Doctors Recommend.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Lead Packets, only 25c., 40c., 50 & 60c.

For sale by

GEO. LAING

"Casey at The Bat."

The prowess and warlike deeds of our ancestors seemed to have been the common and proper ground for the effusions both of Saxon bard and Norman minstrel. Of heroes they descanted and gave to names of hundred else long forgotten the golden lustre of immortality, and even in more peaceful times, such times as ours, the poets wander back to the Knights of the Round Table or the depopulation of Arcadia for the enthralling topics of their lives. Kindred subjects have been found in sport, the practice ground of knight and squire and so from Virgil down to Scott the bloodless contests have been celebrated. Football and lacrosse have both long since been honored, and each because of the ennobling tendencies of these games. Baseball has, however, been severely left alone, sad comment on its spirit and surroundings and these may some day disappear as at last a poet has appeared whose tribute to the glories of the diamond bears however a sinister air since he lauds not the victor and his game, but rather times a dirge upon his downfall. The poem, by E. L. Thayer is taken from the San Francisco *Examiner*:—

There was rejoicing in Casey's manor as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.
And when it rippling to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curbed Casey's lip.
And now the leather covered sphere came hurtling through the air
And Casey stood a watching it in haughty grandeur there,
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one" the umpire said.

From the benches black with people there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore.
"Kill him! kill the umpire," shouted some one on the stand,
And it is likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult; he made the game go on,
He signaled to the pitcher and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said "strike two."
"Fine!" cried the frightened people; "Throw him out!" some cried.
But Casey still ignored the howling, and the umpire said "strike three."

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his lips compress,
And they knew that Casey meant business ere he let that ball go by.
The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball and now he lets it go,
And now the bat in anger is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.
Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

Pain Past Endurance.

C. W. COON HOBBLES ON CRUTCHES WITH RHEUMATISM.

Could Not Raise Either Hand or Foot and Had to be Fed and Dressed. The Doctors Told Him a Cure Was Impossible, Yet he Attends to His Business To-Day.

From the Madawaska Reporter.

Rheumatism has claimed many victims and has probably caused more pain than any other ill affecting mankind. Among those who have been its victims few have suffered more than Mr. C. W. Coon, now proprietor of a thriving bakery in Hampton, but for a number of years resident of Pontypool, which has several times occurred. To a reporter who interviewed him Mr. Coon gave the following particulars of his great suffering and ultimate cure:—"Some seven or eight years ago," said Mr. Coon, "I felt a twinge of rheumatism. At first I did not pay much attention to it but as it was steadily growing worse I began to doctor for it, but to no effect. The trouble went from bad to worse, until three years after the first symptoms had manifested themselves I became utterly helpless, and could do no more for myself than a young child. I could not lift my hands from my side, and my wife was obliged to cut my food and feed me when I felt like eating, which was not often considering the torture I was undergoing. My hands were swollen out of shape, and for weeks were tight bandaged. My legs and feet were also swollen, and I could not lift my foot two inches from the floor. I could not change my clothes and my wife had to dress and wash me. I grew so thin that I looked more like a skeleton than anything else. The pain I suffered was almost past endurance and I got no rest either day or night. I doctored with many doctors, but they did me no good, and some of them told me it was not possible for me to get better. I believe I took besides almost every thing that was recommended for rheumatism, but instead of getting better I was constantly getting worse, and I wished many a time that death would end my sufferings. One day Mr. Perrin, storekeeper at Pontypool gave me a box of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills and urged me to try them. I did so, somewhat reluctantly as I did not think any medicine could help me. However, I used the pills, then I got another box and before they were gone I felt a trifling relief. Before a third box was finished there was no longer any doubt of the improvement they were making in my condition, and by the time I had used three boxes more I began to feel, in view of my former condition, that I was growing quite strong, and the pain was rapidly subsiding. From that out there was a steady improvement, and for the first time in long weary years I was free from pain, and once more able to take my place among the world's workers. I have not now the slightest pain, and I feel better than I felt for seven years previous to taking the pills. I think God that Dr. Williams's Pink Pills came in my way, as I believe they saved my life, and there is no doubt whatever that they rescued me from years of torture.

Dr. Williams's Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, 50c. a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams's Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Death of Miss Sullivan

The death of Miss Kathleen Sullivan, daughter of Bishop Sullivan, rector of St. James's Cathedral, removes one of the best short-story writers in this country. I think we had no writer of greater promise, nicer taste, gentler touch, or prettier humor, and I feel sure that we had none who was so content to go along from little things to greater ones, always improving and strengthening. All in a Tea Cup, a pretty Japanese story, in the current issue of Saturday Night's Christmas, was written and illustrated by Miss Sullivan. Perhaps the best sketch in our Christmas Number of a year ago was also from her gifted pen, and was entitled Made of Ether. Two years ago a strong story entitled The Shade of Helen occupied the leading place in our holiday number, and this was written by Miss Sullivan, although under the name of Frances Morison. Some clever work also appeared in the St. James's Budget, the Canadian Magazine, and in the regular issues of this paper, notably several letters from Europe, and in January, February, March and April last a number of society skits and stories, a column in length, over the pen name of Gorry. I do not believe that we had in this country any other short-story writer of equal merit and promise, and hope to see her best stories collected into a book and fittingly recognized. The lamentable death of this young lady is a grief not only to her own people, but to all who knew her gifts and awaited her future with large expectations.—Toronto Saturday Night.

Grow Tired of Prohibition.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Since the death of Neal Dow there has been a general revival all over Maine of the discussion of the prohibitory liquor law, and it begins to look as though some change might be attempted at the next session of the legislature. The Maine law always was a failure, says Bangor (Me.) letter, and seems even more farcical—now than ever before. In Bangor very little attention has been paid to the law for twenty years, or since the time of the famous Sheriff Jerrigan. By common liquor sellers is considered, under certain police regulations and, although there are in one or more 200 places where liquor can be bought at retail, besides several wholesale houses, there is better order here and less intemperance than in any other city of the same size in New England.

"The Bangor plan," so called, of regulating the liquor trade, or getting something out of it for the public treasury, is generally accredited to Chief Justice Peters, of the Maine supreme court, whose home is in this city. By this plan there are no searches and seizures, as provided for by the Maine law, except upon specific complaint; but once a year, at the February term of court, all liquor dealers are rounded up and prosecuted under what is known as the liquor nuisance act. The penalty upon conviction under the nuisance act is fine or imprisonment, whereas upon conviction in a search and seizure process the punishment is fine and imprisonment—$100 and costs and sixty days in jail, at labor, and, in default of fine, sixty days additional. Those convicted under the nuisance act merely pay a fine of $100 and costs—generally about $100, and that is the end of it; that is practically their license fee for the year.

No search or seizure of liquors is necessary in carrying out the Bangor plan. The Sheriff goes to Portsmouth, N.H., and copies from the books of the collector of internal revenue for this district a list of those in Penobscot county who have paid the special United States tax as dealers in liquors. The mere fact of a man's name appearing on this list is taken as prima facie evidence that he is engaged in the business, and he is indicted accordingly. Some are slow in paying the fine, but most of them settle, few going to jail. In this way as much as $17,000 has been gathered into the county treasury at a single term of court, and on various occasions the County of Penobscot has been saved from financial distress by the money squeezed from the liquor dealers.

Recently the "Bangor idea" has been adopted in Androscoggin and in some other counties, with considerable success, and now it is popular in Cumberland county, in which is located the city of Portland, the home of Neal Dow and many another ardent advocate of prohibition. But in Portland they run to extremes. At one time it is vigorous enforcement; that is, continual searching and seizing, who the result of driving the traffic into the slums and making the quality of the liquor something vile. Then, as they are now doing, there is almost entire disregard of both law and decency. Bar rooms are run wide open now, not only on week days, but on Sundays as well, and it is this condition that has prompted men who have all their lives been strong supporters of the law to finally admit that the law is impotent, that perhaps a change would be desirable.

In Bangor the clergymen of a dozen churches have been holding meetings for the especial purpose of discussing the liquor law, and they are by no means unanimous in indorsement of the present statute. Signs multiply that the days of prohibition in Maine are numbered.

Angus McCuaig of Lindsay township committed suicide by shooting himself with a rifle.

The body stolen from the Methodist vault at Verona was that of Mrs. Grant, wife of the ex postmaster of that place.

The representatives of the powers have refused to permit the Turkish Government to replace 4,500 time-expired troops on the Island of Crete.

Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, commander of the Royal Irish Regiment in the frontier of India, is reported missing. His horse was found stripped and shot.

Loaf Sugar and Lemon.

"Claude asked his mother the other night for a lemon," said Mr. Chipperley, "and then for the lump sugar. He cut the lemon in two, and, holding one of the halves with the cut side up, he placed a lump of sugar on it, and pressed it down gently. The lemon juice that was freed by this pressure was absorbed by the sugar; the lump finally became saturated with it. As the juice near the surface was taken up by successive lumps, Claude liberated that in the deeper recesses of the lemon by squeezing, and so he made the two halves do for seven lumps of sugar, and it was evident that he found much enjoyment in the eating of them.

"After Claude had gone to bed I got a lemon from Mrs. Chipperley, and I got her to get out the lump sugar for me. I cut my lemon in halves, as I had seen Claude do, pressed a lump of sugar gently against one of the halves, and I watched the sugar darken as the lemon juice rose in it, and, when it was completely filled, I ate it, and eating it I found myself quite in agreement with Claude touching the merits of this simple combination."

The Frenchman's Pullet.

Prof. Mathieu Williams has shown to our readers in a very practical manner how old fowls may be served as a tender roast by stewing gently for several hours, allowing them to remain in the water in which they were cooked over night, then to be taken out and roasted as ordinary young chicken. This is for fowls of three or four years old. When the fowl is a year old the French have another way, which is also very successful, and as age improves the flavour of chickens and at the same time makes them much lower in price, the housewife does well to turn her attention from broilers to "chickens of a larger growth." The treatment is to be properly skewered and stuffed, wrapped in a double thickness of soft paper, well secured, and half an hour longer allowed for the cooking on account of the wrapping. After baking for three-quarters of an hour the paper is to be removed and the uncovered chicken basted and browned for half an hour longer.

EMILY FOLD.

He Was Truthful.—Benix—I am a man who is not afraid to tell my wife just what I think. Metix—Oh, to be sure. But since you married you have been afraid to think.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All Flesh is Grass.—"Mr. Peppers," asked the talkative boarder, "do you agree with the saying that all flesh is grass?" "It is the case with a golf player, if the symptoms may be depended upon," replied Asbury Peppers. "He is green when he first takes the field, and after age creeps on him he begins to get yellow."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Genuine Reform.—"I suppose you don't hear much talk about reformers out this way," said the politician who was seeking a little rustic recreation. "Why, de-ar-th, eh?" exclaimed Farmer Corntoss. "We've got a reformer right here in the family, an' he's built town hip is mighty about 'im an' congratulatin' 'im fur bein' jes' lik' a regular statesman."—Washington Star.

The Mixed Menu.

The traveling men in eastern Maine have added a new story to their repertory, a Hancock county man being the subject. During the musical festival at Bangor, they say, John stepped into a Bangor hotel for dinner. Now it happened that the hotel man had leased the off side of his bill of fare to a local carriage manufacturer, who placed an "ad." thereon, with illustrations. John sat at the table. The waiter, being in something of a hurry, by mistake passed the bill wrong side out. John saw the wheels, put on his spectacles, curled his mustache with his left hand, straightened up, looked at the girl and said: "I'll take scrambled eggs, a Bangor buggy, a couple of pants and a rear coat. Got any wheelbarrows?" The girl fled.—Lewiston Journal.

The Good Die Young.

One Neighbor—Don't you ever have any fears that you won't be able to raise that boy of yours?

Second Neighbor—To tell you the truth, I do. "The good die young," you know.

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was wondering if you had any fears that some maddened man would brain him with an ax for blowing that tin horn all day long."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wildcats are extremely variable in size, some kinds being no more than two feet in length, while others are five. The smallest varieties of wildcats are about the size of the domestic variety.

January Eclectic.

The January Eclectic contains a long and interesting table of contents which would seem to suit the tastes of many readers. If one cannot take all of the foreign reviews and periodicals, he can certainly get the best and most valuable articles by reading the Eclectic.

Among the long list of papers we note the following: "Modern Education," by J. P. Mahaffy; "Chinese Censors"; "The Inhabitants of Milk," by Edmund Verney; "Fashions in Flowers"; "A Summer of Unrest," by Frederick Greenwood; "A School Journey in Germany"; "The Sepoy Revolt at Delhi: A Personal Narrative"; "Latin and Greek *versus* French and German," by T. M. Hopkins; "The Monetary Chaos," by Robert Giffen; "Trafalgar"; "The Monotype"; "A Modern Arcadia"; "Theories About Sleep"; "The Humorous Side of Clerical Life"; Our Double Selves," by Andrew Wilson; "Imagination in Modern Art," by Vernon Lee; "Concerning Clothes"; "The Present Situation of England"; "Messages from the Sea"; "The Fur Seals: The American Case," by a British Naturalist; "The Castle in the Sea"; "Through to the Klondike," by Fred. A. McKenzie; "Brunel: An Anniversary Study."

A number of poems and short articles complete the issue. With the great increase of light literature and cheap publications, we hope our readers will not forget this sterling periodical, which has now entered on its fifty-third year.

As this number begins a new volume it is a favorable time to subscribe.

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ENORMOUS WEALTH.

VALUE IN POUNDS OF SOME OF LONDON'S GREAT PLACES.

The Underground Railway at $150 an Inch—The Bank of England—Immense Riches Represented In Museums, Art Galleries, Churches and Bridges.

"Have you ever thought what London is worth?" remarked a valuer to the writer the other day, "and will you believe me when I tell you that all the money in the world piled up in one enormous heap would not buy the treasures on which Londoners may gaze at will every day of their lives?"

There was "copy" in the idea, and I took my valuer friend round London on valuing intent.

We came to town on the underground. "Two thousand yards of this railway," said my friend, "cost £2,000,000, or, if you like to have it so, £30 an inch. If you wanted to buy this bit now, you would probably be asked £5,000,000 for it. There is another mile on the same line which would cost you something like £2,000,000, having cost a third of a million to lay down. But that is comparatively moderate. If the electric railway were put up to auction and you were fortunate to get it at cost price, you would need the wealth of seven millionaires to buy it. These 3½ miles of railway are worth quite £12,000,000 as prices go nowadays.

"Get out at this station and look at the monument. You would not buy it for £20,000. In five minutes you will be at the Mansion House, which cost a mere £70,000 to build, but is now worth nearer £750,000. The Royal Exchange, as a building of bricks and mortar, is worth £200,000, but it stands on land worth £2,000,000. Not long ago land in this neighborhood was sold at the rate of £2,000,000 an acre.

"The Bank of England would probably fetch £4,000,000 in the market, but as there is always £20,000,000 worth of gold in the cellars its stumbling value is about £24,000,000. Go westward over Holborn viaduct and remember that that short stretch of highway is worth over £2,000,000. You would want nearly £2,000,000 to buy the general postoffice, which you have just passed, and the law courts, with the land on which they stand, are worth £2,500,000.

"Walk along the Strand and stand for five minutes on Waterloo bridge. The property you see here would make dozens of your friends millionaires at a stroke. Two million pounds would not buy those two hotels and Somerset House, at building cost only, is good for £500,000. The bridge you are standing on was a disastrous failure when it was built, but it is worth now more than the £1,000,000 which it originally cost. There are seven bridges on either side of you, which cost between them over £4,000,000. The tunnels underneath the river are worth millions as a commercial property, and the embankment is now worth probably double the £2,000,000 which it cost to make.

"If St. Paul's were private property, you might induce the owner to sell it for £10,000,000, but the likelihood is very remote. These tattered banners which you have seen so often would arouse pretty keen bidding at the sales, and if you got one for £10,000 you might think yourself extremely lucky. Westminster abbey is difficult to value. It is one of those things that cannot be bought, but the sales give us some idea what historic treasures are worth in the market, and I should not be surprised if the abbey—put up in lots—realized £50,000,000. Fancy putting a ticket on Jacob's pillar or the royal tombs!

"You have admired the magnificent exterior of the houses of parliament and the splendid interior, but you will perhaps be surprised to know that you could not erect these buildings today for £5,000,000. St. Thomas' hospital, and the Albert embankment running along the front of it, are worth together over £1,000,000, and the bridge leading to it cost £250,000.

"Perhaps you have never reflected what a privilege you enjoy in being able to visit so many places free. The British museum, which anybody can see for nothing, could not be bought up by all the millionaires in America. If it were absolutely empty, it would be worth £1,500,000, and it is full of priceless treasures, one collection alone being worth nearly £250,000. The National gallery is worth millions. It cost, with the new Tate gallery section, £850,000 to build, and has one picture which cost £14 an inch and 38 others which cost £1,700 apiece.

"The Albert hall and Royal aquarium are each worth about £250,000, but the Crystal palace cost more than three times the value of both these, the bill for the palace being £1,500,000. Earl's court, the great show rivaling the palace, has millions' worth of treasures which you can see for 1 shilling, and even when it is empty the 35 acres of gardens and buildings are worth £300,000.

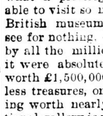
"The hotels and public houses of London could not be bought up for £20,000,000, to say nothing of the land on which they stand. Two of them pay £450 a week between them in ground rent. Buckingham palace is not very gorgeous, but it is worth £4,000,000 as it stands, and if you wanted to rent it privately you would have to pay £4,000 a week for it. Devonshire House and Lansdowne House, in Piccadilly, would cost you £1,000,000, but you would not expect the picture galleries thrown in at this price. They are worth hundreds of thousands."—London Tit-Bits.

Without Benefit of Clergy.

Miss Pruyn—Oh, dear! So you were on the City of Peking when she went down? How many souls were lost?

Captain Silt—All of 'em that was drowned, mum. She went down so blamed suddent they wan't no time fer deathbed repentances.—Brooklyn Life.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound



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BOYS Should send at once for Special Premium List. Just issued. Watches, Printing Presses, Air Rifles and many valuable articles are to be given away. **GIRLS** New York Ledger, Ledger Building, N. Y.

County of Halton Local Courts Calendar for 1898.

Place of Sitting and Addresses of Clerks.	CLERKS.	January.	March.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1899	Hours of Opening
Milton	Wm. Panton	Friday, 14th.	11	6	8	2	11	13	10 a.m.
Oakville	Robt. Balmer	Tuesday, 11th.	8	3	5	6	8	10	10 a.m.
Georgetown	Lachlan Grant	Wednesday, 12th.	9	4	6	7	9	11	9.30 a.m.
Acton	R. J. McNabb	do. 12th.	9	4	6	8	12	14	2.30 p.m.
Campbellville	Nel McPhail	Saturday, 15th.	12	7	9	3	7	9	9 a.m.
Burlington	James Robinson	Monday, 16th.	7	2	4	Thurs., 1			11 a.m.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 14th, June and 13th, December—on opening day at 1 p.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, 5th April and 4th October.

County Court Sittings, formerly Terms, 10th January, 4th April, 4th July and 3rd October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, 4th January, 2nd April, 2nd July and 1st October.

The Judge will hold Chambers on Mondays and Thursdays of each week at 11 a.m., on which day make all Notices of Motion returnable.

By Order. T. G. MATHESON.

Clerk of the Peace.

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$1.00 per year.

Professor Mahaffy was once travelling in England, and in the same compartment with him was a melancholy gentleman dressed in black, who inquired of Dr. Mahaffy, was he saved? "Yes," was the reply, "but it was a very narrow squeak, and I don't like talking much about it."

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Maple City Cooperage,
R. T. Phillips, Prop.

Chatham, Oct. 18 1897.

Dear Sirs:—

Some time ago I was treated by one of our best city doctors for continued bleeding at the nose, and the treatment I was subjected to weakened my stomach so that nothing I could eat would agree with me and I could retain nothing but bread and milk which was my chief diet.

I tried a bottle of your Sloan's Indian Tonic and at once began to improve and it has made a permanent cure in my case. I can now partake of any food no matter how strong, and experience no distress after eating.

I have recommended it to several people and in every case it has given grand results and a bottle of it should be in every household.

Yours very truly.
R. T. Phillips.

INDIGESTION PERMANENTLY CURED.

St. Williams, Co. Norfolk, Oct. 19th 1897.

Dear Sirs:—

It gives me great pleasure to testify to the fact that Sloan's Indian Tonic has caused a most remarkable change in my condition. For two years I have suffered from Indigestion and weakness and not finding relief from any other medicine until your agent came here one day and advised me to try Sloan's Indian Tonic, I did so and have used four bottles. It has made a great change in my life and I can now rest and sleep with ease and comfort. I believe Sloan's Indian Tonic is the best medicine in the world.

I remain,
Yours truly,
Mrs. C. Price.

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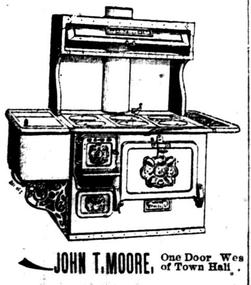

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Under the new act of the United States Congress sealskins and articles made therefrom are not allowed to enter the country unless taken at the Pribyloff Islands.

Police Magistrate Jelfs of Hamilton has taken proceedings against The Herald and Mrs. John Billings for criticising his decision in a case of cruelty to animals.

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Science Review,	James Bryce, M.P.,
Blackwood's Magazine,	William Black,
Cornhill Magazine,	W. H. Mallock,
Macmillan's Magazine,	Herbert Spencer,
New Review,	T. H. Huxley,
National Review,	Sir Robert Ball,
Chamber's Journal,	Prince Kropotkin,
Temple Bar,	Archdeacon Farrar,
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