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Late Cable News.

A Fatal Hallucination—Lepers at Large—A Swiss Murderer Arrested in London.

Very sad, sensational and extraordinary is the story of Miss Gertrude Brown as brought to light at an inquest on the body day before yesterday, in London. Miss Brown was a very attractive young lady, twenty-four years old last May, who arrived in England from Australia, and since then has been possessed by a fatal hallucination which caused her a few days since to take a fatal dose of laudanum and then cut her throat with a razor.

She believed, and nothing could shake her conviction, that on shipboard she had bee drugged and then dishonored by a man she would not name. The thought so preyed on her mind that she sank into chronic melancholy. One day, in a fit of despair, she told the story to her uncle.

"Who is your betrayer?" he asked. "Perhaps he will marry you."

"No, he cannot," answered Gertrude. "He is a married man."

"But what evidence have you," continued her uncle, "that what you say is true?"

Miss Brown was forced to admit that she had none whatever. She had seen no one nor had she heard any one enter the cabin, which was shared by lady companions, who furthermore had heard nothing. The statement seemed so singular that the girl's uncle, as well as his wife, who subsequently had a long conversation with Gertrude, arrived at the conclusion that Miss Brown was the victim of an hallucination resulting from hysteria.

Such a curious mistake, not at all common these days, would have been amusing had it not been tragic. Nothing her friends could say was able to shake the poor girl's conviction that she was enceinte, and the outcome was that she took her life. The post-mortem examination demonstrated beyond question that the girl was as pure the day she died as at the day of her birth.

Intelligence has been received in Paris from Noumea, New Caledonia, that sixty leper convicts confined in the penal establishment there made their escape last June. The authorities have been unable to discover their whereabouts.

Castioni, the radical, who shot and killed Councillor Rossi at Bellinzona, Canton of Ticino, Switzerland, during the recent revolt there, was arrested at a house in Chelsea in which he had secured lodgings. He will be arraigned in the Bow Street Police Court, where an application for his extradition will be made.

Castioni was found in a shed in the garden attached to the house. He was surrounded by a number of his friends, all of whom were armed. The police seized two hundred rounds of ammunition. When Castioni was taken before the magistrate his counsel stated that the question was raised as to whether the act of the prisoner was of a political nature, and therefore an act for which he could not be extradited.

The prisoner was remanded.

WIRELETS.

A new cabinet has been formed in Portugal.

Street rails are being manufactured in Mexico.

The condition of the king of Holland shows no improvement.

French newspapers all denounce the McKinley tariff bill.

Honolulu advices say the volcano of Kilauea shows renewed activity.

The wife of General Booth, commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, died on Saturday.

The lockout by the Scotch iron masters will reduce the market supply 20,000 tons weekly.

Through the bursting of a reservoir at Lebrade, near Toulon, France, five persons were killed and thirty injured.

It is said the differences between Count von Waldersee and Emperor William in regard to the military policy have been removed.

Lumber in British Columbia.

OTTAWA, Oct. 9.—Mr. Corbould, M. P., when here a few days ago, made certain important representations to the Government affecting the lumber industry in British Columbia. It appears that the dues collected upon lumber manufactured from timber cut in all crown lands belonging to the Government of Canada in that province, have been in the form of a ground rent of $5 per square mile per annum, in addition to a bonus of 5 per cent. on all sales made by the manufacturer. There is no objection on the part of British Columbians to this system on its merits, but a great many of the lumbermen there are cutting upon provincial lands, upon private lands, and upon Dominion lands. The timber is all placed in the same stream, and it is therefore difficult, when manufactured into logs at the saw mill, to distinguish between the product of those logs that are taken from Dominion Government lands and those obtained from private or provincial lands, as the case may be. Mr. Corbould's suggestion is, that the limit holder might be permitted to pay dues upon sales of lumber, as at present, or to substitute for that a royalty upon the stumpage as might be agreed upon between the limit holder and the crown timber agent. It is understood that Sir John Thompson, Acting Minister of the Interior, upon a favorable report of the Deputy Minister, Mr. Burgess, has decided to recommend that this change be made.

Cast Iron Bricks.

What are termed hollow cast iron bricks form the subject of a recent German patent described in the technical journals, the article being the invention of an Erfurt mechanic. As the name indicates, they are made of regular brick form and size, the walls being 0.12 inches thick, but no mortar or other binding material is intended to enter into their use, the method of fastening adopted being as follows: The upper and lower sides of the bricks are provided with grooves and protecting ribs, which fit into one another easily and perfectly, so as to make a uniform and complete union or combination ... two large circular ... wings in the upper side of each brick, arranged to receive suitably formed projections on the lower side of the brick above, one of these projections being also hooked shape, thus securing a more secure hold; and in order that the joints be made and remain air and water tight, a fluid is applied to the surface of the bricks with a brush. The non-conducting air spaces in the bricks, and the ease with which they may be put together and taken apart without injuring them, are cited as special advantages in their ... bricks and ... construction.

Remarkable Deaf and Dumb Man.

Quite an interesting scene was witnessed in the court house at Sherbrooke, P. Q., a day or two since. A deaf mute was arrested by the Grand Trunk authorities upon suspicion of stealing some goods from one of the company's cars. When brought to trial the prisoner surprised the court by writing upon a piece of paper that he intended to defend himself, and was quite indifferent as to whether the trial was carried on in English or French. The accused then went to work, and with paper and pen cross-questioned the opposing witnesses with all the ability of a trained advocate. In fact, he did so well that a verdict of not guilty was returned against the man without hearing and without speech.

"Can you forgive me and love me still?" said the newly-made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are—artificial?"—"Thank Heaven," cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig; "now I can cool my head!"

In the Dairy and Apiary buildings at the Exhibition this year, we notice an exhibit of Munn's Pure Newfoundland Boneless Codfish in one and two-pound brick packed in various sized boxes for the convenience of the trade. This article being of superior quality and a new industry introduced into Canada direct from Newfoundland, the representatives, Messrs. Stewart Munn & Co., of Montreal, being desirous of drawing the attention of the merchants of Ontario to its production, and being a wholesome food for family use, have, in consequence, several crates on exhibition. This industry has been monopolized heretofore chiefly by the United States. The Montreal firm expect to have arrangements made to supply the principal portion of the trade of Canada. Accompanying the exhibit are recipes for the different styles of cooking the fish.—*The Toronto Empire.*

EDINBURGH.

A Ramble in the Scottish Capital.

A bright blue sky, across which many masses of thin white cloud are borne swiftly on the cool western wind, bends over the stately city, and all her miles of gray mansions and spacious, cleanly streets, sparkle beneath it in a flood of summer sunshine. It is the Lord's Day, and most of the highways are deserted and quiet. From the top of the Calton Hill you look down upon hundreds of blue smoke-wreaths, curling upward from the chimneys of the resting and restful town, and in every direction the prospect is one of opulence and peace. A thousand years of history are here crystallized within the circuit of a single glance, and while you gaze upon one of the grandest emblems that the world contains of a storied and romantic past, you behold likewise a living and resplendent pageant of the beauty of To-day. Nowhere else are the Past and the Present so lovingly blended. There, in the centre, towers the great crown of St. Giles. Hard by are the quaint slopes of the Canongate,—teeming with illustrious, or picturesque, or terrible figures of Long Ago. Yonder the glorious Castle Crag looks steadfastly westward,—its manifold wonderful colors continuously changing in the changeful daylight. Down in the valley Holyrood, haunted by a myriad of memories and by one resplendent face and entrancing presence, nestles at the foot of the giant Salisbury Crag; while the dark, revened peak of Arthur's Seat rears itself supremely over the whole stupendous scene. Southward and westward, in the distance, extends the bleak range of the Pentland Hills; eastward the cone of Berwick Law and the desolate Bass Rock seem to cleave the sea; and northward, beyond the glistening crystal of the Forth,—with the white lines of embattled Inchkeith like

A DIAMOND ON ITS BOSOM,

—the lovely Lomonds, the virginal mountain breasts of Fife, are bared to the kiss of heaven. It is such a picture ... but faintly suggest; but when ... look upon it you readily comprehend ... and the passion with which a Scotchman loves his native land.

Dr. Johnson named Edinburgh as "a city too well known to admit description." That judgment was proclaimed more than a hundred years ago—before yet Caledonia had bewitched the world's heart as the haunted land of Robert Burns and Walter Scott,—and if it were true then, it is all the more true now. But while the reverent pilgrim along the ancient highways of history may not wisely attempt description, which would be superfluous, he perhaps may usefully indulge in brief chronicle and impression—for these sometimes prove suggestive to minds that are kindred with his own. Hundreds of travellers annually visit Edinburgh; but it is one thing to visit and another thing to see; and every suggestion, surely, is of some value that helps to clarify our vision. This capital is not learned by driving about it in a cab: for Edinburgh to be truly seen and comprehended must be seen and comprehended as an exponent of the colossal individuality of the Scottish character, and, therefore, it must be observed with thought. Here is no echo and no imitation. Many another provincial city, of Britain is a miniature copy of London; but the quality of Edinburgh is her own. Portions of her architecture do indeed denote a rightful reverence for ancient Italian models, while certain other portions reveal the influence of the semi-classical taste that prevailed in the time of the Regent, afterward George the Fourth. The democratic tendency of this period,—expressing itself here precisely as it does everywhere else, in button-making pettiness and vulgar commonplace,—is likewise sufficiently obvious. Nevertheless, in every important detail of Edinburgh and of its life the reticent, resolute, formidable, impetuous, passionate

CHARACTER OF THE SCOTTISH RACE

is conspicuous and predominant. Much has been said against the Scotch spirit—the tide of cavil purling on from Dr. Johnson to Sidney Smith. Dignity has been denied to it, and so has magnanimity, and so has humor; but there is no audience more quick than the Scotch audience to respond either to pathos or to mirth; there is no literature in the world so musically, tenderly and weirdly poetical as the Scotch literature; there is no place on earth where the imaginative instinct of the national mind has resisted as it has resisted in Scotland the encroachment of utility upon the domain of romance. There is no people whose history has excelled that of Scotland in the display of heroic intellectual and moral purpose, combined with passionate sensibility; and no city could possibly surpass the physical fact of Edinburgh as a manifestation of broad ideas, instituted opulence, and grim and rugged grandeur. Whichever way you turn, and whatever object you behold, that consciousness is always present to your thoughts—the consciousness of a race of beings intensely original, individual, passionate, assertive, and magnificent.

The capital of Scotland is not only beautiful, but eloquent. The present writer does not assume to describe it, or to instruct any reader concerning it, but only to declare that at every step the sensitive mind is impressed with the splendid intellect, the individual force, and the romantic charm of the Scotch character, as it is commemorated and displayed in this delightful place. What a wealth of significance it possesses may be indicated by even the most meagre record and the most superficial commentary upon the passing events of a traveller's ordinary day. The greatest name in the literature of Scotland is Walter Scott. He lived and labored for twenty-six years in the modest three-story, graystone house, which is No. 39 Castle-street. Two days ago it was my privilege to enter that house, and to stand in the room in which Scott wrote the novels of "Waverley."

MANY YEARS ROLL BACKWARD

under the spell of such an experience, and the gray-haired man is a boy again, with all the delights of the Waverley Novels before him, health shining in his eyes, and joy beating in his heart, as he looks onward through vistas of golden light into a paradise of fadeless flowers and of happy dreams. The room that was Scott's study is a small one, on the first floor, at the back, and is dimly lighted by one large window, opening eastward, through which you look upon the rear walls of many sombre, gray buildings, and upon a small slop of green lawn in which is the unmarked grave of one of Sir Walter's dogs. "The misery of keeping a dog," he once wrote, "is his dying so soon; but to be sure if ... years ... My attic ... was called ... ing in the window of the study ... and placed there by Scott himself, so arranged that the sash can be kept safely locked when raised a few inches from the sill. On the south side of the room is the fire-place, facing which he would sit as he wrote, and into which, of an evening, he has often gazed, hearing meanwhile the moan of the winter wind, and conjuring up, in the blazing brands, those figures of brave knights and gentle ladies that were to live forever in the amber of his magical art. Next to the study, on the same floor, is the larger apartment that was his dining-room, where his portrait of Claverhouse (now at Abbotsford) once hung, above the mantel, and where so many of the famous people of the past have enjoyed his hospitality and his delightful talk. On the south wall of this room now hang two priceless autograph letters neatly framed, one of them in the handwriting of Scott, the other in that of Burns. Both rooms are used for business offices now—the house being tenanted by the agency of the New Zealand Mortgage Company—and both are furnished with large presses for the keeping of deeds and family archives. Nevertheless, these rooms remain much as they were when Scott lived in them, and his spirit seems to haunt the place. I was brought very near to him that day, for in the same hour was placed in my hands the original manuscript of his journals, and I saw, in his own handwriting,

THE LAST WORDS

that ever fell from his pen. Those journals are in two quarto volumes, of unruled bluish paper, bound in white vellum, now yellowed with age, and each provided with a lock. Sir Walter kept this diary from 1825 to 1832, and these are the famous "locked books," which were consulted by Lockhart when he was writing the Life, but which have never yet been published. One of them is completely filled with writing; the other nearly so; and the lines in both are of a fine, small character, crowded closely together. Towards the last the writing manifests only too well the growing infirmity of the broken Minstrel—the forecast of the hallowed death-bed of Abbotsford and the venerable and glorious tomb of Dryburgh. He was on his tour in Italy, from which so much was hoped—and hoped in vain. These are his last words: "We slept securely and on the next morning"; and so the journal abruptly ends. I can in no way explain the emotion with which I looked upon these feebly scrawled syllables—the last effort of the nerveless hand that

once had been strong enough to thrill the heart of all the world. The Journals will soon be published. They have been lovingly and carefully edited by Mr. David Douglas, whose fine taste and great gentleness of nature, together with his ample knowledge of Scottish literature and society, entirely and eminently qualify him for the performance of this sacred duty; and you will possess their treasures and feel the charm of their beauty and their pathos—which is the charm of a great nature expressed in its perfect simplicity; but the spell that is cast upon the heart and the imagination by a sight of the actual handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, in the last words that he ever wrote, cannot be conveyed in print.

One could muse for many an hour over that little Venetian mirror that hangs in the bedroom of Queen Mary Stuart, in Holyrood Palace. What faces and what scenes it must have reflected! How often

HER OWN BEAUTIFUL COUNTENANCE

and person,—the dazzling eyes the ... brow, the red gold hair, the alabaster ...—must have blazed in its crystal depths ... now tarnished and dim, like the record ... her own calamitous and wretched days ... those lovely eyes look into this mirror ... and was their glance scared and tremulous ... or fixed and terrible—on that dismal ... ruary night, so many years ago, when the fatal explosion in the Kirk o' Field ... ed with an echo that has never di... Who shall tell? This glass saw ... and livid face of Ruthven when ... cousin into that royal chamber, ... held Rizzio screaming in mortal ... was torn from the skirts of ... and savagely murdered before her ... haps, also, when that terrible episode ... over and done with ... saw Queen ... and her despicable husband the next ... they met, and were alone together ... in that ghastly room. "It ... dear blood to some of you." ... had said, while the ... Surely, hav... ... venly face and the ... voice, at such a moment ... fireside tragedies are ... enough must have been the scene of ... ing, apart from human gaze, in the chamber of crime and death. No other relic of Mary Stuart so stirs the imagination as this mirror ... does—unless, perhaps, it be that little ... crucifix, once owned and reverenced by ... Walter Scott, and now piously ... Abbotsford—which she held in her hands when she went to her death in the hall of Fotheringay Castle.

Holyrood Palace in Mary Stuart's time was not of its present shape. The tower containing her rooms was standing, and from that tower the building extended eastward to the Abbey, and then it broadened to the south. Much of this building was destroyed by fire in 1544 and again in Cromwell's time, but both church and palace were rebuilt ... entire south side, with its tower that looks

DIRECTLY TOWARD

the crags, was added in the later period of Charles the Second. The furniture in Mary Stuart's room is mostly spurious, but the rooms are genuine. Musing thus, and much striving to reconstruct those strange scenes of the past in which that beautiful, dangerous woman bore so great a part, the pilgrim strolls away into the Canongate,—once so clean and elegant, now so squalid and noisome—and still the storied figures of history walk by his side or come to meet him at every Close and Wynd. John Knox, Robert Burns, Tobias Smollett, David Hume, Dugald Stuart, John Wilson, Hugh Miller—Gay led onward by the blythe and gracious Duchess of Queensberry, and Dr. Johnson, escorted by the affectionate and faithful James Boswell, the best biographer that ever lived—these and many more, the lettered worthies of long ago, throng into this haunted street and glorify it with the rekindled

SPLENDORS OF OTHER DAYS.

You can never be lonely here. This it is that makes the place so eloquent and so precious. For what did these men live and labor? To what were their shining talents and wonderful forces devoted? To the dissemination of learning; to the emancipation of the human mind from the bondage of error; to the ministry of the beautiful—and thus to the advancement of the human race in material comfort, in gentleness of thought, in charity of conduct, in refinement of manners, and in that spiritual exaltation by which, and only by which, the true progress of mankind is at once accomplished and proclaimed.

But the dark has come and this sketch of an Edinburgh ramble shall end with the picture that closed its own magnificent day. You are standing on the rock summit of Arthur's Seat. From that superb mountain peak your gaze takes in the whole capital, together with the country in every direction for many miles around. The evening is uncommonly clear. Only in the west dense masses of black cloud are thickly piled upon each other, through which the sun is sinking, red and sullen with menace of the storm. Elsewhere and overhead the sky is crystal, and of a pale, delicate blue. A cold wind blows briskly from the east and

SWEEPS A MILLION STREAMERS

of white smoke in turbulent panic over the darkening roofs of the city far below. In the north all the lovely Lomond Hills are distinctly visible across the dusky level of the Forth, which stretches away toward the ocean, one broad sheet of glimmering steel—its margin indented with many a graceful bay, and the little islands that adorn it shining like stones of amethyst set in polished flint. A few brown sails are visible, dotting the waters, and far to the east appears the graceful outline of the Isle of May—which was the shrine of the martyred St. Adrian—and the lonely, wave-beaten Bass Rock, with its millions of seagulls and solan geese. Busy Leith and picturesque Newhaven, and every little village on the coast is sharply defined in the frosty light. At your feet is St. Leonards, with the tiny cottage of Jeannie Deans. Yonder, in the south, are the gray ruins of Craigmillan Castle—once the favorite summer home of the Queen of Scots, now open to sun and rain; moss-grown and desolate, and swept by every wind that blows. More eastward the eye lingers upon Carberry Hill, where Mary surrendered herself to her nobles just before the romantic episode of Lock Leven castle, and far beyond ... height the ... green hawthorn ... with the various hues of ... stretch away ... and ... die a ... the Haunted ... off is playing the ... "Where, tell me where, is ... laddie gone." And as your steps descend the crag the moon, now nearly at the full, shines through a gauzy mist, and ... mountain like a shield of gold upon the ... el of tadel of night.

Fresh or canned cherries instead ... make a most delicious dessert ... this way, or, in fact, any juicy ... substituted.

Importers were greatly ... York on Saturday over the ... and the collector of customs kept the office open until midnight passing entries.

Companionship.—Neither intellectually nor socially is it good for man to be alone, and the griefs of thought are more patiently borne when we find that they have been experienced by another.

A certain mineralogist, S. S. Kretovich, who has been making researches in Government lands, has discovered in south Russia a mine of sulphur, the quality of which is superior to any hitherto known. The mineral directly from the mine is 95 per cent. pure, and its production will not cost more than fifty kopecks per pood (forty pounds). A company is being formed to explore the mine.

A Lascar sailor on board the P. and O. Company's steamer Peninsular, when approaching Aden from Bombay, had a remarkable adventure. He fell overboard from the forward lighthouse. Three life buoys were thrown, and a boat was promptly lowered. The native was not rescued for about a quarter of an hour, when he was found clinging to a life buoy; and it was seen that two large sharks had grabbed the other two life buoys.

GINGER SNAPS.—Mix a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of ground ginger into a half pound of flour, and to this rub four ounces of butter and the freshly grated rind of a lemon. Mix it to a paste with about two ounces of molasses and a few drops of lemon juice. Flour the pastry board, roll out your pastry as thin as possible, and cut it into rounds with a tumbler. Bake in a moderate oven and roll round your finger into a cone before it hardens, which it very soon does so you must be quick about it. Keep the snaps in a closely shut ... they will lose their crisp...

Sabbath Observance.

The sabbath is a divine institution ... believe in it as such. The scripture ... that it is a ... physical rest ... and intellectual improvement ... that it is a divine institution ... all ... man ... would ... Let those who call in ... institution of ... who say that it ... established by and for the Jews ... for that ... establishment was part ... commandments given upon Mount ... not for Jews alone, but designed for ... to the end of time; that its ... is as binding to-day as it was ... the sabbath. He went ... temple and preached. The apostles ... in his steps honored it. ... and brake bread and preached ... has not been abrogated ... right to claim that it ... is divine and its ... observance is essential ... national stab... one day in ... spiritual and ... entitled to ...

... account ... successive Houses ... such deference. ... of Charles I. the first of these ... and apparently has never been heard of. The second was the ... which Cromwell ordered to be taken, and of which the Speaker tells ... trace has been discovered in James ... not of the mace itself, at all events ... fac simile of it. The third is ... which was made in 1660 on the ... of Charles II., and which he hims... sees before him "almost night and ... And of this mace he said enthusia... that "he hoped it would not di... from the table of the House, and would ... a long and glorious career before it, ... is indeed an idolatrous kind ... the Church Association would ... the Speaker for fetichism, instead ... Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for ... ing idolatry, there would be ... more plausible case ... than ... is to have "a long and glorious ... is obvious that the mace must be ... as susceptible of glory as well as ... besides, do not members of the H... to the mace, while ... Church Association ... that even old wor... ... figures ... Peel is near ... the Church A... possible to pre... not idolatry to ... idolatry to an image ...

Why It Is ...

Tradition says that the ... Christmas Day was ... been that upon which the visit of the ... took place, upon which Christ was ... the water at Cana turned into wine ... five thousand fed. For 300 years ... kept by Eastern Christians as the ... which Christ was born, and among ou... it was long observed with great festi... We are told that in the reign of King ... a law was passed by "virtue of whic... twelve days after the nativity of our S... were made festivals." The last ... accounted the greatest of the twelve ... especially given up to "Christmas ... and the visiting of friends. The ... seems long to have continued in ... in the sixteenth century Twelfth ... to have been kept with as much ... Christmas. The royal family at Co... the way, the Universities and the ... Court following them in the extent ... festivities ... the Temple the whole ... days ... with great care, an... ... gentlemen followed th... ... some parts of England the ... poorer people contrived to keep th... ... with such good cheer for the ... their neighbors as their mea...

Three Rocks.

... most successful business ... a man who beginning ... made a world-wide ... a huge fortune, ... character for strict ... all boys entering ... life ... on which if the ... ran ... would ... ruin.

The first was liquor. ... made of a young man in business ... no matter ... his ability ... The ... congregation ... Bennett, and was ...

What chance has the poor shop clerk ... buys a share in a lottery, or speculates in stock, to turn his ... into thousands as he hopes, against ... odds ... The ... in the way of the business man was the reckless backing of his ... His first duty, says the wise counsel, ... his partners and creditors. After that ... let him be generous ...

A rock, not pointed out upon the ... has proved the ruin of countless ... craft. It is the temptation dis... adulterate or lower the value of ... sold. A drug, a machine, a fabric ... best quality and hence deservedly ... Its owners are ... small but ... profit. A little more ... cheaper make of ... ture of shoddy in ... will be immeasurably ... But the public ... of judgment. The ... finds his downward ... His capital of good opinion once d... it never can be restored.

Miss Mary: ... pearance, I shou... fore him."—Dr. ... wrong! His life ... hase?"—Miss M. ... Dr. Bones ...

Two Funny Letters.

The funniest thing in connection with the diplomatic relations of the United States is the letters sent to the President by the rulers of other nations announcing births and such events in sovereign families. Such communications are the custom among the Powers, and there is a stereotyped form for them. For instance, on the occasion of the last important domestic happening in the household of the Queen a letter came from her to President Harrison as follows:

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., to Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States:

Great and Good Friend: I have the pleasure of announcing the birth of a fine boy, the 21st inst., to my granddaughter, the Princess Battenberg, who is doing as well as can be expected. This event will doubtless cement the cordial relations existing between our Governments.

Your good friend, VICTORIA.

This letter is written on ruled blue paper, and that President Harrison replies on ... as follows:

... Good Friend: I have received ... to me by your ... instant, and am ... event ... off safely. ... and expectation that ... strengthen the bonds of ... which so happily subsist ... Governments. Your ... BENJAMIN HARRISON.

... noting that the President ... letters from Queen Victoria ... all. And the re... which ... an elegant Spencerian hand by a ... in the Department, ... to him for ... Such ... of ...

... roads, and the knowing ones assert ... this time some united move is contemplated. The prolonged visit of Sir Joseph ... his visit to the Northwest, and the ... hostile legislation threatened by the United States towards these two great roads give rise to various rumors, and the question is again asked, "what will be the result? Will they combine to protect their ... interests?" Time will tell; but, in the ... there is one matter upon which ... connected with these great railways ... agree, namely, that Nasal Balm ... remedy for the effectual cure of ... and catarrh in all forms ... The following testimony from ... known ... these lines bear ... assertion. Mr. J. D. Kennedy, G... Brockville, says: "A short ... treatment with Nasal Balm radically removed all symptoms of my catarrh. The preparation is pleasant and easy to use, and gives immediate and permanent relief." Mr. Gordon Starr, C.P.R. agent at Brockville, says: "For some years I was troubled with a severe case of catarrh, and was seldom free from catarrhal headache. I tried many remedies, but without avail. I procured a bottle of Nasal Balm, and in less than a week my headaches had disappeared, together with all other symptoms of catarrh. I believe Nasal Balm is a boon to all suffering from this terrible malady." Every sufferer from cold in the head or catarrh should at once procure a bottle of Nasal Balm. No other remedy can possibly take its place. For sale by all dealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50c. small size, and $1 large size bottles) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

... help our hands ... sweetens our labor ... old a man level ... to make him ... ing our heart ... meeting.

... bter—How dare you fairly pound ... Friend—I beg your pardon. ... disturbed you? ... Fly, or I'll call the police! ... waked our baby. ... Well, just let me get ... to sleep while you look over a copy of The ... Arrows of Outrageous Fortune—

...DIES' JOURNAL ...petition!

...26.

...able again to the splendid list of Rewards.

...lay! Send at Once!

...petition Number Twenty Six opens ... at the solicitation of thousands of the old friends and competitors in former contests. The Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL has nearly forty thousand testimonials as to the fairness with which these Bible Competitions have been conducted.

This competition is to be short and decisive. It will remain open only till the 15th day of December inclusive.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, 1 HEM, 2 ROBE, 3 GARMENT.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the Piano. To the next person, the $100.00 in cash, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm	
Second one, One Hundred Dollars in cash	$500
Next fifteen, each a ... Teacher's Bible, ...	100
Next seven, each a ... Gold Open Face Watch ...	45
Next eleven, each a Fine ... Quadruple Plate Individual ...	420
Next five, each a ... Silver Plated Tea ... $40	55
Next one, Twenty Dollars ...	200
Next five, an elegant ... Service of 101 pieces	20
Next five, each a fine ... China Tea Service of 68 pieces	750
Next seventeen, each ... set of George Eliot's works ... in cloth, 5 vols., $15	200
Next seven, each ... Gold Open Face or H... Watch, $30	75
	210

MIDDLE REWARDS.

... ing the middle correct ... competition from first to ... fifty dollars in cash. To ... correct answer following ... given one of the ten dollar ... will be the middle rewards ... rs in ... 0 in ca... ...

... Knives, ... Set of a Dozen Tea ... $10	250
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50	200
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7	225
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, ... Horse Fair	420
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $30	190
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet	250
Next five, each a ... Quadruple Silver Plated Tea ... $40	105
Next twenty-five, a Teacher's ... Well Bound Bible, with concordance	82
	80
	5
	200
	100

Each person competing ... send One Dollar with their answers, ... one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued ... on this continent. You, therefore, ... nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes.

The prizes will be distributed in time for Christmas Presents to friends, if you wish to use them in that way.

The distribution will be in the hands of ... parties and the prizes given ... the order letters arrive at the JOURNAL office. ... 255,000 per... received ... previous com... LADIES' JOUR...

A Desperate Anarchist.

There was an exciting chase after an anarchist named Lorion at Roubaix on Saturday. ... was wanted by the police for a crime ... ed by him last June at Lille, where he ... to murder a local journalist. He ... to imprisonment ... anarchist meeting, which was to take place in Roubaix. To be ready for eventualities, however, Lorion went to the place of meeting armed with two revolvers and carrying a pocket full of bullets. Two detectives turned up at the rendezvous ... the Reds and accosted the anarchist, who, with a revolver in each hand, swore he would murder whoever attempted to capture him. The detectives ... whereupon the fellow fired, hitting ... plain-clothes man in the right breast ... was not wounded, but fell ... the ground ... while he was down Lorion fired a bullet ... his back. The other detective had received a bullet in his right arm. The anarchist then bounded out of the hall of meeting and ran along the street. The detectives, in the meantime, staunched their wounds and gave chase to the runaway, being assisted by a policeman in uniform and a crowd of townsfolk. Finding himself surrounded, Lorion fired thrice at the people before him, but hit nobody; and the constable, drawing his sword, gave the anarchist an ugly gash in the face. Lorion was then arrested and conveyed to the lock-up.

Royalty Notices It.

(From the London Free Press.)

Lord Aberdeen ... Richmond up to the station yesterday afternoon remarked to Col. Lewis, who was an occupant of the cab with him, that he had a liking for nice travelling equipment, and he thought the display of Alex. Johnston & Co., in the ... Building, was as fine as anything he ever had the pleasure of looking upon in Old London or Glasgow, and that he would have liked to have had a few minutes more to inspect minutely. We also joined with the noble Earl in praise of the beautiful exhibit. Although no prizes are given the firm deserves special reference. They show some special lines in Valises, Cabin, Tourist and Club Bags. The Roller Tray Trunk, manufactured by J. Eveleigh & Co., of Montreal, with whom Alex. Johnston & Co. do a large trade, deserves more than a passing notice. The tray rolls back in the lid, and a lady desiring to get any article out of the bottom of the trunk need not lift everything out to reach it, but simply rolls the tray into the cover. The firm assured the *Free Press* reporter that in a very short time the Roller Tray Trunk would supersede the old style, and from the number of enquiries for the "new departure" in trunks, and also the sales made, the reporter was forced to agree with the leading member of the firm in this respect. The prices of the trunks astonished spectators and enquirers. The firm show trunks from $2 up; also some very choice ones with brass trimmings, made from Eveleigh's Rawhide Fibre, a patent material which is very light and durable. Some solid leather work in trunks, valises and portmanteaus is also exhibited. A very handsome portmanteau on display caught the Rev. Father Tiernan's eye and he lost no time in purchasing it for his own use. Messrs. Johnston & Co. are to be congratulated on the meritorious display they make, and the hope is expressed that they will again assist the Western Fair Board to make the exhibition a success in their line, as it has been this year.

A company of ladies and gentlemen were playing at forfeits when a wag proposed that all the rest should do as he did. He thereupon took a handkerchief, dipped it in water, and began rubbing his face. "... you do the same, please!" ... the ladies, in a body, got up and ... the room.—Paris Figaro.

... lovely in ... colors, with the inkwell of cut glass.

Recommended to Sufferers.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Price 15 cents.

Flower necklaces worn by bridesmaids are mounted on black velvet ribbon, and consist of small flowers.

The easy quiet way which T. A. SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL has won its way into public favor speaks volumes for its merits. At the office of the company, Toronto, Ont., can be seen scores of valuable testimonials while any druggist will tell you that for all pulmonary difficulties it stands unrivalled.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find them selves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A.P. 523.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

:-:$500.00:-: GIVEN AWAY.

The above amount will actually be given free. Each person answering this advertisement will receive a present.

The above offer is made to introduce Hepburn's Blood Purifier, which has had a large sale in this locality for the past four years. The conditions are as follows:- For the largest list of English words constructed from the letters contained in the words "BLOOD PURIFIER."

Received up to November 15th		$100
Received up to December 15th		50
Received up to December 28th		25

There will also be three prizes of ten dollars each, and seven prizes of five dollars each, given in each section of time as indicated above, to the next ten largest list in the order received.

Even if you do not win one of the cash prizes you will receive a present anyway of some value whether a list of words are sent in or not. Each list or application must be accompanied with One Dollar for which a dollar bottle of Hepburn's Blood Purifier will be forwarded, this preparation is guaranteed to be superior to anything yet introduced for the relief and cure of liver and kidney troubles. Circulars with testimonials and full information sent on receipt of a 3 cent stamp.

Contest closes December 28th, the list of prize winners will be published in the NEWS of Iroquois the following week.

REFERENCES: The Reeve of Iroquois. The Postmaster of Iroquois.

Address: C. E. HEPBURN, Druggist, Iroquois, Ont., Can. Lock box 25.

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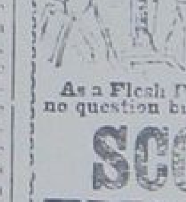

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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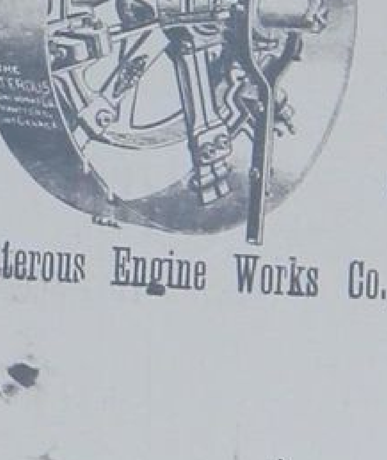
MAGIC SCALE—For dress cutting, taught by Miss Chubb, General Agent for Ontario, 426½ Yonge street, Toronto, Ont.

LEATHER BELTING Best value in the Dominion. F. E. DIXON & CO., Makers, 70 King street East, Toronto. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

A Support to The Aged and Infirm. JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF Has Wonderful Sustaining Power.



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Saves Time—Quicker than a shifting Belt.

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Saves Room—On Shaft.

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Send for New Shafting and Pulley Circular, stating your wants.

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AGENTS WANTED—Big Money Choice Books, Control of territory. Apply at once E. N. MOYER & CO., 60 Yonge St., Toronto.

GOOD HEALTH HOW TO GET it, and how to keep it, explained in the HEALTH HELPER. Send stamp for a sample copy to the editor, Dr. J. C. Dye, Buffalo.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS. Are the best in the world for the throat and chest and for the voice. Unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

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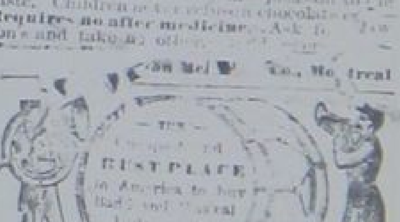

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Subscribed Capital	$4,500,000
Paid up Capital	2,500,000
Reserve Fund	1,340,000
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The ... resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities it now has ... owners with cheap money ... for loans upon ... real estate security. Applications may be made to the Company ... J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director.

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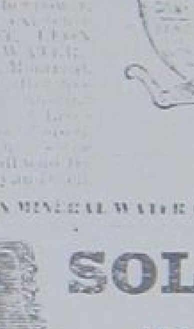

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