms, and snugly cosseting her among multitudinous pillows, in the stern sheets. Then with arm thrown around her, he would guide the little craft to and fro across the bay—and the joy of loving and being loved, did Myra almost as much good as the health laden, salt scented breeze.

And so the years sped; and Myra was left more and more to herself. She tried in every way to conciliate him, but it was in vain. As long as she required his aid, he was more than kind, but her returning health made him indifferent. He would probably never have acknowledged it, even to himself. She never permitted her looks to show it—pride forbade complaint—and Travers almost imagined her content.

For several succeeding summers there had been intense rivalry among the catboat owners of Mecox Bay. The "Daphne" and the "Iolo" were very evenly matched, and their respective owners were always anxious to test one another's sailing abilities. Finally a special match race was arranged, and as this was to be the culminating event of the season, the general excitement ran high.

On the morning of the eventful day, Travers carefully overhauled his boat. She had had a fresh coat of paint the week before, and her big racing mainsail was as white as the driven snow. As required by the racing rules, her ballast was boarded over to prevent shifting, and all loose seats and gratings were removed.

The day was fine and clear overhead, and a light breeze rippled the surface of the bay; but the weather-beaten old sailor out at the Life Saving Station predicted "a lot gal'an breeze" for the race; and the wild birds swept through the air, uttering plaintive, uncanny sounds.

Travers was about to cast loose from the dock, when Myra—in dainty summer napery—came sauntering down the path.

"Let me go with you, George," she cried.

"Can't," he laconically answered.

"Why?"

"Now, don't tease Myra, there's a good girl. I'm going to race the 'Iolo,'

CAME SAUNTERING DOWN THE PATH.

and you'd only be in the way. Besides, I'm only allowed one for crew, and Marty is coming."

"Well, let me go up to the start with you."

By this time the boat was a good fathom's length from the dock, but with a swirl of skirts, and a flash of lingerie she landed on the dock, and insisted plaintively upon his acquiescence in her last request.

Unwilling to hurt her feelings, and overwhelmed by her unaccustomed vivacity, Travers made but a mild protest; and bidding her to sit quiet, he filled away for the starting point.

The "Daphne" and her occupants were loudly welcomed by the crowd of summer residents, gathered to see the race, but no Marty Hamilton was visible, and Myra, in some unaccountable fit of perversity laughingly refused relinquish her place to any one but him. In vain Travers alternately pleaded, coaxed, and finally commanded her to allow some other one of his masculine friends to sail with him. In view of so many he could not show the mortification that he felt, and his protestations had no effect upon her. Time was passing, the judges exhorted him to make haste, and the "Iolo" had crossed and re-crossed the line a dozen times, when Travers finally brought the "Daphne" into position. Glancing hurriedly to windward, and imagining that the light breeze would continue, he bent all his energies on the start.

Promptly, on the firing of the gun, the two boats crossed the line abreast, and stood away close hauled on the starboard tack. In the excitement of the race, Travers forgot his inward wrath, and smiled gleefully at Myra, as the "Daphne" drew ahead of her rival. He bade his wife sit well up to windward, and imagining that the light breeze would continue, he bent all his energies on the start.

But as they rounded the first buoy, the wind became puffy, and Myra in her nervousness could not refrain from shrieking each time the little boat laid over. As the breeze freshened her womanly timidity asserted itself, and she pleaded with Travers until he had to luff each time the water came over the washboard. And soon the "Iolo," with her reckless, watersoaked crew, was away in the lead.

This so angered Travers that he completely lost his temper, and told her that by forcing herself in the boat, she had lost him the race. That he would rather die than lose it. That she ought to have known better than to come. That—but why need to repeat the wild, incoherent sayings of a quick-tempered man, who finds himself placed in a galling position.

Like a whipped hound Myra lay crouching at his feet, until stung to the depths of her innocent heart by his bitter reproaches, she sprung to her feet—paused as him for one brief second with the undying light of love shining clear in her eyes—kissed her hand to him—and jumped overboard.

Travers would have rescued she, water almost as soon as she did, but as he leap-

AND SOON THE "IOLO" WAS AWAY IN THE LEAD.

ed—the tiller swung unheeded—and the cruel boom swinging inboard, almost stretched him unconscious. It was but a few seconds before he rose and half staggered, half leaped after her, with his senses numb from the effects of the blow and from inward terror. But in those few seconds the fleet-winged "Daphne" had left the floating mass of white a hundred yards behind.

"Myra—my wife—I'm coming—for God's sake keep afloat," the strong man shouted, as he tore through the waves. Perhaps she heard his cry before she sank at any rate her face was wreathed with a sweet smile when we found her.

I had seen the "Daphne" suddenly luff up, and saw Travers struck down by the boom. Then came his leap—and down to leeward was the white reason. Never did boat come about as the little "Iolo" did that day, and she spurned the swift flowing waves as she flew to the rescue. But the distance was too great—the time too short and she went down for the last time before we could reach her.

Travers swam wildly hither and thither—calling her name in heartrending tones—beseeching Heaven to save her—reviling himself for her murderer.

All in a moment we saw him look wildly around and raise his eyes toward Heaven in instinctively divining his intent, the very veins of my forehead swelled nigh to bursting.

Waving his hand in a last adieu—he followed his wife. And the hand of Divinity must have guided him, for we found them close together.

This Dog is a Jehu.

The grocery store dog that rides on the back of a horse drawing a delivery wagon is a rival for the admiration of the public. He is a white, wooly dog, with the poodle strain predominating. His master drives a big chestnut horse attached to a light open wagon, and is to be seen on Lincoln avenue every morning. When the start is made the man picks up the lines and clicks to the horse. This arrangement does not suit Mr. Poodle, who occupies a seat beside his master.

In the choicest dog language he can command he asks to be given the reins—that is, he gives forth a series of short, joyous barks, accompanied by a violent wagging of his tail. If his request is not at once complied, with he proceeds to take the lines away from his master. He will seize the rein nearest him between his teeth and tug at it, in the meantime trying to get possession of the other one with his paw. He can hold both reins in his mouth, and is a pretty reliable driver, if there is not much traffic on the street.

He has a lofty disregard for cable cars and all manner of vehicles, and would undoubtedly undertake to drive over them were it not for the restraining influence of the man beside him.

The intelligent horse seems to know, when the dog has the reins, and assists the driver as much as possible by keeping on the right side of the street. The dog driver is equally dividing interest with the dog rider on the north side.

Low Railway Rates.

Last week a large number of Americans from Atlanta, Georgia, visited Toronto. Their tickets cost them less than five dollars on h. They travelled in first-class cars, and came through on fast trains.

Canadians seldom get rates anything like so cheap as the citizens of the United States are given by their railways. There is not the competition, it is true, but do not the people deserve something at the hands of the lines which they have bonused so liberally?

Private cars for Cabinet Ministers and high rates to ordinary patrons is the way affairs now stand. It would be more to the advantage of the people if Ministers paid their way, or used their ordinary passes, and if the every day passengers were given lower rates.

I believe it is fully in the hands of Christians of the United States during the next fifteen or twenty years, to hasten or retard the coming of Christ's kingdom in the world, by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years.

GUARDED BY MOSQUITOES.

Man Cannot Penetrate to the Rich Gold Fields of the Volador.

Go'd in plenty may be found in the sands of the Volador River—a stream of moderate volume that falls from the snow line of the Sierra de Sé Martha, in South America; but though the low-land region and the river bed where the precious metal abounds in fabulous quantities are easily accessible, the mosquitoes are so thick and terrible there that all attempts to rifle the sands of the gold have so far failed, according to a London exchange.

Elisee Reclus, the celebrated French geographer, was the first to explore the plain about the Volador's mouth. He had thoughts of establishing an agricultural colony in the fertile lowlands, but found the plague of insects so unbearable that he was forced to beat a retreat and abandon his project. He was the discoverer of this wonderful stream, whose waters sweep over sands which are literally golden. He told the news to the French Vice-Consul at Rio Hacha, and this official obtained the concession of this Eldorado. The dangers he met were enough for he knew perfectly well. He took with him when he set out an ingeniously-constructed gauze tent of large dimensions. For two days he tried to live under its shelter and watch the operations of his workmen, who toiled in the stifling heat clothed in thick garments and protected by heavy boots, gloves and veils. At the end of the second day both employer and employes gave up the struggle and retreated.

The next who tried to wring fortunes from these auriferous sands was an Italian, who obtained permission from the Vice-Consul. The Italian laughed at the idea of mosquitoes driving any one away from a place where gold could be picked up almost by the handful. He started out with a party of six, who shared with him his belief, and so they took along no special protection against the insects. They endured for less than half an hour the awful torture, and then left. They found their way back to Rio Hacha with difficulty for the eyes of five were so badly swollen that they were blind. Yet there are human beings who can venture with impunity into this gold mine whose guardian demons are mosquitoes, and these are some of the savage natives of the mountains from whose rocky steeps the river falls. These savages, who are mosquito proof, are rendered so by their bodies being covered with the scales of leprosy. Strange to say, the mosquitoes will not touch them. But neither gold nor the fascination of civilization will tempt them to labor. It is an old and true saying that one might as well try to get along without furs in the Arctic regions as without mosquito nets in the tropics.

ALMOND CREAM.

Always Healing to the Complexion and Easy to Make.

The sun and breeze of summer make sad havoc with the complexion. Almond creams are always healing, though they are not very rapid in their effect. To make a cream, put two ounces of oil of almond in a small jar, set in a pan of boiling water; add half an ounce of spermaceti and five drops each of extract of verbena and neroli, and, finally, 10 drops of oil of jasmine. When the ingredients are all melted together, let the mixture harden, and pour it into wide-mouthed little jars. The most fascinating, quaint shapes and colors can be found in the tiny jars displayed at the shops of oriental goods.

Freckles are the bane of certain fair skinned girls. As this disfigurement is a discoloration of the lower layer of the skin, it is difficult to reach. Any wash that can reach it must go through the upper layers of skin, and is likely to leave a scar far more objectionable than any freckle. Some freckles are constitutional, and no application can have any effect. Where freckles are caused by exposure to the wind or sun, they soon disappear with the cause. Their departure may be hastened by touching them with a preparation of one half pint of rose water, mixed with 30 grains of citric acid. Touch the freckles carefully, using a tiny camel's hair brush with a pointed tip. If this irritates the skin after the first moment it is put on, use a little almond cream or oil to allay the irritation.

The lives of some girls are rendered unhappy by the possession of a coarse skin, in which "black heads" abound. The common practice of removing the contents of these inflamed glands of the skin is by pressure. The skin is altogether too complex a thing to treat in any such manner. When the mouths of the glands, or pores, become clogged with impure matter, which cause black heads or more conspicuous pimples, local preparations are of little use. This condition of affairs often indicates an unhealthy state of the blood, which a physician should prescribe for. Sponging the face carefully with pure soap and water after a walk on a dusty road, helps to keep the skin healthy. Specialists say that the chief value of some of the most successful cosmetics lies in the direction for the careful washing of the face, removing old secretions that clog up the pores.

NEW METHOD OF HAIR DRESSING.

How Women With Scanty Locks Appear in Profuse, Fluffy Tresses.

A simple coil, or tidy twist, a few light curls or smoothly laid bandaux no longer suffice to distinguish the neat, bright head of a well-coiffured woman. Wonderfully elaborate designs in hairdressing are coming so rapidly into fashion that dealers in artificial hair are flourishing like the green bay tree, and go from house to house, daily, dressing feminine tresses, is again becoming a paying occupation.

In Paris, of course, they first decide these things, and in Paris it has been

concluded that the practice shall remain in vogue and that the most important effect to be secured is still a pompadour, with loose, gracious twists, coils and curls decorating the back of the head. In short, these modes primarily demand that the hair shall be given, of one's possessing an unusually abundant suit of shining, wavy locks, and as most fashions admits of no excuse on the plea of lacking the requisite substance one must nowadays buy the hair that nature may have withheld.

There is positively no coiffure now designed to suit the needs of her with scanty locks, but if she goes to a truly expert hair-dresser the defect can be promptly remedied. Twice across the head, from ear to ear, the locks can be parted and broadly waved on tortoise-shell pins, then drawn into the line of both parting pneumatic tubes will be laid. These are strictly end of the century contrivances, so closely woven of hair, so light and so springy as to nearly resemble sections of a bicycle tire. Once fastened to the head all the waved portion is drawn over them and an airy, abundant-looking pompadour is so perfectly simulated as to deceive the sharpest eyes.

A New Bath Perfume.

Here is a new idea. It is the perfume bath where the fragrant odor clings to the body for hours afterward. It is produced by pasta mack, a toilet preparation made in Germany.

The pasta mack comes in small tablets. When a tub bath is being taken two should be dissolved in the water. Not only does it perfume the water, but it does much toward beautifying the complexion, and if used frequently will give to the skin a soft, velvet-like appearance, so the Parisian and London society women declare.

It is an admirable substitute for toilet water, and should be used in preference to perfumed soaps.

Before dressing for a dinner or ball a pasta mack bath will be found most refreshing, and its delicate fragrance will cling to the body throughout the entire evening.

For the Hands.

Six drachms of powdered borax, three-quarters of an ounce of Price's glycerine, twelve ounces of rose-water make a cooling lotion for the hands.

This is fragrant and agreeable; its daily use renders the skin beautifully soft and white, prevents and removes chaps and other imperfections of the skin.

A Plea For Temperance.

In the Catholic World, of New York, the following appears, in a temperance appeal by Rev. Rodney McSweony: A great manufacturing company in Massachusetts recently paid their workmen, on Saturday evening, seven hundred ten-dollar bills, each bill being marked. By the following Tuesday, four hundred and ten of these marked bills were deposited into the bank by the saloon keepers of the town. Four thousand and one hundred dollars had passed from the hands of workmen on Saturday night and Sunday, and left them nothing to show for this great sum of money but headaches and poverty in their homes. Well might these men cry out to the state: "Save us from ourselves!" and their hapless wives and children: "Save us from our husbands and fathers on the Lord's day at least!"

Better and Happier.

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each one of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow. Each one of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow the influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—Dean Stanley.

PERFECT HEALTH.

How It May be Obtained by Young and Old.

People With Watery Blood and Flabby Nerves Are the Ones Who Suffer---Most Diseases Are Due to These Causes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Renew the Blood and Restore the Nerves—Read the Evidence.

There are very few diseases afflicting mankind that do not have their origin in a depraved or watery condition of the blood, or in weakened and shattered nerves. To be healthy the blood must be kept rich and red, and the nerves strong. To secure this condition there is no remedy known to medical science that has met with such great success as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act promptly upon the blood and nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. The following strong statements from persons who have been cured, prove their efficacy:

RELEASED FROM RHEUMATISM.

Mr. A. T. Gallant, of French Village, P. E. I., writes: "About the beginning of October, 1894, while I was digging potatoes one wet chilly day, I contracted a very bad cold, and rheumatism shortly followed. For a time I paid but little attention to the pain in my body and stiffness in my limbs. But in the course of a few weeks I was confined to the house. I now began to apply rheumatic remedies which I continued for several weeks without any benefit resulting from their use. I then dropped them and gave myself into the hands of a doctor for treatment, and for nearly three months all that medical skill is capable of accomplishing afforded no relief. My body was blistered and burned so that I could get no relief. My legs were stiff and helpless and I was as sore as a boil, my strength was entirely gone and I had to be turned over by the use of sheets and blankets. I was daily growing weaker and my condition more serious. Hope of recovery had almost vanished, except that while there is life there is hope. After three months of such torture I was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I gave up all other treatment and began the use of the pills. A great many days had passed until I was a marked improvement in my condition and I continued the use of the pills until I was cured. I have as good use of my limbs as ever I had; my health is perfectly restored and it is all owing to the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which released me from pain and have given me a new lease of life."

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER TROUBLE CURED.

Mr. Mark J. Kennedy, of Bridgetown, Ont., says: "I can conscientiously recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to those who may be suffering from dyspepsia or liver trouble. For years I suffered from this complication of troubles, and so bad was the dyspepsia that I could not touch a morsel of food of any kind. I often found it difficult to obtain sleep and what little I did get at these times was often broken by horrid dreams. The course was the result of the dyspepsia. But in addition to my disconfiture I had added liver complaint. I was subject to dizziness, I had a pain in the back and bloating of the bowels and was sallow, haggard and despondent. It will be readily seen that I was in bad condition. I kept doctoring and dosing myself without the slightest benefit, and finally gave up in disgust, feeling that I would have to live out my life in this miserable condition. A friend suggested Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but so great was my disgust at medicine that I felt tempted to be profane. But my friend was persistent and in the end handed me a box of pills and I took them more to please him than from any thought of benefit. I took a second box and to my astonishment I was deriving benefit from them. I continued taking them and I am cured. Do you wonder therefore that I now consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the greatest medical discovery of the 19th century, and will always recommend them. I urge those who are suffering, but may be as skeptical as I was to try them and learn their virtue."

SWOLLEN AND DROPSICAL—CURED.

Mrs. Alex. Ross, Broad Cove, N. S., says: "Early in the summer of 189[illegible] I was taken ill. Prior to that I had always enjoyed good health. I seemed weak and easily tired. Then my arms, hands and legs became swollen and pained intensely. My trouble seemed like dropsy. I tried several doctors and took their medicine, but got no relief. In fact one of them told me I could not be cured. In this state I suffered for some time until I was advised by a friend who had herself experienced great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to try them. I did so, and after taking a couple of boxes could notice no improvement, and was discouraged. However, at the earnest solicitation of my friend, I continued their use and was on my sixth box when the longed for improvement came. From that out it was steady and rapid. My limbs assumed their normal size and shape, my appetite improved, and by the time I had taken eleven boxes I was a well woman. I make this statement to encourage those in doubt as I was, about taking this medicine. I believe it the best on earth, and that under Providence it cured me."

COMPLETELY RUN DOWN—CURED.

Mr. Frank Dunham, Wellandport, Ont., says: "I feel it a duty I owe to you as well as to other sufferers to make known the good I derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Two years ago I was completely run down in health. I could not go up stairs without sitting down to rest. There was no color in my lips and I was quite ambitionless. I was clerking in a store at the time and thought I would have to give up my position, as it was with difficulty I could wait upon customers. I took medicine from doctors but got no permanent relief, and became low spirited and thought there was no help for me. One day a lady who came into the store to purchase some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills said to me, 'Frank, why don't you try Pink Pills?' Well, I followed her advice and the result is I am now as well as ever I was in my life, and believing as I do that