Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.

7.00 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 7.38 p.m.

GOING WEST.

8.57 a.m., 5.22 p.m., 8.45 p.m.

—SUNDAY—

Going West 8.57 a. m. Going East 7.38 p.m

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

(H. & N. W. Division.)

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
8.50 a.m.	6.00 p.m.
10.15 a.m.	8.05 p.m.

Pronounced Incurable.

THE STORY OF MRS. AGNES FORAN, OF HALIFAX.

Following Inflammation of the Lungs a Severe Cough Set in and Her Doctor Said Her Case Was Hopeless—Dr. Williams's Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From The Recorder, Halifax, N.S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 25 Agricola street, Halifax, N.S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health, after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she attributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Acadien Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said: "A few years ago I suffered a long attack of inflammation of the lungs, and was attended by one of the physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, and I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and a ringing noise in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me, and under the doctor's care I took emulsion till I was sick with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was dispaired of by all my friends, who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one who shortly my race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough but without avail. My daughter then advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly worn out, I consented nevertheless. I was persuaded to make the trial, when to my surprise and joy of myself, family and friends I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now." She laughingly added, "I think you know that I don't look much like a corpse." Her mother, who had been sitting at the table of her daughter, here emphatically added: "It just seems to me, after all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her in health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to Boston about a year ago she contracted a cold and was threatened with a relapse of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she reached New York she was well again. She related a number of cases in which she had recommended the pills to sufferers from chronic troubles, such as Dr. Williams's Pink Pills had invariably given the best results, and referred particularly to a niece of her husband in Boston who was run down to a low state of health, and who was a healthy young woman now as the result of her using the pills. When Mrs. Foran's visitor was taking his leave the latter said: "I am very glad to have an opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I can say that I shall never cease to sing their praises, and I bless the day that they were placed in my hands, for I had not the hope left that I could ever be cured."

Life of Russian Peasants.

An Englishman in the Government of Kaluga, Russia, thus writes of the peasants of that country:

The Russian village consists of from twenty to thirty log cabins, each twenty feet by twenty square, and about twenty feet high to the square. They are built round a large brick stove about six feet square in the centre of the hut, and occupying one-third of the space. Round the stove there are benches about three feet from the floor. On one of these the Russian sleeps, and under them he keeps both the pigs and the hens at night. The only other furniture is a table about three feet square and a shelf on the side of the hut for holy pictures. In one corner you will see the store of onions and potatoes, and overhead are sheepskins and calf skins being dried and prepared to make the winter coats. In one of these huts three, four or five families huddle together. The villagers work the land together, ploughing, sowing, tilling and reaping and mowing in a body, and they divide the produce not equally. Their flocks graze in one lot, and are attended by herders, usually a couple of boys or girls. They have plots of ground for cabbages and potatoes, and some villages have a few fruit trees—apples, pears, plums and cherries. The crops they raise in this district are hay, rye (the staple food of the peasants), barley, millet and oats, flax, beans and peas. There is either a windmill on a horse mill in most villages to grind the rye.

The whole of the peasant's work lies in attending to his cattle and land, cutting his wood for fuel and carting any surplus he may have to the nearest town to sell, so that he may be able to buy any of the iron tools he requires, such as plough, spade, axe, saw or stew pot of iron, the only cooking utensil most of them have. In addition he may buy a little sugar, tea, tobacco, gin or some salted herrings, a piece of gaudy cotton print for a Sunday dress for his wife or print handkerchief for her head. These are about all the things the peasant wishes for that he does not produce himself.

"They spin and weave by hand their own wool and flax and make their own clothing out of the cloth. Their feet they cover with strips of the home-made cloth, and they make sandals from birch bark. He is thought a rich peasant who can afford a pair of leather boots for Sunday and holidays. His winter coat consists of home-cured or tanned skins of sheep or calf, and his dress in winter consists of a shirt, a coat of skin, a pair of homespun trousers, rags for his feet, and a skin cap. They make their own wooden carts and sledges. Some of them have iron hoops on their cart wheels, and that is all the iron on them; many have not even that. The whole of the fuel is wood, and the artificial light is furnished by a pine stick or spill, lit and stuck in a crevice of the hut, when burnt out to be replaced by anothea.

"They seldom get meat, and their food is mostly rye bread, cabbage and onion and potato soup, fat bacon and millet porridge and skimmed milk. The butter they make they sell in the towns. Few of them can read or write, and few can tell the time from a watch or clock. Many villages have no clock or watch at all. The people are about in the same stage of civilization that the English attained in the seventeenth century, although, of course, they are rapidly being transformed by means of the railway. Another thirty years will change the whole tenor of their lives, and the change will increase their wants, and in this way find markets to absorb the goods which their own mills and workshops produce. Of course, there is no opening for foreign textile goods, because the protective tariffs are too heavy. If these tariffs were abolished the Russian mills would get their machinery for 25 per cent. less money, and this is no little item when the interest on money ranges from 10 to 12 per cent.

The Sportswoman and Her Weapon.

Forest and Stream.

The sportsman who is the father of a family very naturally looks forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when his boys shall become his pupils and companions in the field. But if he have the misfortune to have no boys, but to be blessed solely with girls, what then?

Nothing can be pleasanter than to share enjoyment with one's dearest friends, and this certainly ought to include both sexes, yet some consider it an impropriety in women to engage in field sports. That must depend largely on the view that is taken of field sports, whether they are cruel in their nature or rather whether that element is predominant, for it cannot be denied that suffering is inflicted in their exercise. But one sportsman's implement there is, with which the sportswoman may secure her trophies of the field, with the absolute certainty of inflicting no pain, and which demands no more time than the gun to become skilful in its use, while more caution, patience and woodcraft are called for, to get within proper range of the object.

The sportsman may stalk his game to within two or three hundred yards and obtain as fair a shot with his rifle as he desires, or with the smoothbore to the shorter range of that weapon, and be reasonably sure of cutting down the flying bird or running animal; but the wielder of the camera must gain a closer range to secure the game. Yet when secure, it is for all time an unmangled trophy, entire amid its actual surroundings, not a pair of antlers or a head jutting from a blank wall, nor brush nor tanned pelt telling no story. There are no close seasons to be heeded, and rarely a trespass sign prohibiting the use of this harmless instrument.

The grouse strutting on the drumming log, his brown wife sitting on her nest among the arbutus blushing blossoms and rusty leaves, or blustering and fluttering in defense of her scurrying chicks; the woodcock nesting in the tussocky swamp side; the hare in her summer suit of brown—are all as fair game as when the grouse cock, hen and full-grown brood skulk in frost-painted thickets, or the woodcock lies close under the golden leaved birches on a sunny October hillside; or the hare when she sits in her form as white and silent as the snow around her.

In all this hunting with a camera there is the same healthful exercise, the wholesome exhilaration, the need of as much woodcraft to insure success as in hunting with the deadly gun. Having all these advantages with no tendency toward hardening the heart and without a suspicion of unwomanliness, it offers our wives, sisters and daughters all they can desire in the way of outdoor recreation.

Killing Deer in the Water.

While the game laws of Ontario are undergoing their annual amendment the Legislature should put an end to the practice of killing deer in the water. It is not sport to be paddled up to a deer that has been hounded into water and to kill the poor brute with a rifle, club or butcher-knife. It may gratify our Anglo-Saxon love of killing, but the most abundant charity cannot regard it as sport. Last year the express companies carried 2,032 carcasses of deer. There were 3,559 deer-hunting licenses issued, and 2,095 settlers took out permits to hunt deer. Incomplete returns published in the Game Commission's report show that there were 5,600 deer-hunters in the woods during the fifteen days' open season. A rough estimate, made on the assumption that the laws were generally regarded, places the number of deer killed at 6,500, but there are many who hold that a round 10,000 would be nearer the actual number.

The figures are sufficiently alarming to warrant some radical change in the law to prevent depletion. The prohibition of hounding has been suggested. That would be retaliation for the settlers, who feel that the laws have been changed from time to time for the benefit of city sports. The average hunter from the city, whose feet entangle in fallen limbs, and who cannot see a deer till it jumps, would stand a poor chance of killing one in 15 days, or even 15 weeks, still-hunting. There is a special clause in the game law applicable to the Indian peninsula of Bruce County, making it illegal to kill deer in the water or immediately after they have landed. This law should be made applicable to the entire province. Much can be said in favor of genuine sport, but butchery should not be encouraged as a pastime. The tendency to substitute the camera for the rifle is growing, and is worthy of all commendation.—The Globe.

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 taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses of 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.

Wages and Salary.

"Pa."

"Well?"

"What's the difference between wages and salary?"

"If a man is working for $5 a day running a machine of some kind or laying brick or doing something else that makes a white collar and cuffs uncomfortable, he gets wages. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just if he sits at a desk and uses a pen and gets $11 a week and has soft hands, he receives a salary. Now do you see the difference?"—Chicago Times-Herald

In a recent lecture on "The Acquirement of Health, Strength and Beauty," Bernard A. MacFadden, editor of Physical Culture, declared the use of hot water as a cure for indigestion did more harm than good. For frequent attacks he prescribed a course of exercise by rising from a lying to a sitting posture several times before rising in the morning. He recommended fasting as a cure for the complaint, and referring to his recent fast of seven days, said he felt better on the seventh day than he did on the second. To acquire and to maintain perfect health, Mr. MacFadden urged one cold bath a day, with two or three hot ones during the week, the use of a flesh brush, two meals a day, plenty of walking, together with 20 minutes' exercise with weights at night and 10 minutes in the morning.

THE RUSSIAN POLICE

ITS SECRET SERVICE SPIES WORK ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Their Business Is to Keep Track of Exiled Revolutionists and Post the Officials in Russia on Plots That May Be Hatching Abroad.

"The Russian secret police have always been popular stock characters in sensational novels," said a man who generally knows what he is talking about, "but, of course, the average reader has his private doubts about such people really existing. That, let me inform you, is where the average reader is mistaken. During the reign of the late czar, when nihilism was rampant and refugees were coming here by the shipload, the imperial government had a small army of spies all over the world to keep track of the movements of exiled revolutionary leaders. It was their business to ingratiate themselves with the suspects, pretend sympathy with the cause and post the officials as to any mischief that might be hatching abroad.

"A number of years ago, to cite a case in point which can't harm anybody at present, I made the acquaintance of a little Russian watchmaker who lived on Bourbon street and was a remarkably well educated and interesting fellow. We meet so many well educated foreigners, however, in all kinds of stations that I never suspected there was anything out of the commonplace in this man's history until one day when we were taking dinner together he suddenly burst into tears. I was astonished, and he told me, in much agitation, that the day was the anniversary of the death of his brother and that he had been trying in vain all morning to control himself. The brother was hanged at St. Petersburg for complicity in the assassination of the czar. Once the ice was broken the little man made me to some extent his confidant, and I learned many curious things about the nihilist refugees. He was the son of a Russian gentleman of wealth; but, like most children of the upper classes, he had been taught a trade. Consequently he had watchmaking to fall back on when he was forced to fly with many other revolutionists after the czar was killed.

"However, to get back to the secret service: There were at that time ten or a dozen nihilist refugees in New Orleans, and they used to meet regularly in a room on Conti street to talk things over. One day a new exile turned up in the person of a young man who claimed to have been run out of Moscow as a suspect. He was not a member of the order, but he professed warm sympathy for it and was gradually accepted as a comrade by the others. I used to hear a great deal about him from the little watchmaker, who was naturally generous and unsuspicious and had been impressed by his zeal and enthusiasm. That sort of thing went on for four or five months. Then one night my friend, the nihilist, came to me in great excitement and told me the new recruit was a Russian spy. I couldn't believe it; it sounded too melodramatic, but he showed me a letter that was convincing. It came from a reliable correspondent in Germany, inclosed the fellow's photograph and gave his complete record. He was a secret agent of some note. Luckily he hadn't been taken into full confidence, so he had learned nothing worth telling, and while the others were debating what to do with him he suddenly took the alarm and decamped between suns. Had he remained he would undoubtedly have met with an accident, and I suppose I would have been an accessory before the fact. That was the case that came under my personal observation. On another occasion a Russian spy came here to locate a couple of nihilists who had been journalists in St. Petersburg. He found one of them working in a shoeshop, disclosed his identity frankly and told the refugee to be perfectly tranquil. He said he was sending in fake reports to the government simply to get expense money and proposed that they work up a big nihilist scare and divide what they could squeeze out of the secret service bureau. The proposition was politely declined. I saw the fellow's papers and credentials myself; they were undoubtedly genuine.

"The expense of maintaining such a service must have been enormous, and since New Orleans was so closely watched, one can imagine the elaborate espionage that was no doubt maintained in some of the northern cities which have large Russian colonies. There were very few traitors among the nihilists themselves and during my acquaintance with the local group I knew of but one instance of that kind. It had a most dramatic denouement. A man who had betrayed several of his comrades in Russia came to this country for safety, and, if I remember rightly, first settled in Mobile. His presence was known to the brotherhood, which simply ignored him, and, as a matter of fact, he was in no danger whatever, but the villain was tormented by the fear of retribution, and the idea finally developed into an absolute mania. He left Mobile and went from one place to another, occasionally appealing to the police for protection and finally landed at Galveston. I heard of the case through the newspapers and asked my friend confidentially whether the man was really apt to be molested. 'Not in the least,' he replied. 'We cannot afford to get into trouble over him, and, besides, we feel safe in leaving him to his conscience.' As events proved they were quite right. The badgered, phantom haunted wretch crept into the corner of a vacant lot and shot himself through the heart. So, you see, there is a good deal of unsuspected drama and tragedy beneath the prosaic surface of everyday life, and if we knew only a fraction of what is going on all around us I dare say we would lose our taste for the theater and the novel. I speak somewhat freely of these experiences because my little friend the watchmaker has been dead these half dozen years, poor fellow, and I doubt whether a single one of his old companions in misfortune is still living in New Orleans."

Stormy Day Signals.

In Newton, Mass., the public schools are closed on stormy days, but as it devolves upon the superintendent to determine what constitutes a "stormy day," the pupils frequently have no means of knowing whether or not school will "keep" when the weather is threatening. Arrangements have now been made whereby the Boston weather bureau will send a forecast to Newton each morning, and upon the receipt of the same signal flags will be hoisted over the schoolhouses for the guidance of the pupils.

Bubonic plague has made its appearance in a district of Glasgow hitherto considered free from the disease.

From the reports to hand it appears that the preparations for the great Glasgow International Exhibition of next year are now well advanced, and that a special endeavour is being made to make the Scottish Historical and Archæological Collection even more attractive than was that in the Exhibition of 1888, when it was considered one of the most important, attractive and instructive features in the buildings. For the collection of next year special advantages as to space, etc., have been secured and it is expected that the exhibits will exceed the previous collection not only in extent and completeness but also in variety and interest. There will be, 1st, a general collection illustrative of the country and people of Scotland in prehistoric as well as historic times; 2nd, special collections, illustrative of the Highlands, the Borders, the Covenanting period, Old Glasgow and life in other Scottish burghs.

Some Reasons

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HERDERS OF THE WEST.

How the Riotous Cowboy Compares With the Lonely Sheep Herder.

"In the character of the men who care for the herds and flocks can be found an interesting subject for study," says Captain J. H. McClintock in Ainslee's. "The cowboy, if he be the genuine article, is a man who daily does feats on the range that would win applause at a wild west show. In his chase after the fleet, unbranded yearling he is compelled to ride at headlong speed over country that a fox hunter would consider sure death. Danger confronts him in varied form, and no man can be an efficient cow puncher who hasn't in him the spirit of recklessness.

"The writer once witnessed a stampede of wild cattle at midnight. A great herd was being held in a canyon of the Mazatzal mountains. The night was as dark as it is possible for night to be. A coyote's bark started the nervous animals to their feet, and they were off. The two riding guards on watch howled for help. Their sleeping comrades were up in a twinkling. Each seized a horse at the picket line and mounted without saddle, stopping only to twist a loop of his riata about the pony's nose. Barely a dozen seconds had passed before the campfire was deserted. The cowboys were plunging in the dark after the fleeing cattle, through a wild, rocky, unknown district filled with mesquite and cactus, cut up by dangerous arroyos and canyons. By noon of the succeeding day the drive was resumed. A half dozen steers had been left behind, lamed or dead in the gulches, while a few of the horses in the 'wrangler's bunch' in the lead were skinned and limping. But the cowboys, their clothing in rags from the thorny midnight ride, merely joked on their mutual appearance and solaced their weariness with tobacco and with endless song.

"As a rule the cowboy is an American. In the plateau region he may hail from anywhere, but usually comes either from California or from Texas. But they all fraternize, making issue only over the liking of the Californian for a saddle with a 'single barreled rig,' which is a saddle with a single girth. The Texan despises anything but a double cinched saddle, though usually he does not tighten the second girth.

"The sheep herder has a distinctly lower social place. As a rule, he is a foreigner, the few Americans employed being in positions of unusual trust. Most of the herders appear to be Mexicans or Frenchmen. It is said that Basques are the best and most careful shepherds. They come from northern Spain, many of them especially for this employment. Their wages are not bad, being usually even higher than the pay of cowboys or farmhands, but the nervous American cannot stand the life. The everlasting 'baa' drives him mad. He cannot endure the monotony and the necessary separation from humanity, with only a dog for company for months at a stretch. And the diet, mainly tea and mutton, is too simple for his luxurious palate.

"It is a fact that sheep herding furnishes a greater number of inmates for western insane asylums than does any other occupation. The shepherd, like the cowboy, is gradually assimilated to his surroundings and naturally acquires much of the nature of his charges. To his credit it must be said that he is rarely unfaithful to the interests of his flock and its owner. There is nothing poetical about him, but he will risk his life for the safety of a lamb and will doggedly search all night if there be a stray. He is a much quieter fellow than the cowboy, even in his cups, when the wool has been clipped and the hands are in town for a little fling. He has no wild yearning for idly shooting holes in the firmament. He is happiest on a sunny hillside, lying at ease where he may overlook his flock and hear the ceaseless voicing of its lamentation."

Authorship by Proxy.

There is an amusing story of a woman of title who found it difficult to understand journalistic methods when she first encountered them. The sister of a well known and eccentric Scotch peer was traveling in Japan and the far east when she received a cablegram from a great metropolitan daily, "Would you accept £—— for series travel articles?" The lady was pleased and replied by cable that she would "send copy" in a fortnight. She was, therefore, annoyed when the paper withdrew from its offer, cabling to her "No need to send copy."

Dignified silence seemed the only way to treat such unbusinesslike methods. Many weeks later, returning, she found a parcel of newspapers and read with some astonishment several spirited and gossipy articles on the far east written, it was announced, by herself. Had not a letter inclosing a handsome check accompanied the parcel there might have been a considerable row. As it is, the lady accepts gracefully the compliments of friends upon her literary style.

Paid In His Own Coin.

An English paper, Modern Society, is responsible for this bit of "Washington gossip:" "A good story is told of an attache of the Belgian legation who rather resented being sent to Washington after a diplomatic experience in London and who supercilliously announced on arriving there that he would speak only French, as he did not wish, having learned his English in London, to corrupt it in America. At a reception a deep impression was made upon him by a lovely girl, and he at once asked to be presented. To a friend who made known his request the young woman replied: 'Quite impossible. I learned my French in Paris, and I cannot corrupt it by talking with a Belgian.'"

He Had Time.

When Bishop Brooks was once told by his private secretary that his episcopal duties left him no time for himself, he said, "I have plenty of time to myself."

"When and where?" asked the secretary.

"In the railroad cars," answered the bishop.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Seamen's Bethel.

"Did you go to preaching this morning, Jack?"

"Aye, sir, but when I heard the land lubber who was preachin say 'Ye can't serve on a two master' I got up an kem out. What does he know about ships?"

A Hair Cutter, Sure.

Teacher—Which one of you can tell me who Delilah was?

Johnny Jones—I kin, mum.

"Well done, Johnny. Now, who was Delilah?"

"A female barber, mum."—Ohio State Journal.

Bank of Hamilton

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Total Assets, - -	14,827,357.80

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County of Halton Local Court Calendar for 1900.

Place of Sitting and Addresses of Clerks.	CLERKS.	January.	March.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	Jan. 1901	Hours Opening
Milton	Wm. Parton	Friday, 11th.	9	11	13	10	12	8	10 a.m.
Oakville	Chas. B. Paterson	Tuesday, 8th.	6	10	10	7	9	5	9 a.m.
Georgetown	Geo. Reid	Wednesday, 9th.	7	8	11	4	10	6	9:30 a.m.
Acton	R. J. McNabb	do.	7	9	11	5	11	7	2:30 p.m.
Campbellville	Matthew Beattie	Saturday, 12th.	10	6	14	2	14	10	9 a.m.
Burlington	James Robinson	Monday, 7th.	7	7	14	(Thurs.) 6	5	9	11 a.m.

General Sessions of the Peace and County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, and as often at other times as may be required.

County Court Sittings—Without Jury, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

Court of Chancery Sittings—Formerly Terms—8th January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

Court of Criminal Justice Accounts, 2nd January, 3rd April, 3rd July, 1st October.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts, Thursday's of each week at 11 a.m., on one of which days all Notices of Motions should be made returnable.

By Order
T. G. MATHESON, Clerk of the Peace

NEBULÆ OF SONG.

Dim nebulæ of song!
First, a cold star dust in the spirit's void,
Whirling with prepared creep the ether's way through,
Then more compact, centripetal and strong,
With form and color and of warmer hue!

Thy brothers wait there in the blue above,
Far through the silences their song descends;
Thou, too, shalt join their ancient choir of love
And send thy light across the paths of men.

Now the faint music of the early dawn,
Feeling its way with broken chords and slow,
Then the C major, resolute and strong,
Surer in conscious strength the measures go.

But thou, dim dust, that trail'st through the night,
Breasting the waves of that unsounded sea,
Swift be the course of thy triumphant flight
And sweet thy music in the years to be!

—Herbert Muller Hopkins in Bookman

Modest.

Father—Who prepared this pudding?

Mother (looking at her daughters in succession)—I mustn't tell. The author desires to remain anonymous.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

The Chinese study phrenology, judging a man by the development of his forehead and a woman by the form and size of the back of her cranium.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing. A weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

AGENTS WANTED.—FOR "STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA" by John Clark Ridpath, LL.D., Edward S. Ellis, M.A., J. A. Cooper, Managing Editor of the "Canadian Magazine," Toronto, and J. H. Aiken, of London, Ont., who has returned this week from 12 years' traveling in South Africa for us. We are the only Canadian Publishers who have had a branch in South Africa for nineteen years, giving us an immense advantage in procuring photographs and material. Our authorship, letterpress and engravings are superior, and Canadian Contingents better illustrated than in any rival work. So sure are we of this that we will mail free for comparison our prospectus to anyone possessing a rival prospectus. Circulars and terms free. Apply. World Publishing Company, Guelph, Ontario.

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A Radical Change in Marketing Methods as Applied to Sewing Machines.

An **original plan** under which you can obtain **easier terms and better value** in the purchase of the world famous "White" Sewing Machine than **ever before offered.**

Write for our elegant H-T catalogue and detailed particulars. How we can **save you money** in the purchase of a high-grade sewing machine and the **easy terms of payment** we can offer, either direct from factory or through our regular authorized agents. This is an opportunity you cannot afford to pass. **You know the "White," you know its manufacturers.** Therefore, a detailed description of the machine and its construction is unnecessary. If you have an old machine to exchange we **can offer most liberal terms.** Write to-day. Address in full.

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Carries a large and fine stock of

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DEWAR'S BLOCK, - - MAIN ST., MILTON

The Queen and Prince of Wales

Premium picture, in colors, on fine paper, suitable for framing, given with THE TORONTO DAILY STAR

THE DRESS MODEL.

Yellow brocade, craped satin and silk or satin matelasse will be fashionable opera and ballroom fabrics this winter.

A new twilled cloth, slightly rough of surface, manufactured for the making of smart traveling and walking costumes, resembles the weave of French vicuna.

The autumn will bring a great many handsome full length wraps and a number of half length, three-quarter and jacket styles, reaching a few inches below the waist and variously shaped and adjusted.

Shepherd's checked taffetas, in handsome color blendings suitable to the season, will be revived for the making of shirt waists to wear beneath short, open jackets of plain or fancy wool autumn suitings and for linings, vests, yokes and separate waists.

Hats to be worn with youthful costumes of tweed and cheviot this fall are Ladysmith models of rough felt—Sanglier felts they are called. Upon them quills and stiff feathers are secured, with knots of brilliant gladiolus red or equally brilliant nasturtium yellow velvet.

A new English walking jacket is cut with short rounded skirt fronts and fastens diagonally across the chest. Beneath this is a close fitting vest of pale tan cloth covered with braid work on silver and brown soutache, running side by side and fastened with rococo buttons of medium size.

The fancy for combining blue with certain shades of green still prevails, though it has been worn so much that many have tired of it. The newer thoughtful combination of pink and blue is apt to form mauve and is therefore not generally becoming, though much admired on those who are fair enough to wear it.

Handsome qualities of light weight venetian cloth in blues, pansy and rich fruit colors, including red, will be much used for the first wool costumes of next season. They are extremely plain in cut except the red suits, which are trimmed with flounces edged with narrow folds of velvet of a deeper shade.

GLEANINGS.

Breakage of propeller shafts at sea costs an immense sum annually in salvage.

In France, where wine is as abundant as petroleum here, it is transported in bulk in tank cars.

An advertisement in a New York morning paper lately calls for a "stenographer who can cook." Another demands "a housekeeper who understands shorthand and typewriting."

In the time of Louis VIII there were 2,000 hospitals for lepers in France and about 19,000 in Europe. Professor Virchow declared at a recent conference in Berlin that he does not believe in the contagiousness of leprosy.

The authorities of San Francisco have decided that after July 1 next year no fence or billboard shall be allowed to exceed ten feet in height. This extension of time was given on account of contracts already entered into between billposters and advertisers.

"The most ancient and most noble order of the Thistle," which has just been conferred upon the earl of Hopetoun, is the smallest of the three great orders of knighthood in point of numbers and the longest in point of title. It consists of the sovereign and British princes and 16 knights.

A Frenchman has invented a tobacco pipe which has a whistle in the stem, in order to enable the smoker to summon a cab without taking the pipe from his mouth. The inventor thinks that when his device shall be put upon the market people will wonder how they ever got along without it.

THE IDLE RICH.

Although Thomas Nelson Page does not think so, it is a fact nevertheless that the acts of the Newport Four Hundred blazoned forth in every newspaper in the land do affect the tastes and amusements of thousands of other people.—Nashville American.

Mr. Page is wrong. The pernicious example of our aristocracy of wealth is widespread. For a light set upon a hill cannot be hid. The light of folly and profligacy among the conspicuous rich of the United States at the present time is a beacon of scandal to the country.—Chicago Chronicle.

It would be a sad thing for American manhood and womanhood if the men and women of this country got their morals and their ideas of life from the smart set in New York. They lead a life of idleness and selfish indulgence, and they are worse than useless. The world is the worse rather than the better for their living.—Richmond Times.

In London the members of the most exclusive society are also leaders in the world of politics and of letters. The men are frequently brave soldiers or sailors or members of parliament; the women are usually intelligent and interesting. The members of the Four Hundred are noted only for their brazen effrontery and their lack of morals.

TOWN TOPICS.

Philadelphia may be slow, but the census returns don't show it.—Springfield Union.

The petering out of the Dewey arch movement is another reminder that New York is the great four flush monument town in the world.

Boston, as Mayor Hart has pointed out, is the only city which has existed for two centuries and a half "without a boom or a setback." Its normal rate of increase is now about 2 per cent a year.—Boston Journal.

By sending early morning showers and following them with high temperature the weather department is endeavoring to give Kansas City a realizing sense of what New York and Chicago call "humidity." We catch the idea all right and don't care for any more object lessons.

ANATOMICAL.

There are 14 bones in the nose.

The average ear is from 2 to 2½ inches in length.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 534 pounds.

The collar bone is more frequently broken than any other bone in the body.

There are over 200 distinct muscles in the human body, of which the best of us keep about 100 in prime condition by proper use.

Rough on the Horse.

The joke is on an Auburn (Me.) man who mixes up bran for his horse every night and who also uses sawdust for bedding. It seems that his wife, who sometimes assists in the care of the horse, changed the barrel containing the sawdust to where the bran barrel had been standing. The husband, not noticing the change, fed his horse with sawdust and bedded it down with bran.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3 per box; No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 2-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Nos. 1 and 2 are sold in Milton by A. E. Bevan, A. J. Zimmerman, and Higginbotham & Co., druggists.