THE FAIRY SISTERS.

There was once a little maiden,
And she had a mirror bright.
It was rimmed about with silver,
'Twas her pride and her delight.
But she found two fairy sisters
Lived within this pretty glass,
And very different faces showed
To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,
Why, it was sure to be
The smiling sister who looked out
Her happy face to see.
But if everything went crisscross
And she wore a frown or pout,
Alas, alas, within the glass
The frowning one looked out!

Now, this little maiden loved so much
The smiling face to see
That she resolved with all her heart
A happy child to be.
To grow more sweet and loving
She tried with might and main
Till the frowning sister went away
And never came back again.

But if she's looking for a home,
As doubtless is the case,
She'll try to find a little girl
Who has a gloomy face.
Be so very, very careful
If you own a mirror, too,
That the frowning sister doesn't come
And make her home with you.

—Helen Standish Perkins, in St. Nicholas.

HERR AMANN, THE MIMIC.

Why the Spectators Laughed When the German Actor Imitated Bismarck.

One of the music hall actors that came to this country several years ago was a mimic named Amann, and he was regarded here as clever, although he attracted no unusual attention. His specialty was the imitation of well-known persons, and his remarkable control of his face enabled him to do this considerably better than most of his rivals. It has now become evident that he was a very much more notable person than anything he did here would lead people to believe. His experiences in Europe were never exploited in this country as they have been abroad, and this neglect probably cost Herr Amann considerable publicity.

He is a short, stockily built man, with large, broad face, which is, of course, smooth shaven. He is 43 years old now, and his father was a toymaker in Munich, where the imitator was born. Young Amann would have none of the toyshop and joined the famous company at the Meiningen Court theater. Once, while in Carlsbad he met Laube of the Hofburg in Vienna. He was struck by his remarkable power of facial expression, advised him to devote his talents to making himself look like real persons instead of trying to be imaginary persons in plays. He took this advice and made up a list of eminent men whom he thought he could resemble. It will be remembered by those who saw him here that his only assistance comes from the use of wigs and whiskers, with a characteristic bit of costuming occasional ly when the characters are historical personages as well known as Napoleon or George Washington. Once in Genoa the son of General Garibaldi saw him represent his father and was so moved by the likeness that he burst into tears, but Herr Amann once had an interview with Amann after a performance and did not weep.

"I understand that you have represented me in France, Austria and Italy," said Bismarck.

"Yes, your highness," answered the actor.

"And how did I please the people of these countries," asked Bismarck.

"Oh, remarkably," was the answer.

"Indeed," said Bismarck. "I never suspected that the French, the Italians and the Austrians liked me particularly."

"Oh, yes!" continued the actor, who had grown enthusiastic now. "I was greeted with applause on my first appearance, and when I took off my helmet the people yelled with delight."

"Of course," answered Bismarck, "they cried out with delight when you took off your helmet and my three hairs were visible."

Such personal study of the subjects is not frequently possible, however, to Herr Amann, who is obliged, as a rule, to copy contemporaneous celebrities from their photographs.—New York Sun.

Revolving Round a Small Boy.

As one of the Columbus cars stopped at H street one evening a rather stout woman descended to the street and walked diagonally toward the sidewalk. A little fellow on a wheel, who afterward proved to be the woman's son, dashed toward her from the rear with the evident and praiseworthy intention of welcoming her home. The brakes did not work in time, however, and he collided with his mother with considerable force.

This enraged the lady, and turning, after she had recovered her balance, she proceeded to warm the youngster with an umbrella. Two young fellows, who had no clew to the relationship existing between the thrasher and the thrashed, happened to be passing, and one thinking the punishment administered too severe, interfered, and catching hold of the unabashed lad the woman she caught to be ashamed of herself for beating a little boy that way.

Just at this juncture the woman's husband came out of the house, and seeing a man with one hand grasping his wife's umbrella and the other clutching his son's collar, proceeded to mix up with the young man without further introduction. At this the companion of the young man put in his oar, and the fight promised to embrace the entire neighborhood, when the butcher, who lives on the corner and who had seen enough to grasp the situation, separated the combatants long enough to explain matters and save the participants from arrest.—Washington Post.

Going the Limit.

A State street restaurant carries beside the doorway a board which says that three eggs will be served "in any style" for 10 cents.

It is said that a man bringing with him a trace of Irish brogue came into the place the other day and called the waiter over to him.

"Three eggs for 10 cents?" he asked.

"That's right."

"Any style?"

"Any style."

"Well, I'll have one fried, one boiled and one poached, and hurry 'em up."—Chicago Record.

Bullets.

Bullets, partially hollow, which expand in the wound, are sometimes used for shooting deer, while hollow headed explosive bullets are in request for dispatching tigers, elephants and other big game.

In the French German war 4,500 Hebrews were in the German army, of whom 327 earned the Iron Cross for bravery in the field.

Each year about £10,000 is expended in sprinkling the streets of London with sand to prevent the horses from slipping.

LIFE'S BRIEF SPAN.

A Tortoise In London Zoological Gardens the Oldest Thing Alive.

The statement by a southern Kansas paper that a negro resides in Bourbon county who has attained the age of 127 years recalls a recent statement by the London Spectator that the oldest living creature in the world occupies a place in the London Zoological garden. It is a giant tortoise weighing more than a ton and has a record going back 150 years. How much longer it has lived no one knows. Commenting on the long life lived by this tortoise and by others, The Spectator gives us the following interesting dissertation:

"The structure of the tortoises contributes a large share to their pre-eminence in length of life. Their bodies are spared the whole of that exhausting process of collapse and expansion which we call breathing. The cruel wear and tear of this incessant motion, involving work of lungs, muscles, ribs and air passages, unnoticed in health, but one of the most distressing facts revealed by illness, does not fall on the happy tortoise. His shell, backplate and breastplate alike, is as rigid as a piece of concrete. He sucks in air by making a vacuum with his tongue and swallows it like water, the reservoir instead of a stomach being his capacious lungs. In addition to this enormous saving of energy, the tortoise enjoys two other structural advantages. He has no teeth to decay, break, get out of order and ultimately starve him to death, like those of an old horse or a broken toothed rabbit. Instead he has sharp horny edges to his mouth, which do not break or get out of order. And, lastly, there is his impenetrable shell. In reference to this, size is of a real advantage, for, though the small tortoise may live for centuries in bishops' gardens, they have their enemies in the outer world. Adjutant storks swallow them whole and digest them, shell and all, and in California the golden eagle carries them up to a height and lets them fall on the rocks, thereby smashing their shells, as the Sicilian eagle was trying to do when he dropped the tortoise on the skull of Æschylus, but when a tortoise grows to the weight of 200 pounds there is no living creature which could injure it in any way. As it can swim it cannot drown. Its limbs are so constructed as to be little liable to fracture, and its interior is so arranged that it can fast for long periods, and has an internal reservoir of water, though it is naturally rather a thirsty animal. Charles Darwin, when among the giant tortoises of the Galapagos islands, saw the newly hatched young carried off by buzzards, but the full grown animals seemed beyond the chance of any danger. He surmised that their deaths, when such took place, where only due to accidents, such as falling over precipices, and the inhabitants of the islands corroborated this conclusion."

While this description of the tortoise is entertaining the chief interest will revert back to the apparently well founded claim that 150 years is the age of the oldest living thing on earth. What a brief span the Almighty has allotted to his creatures in a world that rolls on forever!—Kansas City Journal.

MODERN JOURNALISM.

The Great Editor Has Given Place to the Great Business Manager.

The magnitude of the financial operations of the newspaper is turning journalism upside down. There are still great editors whose personalities make the success of their organs, but, always few, the number of them has not increased with the multiplication of newspapers, and even where they dominate they have to leave to others the mass of detail that has accumulated under and about the editorial chair. If the editor is the owner and has business capacities, he is attracted down stairs to the counting room. If he is deficient in executive ability, he has to engage a man who has it, and the requirements are such that the business manager, if fit, is likely to have a personality of his own so strong indeed that he will demand a share in the property and the profits and the policy.

Then, too, the old editors die. Their heirs, seldom inheriting the brains with the business, turn it over to a financial manager to maintain it for the income he can produce. If there is no heir and the property is sold, the price is so high that business men who have become capitalists in other businesses, not writers, are best able to acquire control. J. Lincoln Steffens in Scribner's.

Proud of His Part.

A respectably dressed man on meeting a distinguished actor claimed his acquaintance on professional grounds.

"I don't remember you, my good sir," said the actor.

"Nevertheless we have often played together in 'Hamlet.' You remember Horatio?"

"You have never played Horatio to my Hamlet."

"Certainly not. But you remember that Horatio, describing the ghost's disappearance, says, 'But even then the morning cock crew aloud, and at the sound it shrunk in haste away and vanished from our sight.'

"Well, what then?"

"The ghost at the close of his interview with Hamlet says, The glowworm shows the matin to be near and 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire—adieu, adieu, Hamlet—remember me!'"

"Yes, to be sure. And then?"

"Why, then, you know, as we could not make much of the glowworm on the stage, it was agreed to introduce the cock crow."

"But your part in the tragedy?"

"It was I who played the cock!"—Strand Magazine.

Bunkoed.

"It was on one of my early trips," said the conductor. "A well dressed man got on my car, and when I went to him for his fare he handed me a $5 bill. I took the bill and examined it pretty close, as I always do with big bills. I didn't have any hand and said, 'Haven't you anything smaller?' The man said 'I don't think so,' but he took the bill and crumpled it up in his hand while he searched through his pockets for smaller money. Then he shook his head and handed back the crumpled bill. I didn't look at it again, but stuck it in my pocket and counted out $4.95 change. Well, when I counted my money at the end of the run I found myself just $4 short. Then I tumbled to the game. The sharper had cleverly changed the fiver for a one while he was looking through his pockets, and I simply bit like a sucker. But, say, you can bet I won't bite again."—Philadelphia Record.

Heavy Death Rate In Cities.

The city having the greatest death rate in the world is Reims, Germany, the proportion being 28.62 per 1,000 in each year. Dublin follows with 27.05 and New York with 26.47.

Now s the Time

TO ORDER YOUR

CLOTHING FOR FALL.

I have in stock a full assortment of Tweeds, Serges, Worsteds, Miltons and Beavers, suitable for fall and winter wear.

Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular, and at the lowest possible price.

WM. McKENZIE,
MILTON.

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS

FREQUENTLY BRINGS ITS VICTIM TO THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

The Case of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls Who Suffered Severely—Given Up By Two Doctors—Dr. Williams's Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Smith's Falls News.

Many cases have been reported of how invalids who had suffered for years and whose case had been given up by the attending physician, have been restored to health and vigor through that now world-famed medicine, Dr. Williams's Pink Pills, but we doubt if there is one more startling or more convincing than that of Miss Elizabeth Minshull, who resides with her brother, Mr. Thos. Minshull, of this town, an employee in Frost & Wood's Agricultural Works. The News heard of this remarkable case, and meeting Mr. Minshull asked him if the story was correct. He replied: "All I know is that my sister had been given up as incurable by two physicians. She is now well enough to do any kind of housework and can go and come as she pleases, and this change has, it is my honest conviction, been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills." Mr. Minshull then related the following story to the News:—"My sister is twenty years of age. She came to Canada from England about ten years ago, and resided with a Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Cody, at Sorel, Que. In April, of 1896, she took ill and gradually grew worse. She was under a local physician's care for over five months. The doctor said that she was suffering from a complication of nervous diseases, and that he could do little for her. The minister with whom she lived then wrote me of my sister's state of health, and I had her come to Smith's Falls, in the hope that change and rest would do her good. When she arrived here she was in a very weak state and a local physician was called in to see her. He attended her for some time, but with poor results, and finally acknowledged that the case was one which he could do very little for. My sister had by this time become a pitiable object; the slightest noise would disturb her, and the slightest exertion would almost make her insane. It required someone to be with her at all times, and often after a fit of extreme nervousness she would become unconscious and remain in that state for hours. When I went home I had to take my boots off at the door-step so as not to disturb her. When the doctor told me he could do nothing for her, I consulted with my wife, who had great faith in Dr. Williams's Pink Pills, as she knew of several cases where they had worked wonderful cures, and I concluded it would do no harm to try them anyway, and mentioned the fact to the doctor. The doctor did not oppose their use, but said he thought they might do her good, as they were certainly a good medicine. In September of last year she began to use the Pills, and before two boxes had been used, she began to show signs of improvement. She has continued their use since and is to-day a living testimony of the curative powers of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills." Mr. Minshull has no hesitation in sounding the praises of a remedy that has worked such a change in the health of his sister and cheerfully gave the News the above particulars, and when asked to do so willingly signed the following declaration:—

SMITH'S FALLS, Sept. 11th, 1897.

I hereby make declaration that the statements in above as to the condition of my sister, and the benefit she received from the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills are absolutely correct.

THOS. MINSHULL,

Witness, J. H. ROSS.

A Great Magazine Feature

The Ladies' Home Journal has secured what promises to be the great magazine feature of 1898. It is entitled "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife." In a series of letters written by the wife of a Cabinet member to her sister at home, are detailed her actual experiences in Washington, frankly and freely given. The letters were written without any intention of publication. They give intimate peeps behind the curtain of high official and social life. They are absolutely fearless, they study Washington life under the search-light as it has never been before presented. The President and the highest officials of the land, with the most brilliant men and women of the Capital, are seen in the most familiar way. As these are all actual experiences the name of the writer is withheld. The letters will doubtless excite much shrewd guessing by readers and study of internal evidence to discover the secret. The "Experiences," which will be beautifully illustrated, begin in the December number and will continue for several months. The Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

A Klondike Muddle.

"Yas, mah deah bruddahs an' sistahs," continued the Rev. Mr. Johnson, "Heaven, accawding to de facts dat lie in de covahs ob dis blessed book, am a place wo'th strivin' hand to reach.

"We ah told dat de streets ob Heaven ah paved with gold; dat de gates ob dat blessed city ah solid gold, an' dat dah, from mawnin' till night, angels with golden crowns upon their heads play de sweetest kind ob music on golden harpes. But, beloveds, notwithstanding all dis glitter ob precious metal, it am wo'th rememberin' dat, from de accounts published daily in de papahs about dis place, we learn dat de road thithah am awful rough, an' de weather varies all de way from 50 to 75 degrees below zero all wintah long, an' dah ain't one man out ob fifty—— Bruddahs an' sistahs, last night I was talkin' to a man who had Klondike fevah, dahfoh, if you will allow me, I will close dis service by askin' de congregation to sing de 22nd hymn in de gospel hymn book."

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Pedigree in Dogs.

Truth: "What brade is your goat, Mrs. Casey?"

"Well, Mrs. Dolan, he war bor-rn in Harlem, but Oi think there's a-bit av Frinch an' a little Oirish in 'um, he's thot partial to Paris green."

When Lord Wolseley starts upon a campaign his luggage is always of the lightest, and consists of little more than a clean shirt and a toothbrush.

Good Milch Cows Wanted.

A good many good people drink milk plain, just as they would drink water from the well, plain. It is a wholesome article of diet, when it is pure, just as in the case of water. And, by the way, these two elements have occasionally been known to be passed off together under an economic combination, instituted as a consequence of their respective degrees of supposed purity; but in such cases it invariably happens that the water brings the price of milk, and the milk is not sold at the valuation of water. Some folks who do not pretend to be as good as others take their milk mixed with various kinds of liquids. This method of drinking milk is not always wholesome. There have been instances where men, brave enough to take the "heart blows" of a Fitzsimmons, have gone down prostrate under a few well applied deliveries of milk punches. But the simple, unassuming cow should not be held responsible for such results, though doubtless there might be found juries in Chicago and other out of the way places who would ascribe to her the culpability of contributory negligence in such matters.

Regular dairymen are always on the lookout for springers. The more nearly the cow is to the calving period the more valuable she is, in the estimation of the dairyman. The issue, when the cow becomes fresh, is returned as soon as possible to the market. Dairymen do not want to bother with the raising of calves. They want milk and milk producers only. Of course the calf is always an item of profit, but only an accident, as Mme. Bernhardt would say, in the general make-up of dairy history.

Dairymen are always anxious to buy good, healthy animals. They seek only the best and they would gladly welcome the most severe inspection. It is to their interests as well as to the interests of the milk consumers. Milch cow dealers are in the same position. It hurts their trade to sell a diseased animal. Sometimes they are caught on a suspect, which is turned off to pasture or for feeding, and killed, and they take the chances of sale as meat product. This is an expense they do not invite.

Cows in the dairies are milked twice each day, usually at 5 o'clock in the morning and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Expert men are employed for this service and good wages are paid. As a dairyman recently said, "It is more of a profession to milk a cow in the way she should be milked than most people imagine."

The cows are fed during the winter season in barns, in summer they graze on pasture lands. Dairymen are always on the lookout for springers, for in pursuance of this method they are best enabled to meet the demand for the milk supply. In every herd there is one bull or more, according to the number of the beasts. A thoroughbred is usually placed with a herd for cross-breeding. From the issue of these come the best milkers, but as the dairymen do not retain the calves they find their way to the market to be bought for slaughtering or distribution among those interested in stocking and feeding. Complaint is frequently heard in the stock yards that so many promising heifer calves are sent to their death for the fresh meat market. Beautiful and promising young animals are daily killed that ought to be kept for propogating purposes.

The cattle are largely fed on clover and other hay of tame grasses. Corn fodder, too, is given in abundance.

The grade cow is always preferable among dairymen. The Durham and the Jersey are liked, particularly when crossed. The Holstein, while giving a large amount of milk, does not give the best quality, it is said.

The Turf Cutters' Day.

You see, it all happened in the black days of the Danish invasions. An army of the Danes had fought a battle with the Irish, and step by step had driven them into a narrow neck of land between two big rivers—the Nore and the Barrow, by the same token. Here they penned up what was left of the Irish and kept them tight. But the Irish had plenty of food; and, if they could only last until spring came, relief from their king was promised them.

But prospects are deceitful things anyway. Before long the Irish found that they had no fuel to cook their food with, the neck of land which sheltered them being destitute of timber, and altogether barren. As if this were not hard enough, there came to plague them the coldest winter ever known in Ireland. Both the Nore and the Barrow froze across, and a thick frost lay on the ground night and day.

At last, spurred on by suffering and the Danes' bitter taunts, they determined to strike boldly for freedom. Although the Norsemen numbered ten to their one, the brave remnant of the Irish dashed across the ice on the Nore side and attacked their enemies. It was a mighty great fight entirely, but what could fifty half-starved and half-frozen wretches do against 500 warm, well-fed soldiers? The Irish were driven back with bloodshed.

"Then," said the captain of the band, "brothers, there is nought before us but death. Since die we must, let us, at least, die warm. It is four days since my eyes have seen the light of a fire. Therefore take your spear handles your arrows and your bows, which now are useless, and cast them together in a heap, so that we may make a bonfire before our hour arrives."

Now, there was a merry fellow in the Irish camp—a half gomeril, many called him—and he laughed when he heard this speech. "Arrah," says he, "wait awhile till I clean the Danish blood of my spear. 'Tis bad luck that same blood would bring to our bonfire." So he stooped down and stuck his spear head in the soft peat, and cut out a sod with which he cleansed his weapons. One after the other the rest of the Irish did likewise. Then the gomeril, still by way of jest, made a pile of the brown sods, upon which to build the fire, "so that," as he declared, "the Irish bonfire might look bigger than those of the enemy." On this pile of turf they laid their spears, bows and arrows, striking fire with flint on steel and starting the blaze. Wood burns quickly, and before they were half warmed through the last spear handle was turning to ashes. "It is all over," said the captain, and the men's hearts sank.

They looked, and there, sure enough, were the sods of peat burning brightly and giving out much more heat than the wood had done. After that they soon flew to work, and with their swords cut up great mounds of turf, which they used for fires. Soon all were warm and happy again. Bonfires shone everywhere in the camp, for the turf was there in plenty. The winter had no more terrors for them, and they kept the Danes at bay until a great army came from the King of Ireland to set them free.

During the last twelve months the retiring lord mayor of London, Sir George Faudel-Philips, has raised $8,400,000 in charitable funds.

MUNYON TO THE RESCUE

The Sick and Suffering Do Not Appeal to Him in Vain.

THE NUMBER CURED

Increases Each Day, Until a Record Has Been Made That

ASTONISHES EVERYBODY

The Victims of Disease Who Have Been Restored to Health Bless the Name of Munyon.

Mr. A. Atkey, 49 Northcote avenue, Toronto, Canada, says: "I have been a constant sufferer for the last ten or fifteen years. At times I suffered severe pains in the stomach and chest. At other times it has taken the form of soreness of the stomach. Again intense spasms would occur. I have treated with a number of medical men, who all failed to effect a cure. I began taking Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure, and I can unhesitatingly say that the new treatment has acted wonderfully and I have vastly improved. The pains have disappeared and the depression after eating also. I must express my entire satisfaction with Munyon's Remedies."

Munyon's Rheumatic Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25c.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price 25c.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—price 25c.—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—price 25c.—cleanse and heal the parts.

Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in three minutes and cure permanently. Price $1.

Munyon's Vitalizer, a great tonic and restorer of vital strength to weak people, $1.

A separate cure for each disease. At all drug-gists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 11 Albert street, Toronto, Ont., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

A MOST PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Some of the Remarkable Ceremonials of Southern Alaska Indians.

One of the most remarkable of the festivals celebrated by the Alaska Indians is a carnival of ghosts which is held each winter. It seems to be derived from a tradition that tells of a journey made by an adventurous individual to a region beneath the earth inhabited by phantoms. The celebration itself is a mimical representation of the visit to hades aforesaid, and the performer who represents the submundane traveler wears a necklace and headdress set round with skulls.

This festival requires elaborate preparations. Speaking tubes of dried giant kelp are laid under the foot of the lodgehouse so as to terminate in the fireplace. When the ceremonial is in progress, the performer disappears into a ditch previously dug behind the fireplace, and then many voices are heard coming out of the flames—really the voices of persons hidden in adjoining rooms, who speak through the tubes. Later on an image representing a ghost is seen to rise out of the ground, carrying the performer.

Cannibalism is very conspicuous in the myths current among these people, who have themselves been eaters of human flesh up to a recent period. Indeed, though the whites are supposed to have put a stop to such practices, it would seem that secret indulgence in them has not been wholly done away with.

Quite a number of strange demons are worshiped as guardian spirits, among them a cannibal demon that lives on the mountains and always is engaged in the pursuit of human beings for his table. The smoke of his chimney is the color of blood, and he has a female slave who gets food for him by catching men and collecting corpses. In his house is a fabulous bird with an immensely long beak, which lives on the brains of persons whose skulls it fractures with its bill. Anybody who is so unfortunate as to encounter the cannibal spirit may be transformed into a grizzly bear. On the other hand, if he can please the demon, he may obtain power to handle fire without being burned.

Another guardian spirit is a fearsome warrior, who lives in the far north. He travels constantly and never leaves his canoe. By obtaining his protection a man may become invulnerable, or he may acquire power to catch the invisible disease demon. This demon is at all times flying about in the air in the form of a worm. The fortunate protege of the warrior spirit, catching the worm can throw it into the body of an enemy, who will die at once.

These Indians wear wooden masks in their ceremonials. Some of them are of enormous size and astonishingly grotesque. The mask worn by a performer who represents the cannibal spirit, for example, is a huge crocodilelike head. Another, representing the bird servant of this spirit, is like the head of a bird, with a bill four feet long. By means of strings, pulled by the wearer, the great beak is made to open and shut rapidly, producing a loud clapping.—St. Louis Republic.

EDUCATING MUSCLES.

A New Theory Propounded In Regard to Them.

And now comes a Russian professor with a book of his own making, in which it is shown that muscular exercise does not develop muscular strength where there was none before. In short, Professor Alexis Horvath completely upsets the theory that the absolute strength of muscles may be largely increased by exercise taken for that purpose, says the Washington Post.

He contends that muscles are a gift of nature and that no amount of exercise can convert a congenital weakling into an athlete, and a strong man may preserve considerable strength for many a long year even in the face of absolute physical exertion. The principal difference between a man who exercises his muscles and one who does not lies in the greater endurance of the former. A regular course of gymnastics does, during the first weeks, increase the muscle power by a little, but the improvement soon ceases, and the size of the muscles changes very little.

The beneficial effect of gymnastics and of work shows itself principally in the greater staying power of the muscles. The best means, Horvath thinks, for perfecting the muscles and giving them the power to resist fatigue are oft repeated rhythmical contractions. He gives as a corroborative example of this theory the human heart, which, although it goes through these contractions consecutively during a whole lifetime, never tires or ceases its functions for a minute.

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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

First-class Meats,

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Orders carefully attended to and delivered promptly.

G. E. BOUSFIELD,

Next door east of G. Laing's grocery, Main Street, Milton

4-tf.

COUNTY OF HALTON LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR FOR 1897.

Place of Sittings and Addresses of Clerks.	CLERKS.	Jan.		Mar.		May	July	Aug	Sep.	1898 Nov	Jan.	Hours of Opening.
Milton	William Panton	Friday	8		5	7	9		8	5	14	10 a.m.
Oakville	Robert Balmer	Tuesday	5		2	4	6	31		2	11	10 "
Georgetown	Lachlan Grant	Wed.	6	Thurs	4	Wed. 5	7		1	3	14	9.30 "
Acton	R. J. McNabb	Wed.	6	"	4	" 5	7		1	3	12	2.30 p.m.
Campbellville	Neil McPhail	Sat.	9		6	8	10		4	6	15	9 a.m.
Burlington	James Robinson	Monday	4		1	8	5	30		1	10	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 8th June and 14th December—opening day at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 6th April and 5th October.

County Court Sittings, formerly Terms, 11th January, 5th April, 5th July and 4th October, at 11 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 2nd January, 2rd April, 2nd July and 2nd October, at 11 a.m.

The Judge will hold Chambers on Monday and Friday of each week, at 11 a.m., except during vacation.

By order, T. G. MATHESON,

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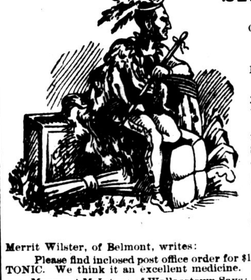

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