John Adams, Jan 1 85

The Canadian Champion

AND COUNTY OF HALTON INTELLIGENCER.

VOLUME 27. MILTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1887. NO. 9.

Sittings of the Division Courts of the Co. of Halton.

For the Year 1887

Place of Sittings and P. O. Address of Clerks.	Clerks.	Jan.	Mar.	May.	July.	Sep.	Nov.	Hour of Opening
1 Milton	Wm. Panton.	28	25	27	15	30	25	10 a.m.
2 Oakville	R. Palmer	12	9	4	13	7	2	10 a.m.
3 Georgetown	L. Grant	18	15	10	12	13	8	9.30 a.m
4 Acton	J. Matthews	20	17	12	"	15	10	10 a.m.
5 Campbellville	S. R. Lister	14	11	6	"	9	4	9 30 "
6 Burlington	G. C. Bastedo	11	8	3	"	6	1	11 "

General Sessions of the Peace and 4th Tuesday in December, at 10 a.m.

County Court Sittings, without Jury, Tuesday, 4th April, and 3rd October, at 10 a. m.

County Court Sittings—Formerly Terms—Monday, 3rd January, 4th April, 4th July, and 3rd October at 10 a.m.

Judges Chambers.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, except on Court days and during vacation, at 11 a.m.

Audit of Criminal Justice Accounts.—Tuesday, 4th January, 5th April, 5th July & 4th October.

By order, JOHN DEWAR, Clerk of the Peace.

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DORA THORNE

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"HER MOTHER'S SIN"

Lord Earle made some laughing reply, but Lady Helena was not quite pleased. Punctuality with her had always been a favourite virtue. In case of real illness allowance was of course to be made, but she herself had never considered a little extra fatigue as sufficient reason for absenting herself from table.

The two gentlemen talked gaily during breakfast. Lord Earle asked Hubert if he would go with him to Holte, and Lord Airlie said he had promised to drive Beatrice to Langton Priory.

Hearing that, Lady Helena thought it time to send some little warning to her granddaughter. She rang for Susette, the maid who waited upon Beatrice, and told her to call her young mistress.

She stood at her writing-table, arranging some letters, when the maid returned. Lady Helena looked at her in utter wonder—the girl's face was pale and scared.

"My lady," she said, "will you please come here? You are wanted very particularly."

Lady Helena without speaking to either of the gentlemen, went to the door where the girl stood.

"What is it, Susette?" she asked. "What is the matter?"

"For mercy's sake, my lady," replied the maid, "come up-stairs. I—I cannot find Miss Beatrice—she is not in her room;" and the girl trembled violently, or lady Helena would have smiled at her terror.

"She is probably with Miss Lillian," she said; "why make such a mystery, Susette?"

"She is not there, my lady; I cannot find her," was the answer.

"She may have gone out into the garden or the grounds," said Lady Helena.

"My lady," Susette whispered, and her frightened face grew deadly pale, "her bed has not been slept in; nothing is touched in her room; she has not been in it all night."

A shock of unutterable dread seized Lady Earle; a sharp spasm seemed to dart through her heart.

"There must be some mistake," she said, gently; "I will go up-stairs with you."

The rooms were without occupant; no disarray of jewels, flowers, or dresses, no little slippers, no single trace of Beatrice's presence was there.

The pretty white bed was untouched—no one had slept in it; the blinds were drawn, and the sunlight struggled to enter the room. Lady Helena walked mechanically to the window, and drew aside the lace curtains; then she looked round.

"She has not slept here," she said; "she must have slept with Miss Lillian. You have frightened me, Susette, I will go and see myself."

Lady Helena went through the pretty sitting-room, where the books Beatrice had been reading lay upon the table, on to Lillian's chamber.

The young girl was awake, looking pale and languid, yet better than she had looked the night before. Lady Earle controlled all emotion, and went quietly up to her."

"Have you seen Beatrice this morning?" she asked. "I want her."

"No," replied Lillian; "I have not seen her since just before dinner last evening."

"She did not sleep with you, then?" said Lady Earle.

"No, she did not sleep here," responded the young girl.

Lady Helena kissed Lillian's face, and quitted the room; a deadly, horrible fear was turning her faint and cold. From the suite of rooms Lord Earle had prepared and arranged for his daughters, a staircase ran which led into the garden. He had thought at the time how pleasant it would be for them. As Lady Helena entered, Susette stood upon the stairs with a bow of pink ribbon in her hand.

"My lady," she said, "I fastened the outer door of the staircase last night myself. I locked it, and shot the bolts. It is unfastened now, and I have found this lying by it. Miss Earle wore it last evening on her dress."

"Something terrible must have happened," exclaimed Lady Helena. "Susette, ask Lord Earle to come to me. Do not say a word to any one."

He stood by her side in a few minutes, looking in mute wonder at her pale, scared face.

"Ronald," she said, "Beatrice has not slept in her room all night. We cannot find her."

He smiled at first, thinking, as she had done, that there must be some mistake, and that his mother was fanciful and nervous; but, when Lady Helena, in quick, hurried words, told him of the unfastened door and the ribbon, his face grew serious. He took the ribbon from the maid's hand—it seemed like a living part of his daughter. He remembered that he had seen it the night before on her dress, when he had held up the beautiful face to kiss it. He had touched that same ribbon with his hand.

"She may have gone out into the grounds, and have been taken ill," he said. "Do not frighten Airlie, mother; I will look round myself."

He went through every room of the house one by one, but there was no trace of her. Still Lord Earle had no fear; it seemed so utterly impossible that any harm could have happened to her.

Then he went out into the grounds, half expecting the beautiful face to smile upon him from under the shade of her favourite trees. He called aloud, "Beatrice!" The wind rustled through the trees, the birds sang, but there came no answer to his cry. Neither in the grounds nor in the gardens could he discover any trace of her. He returned to Lady Helena, a vague fear coming over him.

"I cannot find her," he said. "Mother, I do not understand this. She cannot have left us. She was not unhappy—my beautiful child.

There was no slip of paper, no letter, no clue to her absence. Mother and son looked blankly at each other.

"Ronald," she cried, "where is my child? Where is the poor child?"

He tried to comfort her, but fear was rapidly mastering him.

"Let us see if Airlie can suggest anything," he said.

They went down to the breakfast-room, where Lord Airlie still waited for the young girl he was never more to meet alive. He turned round with a smile, and asked if Beatrice was coming; the smile died from his lips when he saw the pale, anxious faces of mother and son.

"Hubert," said Lord Earle, "we are alarmed—let us hope without cause. Beatrice cannot be found. She has not, seemingly, slept in her room. My mother is frightened."

Lady Helena had sunk, pale and trembling, upon a couch. Lord Airlie looked bewildered. Lord Earle told him briefly how they had missed her, and what had been done.

"She must be trying to frighten us," he said; "she must have hidden herself. There cannot be anything wrong." Even as he spoke, he felt how impossible it was that his dignified Beatrice should have done anything wrong.

He could throw no light on the subject. He had not seen her since he had kissed her when bidding her good-night. Her maid was the last person to whom she had spoken. Susette had left her in her own room, and since then nothing had been seen or heard of Beatrice Earle.

Father and lover went out together. Lord Airlie suggested that she had perhaps gone out into the gardens and had met with some accident there. They went carefully over every part—there was no trace of Beatrice. They went through the shrubbery out into the park, where the quiet lake shone amidst the green trees.

Suddenly, like the thrust of a sharp sword, the remembrance of the morning spent upon the water came to Lord Airlie. He called to mind Beatrice's fear—the cold shudder that seized her when she declared that her own face with a mocking smile was looking up at her from the depths of the water.

He walked hurriedly toward the lake. If was calm and clear—the tall reeds and green sedges swaying in the wind, the white lilies rising and falling with the ripple. The blue sky and green trees were reflected in the water, the pleasure-boat was fastened to the boat-house. How was he to know the horrible secret of the lake?

"Come away, Airlie!" cried Lord Earle. "I shall go mad! I will call all the servants, and have a regular search."

In a few minutes the wildest confusion and dismay reigned in the hall; women wept aloud, and men's faces grew pale with fear. The beautiful, brilliant young mistress had disappeared, and none know her fate. They searched garden, park, and grounds; men in hot haste went hither and thither; while Lady Earle lay half dead with fear, and Lillian rested calmly, knowing nothing of what had happened.

It was Lord Airlie who first suggested that the lake should be dragged. The sun rode high in the heavens then, and shone gloriously over water and land.

They found the drags, and Hewson, the butler, with Lee and Patson, two gardeners, got into the boat. Father and lover stood side by side on the bank. The boat glided softly over the water; the men had been once round the lake, but without any result. Hope was rising again in Lord Airlie's heart, when the boat came in the boat hook at each other, then at him.

"My Lord," said Cowden, Lord Earle's valet, coming up to Hubert, "pray take my master home; they have found something at the bottom of the lake. Take him home; and please keep Lady Earle and the women all out of the way."

"What is it?" cried Lord Earle. "Speak to me, Airlie. What is it?"

"Come away," said Lord Airlie. "The men will not work while we are here."

They had found something beneath the water; the drags had caught in a woman's dress; and the men in the boat had stood motionless until Lord Earle was out of sight.

Through the depths of water they saw the gleam of a white dead face, and a floating mass of dark hair. They raised the body with reverent hands. Strong men wept aloud as they did so. One covered the quiet face, and another wrung the dripping water from the long hair. The sun shone on, as though in mockery, while they carried the drowned girl home.

Slowly and with halting steps they carried her through the warm sunny path where she was never more to tread; through the bright sunlit gardens; through the hall and up the broad staircase, the water dripping from the dark hair and falling in large drops, into the pretty chamber she had so lately quitted, so full of life and hope. They laid her on the white bed wherefrom her eyes would never more open to the morning light, and went away.

"Drowned, drowned! Drowned and dead!" was the cry that went from lip to lip till it reached Lord Earle where he sat, trying to soothe his weeping mother. "Drowned! Quite dead!" was the cry that reached Lillian in her sick-room, and brought her down, pale and trembling. "Drowned and dead hours ago!" were the words that drove Lord Airlie mad with the bitterness of his woe.

They could not realize it. How had it happened? What had taken her in the dead of the night to the lake? They sent messengers right and left to summon doctors in hot haste, as though human skill could avail her now.

"I must see her," said Lord Airlie. "If you do not wish to kill me, let me see her."

They allowed him to enter, and Lord Earle and his mother went with him. None in that room ever forgot his cry—the piercing cry of the strong man in his agony—as he threw himself by the dead girl's side.

"Beatrice, my love, my darling, why could I not have died for you?"

And then with tears of sympathy, they showed him how even in death the white cold hand grasped his locket holding it so tight that no ordinary force could remove it.

"In life and in death!" she had said, and she had kept her word.

CHAPTER XLII.

While the weeping group still stood there, doctors came; they looked at the quiet face, so beautiful in death, and said she had been dead for hours. The words struck those who heard them with unutterable horror. Dead, while those who loved her so clearly, who would have given their lives for her, had lain sleeping near her, unconscious of her doom—dead, while her lover had waited for her, and her father had been intently thinking of her approaching wedding.

What had she suffered during that night? What awful storm of agony had driven her to the lake? Had she gone thither purposely? had she wandered to the edge and fallen in? Or was there a deeper mystery? Had foul wrong been done to Lord Earle's daughter while he was so near her, and yet knew nothing of it?

She still wore her pretty pink evening dress. What a mockery it looked! The delicate laces were wet and spoiled, the pink blossoms she had twined in her hair clung to it still, the diamond arrow Lord Airlie had given her fastened them, a diamond brooch was in the bodice of her dress, and a costly bracelet encircled the white, cold arm. She had not, then, removed her jewels or changed her dress. What could have taken her down to the lake? Why was Lord Airlie's locket so tightly clinched in her hand?

Lord Airlie, when he was calm enough to speak, suggested that she might have fallen asleep, tired, before undressing—that in her sleep she might have walked out, gone to the edge of the lake, and have fallen in.

That version spread amongst the servants. From them it spread, like wildfire around the whole country-side; the country papers were filled with it, and the London papers afterwards told how "the beautiful Miss Earle" had been drowned while walking in her sleep.

But Lord Airlie's suggestion did not satisfy Ronald Earle; he would not leave the darkened chamber. Women's gentle hands removed the bright jewels and the evening dress. Lady Helena, with tears that fell like rain, dried the long waving hair, and drew it back from the placid brow. She closed the eyes, but she could not cross the white hands on the cold breast. One held the locket in the firm, tight clasp of death, and it could not be moved.

Ronald would not leave the room. Gentle hands finished their task. Beatrice lay in the awful beauty of death—no pain, no sorrow moving the serene loveliness of her placid brow. He knelt by her side. It was his little Beatrice, this strange, cold, marble statue—his little baby Beatrice, who had leaped in his arms years ago, who had cried and laughed, who had learned in pretty accents to lisp his name—his beautiful child, his proud, bright daughter, who had kissed him the previous night while he spoke jesting words to her about her lover. And he had never heard her voice since—never would hear it again. Had she called him when the dark waters closed over her bright head?

Cold, motionless, no gleam of life or light—and this was Dora's little child! He uttered a great cry as the thought struck him, "What would Dora say?" He loved Beatrice, yet for all the long years of her childhood he had been absent from her. How must Dora love the child who had slept on her bosom, and who was now parted from her for ever.

And then his thoughts went back to the old subject—"How had it happened? What had taken her to the lake?"

One knelt near who might have told him, but a numb, awful dread had seized upon Lillian. Already weak and ill, she was unable to think, unable to shape her ideas, unable to tell right from wrong.

She alone held the clue to the mystery, and she locked it in that death-bed with pale, parted lips and eyes full of terror. Her face startled those who saw it. Her sorrow found no vent in tears; the gentle eyes seemed changed into balls of fire; she could not realise that it was Beatrice who lay there, so calm and still—Beatrice, who had knelt at her feet, and prayed that she would save her—Beatrice, who had believed herself so near the climax of her happiness.

Could she have met Hugh, and had he murdered her? Look where she would, Lillian saw that question written in fiery letters. What ought she to do? Must she tell Lord Earle, or did the promise she had made bind her in death as well as in life? Nothing could restore her sister. Ought she to tell all she knew, and to stain in death the name that was honoured and loved?

One of the doctors called in, saw the face of Lillian Earle. He went at once to Lady Helena, and told her that, if the young lady were not removed from that room, and kept quiet, she would be in danger of her life.

"If ever I saw a face denoting that the brain was disturbed," he said, "that is one."

Lillian was taken back to her room and left with careful nurses. But the doctor's warning proved true. While Lord Earle wept over the dead child, Lady Helena mourned over the living one, whose life hung by a thread.

The day wore on; the gloom of sorrow and mourning had settled on the hall. Servants spoke with hushed voices, and moved with gentle tread. Lady Helena sat in the darkened room where Lillian lay. Lord Airlie had shut himself up alone; and Ronald Earle knelt all day by his dead child. In vain they entreated him to move, to take food or wine, to go to his own room. He remained by her, trying to glean from that silent face the secret of her death.

And, when night fell again, he sank exhausted. Feverish slumbers came to him, filled with a haunted dream of Beatrice sinking in the dark water and calling upon him for help. Kindly faces watched over him, kindly hands tended him. The morning sun found him still there.

Lady Helena brought him some tea and besought him to drink it. The parched, dried lips almost refused their office. It was an hour afterward that Hewson entered the room, bearing a letter in his hand. It was brought, he said by Thomas Ginus, who lived at the cottage past Fairglen hills. It had been written by a man who lay dying there, and who had prayed him to take it at once without delay.

"I ventured to bring it to you, my lord," said the butler—"the man seemed to think it a matter of life or death."

Lord Earle took the letter from his hands—he tried to open it, but the trembling fingers seemed powerless. He signed to Hewson to leave the room, and, placing the letter upon the table, resumed his melancholy watch. But in some strange way his thoughts wandered to the missive. What might it not contain, brought to him, too, in the solemn death chamber? He opened it, and found many sheets of closely covered paper. On the first was written—"The Confession of Hugh Fernely."

The name told him nothing. Suddenly an idea came to him—could this confession have anything to do with the fate of the beloved child who lay before him? Kneeling by the dead child's side, he turned over the leaf and read as follows:

"Lord Earle, I am dying—the hand tracing this will soon be cold. Before I die I must confess my crime. Even now, perhaps, you are kneeling by the side of the child lost to you for all time. My lord, I killed her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

1310 WAYS OF DEATH.

ONE HUNDRED NIAGARA FALLS CURSIONISTS KILLED.

The Chicago Times special from Forest, Ill., says: All railway horrors in the history of this country were surpassed three miles east of Chatsworth last Friday night, when an excursion train on the Toledo Peoria and Western road dropped through a burning bridge. Never one hundred people were killed and over four times that number were more or less badly injured. The train was composed of six sleeping cars, six day coaches and chair cars, and three baggages. It was carrying nine hundred and sixty passengers, all excursionists, and was bound for Niagara Falls.

The train had been made up all along the line of the Toledo, Peoria & Western Road, and the excursionists hailed from various points in Central Illinois, the bulk of them, however, coming from Peoria. Some of the passengers came from Canton, El Paso, Washington, and in fact all stations along the line, some from as far west as Burlington and Keokuk, Iowa. A special and cheap rate had been made for the excursion, and all sorts of people took advantage of it. When the train drew out of Peoria at eight o'clock last evening it was loaded to its utmost capacity. Every berth in the six sleepers was taken, and the day cars carried sixty people each. The train was so heavy that two engines were hitched to it, and when it passed this place it was an hour and a half behind time.

Chatsworth, the next station east of here, is six miles off and the run there was made in seven minutes, so the terrible momentum of these fifteen coaches and two engines shooting through space at the rate of a mile a minute, can be understood. The train did not stop at Chatsworth and shot by the small station with lightning speed. There miles east of Chatsworth is a little slough, and here the railroad crosses a dry run about ten feet deep and fifteen feet wide. Over this was stretched an ordinary wooden trestle bridge, and as the excursion train came thundering down on it what was horror of the engineer on the front engine when he saw that the bridge was on fire. Right up before his eyes leaped the bright flames, and the next instant he was among them. There was no chance to stop. But he passed over in safety, the first engine keeping the rails. As it went over the bridge fell beneath it, and it could only have been the terrific speed of the train which saved the lives of his engineer and his fireman. But the next engine went down, and instantly the death of death was done.

Car crashed into car, coaches piled on top of another, and in the twinkling of an eye nearly one hundred people found instant death and fifty more were so hurt they could not live. As for the wounded, they were everywhere. Only the sleeping coaches escaped. It lacked but five minutes of midnight. Down in the ditch lay the second engine, Engineer McClintock and Fireman Applegate, badly injured. On top were piled the three baggage cars, one on top of another like a child's card house after he has swept it with his hands.

Then came the six day coaches. They were telescoped as cars never were before, and three of them were passed into just space enough for one. The second car had bounded off the track, crashed through the car ahead of it, crushing woodwork aside like tinder, and lay there resting on the tops of the car seat, while every passenger in the front car was lying dead and dying underneath. Out of that car but four people came alive. On top of the second car lay the third, its bottom smeared with the blood of the victims. The other three cars were not so badly crushed, but they were broken and twisted in every conceivable manner, and every crushed timber and beam represented a crushed human frame and broken bone.

Instantly the air was filled with the cries of the wounded and the shrieks of those about to die. And there was another terrible danger yet to be met. The bridge was still burning, and the wrecked cars were lying on and around the fiercely burning embers. There was not a drop of water and only some fifty able-bodied men, who still had presence of mind and nerve enough to do their duty. The only light was the light of the burning bridge, and with so much of its aid, the fifty men went to work to fight the flames.

For four hours they fought like fiends, and for hours the victory hung in the balance. Earth was the only weapon with which the foe could be fought, and so the attempt was made to smother it out. There was no pick or shovel to use to dig it up, no baskets or barrows to carry it, and so desperate were they that they dug their fingers down into the earth, which a long drought had baked almost as hard as stone, and heaped the precious handfuls, thus hardly won, upon the encroaching flames, and with this earth work, built handful by handful, kept back the foe.

Finally that victory was won; the fire was put out after four hours' endeavor, and as the last sparks died away a light came up in the east to take their place, and dawn came upon a scene of horror. While the fight had been going on men had been dying, and there was not so many wounded to take out of the wreck, as there had been four hours before, but in the meantime the country had been aroused, help had come from Chatsworth, Forest and Peper City, and as the dead were laid reverently alongside of each other out in the corn field, there were ready hands to take them into Chatsworth, while some of the wounded were carried to Peper City. One hundred and eighteen was the awful roll of the dead; while the wounded numbered four times that many. The full tale of the dead cannot, however, be told yet for days. Chatsworth was turned into a morgue to-day.

The horrible suspicion exists, and there are many who give it credence, that the accident was a deliberately planned case of train wrecking; that the bridge was set on fire by miscreants who hoped to seize the opportunity offered. The fact that the bridge was so far consumed at the time the train came along and the added fact that the train was an hour and a half late is pointed out as evidence of a careful conspiracy. It seems hardly possible that men could be so lost to all the ordinary feeling which animates the basest of the human race, but still there will rob the dead, men who will steal from the dying, and will plunder the wounded hold down by the broken beams of a wrecked car, whose dead by fire seemed immaterial, can do almost anything which is base, and that is what these fends in human form did. They went into the cars when the fire was burning fiercely, underneath and when the poor wretches who were pinned there begged them, "For God's sake help me out," stripped them of their watches and jewelry and searched their pockets for money. When the dead bodies were laid out in the corn fields these hyenas turned them over in their search for valuables, and that that the plundering was done by an organized gang is proven by the fact that this morning in the corn fields many purses all empty were found in one heap. It was a ghastly plundering, and had the plunderers been caught in the act they would surely have been lynched.

SCIENCE AND TEMPERANCE.

Amongst the curious errors that are repeated with an air of scientific knowledge amongst the prohibitionists is one first promulgated by the greatest of their medical authorities. Dr. B. W. Richardson of London, Eng. His argument is that alcohol increases the number of heart beats, or in other words increases pulsation. Then he asks, will not the heart stop sooner on account of this increased action? The heart he compares to a steam engine, and he argues that a steam engine run at a high rate of speed at one time and a lower rate at another will not last as long as one run at a steady speed. The heart, he says, acts in the same way. The argument catches some minds, but is easily overthrown on a moment's reflection. The steam engine wears and wears and the faster it goes the more the wear; but the heart, unlike the steam engine, has the power of repairing while at work. In fact a heart of weak or slow action is apt to become weaker, while with an engine of slow speed this is not the case. There is an element of truth, however, in the argument. A heart action constantly maintained by alcohol above its normal beat might have a prodicial effect on health. So it would if so maintained by constant laughing or constant exercise. A young man who played lacrosse constantly would be likely to suffer from over action of the heart; so would a constant drinker. But who would seriously maintain, that except in some instances, laughing or bodily exercise, even of so violent a kind as lacrosse, tended to shorten life? A great English physician ridicules Dr. Richardson's argument, stating that it is too ridiculous to deserve serious refutation. But it "takes" with the teetotalers for all. Probably the total absolute uniformity of action of the physical system is as unfavorable as mental or emotional uniformity. At any rate variety is the spice of life. Temperance appears to be the general and safe rule, though abstinence in rare or few cases is to be commended. It all depends.

Monstrously absurd is the argument on digestion presented by teetotal lecturers and illustrated by Mrs. Yumma's "beefsteak" and Spence's egg. To the average teetotal lecturer the illustration appears absolutely convincing, though a little enquiry or thought would dissipate the impressiveness of the argument. Dr. T. E. MacMahon, a medical professor in one of the Toronto schools of medicine, in a paper read before the recent general conference of the Church of England Temperance Society said: "I might here refer to an experiment which is frequently performed by so-called temperance lecturers to the wonder and consternation of gaping crowds of ignorant and credulous people who swallow down every word they say. They add some brandy to the white of an egg and say: 'Oh, what a dreadful thing this alcohol is! it has cooked the egg.' They are not honest enough to tell them that the normal gastric juice does precisely the same thing with albumen before digestion; it then has will coagulate it as surely as does alcohol; or that we designedly cook an egg in boiling water before eating it."

Dr. Sir William Roberts recently published experiments showing that tea is the greatest retarder of digestion of all the drinks commonly known, that different kinds of alcoholic beverages have different effects, some retarding in certain quantities, and others in certain quantities promoting digestion. But medical science has shown that even retardation of digestion is in many cases a benefit to the system, though in other cases—as when digestion is normally too slow—an injury. People in drinking as in eating must govern themselves by their own experience and common sense. It all depends. Total abstinence is often the better way; but the safe general rule is: Keep away from the border line of excess, which is immoral, and within that limit use you own observation and personal experience and you will not go far wrong physically, even though you know nothing of the theory of medical opinions.

We do not suppose that any ordinary amount of exposure of the fraudulent nature of the egg and beefsteak experiment will prevent their repetition on the platform, but some of our readers will be on their guard in future against the plausible Teluslus of so called temperance "science."

NOT A BOOK AGENT.

Mr. H. Watson, Druggist, is not a book agent, but has the agency in Milton for Johnson's Tonic Bitters, which he can heartily recommend for any complaint to which a tonic medicine is applicable. This valuable medicine has been used with most astonishingly good results in cases of general debility, weakness, irregularities peculiar to females, extreme paleness, impoverishment of the blood, stomach and liver troubles, loss of appetite, and for that general worn out feeling that nearly every one is troubled with at some part of the year. Don't forget the name Johnson's Tonic Bitters 50c. and $1 per bottle at Watson's drug store.

Bleeding For Sunstroke.

(New York Sun)

The case of Thomas McNamara, the glass engraver, who was taken to Chambers Street Hospital suffering from sunstroke, where he was cured by the old-fashioned method of bleeding, has excited considerable discussion among medical men, for the reason that in few cases is it now the style to bleed a patient, common as bleeding used to be.

Mr. McNamara is a large, fleshy man. He was overcome by the heat at about 6.20 o'clock on the evening of July 14, at the South Ferry. When he got to the hospital he was apparently in the convulsions of death. His temperature was 108.8°. From his color and general symptoms Dr. Lute Weckelind, who was in charge, decided to bleed him.

Six ounces of blood, about as black as ink when it first began to run, the surgeons say, were drawn. The effect was instantaneously beneficial. The convulsions ceased, the temperature fell, and there was a marked improvement in every way. By the advice of the consulting surgeon six ounces more were drawn. The patient soon recovered consciousness, and in a few days he was discharged cured. There were symptoms indicating that he might have meningitis, but the disease did not develop.

Another case of the same kind was treated in the same way. John McGinness, 35 years old, a grocer, was the patient. His case was not so serious as that of Mr. McNamara, though very serious. When he got to the hospital he was in convulsions, and his temperature was 107°. He got there at 3 o'clock, and was taken in hand by Dr. Weckelind, who drew twelve ounces of blood. By 4 o'clock the man was conscious and able to tell who he was. Yesterday he was taken home in a carriage.

The reason for resorting to bleeding in these cases, as explained by the surgeon, is that the heat of the patient's body had affected the blood so much as to seriously to impede the circulation. It was as if the blood had been thickened with some substance. By drawing off twelve ounces the tension on the veins is reduced so that the blood that remains can find its way to the lungs and be purified. Only in exceptional cases are treated by bleeding.