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Equal to any city Barber Shop.

Ladies' and Children's Hair dressed in
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ered, as it is certain in its effects and does
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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. STYDEL,
BREEDER OF
CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTER BRED HORSES,
100 EAST WOOD, ELMWOOD, ILL., Nov. 21, 1888.
Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kend-
all's Spavin Cure, the last dozen bottles. I
would like to purchase in larger quantity. I think it
is one of the best remedies on earth. I have used
it on my stallions for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. STYDEL.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 18, 1888.
Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my
good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have
used it for lameness, stiff joints, and
Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordi-
ally recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, H. G. GARDNER,
Manager Troy Laundry Stable.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SALT WINDSOR COUNTY, ONT., Dec. 19, 1888.
Dear Sir: I feel it my duty to say what I have done
with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured
twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of
them being afflicted with Big Head and
seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your
bottles and followed the directions I have never
lost a case of any kind.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER,
Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price 61 per bottle, or six bottles for \$3. All Drugg-
ists have it for sale. If for you or it will be sent
to any address on receipt of price by the proprie-
tor. Dr. B. J. KENDALL, Co., Rochester Falls, N. Y.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MAROONING IN MEXICO.

The Little Adventure Which Befel a Diver
in the Bay.

Chamberluco said he would get us some
extra fine oysters from an old sunken vessel
on which the oysters had formed. We knew
he was a good diver, and so put him at it,
we sitting around looking at him dive in
twenty feet of water and bring up oysters.
Finally one of the boys who was also diving
came up and said a shark had Chamberluco,
but almost at the same time up popped
Chamberluco, but all covered with blood on
his head. We got him into the boat, and
none too soon, for a number of sharks of
great size were around the boat biting at
the blood that Chamberluco left in the
water.

We washed old Cham. off and found that
he was almost scalped, the fish (for it was
not a shark, it was a mirror or Hebrew fish)
had taken the top of his head into its mouth
down to the eyes and out a complete circle
around the head, taking out one of his eyes,
cutting into the bridge of his nose across
the cheek and around the back of his head.
We cared for him the best we could, and
since he has gotten well, but has only one
eye and has a ring around his head. He
says that the fish took his head into its
mouth and swam with him around under
part of the vessel; that he fought as best
he could with his hands, and thinks he got
his fingers in its eyes and that is why it let
him go, and then he lost no time in getting
to the top.

According to a fashion authority, ladies'
hats will have lower crowns this season.
This will give theatre goers a new source of
satisfaction.

Now is the time for susceptible young men
to fall sick in Philadelphia. Thirty-six
young ladies have just been made doctors in
the Quaker City.

A bouquet of white roses hung on the bell
knob of the house of a dead person along
with the crape is a new idea in trappings of
woe noted by the New York Tribune.

A good imitation of frosted glass may be
produced by applying to the glass a saturated
solution of alum in water. It may be
colored by the addition of aniline dyes. The
coloring is not very permanent, however.

In all the country towns in Eastern
Connecticut smart young ladies are quitting
the piano for the chicken incubator, and they
find that hatching chickens is not only vast-
ly more lucrative than toying with the tink-
ling keys, but it is more healthful and facin-
ating. It is also more healthful for the
neighbors.

The magnificent building which the wom-
an's Christian Temperance Union proposes to
erect in Chicago will cost \$300,000. About
half of this sum has been raised already. It
will be eleven stories in height, and it is
estimated that its rental will be about \$20,-
000 a year. It will be known as the Temple
of Temperance.

At a recent beggars' ball in Vienna there
were 6,000 persons present, all in beggars'
costume. The more beggarly the costume the
greater the applause that greeted it, and
at the close a prize was awarded to the per-
son who was adjudged to have made the
most successful hit in costume and manner.
A person who caricatured a well-known
actress won it.

Their Ship Towed by a Leviathan.

The fishing schooner G. H. White return-
ed to Port Townsend, W. T., from a halibut
cruise in the north Pacific the other night.
Her master, Capt. Charles Johnson, relates
an exciting adventure with a whale one
Monday afternoon. The vessel was anchor-
ed on Flattery banks, seventy miles from
shore, with all of the crew out in five dories
catching halibut, when a school of five black
whales came alongside. One of the school
got entangled in the vessel's cable, the an-
chor parted, and the vessel, in tow of the
monster, was taken at a rapid rate to the
westward, the only persons aboard being the
Captain and the cook, who were unable to
stop his progress.

The whale became exhausted and brought
the schooner around in a circle within fifty
miles from where they started. The wind-
lass was rigged and the vessel hauled along
side of the whale, which measured over
eighty-four feet. With one turn the cable
became disentangled, on the whale's flank,
and the whale disappeared beneath the
water.

The Captain and the cook hoisted sail
and returned for the boats, where the crews
were safely found twenty-four hours later.
The experience was the most exciting that
has ever occurred off Flattery banks. The
story is vouched for by all of the crew.

Woman's Works in Fiction.

It is women who write most of the Eng-
lish and American novels, though men still
ply that industry, and it is women who are
most popular in their novels. What has
sold so well as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in
France was read so much as George Sand or
in England as Charlotte Bronte and George
Elliot? or in Sweden as Fredrika Bremer? or
in America as Miss Alcott, or now in all
countries as Mrs. Ward? No wonder that
these great successes and many others that
could be named tempt women to write many
poor novels and some good ones, the major-
ity being mediocre, however, or neither good
nor bad. But mediocrity in a novel is now
much higher in quality than it used to be,
the novel-writing talent having grown by
cultivation, until the fourth-rate novelist
can write better than any but the first rate
author could fifty years ago.—Springfield
Republican.

Lumber Yard.

W. P. HARTNEY

Keeps constantly in stock a full supply of
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES.

SALT, PLASTER, COAL WATER LIME
PLASTER OF PARIS, COALTAR,
TAR PAPER, FIRE BRICK, FIRE CLAY
ac. a. ac.

Cash paid for Hides, Wool, Sheep skins
and all kinds of Grain.

Warehouse Opposite Railway Station, Stouffville.

Young Folks' Department.

WAS HE A COWARD?

BY LEONIE GREENLEE.

"Go in to the baptizin' to-morrow, Mil-
lard?" called out a youngster to his chum,
as the motley crowd of school-boys rushed
for their hats in the hall, preparatory to an-
other rush to the playground.

A dull, red flush surged up over Mil-
lard's face, as he answered slowly, "Bap-
tizin'! Where?"

"Why, up at the chapel. Didn't you
know? They say there's about twenty to
be 'marsed'."

Yes, Millard knew, and at every one of
the night meetings which had preceded this
"baptizin'" he had been an anxious listen-
er. But he evaded the question now, by
rushing with all his might into a game of
ball. The boys, however, did not forget it,
and as they left the playground at the
clanging of the bell, some of them began to
speak with loud irreverence.

"Ki! boys," shouted one, "if it's cold
to-morrow as 'tis to-day I'll freeze on 'em."
"Why, the ice is two inches thick on the
creek up in that hollow!" cried Rob Carson,
less scrupulous than the others, but equal-
ly aghast at the idea of such icy baptism!

"Why don't they wait until summer time?"
he queried, running to overtake Millard,
who strode rapidly on in front, angry at the
boys' light, rude jesting, yet not brave
enough to turn their ridicule upon himself
by defending the church of which his father
was well known to be an elder.

"Cause they're 'traid the sinners'll get
out o' the notion," shouted someone behind.
"You ought to be ashamed of your
selves!" Rob Carson cried as, hanging his
cap on its peg, Millard stalked up-stairs,
without a word. "They say he is to be
baptized, too."

"Then he ought to be ashamed for pre-
tending he didn't know," George Raby
said indignantly.

Millard Anson could not study the rest
of the afternoon. His conscience troubled
him, and the boys at their desks were
whispering and laughing about him he
knew, for he met their eyes whenever he
raised his own, and as one passed him on
an errand to the teacher's desk, he whispered:

"Better turn Methody, Mill, and be
sprinkled. 'Twon't be half so cold." And
George Raby, with a contemptuous flash in
his eyes, had said, "You sneak! to pretend
you didn't know!"

He had made up his mind that he would
"thrash them all out," when school was
over, for he had not moral courage to de-
fend his faith, neither had he patience to en-
dure reviling and revile not again, and the
boys all knew that physically, at least, he
was no coward. But, after school, Miss
Roberts said in her sweet, quiet way,

"Can I see you a moment, Millard?" He
waited, and after the others had all gone
she came and stood, a tiny figure, before
this great, tall boy, and, taking his two
hands, looked up to his face and told him
how glad she was to hear of his coming out
on the Lord's side, and how thankful she
would be to know that all her boys were
walking the same path with her.

The older boys of the school were all de-
voted to the little teacher, and when Mil-
lard came out of the school-room carrying her
books, the knot of boys, who had evidently
been waiting for him, dispersed. All the
way home the little woman poured bright,
brave words into his ear, and said at part-
ing, "I shall come early to-morrow, Mil-
lard, and I know most of the other boys will
be there. Only think how much good your
example will do them."

"They—they'll laugh!" he blurted out,
for answer.

"Laugh! Oh, no!" she cried in arieved
tone. "I hope I have not a boy or girl in
school wicked enough for that."

"You must only come to make fun."
"You must not believe them to be so
bad," she answered brightly. "And, oh,
Millard, to be ashamed of Christ, after you
have felt his love would be worse. My
brave boy, don't be a moral coward."

Notwithstanding her promise, the little
school mistress was late at the chapel next
morning, having been called in to see and
prescribe for one of her pupils who was dan-
gerously ill. As she threaded the path that
led up through the valley to the rude little
chapel among the hills, she could hear the
people singing down by the banks of the
stream and knew that the converts were be-
ing baptized. Quickening her steps, she
hurried on, with a prayer in her heart for
poor Millard, and for the quiet, orderly be-
havior of her own little flock, who, in com-
mon with many of their parents and older
folk, would leave the service of their own
well-folded valley churches, to come up here
among the hills and be "amused" by the
often devout, but strange, wild service, in-
clusive of much shouting and ranting of the
children of the hills, or Hallelu-Baptists,
as they called themselves.

The little white chapel, standing out
clearly upon the summit of the hill against
a background of dark, plummy pine, and
the darker green of shining laurel leaves, was
indeed deserted when she reached it. Re-
gardless of the keen, frosty air, the congre-
gation thronged the banks of the clear
stream below. The ice had been broken for
quite a space around an unusually deep
pool, and the limpid water, dimpled along,
tinkling the broken bits of crystal with a
silvery sound against the frozen barrier be-
hind. A hush had succeeded the singing,
and with bare head, in white shirt sleeves,
the stalwart Baptist preacher stood in the
midst of the pool, his hand raised above the
head of a lithe, slender figure, as the baptism
from on high was evoked. Then, clasping
the two hands in one of his, and bracing
the other back of the shoulders, he swayed the
boy's form slightly, and the next moment it
sank swiftly into the clear, cold water, ap-
pearing upright, again in another second.
With a quick, firm hand the preacher swept
the water from his face; a few more words
of consecration, and then, as the newly bap-
tized walked to the water's edge, Miss Rob-
erts, standing quite close now, saw that it
was Millard. To her surprise he did not
leave the water, to find warmth and dry
clothing at the cottage close by, but stood
dripping and shivering at the edge of the
stream until the last convert had left the
pool, and the preacher, following, had
blessed them all.

She shivered under her warm furs and,
being near, would have thrown a shawl over
her favorite's shoulders, had she not feared to
offend their sense of religious reverence.
"Will they not die of cold or fevers after
such exposure?" she asked a woman of the
congregation, who was standing near.

"Oh, no! miss," she responded quickly.
"They never takes cold from bein' baptiz'd.
My Tim says when he were baptiz'd las'
December, he came out fairly in a glow."

Nevertheless Miss Roberts breathed a
sigh of relief as they left the water, the
people singing a wild, discordant, but fer-
vently religious chant. Miss Roberts did
not join in the singing, but stood leaning
against the shaggy trunk of a water birch,
her hands clasping each other tightly inside
her tiny muff, her eyes fixed upon Millard
as he followed his companions. The blood
darkened his face in spite of his efforts to
force it back, as the path up from the
stream led him through a little company of
his schoolmates on the outer edge of the
crowd. A wave of pained surprise swept
over her own face, as she saw that, though
most of the faces were touched with rever-
ence, some stared at him curiously and even
mockingly. One boy, with a leer and a
quick motion, threw out his foot to trip him.
One flash straight out from the shoulder of
that white, dripping arm, and Miss Roberts
sprang forward to lift George Raby's head
from the stones, crying out, "Oh, Millard!"

With a white face and agonized eyes up-
turned to his own fierce ones, as he hurried
past her to the cottage above.

All over the hills spread the story of how
"Miss Roberts' boys had behaved at the
baptizin'," and more than one righteously
indignant parent refused for a time to let
his children return to the little school-
house; but the gust blew over, and George
Raby's fractured skull healed again, and
the little teacher gathered her usual quota
of pupils round her, all save one—Millard.

When questioned about his non-attendance,
his little sister at first refused to answer,
then twisting her apron with nervous fingers
she said, her eyes downcast and face
grim, "He be ashamed."

Two years passed, and Miss Roberts left
the hill country to brighten a valley home
of her own. The little school-house, under
the rule of any chance pedagogue who might
apply for the position, became the scene of
frequent frolics. One night the cottagers
along Clear Creek saw a blazing beacon on
the hill-top and knew that their little tem-
ple of learning was on fire. Those first
upon the ground saw plainly, from the rich
ends of resinous pine under the burning
sills and the matches scattered about, that
the work had been incendiary, and when George
Raby came skulking out of the bushes a few
minutes later they openly accused him of
the mischief. When it was found that the
flames could not be extinguished, the feel-
ing grew strong against him, and circum-
stances all pointed to his guilt. Only the
day before he had been expelled from school
and was supposed to have left that evening
for his home in the valley. His very pre-
sence there was an accusation.

For the first time since that evening two
years before, when he left it with Miss Rob-
erts, Millard Anson stood before the old
school-house silently watching its fiery de-
struction. His face was softened by mem-
ories of the old, bright days spent within its
walls, and in the light of the flames one
could see that the once bright, handsome,
boyish face had grown grave and was some-
what sad, yet there were no hard lines of
evil upon it, and the eyes had gained a new
and steadfast light. The sound of loud and
angry shouts and calls roused him suddenly
from his reverie and turning quickly, he
saw two stalwart fellows, one on either side
forcing George Raby up the rough stone
steps and under the blazing porch.

"Singe him!" shouted a dozen of voices,
"Duck his head in the fire!" "Throw him
down on the floor and let 'em shiver for
himself!"

With a dexterous stroke, one boy dashed
his feet from beneath him as the other
swayed backward with all his might, and
down with a crash went all three, the jar
hurling down upon them the burning door-
way, the heavy upper sills, and a part of
the roof. Cries of terror hushed the angry
voices. After a moment one boy rushed out
from the flames, his clothing on fire and his
face singed and blackened. The others, he
said, had been caught beneath a heavy sill
and he could not move them.

"They're stunned, and Raby's never been
much more than a fool since he got his head
bro'." Some one put his hand over his lips
and looked at Millard. That glance was
like a knife-thrust, and Millard sprang for-
ward, pushing the crowd aside. One end of
the building was as yet almost unharmed
and, making his way to a small window in
it, he crashed in the sash, clambered over
the high sill and dropped down amid the
flames below. He was not long in finding
the objects of his search. With a burning
piece of broken scantling, he pried up the
sill that lay across the writing, prostrate
figures and a boy dragged himself free, but
he saw by the flames that it was not George.

"Here, keep up this sill while I pull
George out," he cried, but the boy rushed
past him toward the window. "George!
George!" he shouted, and very near came a
foolish laugh, and the broken answer
"Wha'd-ye-want." The bar snapped be-
neath the weight of the sill, but with a
quick motion Millard grasped the dark ob-
ject and drew it from beneath. A crackling
sound above gave warning, but George could
not stand upon his feet. Dragging and
pushing the heavy body, Millard at last
reached the window. From the ledge strong
arms seized George and drew him out, just
as the roof with a whirlwind of flame and
smoke came crashing in.

"It was Rob Carson, who, when Millard
had been given up for lost, leaped in among
the burning timbers and tearing away the
debris beneath his friend in his arms. As they
thronged about him, lying helpless on the
ground, with words of praise and gratitude,
he threw out both arms to keep them back.
"Don't thank me; don't call me brave! I'm
a coward! I a dastardly coward!"

There were weeks of pain for Millard;
weeks that wore away and left him frail and
feeble, with all the earth's sweet light for-
ever quenched for him in darkness, and his
poor face sadly seared and scarred.
"Blind!" his poor mother had shrieked,
wringing her hands when, test after test
proved but too plainly that those great dark
eyes were really sightless. "Oh my boy!
my poor boy! my eldest born, my best and
brightest!" and throwing herself down on
her knees beside him, she caught his brown
head to her bosom, amidst a storm of sobs
and tender words.

"Nay, mother," he said, gently freeing
himself. "It is but the adding of patience
and brotherly kindness to my faith—and
what was it you read?" He that lacketh
these things is blind and cannot see afar off,
and hath forgotten that he was purged from
his sins."

In the early summer of that year the lit-
tle teacher again visited the hill-country
and, among the first cottages, that of the
Ansons. Millard was not at his home; he
was higher up among the mountains; his
mother said, holding a protracted meeting
in which great interest was manifested.

"Yes, he have given himself to the
Lord," my Millard have, and there's not
another preacher like him anywhere. The
people from down in the valleys come up to
hear him nigh every Sunday that he
preaches here, but they don't come to laugh,
for there's no shootin' an' cavortin' in Mil-
lard's church. It's nigh about as quiet as
'tis in your'n. But he keeps a sayin' some-
thin'. I can't understand about Petar, an'
bein' a coward, an' tryin' to wipe out the
shame by standin' up for Christ all the rest
of his life."

"Here's his Bible," she continued, touch-
ing a ponderous book with raised letters
which lay upon the table. "George Raby's
father bought an' give it to him, an' George
he professed the first time Millard ever
preached; but he never takes the book
about with him now, for it's dreadful heavy
and Millard have never been strong since
the fire. Besides, he says he knows it most
by heart."

Tears stood in the little teacher's eyes, as
she sat in the chapel, the next Sabbath
morning, and watched a familiar figure,
stooped somewhat from its old, proud bear-
ing, ascend the steps to the rude pulpit.
Once there, the groping movement of the
hands ceased and proud uprightness return-
ed. There was a ring in the clear, brave
tones, and she could not think it altogether
by chance that the sightless eyes, clear and
dark as ever, turned full upon her face, as
she slowly repeated the words, that came to
her pitying heart as a message of comfort
and reassurance:

"And I will bring the blind by a way
that they know not; I will lead them in
paths that they have not known; I will
make darkness light before them, and crook-
ed things straight. These things will I do
unto them and not forsake them."

Thought He Was Dead.

He is a railroad man occupying a responsi-
ble position on one of our great lines. A
few years ago there was a crash on his road
and the train on which he was riding was
knocked into smithereens. He was picked
up as one dead and was stretched out in some
convenient place to await the arrival of the
doctors to officially pronounce upon his con-
dition. By and by a physician bustled up,
looked at his prostrate, motionless form and
pallid face and said: "That poor fellow's a
goner, I guess."

Then he knelt down, lifted up an eyelid
and saw a dull, expressionless orb.
"Yes, he's dead fast enough—take him
away!" exclaimed the doctor.

The encephalic corpse suddenly began to
move its lips. The startled surgeon listened
and this is what he heard:
"You blanked old fool, that's my glass
eye!"

President Harrison and His Pies.

"Mr. President," observed Colonel Hal-
ford to Mr. Harrison this morning, "have
you tried the new puzzle?"
"What puzzle, Elijah?" inquired the
President gently.

"Putting the Pigs in the Pen," Mr. Presi-
dent.

A shade came over the President's face.
"No, Elijah," he said wearily. "I have
been so busy trying to keep the hogs out of
office that I haven't had time for any other
puzzle" and the President picked up a
pile of applications and muttered a mutter
too deep to be articulate.—[Washington
Critic.]

Realized His Loss.

Miss Ann Teak—I met your old friend Mr.
Warble last evening. We had quite a con-
versation about you. You were engaged
once, I believe?"

Miss Fatandforty—"Yes."
Miss Ann Teak—"He grew quite remis-
scent, as it were. Said he never would have
quarrelled with you if he had realized how
much he was losing."

Miss Fatandforty—"Really?"
Miss Ann Teak—"Yes." He said you only
weighed about ninety pounds then, and you
must weigh at least 175 now."
Miss Fatandforty—"Oh, you hateful
thing!"

A Walking Distillery.

Mrs. H.—"My husband annoys me fright-
fully. I cannot say anything; no matter
how serious it may be, but he laughs in his
sleeve."
Mrs. S.—"Why, how lovely!"
Mrs. H.—"Eh?"
Mrs. S.—"Pardon me, I meant that I
should consider it lovely if my husband were
in the habit of laughing in his sleeve."
Mr. H.—"I fall to understand you, as yet;
pray explain."
Mrs. S.—"Oh, you would understand me
fast enough, if your husband had a breath
like the one that my lord and master carries
about with him!"
Mr. H.—"Oh!"—[Peek's Sun.]

It Was Very Sudden.

A farmer not many miles from Maine was
the owner of a very slow and balky horse
which was recently overtaken by death.
One of our business men the other day ex-
tended to the farmer his sympathy for the
loss of the horse, and said: "He must have
died rather suddenly, didn't he?" "Sudden-
ly!" replied the old man. "I guess he did;
mighty sudden fur him. It's the most sud-
den thing I ever knowed him to do in all
his life. The further remarks of sympathy
from the merchant were drowned by the
laughter from the bystanders.—[Lewiston
Journal.]

Some of the "cures" at a European re-
sort are mineral water cure, grape cure,
whet cure, cold water cure, massage cure,
pinacled baths, Russian, Roman, Irish,
mud, steam and electric baths. All are
met by "cures."

The Welsh schooner Parant, Capt.
Williams, salt laden, sailed from Weymouth
Point, near Liverpool for Carloway, distant
410 miles, late last September. She got as
far as Stoneaway, within fifty miles of her
destination, on Oct. 23, but since then has
been so driven about and damaged by storms
that she has just reached her port of destina-
tion, having been almost six months on
the way. The mate dropped dead during a
gale, but the rest of the crew were well.