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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, is *Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.*

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength of* Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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18 CENTS A POUND.

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ROYAL MIXTURE, 10c. lb.
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THE DAILY WHIG.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

THE FARMERS MUST ACT.

In a letter to the Napanee *Express* Allen Pringle, a Lennox farmer, tells his brother farmers that it is little use talking about scientific or unscientific agriculture at their institute meetings. "I care not," he says, "how well a farmer may till his soil and manage his business, or how industrious or saving he may be, if the product of his toil and of his thrift be largely wrested from him according to law." Mr. Pringle estimates that the average farmer pays at least a dollar an acre every year in direct or indirect tariff taxes, and is disposed to think that the amount is nearly two dollars. His advice is that farmers should "cast aside party divisions and work together to lift the feet of their legislators from their necks." The farmers in the States have adopted that plan with very considerable success.

COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

The *Canadian Gazette* reports that Sir Gordon Sprigg, a leading statesman of South Africa, made an important speech at the meeting of the city of London branch of the imperial federation league recently. He recommended that the members of the federation league should press her majesty's government to address the governments of the various colonies and dependencies and invite a conference on the practicability of forming a commercial union between the different colonies and dependencies of the empire. "It is not," said he, "in accordance with the English genius to lay down grand and comprehensive schemes. Every thing that is good in the English polity has been obtained on the principle of proceeding step by step. I would, then, prefer proceeding in the way which I have suggested, leaving altogether out of view, for the present, the political aspect of the question. Once you can get an agreement among the colonies and dependencies and England itself, upon this question of the forming of a commercial union, you will have laid a sure foundation upon which you can build up the political unity of the empire." The sentiment looks very nice until it is examined into. The *Economist*, a great English financial and commercial journal wants it to be clearly understood that the mother country can, under her present fiscal policy, offer the colonies no greater advantages than they are already accorded. "We open our markets freely to their products," it goes on, "if they are to be put upon any more favored footing the only way in which that can be done is to tax similar products from other countries while continuing to leave theirs free of any duties. Clearly, then, before we think of summoning a conference it is incumbent upon us to make up our minds as to whether or not we are prepared to make this new departure. If we are not there is no basis for negotistion, and to ask the colonies to assist in formulating propositions, to which we know beforehand we will not agree, would, instead of promoting union, tend to create discord and strife." Taking the colonies as a whole the *Economist* is satisfied that the one condition on which a commercial union can be effected is that we "adopt a policy of protection in its most pronounced form and tax the raw material for our industries and the food of the people." And the conclusion of the whole matter, in the estimation of the *Economist* is this: "What we must do, therefore, is to determine our own fiscal policy before we call upon our colonies to negotiate with us in regard to them." And the *Economist* reflects the solid opinion of the people of England. Sentiment is well enough in its place, but it can never replace sense in national as in other considerations.

CAUGHT THEM NAPPING.

Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick says that, like Mr. Chapleau, he is "in favor of reciprocity in the products of the farm, sea, mines and forest," and that a "more extensive reciprocal trade with the United States might even be advocated, provided Canada would not be required to pay too much to obtain it." Now, during the campaign in the county, there will be abundant opportunity to contrast the utterances of Mr. Kirkpatrick and judge of their consistency, and so for the present is is only necessary to say that the turn forced upon the party by the precipitate action of the government is too sharp for the personal comfort and political welfare of many ex members of parliament. The liberals, having long since adopted reciprocity as an absolute national necessity, have made their opponents discuss it, and so put themselves on record in a most embarrassing manner. It was only at the last session of parliament—when dissolution did not appear to be so close at hand—that reciprocal trade, in any form and to any degree, was viciously attacked and condemned as a vile and insulting and atrocious thing. A member of the government, Hon. Mr. Colby, led in the assault, and he had the assistance on the ministerial side of Messrs. Sproule, of East Grey; O'Brien, of Muskoka; G. R. Hesson, of North Perth; R. Porter, of West Huron; Kenny, of Halifax, and Masson, of North Grey. All these warriors fought reciprocity savagely, and in imitation of the maddened national policy elephant, pourtrayed by the Montreal *Gazette*, jumped upon with both feet, and, as they thought, stamped the life out of it. And now all hands are summoned by the premier to whirl about and turn about and jump Jim Crow, to recant all the awful things they said about the Yankees, their institutions and inventions, and to make heroic efforts in aiding the Great Medicine Man, the great political quack, the prince of salt thumpians, to galvanize the dead thing into life! Talk of this being the age of chivalry! Was there ever serfdom more tyrannical, galling, disgusting and degrading than that to which the conservative party is now reduced? Will it submit? Of course it will. There is not a man of them who dare whisper a word of rebellion above his breath. Even our friend, Mr. Kirkpatrick, will try to make the somersault though he perish in the attempt. See if he don't. They say that Mr. Colby will resign his place in the cabinet rather than submit to the ordeal of swallowing the little pill which the great Medicine Man has prescribed. But he has managed to feed on as bad stuff before and somehow managed to survive it. He is equal to another marvellous feat and marvellous it is. Oh, yes, there will be some groaning and twisting and turning, but the party will submit, though an Ottawa man declares that it will not follow its leader into his humiliation. "I confess that I don't like the situation," said another conservative merchant; "a few days ago Blaine jumped upon Sir John with both feet, and now Sir John proposes to prostrate himself at the feet of this same Mr. Blaine and beg for reciprocity. If that is not eating dirt I don't know the meaning of the term." The private members of the organization have a right to resent this insult to their intelligence, but the leaders will not hesitate. It's not theirs to reason why, but simply to do or die, and the record of the slain on March 5th will be something awful to contemplate. It should begin in Kingston with the political slaughter of Sir John Macdonald.

THE Y.M.C.A. CONVENTION.

The Way to Magnify the Bible and Have it Studied.

C. Falconer began the proceedings by reading a paper entitled, "How to interest our membership in personal study of the bible."

The subject, as defined in the title, relates to the private study of the bible for personal benefit. The associations have done much through bible and training classes to promote acquaintance with the bible, and to foster not only its study in classes and for class purposes, but in the home for personal good. The association aims at causing its members to be fully developed, God glorifying and useful christians, and this grand end cannot be attained apart from growth in the truth. In order, therefore, that the members may be both able and willing to work for the Master, the association should make every effort to encourage the study of the bible, realizing that an association is necessarily just what its members are, and that its members are good, bad or indifferent just in proportion to the place this study occupies in their lives. The magnifying of this book in the work of the association will lead to its private study, and the most effective means, therefore, of securing such private study is to direct more time and force to its collective study in the association. The officials and leaders should make it manifest that they recognize the supreme value of the bible by giving it prominence in their work, and letting it have a much higher place than their own words. Let it be seen in the classes and meetings that the bible is the supreme authority, and thus there will be created a reverence for and submission to its teaching, which will lead to its study at home. The leaders should likewise evidence such a familiarity with and appreciation of the word, as will stimulate others to study in order to secure the same. The association should circulate amongst its members copies of booklets and tracts relating to the bible study. "The Young Men's Era," which always contains much suggestive and helpful information on the bible and bible subjects, should be circulated as much as is possible, as this could not fail to lead to profitable and interested study of the bible. Special classes might be organized for training in systematic public study, not so much in what scripture teaches as in how to learn most readily and profitably what it contains. Lack of interest in, and consequent neglect of bible study, often arise from lack of knowledge of how to study. The training class provides for this in a measure, but not sufficiently. Members might perhaps be pledged to study the bible daily at home. The system of uniform bible reading, such as that indicated in "Notes for Bible Study," issued at Toronto, might be found advantageous in securing home study. Personal influence on the part of the more advanced members should be exercised with a view to interesting the less experienced in home bible study.

If, in all the work in the association, the bible is given its proper place and every effort is made to encourage its study there, the members will not be found lacking in home study for their own good.

FROM THE FAR NORTH.

A Letter a Long Time in Coming to Headquarters.

Another letter of a former Frontenac friend comes from the far north, the Peace river district, to the WHIG. It has been 56 days in transit, less than two thirds of the time required for a trip around the world. Who remarked that Canada is not immense in territory?

PEACE RIVER RANCH, Dec. 9.—As packet time is close at hand I take the opportunity to let our east friends know that we are still climbing. The past season has been slightly unpropitious in some localities. The weather up to the middle of August was dry and tropical. Grain ripened early, straw small, but very large and plump, especially with wheat and barley. Oats poor, buckwheat very large straw, but no grain. Potatoes came forward with a good yield. Turnips large crop; hay crop splendid. Game plenty, especially geese, ducks and prairie chickens. Some fine sport was enjoyed. Four geese were bagged with a single rifle shot, the four weighing 27 lbs.

The ground froze and winter set in on the memorable 1st of Nov. Mild Chinook winds prevailed and but little snow came until the 29th, when we had a heavy fall of eight inches. December, so far, has been mild. The snow is now ten inches deep, and this we call deep for this time of year. During the past fifty days we have had less than that many hours of storms. The Vermilion dude has left and rabbits getting plentiful again. Some will soon retire from agricultural pursuits. The Indians are as fat as pigs and twice as lazy. They are crying "tisepuit" (hungry, in Beaver) and "imon" (hard up, in Cree.)—H. H. L.

Goderich Notes.

Mrs. R. McFaul, of Kingston, is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Dixon. Miss Viola has returned from Indianapolis after a year's surgical treatment. Her feet had been turned completely backward, and now the ankles and feet are perfect. She is full of gratitude that her limbs are so perfect after her long inability to walk with ease. Mrs. Judge Jones, of Goderich, is spending the winter in Indianapolis also. Her daughter, Miss Sybil, is also under medical care there for treatment in contraction of one of her limbs. Conducter R. Hobson and wife, of Michigan, are spending the winter here. He is suffering from injuries given by train robbers. R. Crotkell, Canadian landscape painter, late of Hamilton, a resident here, will be gazetted major for the Huron battalion. Mrs. Seager, sister of Judge Sinclair, of Hamilton, is also a very fair artist. Portrait painting is her forte.

A Fortunate Bigamist.

William Johnson, a mineral who, two years ago was arrested in Watertown on a charge of bigamy, through the hand of Providence is to escape punishment. While in Watertown Johnson met, loved and wed a fair daughter of that city. They lived happily enough for a while and the Watertown wife found that gay song and dance artist had another wife living in Jersey City. She therefore caused his arrest, but wife No. 1 refused to appear against him and after a while he was released on $1,000 bail, his mother depositing that amount of money with the county treasurer. A short time ago wife No. 1 died and an order was entered by Judge McCartin releasing Johnson's bonds and the money was returned to his mother.

Lady Macdonald's Reading.

Lady Macdonald gave an interesting reading at St. Alban's church entertainment, Ottawa. It was her first appearance before an audience. She read from her own manuscript a remarkable and interesting personal experience that might fitly be termed "the family spectre." "It was not," Lady Macdonald remarked, "the ghost of a politician wandering around in the labyrinth of dissolution, but the strange appearance of a supernatural object to the oldest son of an old and wealthy family in the West Indies."

Do You Know

You can get large, fat, fresh herrings 25c. doz.; fresh cod fish 6c. lb. J. Crawford.

G. C. Publow, Perth, has been appointed cheese inspector, for the third time, of the district between Kingston and Ottawa.

ROMANCES OF THE RICH.

ONE FORTUNE IN COURT AND ANOTHER IN A GRAVEYARD.

The Contest Now in Progress for Possession of the Fayerweather Millions. Where a Miser Hoards His Money—A Girl's Dash for Wealth.

Some time ago I heard a party of gentlemen, all in the prime of life and the recipients of fair salaries, discuss a question which had about it the charm of the improbable. The question was, "What would you do if you had an income of $50,000 a year derived solely from safe investments?" A dreamy light came into the eyes of each member of the group—that sort of soft, introspective, luxurious gleam that belongs to builders of castles in the air or gorgeous

DANIEL B. FAYERWEATHER.
[Reproduced from Chicago Evening Post.]

chateaux in Spain. One man declared for unlimited travel, another for a suburban home well stocked with books and all the appurtenances of elegant leisure, a third developed social aspirations and a love for the never ending excitements of a great city, while a fourth sniffed the breeze of anticipation like an old warrior, and spoke glowingly of what he could do with the sum named as a champion of economic reform. All were agreed on one point, however—that a moiety of the suppositious incomes should be devoted to the alleviation of misfortune and distress.

While these day dreamers canvassed the alluring subject in its various phases the world rolled on as usual, the struggling and scheming for wealth never ceased, and through the windows poured the noises of the street, the rumble of the wheels, the cries of the drivers, the distant roar of factories, the scream of whistles—all active testimonials to the painless contest, first for existence and then for riches. They didn't know it at the moment, but they afterward learned that while they talked four scenes in the drama of fortune were being played on different stages and under strange conditions. In a court room lawyers were beginning an attempt to break the will of a millionaire, in a cemetery an old man was hiding his cherished coin, in a jail a miser was suffering punishment for too vigorous attempts at collecting, and across the country a lithe limbed and vigorous girl was pushing her way on foot from the Golden Gate to New York city that she might win a prize of large proportions.

When Daniel B. Fayerweather died some weeks ago the public first became aware of his great wealth. All his business life he had been a leather merchant in New York city. Those who knew the man credited him with possession of a modest fortune. His will showed that he had amassed property to the value of $7,000,000. By the terms of the instrument comparatively small sums were left to his widow and other relatives. Colleges and hospitals were remembered to the extent of $2,300,000, and the residue, nearly $4,000,000, was to remain in the absolute control of three executors for no definitely specified purpose. At first Mrs. Fayerweather and the other heirs consented to probate, but afterward they withdrew their sanction, claiming not to have understood the provision by which a large share of the fortune was alienated, or rather bestowed upon people in no degree relatives of the deceased. This was the first step in a bitter legal battle to break the will and secure the distribution of the estate under the general provisions of the law. When the struggle is to end, or what portion of the deceased leather maker's millions will come into the hands of those of his own blood, are matters extremely problematical.

The romance of Mr. Fayerweather's life was simply a romance of hard work, careful saving and commercial sagacity. He was born at Stepney, Conn., in 1821, and as a lad worked on a farm. Then he learned the shoemaking trade, and on reaching his majority had saved enough money to afford a couple of terms at school. After that he peddled tinware through Virginia, and often received payment for his goods in hides. He drifted to New York city and got employment with a leather house. In time he rose to a partnership, and when the civil war broke out laid the foundations of the firm's fortunes. He thus outlined his

JIMMY HOEY—MAX BLUMFELD.

policy: "War means armies, armies mean shoes, and shoes mean leather. I am going to invest in leather." As a result his house became the leading one of its kind in the world. It was because of his own literary disadvantages that Mr. Fayerweather desired to do something for education. Hence his handsome bequests to various colleges. He left no children, and his wife is an invalid.

Max Blumfeld accumulates wealth by methods different from those which characterized the dead millionaire. He is a money lender, a dealer in old clothes, a picker up and vendor of undoubtedly trifles. When he cannot let out his coin at exorbitant rates of interest he leaves his home in New York city and steals away to Calvary cemetery on Long Island. There he buries his hoard among the tombs. This sounds like fiction, but it is fact, for only the other day when Blumfeld was arrested on a charge of stealing $18 he declared as a proof of his innocence that he had no need to rob. Accompanied by a detective he went to the graveyard and unearthed $8,500, which he produced in court. The justice advised him to bank his money, and he did so, but within twenty-four hours withdrew it and once more consigned it to the earth. Pending his trial he had been two days in jail. The quarters and the food suited him so well that he begged permission to live permanently behind the bars, but as he was not a criminal the request was refused. He has a room on East Broadway for which he pays seventy-five cents a month. For food he limits himself to an expenditure of seven cents a day. Whenever he calls on his debtors he eats with them and thus cuts down expenses. He spends two evenings a week with a man who owes him for a piano, and plays the instrument as much as he chooses. Each Friday he goes to the cemetery and adds to his "pile," or takes from it if some borrower is to be accommodated. Blumfeld is 40 years of age, but his rags and dirt make him look much older. He is supposed to be worth nearly $100,000.

Jimmy Hoey is a septuagenarian resident of Paterson, N. J. His dress and appearance indicate abject poverty. Yet he has at least $25,000 on deposit in the savings banks of New York city and nearby towns. Some one stole $90 from him while he slept one night, and some other person nearly as wicked assured the aged miser that the corporation of Paterson was responsible, and would reimburse him on application. So Jimmy visited the city treasurer, not once, but a dozen times. Next he sought audience of the grand jury, and finally he besieged the mayor. Getting neither money nor satisfaction, he became abusive and denounced the officials as thieves in hangul. He grew so obstreperous that he was sent to jail for a month. On his release relatives took him to New Haven. He departed still sorrowing at the loss of his $90.

Last fall Zoe Gayton, a plucky young actress, found herself stranded in San Francisco. No engagement was to be had, and no one cared to produce a play which had been written for her. While bemoaning her bad luck one day in conversation with some acquaintances she said, "I know if I only had $2,000 to get a start with I could make fame and fortune." One of the party, burdened with more cash than brains, replied: "You actor people have the reputation of being pretty good walkers, specially when your busted, don't ye know? Tell you what I'll do. If you'll tramp from 'Frisco to New York I'll give you that $2,000 you want and pay all expenses."

"Do you mean it?"

"Why, I was only joking. Well, yes; it's a go if you say so."

Then and there papers were drawn up, and the next day Miss Gayton set her face eastward. One condition was that she should average fifteen miles a day. When last heard from she was doing better than this. She had passed Chicago, and is due at the Grand Central depot in New York city March 15.

ZOE GAYTON.

Coming around again to the question with which this article began the reader is asked, "What would you do with $50,000 a year?" Or, indeed, with any sum included by the limits of what is called wealth. Would you pile it up and leave it to be wrangled over in court? Would you hoard it, bury it and worship it as a god, or would you, like the pretty pedestrian now winning her way toward the rising sun, make it the means to a praiseworthy end—the ladder by which to climb to the Do Something, and Be Something of life?

But, after all, what one thinks he would do with money and what he really would do with it are widely different things.

FRED C. DAYTON.

THE TEA TABLE.

Read This Down and You Will Be Well Entertained and Posted.

Beecham's Pills cure sick headache.

Milford and Cherry Valley have been connected by telephone.

Perfectly dry slabs and edgings at Crawford's wood and coal yard, foot Queen street.

A movement is on foot to organize a brass band at Carleton Place.

Nasal Balm at Wade's drug store.

Dry cedar blocks, cut to stove lengths, to be procured only at Crawford's, foot Queen street.

J. Delong, of Big Island, township of Sophiasburg, died last week at the age of 90 years. The funeral on Thursday was large attended.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve cures corns and bunions with three applications. 15c. per box at Wade's drug store, Kingston.

Mrs. Thomas Martin has purchased the large frame residence near St. Anne's convent, Renfrew, for $1,070, and will reside there in the spring.

All cases of weak or lame back, headache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

John Vanalstine, Milford, owns a horse thirty four years old which has drawn loads between Milford and Picton every week day this winter.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

Martin Hoffman, of Pembroke, was taxed $9 last week by Magistrate Mitchell for damaging the sleigh of F. Dickson by taking up too much of the road.

We offer a superfine pilot cloth pea jacket or overcoat for less than their par value during this week. Call and examine O'Brien & Howland.

As a dancing party was returning from Glenora to Picton last week, the horses ran away dragging the driver Samuel Forsythe, for half a mile and breaking his leg.

Ingenious ideas if intelligently introduced immediately interest individuals. If you have cold in the head try Wilson's catarrh cure at the Pharmacy.

A sleighing party from Renfrew got lost one night last week, and wandering into a farmer's yard the dogs were set on them, as they had been mistaken for chicken thieves.

Suppose you could relief from that hasty catarrh that bothers you, wouldn't you try it? Yes, of course! Then call at Wilson's Pharmacy and try their catarrh cure.

E. King, Dodds, of Toronto, was in Renfrew last week arranging with the officers of the trotting and driving association for a circuit of race meetings to be held next summer.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

A snow man erected by the children of Kelly's school house, caused a horse driven by Mr. and Mrs. Hudgin, of Athol, to run away, throwing the occupants out and slightly injuring them.

Kingston, Napanee & Western and Canadian Pacific railways, new short lines to Peterboro, Toronto and all points west. Excursion to Pacific coast Feb. 6th. R. J. Wilson, ticket agent, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hurlbert, now residing in Watertown, N. Y., but formerly of North Marysburgh, have suffered a severe affliction in the death of their daughter, Mildred. She was greatly loved and respected by her associates.

An Age of Discovery.

The latter half of the 19th century will pass into history as one into which is crowded more inventions and discoveries for the benefit of mankind than all the centuries that have preceded it. Among these discoveries none will take higher rank than those in medicine calculated to relieve "the ills that flesh is heir to," restore vitality and prolong life. Ladies everywhere will rejoice at the discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, undoubtedly the greatest remedy for their peculiar ailments yet discovered. These pills are the result of an almost life study and are a certain nerve tonic and blood builder supplying the elements necessary to enrich the blood and transform pale, sallow or greenish complexions to the pink and glow of perfect health. These pills are an unfailing cure for nervous debility, palpitation of the heart, loss of appetite, headache and all the irregularities of the female system that entail so much misery and distress. Every suffering woman should give them a trial. For sale by all dealers, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price—50 cents a box—by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Beware of imitations.

To be Thoroughly Repaired.

The schr. Singapore will be extensively repaired and refitted before making her appearance on the lakes next season. She will receive a new nighthead, sternpost, stem and outwater and new frames wherever required. The woodwork will be entirely of oak, and when finished the Singapore will be one of the neatest and trimmest schooners on the lakes.

The Handsomest Lady in Kingston

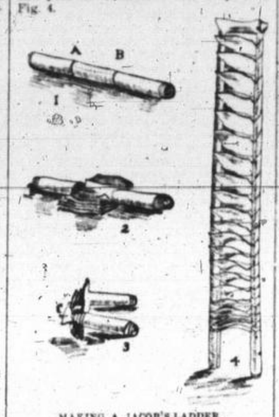
Remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit any druggist will give you a sample bottle *free.* Large size 50c. and $1.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

DEVOTED TO THE ENTERTAINMENT OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

How to Make a Jacob's Ladder of Paper or Tracing Cloth, as Recently Told for the Benefit of the Youthful Readers of Wide Awake.

In the first place cut a strip of strong, smooth paper about six inches wide and perhaps a yard long. Wind this carefully around a lead pencil and gum down the end. Draw out the pencil, and you will have a hollow roll six inches long. Cut the roll crosswise about two-thirds of the way through in two places, as shown in Fig. 1, by a and b. The section in the middle between a and b ought to be about two inches long. Cut this middle section half way through lengthwise, as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 1, and it will open out and look like Fig. 2. Bend the ends of the roll back as shown by Fig. 3, take hold of the first step which is marked c in Fig. 3, and pull the ladder out into shape as in Fig. 4.



MAKING A JACOB'S LADDER.

The transformation is really quite surprising. While smooth, firm paper will answer very well, the best material of which to make a Jacob's ladder is tracing cloth, as it is very strong, and being also very smooth pulls out and shuts up in a very fascinating way. Tracing cloth can be procured at any store where artists' materials are sold.

A True Tiger Tale.

Have you ever seen a cat catch a mouse and hand it over to her kittens, to teach them how to kill? Well, a tiger is merely a big cat, and she teaches her cubs almost in the same way, only not with mice. An East Indian officer witnessed a scene of this kind: An old bull bison had been the victim, and the tigress had disabled him by breaking one of his right fore legs just below the knee. She never touched the throat, the usual place of seizing, but allowed the cubs to worry the disabled animal. The eye witness relates that the cubs acted exactly like kittens, advanced and retreated, and worried the victim, all the time mewing and snarling, while the tigress sat near by watching their antics and occasionally giving the bison a blow with her paw when he showed undue activity. The officer shot the tigress and one of her cubs when his curiosity had been gratified, and he remarks that he could not help thinking, "Suppose it had been a human being on whom the cubs were practicing!" The supposition is an awful one, but it has doubtless been realized many times.

Jocko, the Monkey.

A friend of the writer owns a monkey which answers to the name of Jocko. The children of the house and Jocko are boon companions, and of a summer afternoon enjoy a frolic together upon the lawn. One day some one threw a match down, and the grass ignited, making a little blaze. Jocko saw it, stopped and looked, then glanced all around, and seeing a piece of plank not far off ran for it, crept cautiously to the fire, all the time holding the plank as a shield between himself and the flame, then threw the plank on the fire and pressed it down and extinguished it. What child could have reasoned better and done more? Although, perhaps, no danger could have come from the fire, still no one knows what the result might have been, and the monkey evidently believed that prudence is the better part of valor.

Little Lizette.

As little Lizette was out walking one day,
Attired with great splendor in festal array,
She met little Gretchen, in sober hued gown,
With a basket of eggs, trudging off to the town.

"Good morning! Good morning!" cried little Lizette.
"You haven't been over to visit me yet.
Come over and live with me always, pray do!
For I have no sisters, how many have you?"

"NEIN," ANSWERED WEE GRETCHEN.

"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. Lizette cried
"Ah, me!
I have to pretend I have sisters, you see.
But try as I will I can't make it seem true
And I have no brothers. How many have you?"
"Nein," answered wee Gretchen. "Nine!" answered Lizette.
"Why, you are the luckiest girl I have met!
And have you a baby at home, tell me now?"
"Nein," answered wee Gretchen, and made a droll bow.

Then lingered Lizette by the roadside that day
To watch the wee maiden go trudging away.
"Nine brothers, nine sisters, nine babies to pet!
Oh, I wish I was Gretchen!" sighed little Lizette.
—St. Nicholas.

William Knox.

William Knox, the author of "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud," was born in Sorburgh, Scotland, in 1789. His poetical talent soon showed itself, and he adopted a pensive strain of writing. His later works were spiritual hymns. Knox died at Edinburgh.

The Romance of a Novelist.

Quite a little romance hangs around the marriage of the daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the actor, to B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, who is soon to visit America. Miss Jefferson was in London with her father in 1876, and, having read some of Farjeon's books, expressed a wish to meet the author. Mr. Jefferson, who knew the writer, arranged an introduction, and it was a case of love at first sight on each side. They were married after a brief courtship, and visited America for their honeymoon. Mr. Farjeon has a brother in business in New York city and another in California. The novelist is below the medium height, with a round, jolly face fringed by side whiskers. He writes all his stories on a typewriter. He is also a shorthand writer, and carries a notebook in which he jots down his ideas as they strike him.

The Population of Kingston

Is about 20,000, and we would say at least one-half are troubled with some affection of the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others... We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. *Trial size free.* Large bottles 50c and $1. Sold by all druggists.

A rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it creates a great man.

Theologians resemble dogs that gnaw large bones for the sake of very little meat.

What I have been taught I have forgotten; what I know I have guessed.

DEATH WITHOUT WARNING.

Many Parallels to Secretary Windom's Case in American History.

Another statesman has gone suddenly to his final account, and the unity of President Harrison's cabinet is broken by death. In the very prime of his usefulness, and but little beyond the prime of life, the black messenger came without warning to Secretary William Windom at the banqueting table in New York city, where, surrounded by friends and party associates, he had just finished a remarkably effective speech in defense of his silver policy.

HON. WILLIAM WINDOM.

Not one element of the sensational and tragic was lacking, and the public naturally thinks of the event as unprecedented. It is not strange that such awful incidents are so easily forgotten, yet there have been among America's public men many deaths equally sudden and shocking, and some of them far more distressing. The first event of the kind was by far the most startling. Here and there an old man who read the journals in Jackson's administration still refers to it with lowered voice and solemn shake of the head.

It was in the very hottest part of the so called "Panic Session of congress," early in 1834. John Randolph had died, and Judge Bouldin, of Virginia, rose in his place in the house to make the formal announcement and pronounce a brief eulogy. He had just uttered these words:

But I cannot tell the reason why his death was not announced without telling what I told a friend I should say in case I did—

Then pausing for an instant with uplifted hand he fell to the floor—a corpse. He was borne to an anteroom and physicians called, but the icy hand of death had stilled his pulse forever. A funeral of unusual solemnity, attended by President Jackson and all his cabinet, gave brief pause to the war of words; then it was resumed apparently with greater heat than ever. A month later it was told in the committee room that Gen. Blair, of South Carolina, who had in the house denounced the nullification movement in his state, had been so agitated by the criticism of his people that he "had relapsed into habits of intemperance." The next day he shot himself dead in a moment of despair.

On the 28th of February, 1844, the cabinet of President Tyler was suddenly broken by an appalling calamity. A party of prominent men were on the United States steamer Princeton on the Potomac when the great gun called the Peacemaker was tested. It burst, killing Secretary of State Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of the Navy Thomas W. Gilmer, both of Virginia, and others of less note. Not quite a year before the son of John C. Spencer, of New York, secretary of war, was hanged on the United States brig Somers on a charge of mutiny—a tragedy around which controversy raged for years, and now the best opinion is that the youth was the innocent victim of a monomaniac's fancy.

Since the disaster on the Princeton it has been part of the unwritten law at Washington that the president and vice president should not travel in company, or even attend any public ceremony in the same group—a precaution signally justified at the close of the civil war. On the 21st of February, 1848, John Quincy Adams was stricken with paralysis in his seat in the house. He was removed to the speaker's private room, where he died on the 23d. The death of President Taylor was spoken of as sudden, because the people generally did not know he was seriously sick till they heard of his death. Exposure during the extremely warm day of July 4 brought on a quick fever, of which he died on the 9th.

The tragic ends of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield are yet fresh in the public mind. "Heart disease" is of course the reason most often assigned for the sudden deaths of public men. Secretary of State Marcy, of President Pierce's cabinet, died of it while reclining on a lounge reading. Senator Fenton, of New York, died at his desk while perusing a letter. Henry J. Raymond also died of heart disease. Preston King committed suicide in a fit of despondency due to ill health, and the same is true of Congressman Hise, of Kentucky. American statesmen generally "live high" and work hard. The results are Bright's disease, heart trouble and paralysis.

Life Versus Death.

"Life is sweet" is an old saying, and just as true as it is old. No one in his or her right senses courts death; all wish to prolong life to the utmost limit, and yet, in spite of this universal desire to live the alloted three score years and ten—and even longer—thousands upon thousands of people through carelessness and neglect, are hastening the time when they must stand face to face with the grim reaper, and make the plunge alone into "the dark valley of the shadow of death." No disease on this continent claims so many victims as "consumption, and reliable statistics prove that fully two-thirds of the deaths occurring from consumption had their origin in catarrh. Nothing but negligence caused this last disease to develop into consumption, and the person who neglects to promptly and persistently treat catarrh until all traces are eradicated, is simply hastening the coming of death. Even should catarrh not develop into consumption, it nevertheless shortens life, as every breath the patient inhales passes over poisonous secretions and thus affects the whole system. For the cure of catarrh no remedy ever discovered equals Nasal Balm, which is recognized from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the only certain cure for this disease. It removes the secretions from the nostrils, stops the poisonous droppings into the throat and lungs, and makes the user feel that a new lease of life has been given him. This great catarrh remedy is on sale with all dealers, or will be sent on receipt of price—50 cts. for small and $1.00 for large size bottles—by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.

End of a Stormy Life.

A born agitator was Charles Bradlaugh, member of parliament