

Just a Little Pain.

The first touch of Rheumatism is a fair warning of much torture to follow. The little pains which dart through the body are not so severe at first, possibly a mere pang, and cause little inconvenience, but if the warning is unheeded, they will multiply rapidly and increase in severity until they become almost unbearable.

Rheumatism as a rule is much severer in winter, though many are so afflicted with it that they are crippled all the year round. Those who felt its first touch last year, may be sure that with the first season of cold or disagreeable weather, the mild pain of last year will return as a severe one, and become more and more intense until the disease has them completely in its grasp.

Being a disease of the blood of the most obstinate type, Rheumatism can be cured only by a real blood remedy. No liniments or ointments can possibly reach the disease. Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is the only cure for Rheumatism, because it is the only blood remedy that goes down to the very bottom of all obstinate blood troubles, and cures cases which other remedies cannot reach.



Capt. O. E. Hughes, the popular railroad man of Columbia, S. C., says:

"At first I paid very little attention to the little pains, but they became so much sharper and more frequent that before long I was almost disabled. The disease attacked my muscles, which would swell to many times their natural size, and give me the most intense pain. I was ready to doubt that Rheumatism could be cured, when I was advised to try S. S. S. This remedy seemed to get right at the cause of the disease, and soon cured me completely. I believe that S. S. S. is the only cure for Rheumatism, for I have had no return of the disease for eight years."

The mercurial and potash remedies, which the doctors always prescribe for Rheumatism, only aggravate the trouble, and cause a stiffness in the joints and aching of the bones which add so much to the distress of the disease, besides seriously affecting the digestive organs. S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) is the only cure for Rheumatism because it is absolutely free from potash, mercury or other minerals. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed

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A SHORT PILGRIMAGE



Dr. Talmage speaks convincingly on the benefits gained by a brief life in this world. His text is Isaiah lvii, 1, "The righteous is taken away from the evil to come."

We all spend much time in panegyric of longevity. We consider it a great thing to live to be an octogenarian. If any one dies in youth, we say, "What a pity!" Dr. Muhlenberg, in old age, said that the hymn written in early life by his own hand no more expressed his sentiment when it said:

I would not live away.

If one be pleasantly circumstanced, he never wants to go. William Cullen Bryant, the great poet, at 82 years of age, standing in his house in a festal group, reading "Thanatopsis" without spectacles, was just as anxious to live as when at 18 years of age he wrote that immortal threnody. Cato feared at 80 years of age that he would not live to learn Greek. Monaldesco, at 115 years, writing the history of his time, feared a collapse. Theophrastus, writing a book at 90 years of age, was anxious to live to complete it. Thurlow Weed, at about 96 years of age, found life as great a desirability as when he snuffed out his first politician. Albert Barnes, so well prepared for the next world at 70, said he would rather stay here. So it is all the way down. I suppose that the last time that Methuselah was out of doors in a storm he was afraid of getting his feet wet lest it shorten his days.

Indeed I sometime ago preached a sermon on the blessings of longevity, but I now propose to preach to you about the blessings of an abbreviated earthly existence. If I were an agnostic, I would say a man is blessed in proportion to the number of years he can stay on terra firma, because after that he falls off the docks, and if he is ever picked out of the depths it is only to be set up in some morgue of the universe to see if anybody will claim him. If I thought God made man only to last 40 or 50 or 100 years and then he was to go into annihilation, I would say his chief business ought to be to keep alive and even in good weather to be very cautious and carry an umbrella and take overshoes and life preservers and bronze armor and weapons of defense lest he fall off into nothingness and obliteration.

But, my friends, you are not agnostics. You believe in immortality and the eternal residence of the righteous in heaven, and therefore I first remark that an abbreviated earthly existence is to be desired and is a blessing because it makes one's life work very compact.

Some men go to business at 7 o'clock in the morning and return at 7 in the evening. Others go at 8 and return at 12. Others go at 10 and return at 4. I have friends who are ten hours a day in business, others who are five hours, others who are one hour. They all do their work well. They all do their entire work and then they return. Which position do you think the most desirable? You say, other things being equal, the man who is the shortest time detained in business and who can return home the quickest is the most blessed.

Now, my friends, why not carry that good sense into the subject of transference from this world? If a person die in childhood, he gets through his work at 9 o'clock in the morning. If he die at 45 years of age, he gets through his work at 12 o'clock noon. If he die at 70 years of age, he gets through his work at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. If he die at 90, he has to toil all the way on up to 11 o'clock at night. The sooner we get through our work the better. The harvest all in barrack or barn the farmer does not sit down in the stubblefield; but, shouldering his scythe and taking his pitcher from under the tree, he makes a straight line for the old homestead. All we want to be anxious about is to get our work done and well done, and the quicker the better.

Again, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that moral disaster might come upon the man if he tarried longer. Recently a man who had been prominent in churches and who had been admired everywhere, for forgery was sent to state prison for fifteen years. Twenty years ago there was no more probability of that man's committing a commercial dishonesty than that you will commit commercial dishonesty. The number of men who fall into ruin between 50 and 70 years of age is simply appalling. If they had died 20 years before, it would have been better for them and better for their families. The shorter the voyage the less chance for a cyclone.

There is a wrong theory abroad that if one's youth be right one's old age will be right. You might as well say there is nothing wanting for a ship's safety except to get it fully launched on the Atlantic ocean. I have sometimes asked those who were schoolmates or college mates of some great defaulter: "What kind of a boy was he? What kind of a young man was he?" And they have said: "Why, he was a splendid fellow. I had no idea he could ever go into such an outrage." The fact is the great temptation of life sometimes comes far on in middle or in old age.

The first time I crossed the Atlantic ocean it was as smooth as a mill pond and I thought the sea captains and the voyagers had slandered the old ocean and I wrote home an essay for a prize

on "The Smile of the Sea," but I never afterward could have written that thing, for before we got home we got a terrible shaking up. The first voyage of life may be very smooth. The last may be a euroclydon. Many who start life in great prosperity do not end it in prosperity.

The great pressure of temptation comes sometimes in this direction. At about 45 years of age a man's nervous system changes, and some one tells him he must take stimulants to keep himself up, and he takes stimulants to keep himself up until the stimulants keep him down, or a man has been going about for 30 or 40 years in unsuccessful business, and here is an opening where by one dishonorable action he can lift himself and lift his family from all financial embarrassment. He attempts to leap the chasm, and he falls into it.

Then it is in after life that the great temptation of success comes. If a man make a fortune before 30 years of age, he generally loses it before 40. The solid and the permanent fortunes for the most part do not come to their climax until in middle or in old age. The most of the bank presidents have white hair. Many of those who have been largely successful have been flung of arrogance or worldliness or dissipation in old age. They may not have had their integrity, but they have become so worldly and so selfish under the influence of large success that it is a great calamity to everybody that their success has been a temporal calamity and an eternal damage. Concerning many people it may be said it seems as if it had been better if they could have embarked on this life at 20 or 30 years of age.

Do you know the reason why the great majority of people die before 30? It is because they have not the moral equipment for that which is beyond the grave, and a merciful God will not allow them to be put to the fearful strain.

There is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that one escapes so many bereavements. The longer we live the more attachments and the more kindred, the more we are to be wounded or rasped or saddened. If a man live on to 70 or 80 years of age, how many graves are on his feet! In that long reach of time father and mother go, brothers and sisters go, children go, grandchildren go, personal friends outside the family circle whom they have loved with a love like that of David and Jonathan. Besides that, some men have a natural trepidation about dissolution and ever and anon during 40 or 50 or 60 years, this horror of their dissolution shudders through soul and body. Now, suppose the lad goes at 15 years of age? He escapes 50 funerals, 50 caskets, 50 obsequies, 50 awful wrenchings of the heart. It is hard enough for us to bear their departure, but is it not easier for us to bear their departure than for them to stay and bear 50 departures?

Shall we not by the grace of God rouse ourselves into a generosity of bereavement which will practically say, "It is hard enough for me to go through this bereavement, but how glad I am that he will never have to go through it." So I reason with myself, and so you will find it helpful to reason with yourselves. David lost his son. Though David was king, he lay on the earth mourning and inconsolable for some time. At this distance of time, which do you really think was the one to be congratulated, the short lived child or the long lived father? Had David died as early as that child did he would, in the first place, have escaped that particular bereavement, then he would have escaped the worse bereavement of Absalom, his rebellious son, and the pursuit of the Philistines, and the fatigues of his military campaign, and the jealousy of Saul, and the perfidy of Ahithophel, and the curse of Shimei, and the destruction of his family at Ziklag, and, above all, he would have escaped the two great calamities of his life, the great sins of uncleanness and murder. David lived to be of vast use to the church and the world, but so far as his own happiness was concerned, does it not seem to you that it would have been better for him to have gone early?

Now, my friends, explains some things that to you have been inexplicable. This shows you why when God takes little children from a household he is very apt to take the brightest, the most genial, the most sympathetic, the most talented. Why? It is because that kind of nature suffers the most when it does suffer, and is most liable to temptation.

Again, my friends, there is a blessing in an abbreviated earthly existence in the fact that it puts one sooner in the center of things. All astronomers, in-fidel as well as Christian, agree in believing that the universe swings around some great center. Anyone who has studied the earth and studied the heavens knows that God's favorite figure in geometry is a circle. When God put forth his hand to create the universe, he did not strike that hand at right angles, but he waved it in a circle, and kept on waving in a circle until systems and constellations and galaxies and all worlds took that motion. Our planet swinging around the sun, other planets swinging around other suns, but somewhere a great hub, around which the great wheel of the universe turns. Now the center is heaven. That is the capital of the universe; that is the great metropolis of immensity.

Does not our common sense teach us that in matters of study it is better for us to move out from the center toward the circumference rather than to be on the circumference, where our world now is? What fools we all are to prefer the circumference to the center! What a

dreadful thing it would be if we should be suddenly ushered from this wintry world into the May time orchards of heaven, and if our pauperism of sin and sorrow should be suddenly broken up by a presentation of an emperor's castle surrounded by parks, with springing fountains and paths up and down which the angels of God walk two and two. We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the National picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say, "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say, "but we have been so long on these cold steps we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is so much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery; you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple, as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned, as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves, with dead angels under the furrow. Oh, I want to break up my own infatuation and I want to break up your infatuation with this world!

If the spirit of this sermon is true, we ought not to go around sighing and groaning when another year is going, but we ought to go down on one knee by the milestone and see the letters and thank God that we are 365 miles nearer home. We ought not to go around with morbid feelings about our health or about anticipated demise. We ought to be living not according to that old maxim which I used to hear in my boyhood that you must live as though every day were the last; you must live as though you were to live forever, for you will. Do not be nervous if you have to move out of a shanty into an Alhambra.

One Christmas day I witnessed something very thrilling. We had just distributed the family presents Christmas morning when I heard a great cry of distress in the hallway. A child from a neighbor's house came in to say her father was dead. It was only three doors off, and I think in two minutes we were there. There lay the old Christian sea captain, his face upturned toward the window, as though he had suddenly seen the headlands and with an illuminated countenance, as though he were just going into harbor. The fact was he had already got through the Narrows. In the adjoining room were the Christmas presents waiting for his distribution. Long ago, one night when he had narrowly escaped with his ship from being run down by a great ocean steamer, he had made his peace with God, and a kinder neighbor or a better man than Captain Pendleton you would not find this side of heaven. Without a moment's warning the pilot of the heavenly harbor had met him just off the lightship.

He had often talked to me of the goodness of God, and especially of a time when he was about to enter New York harbor with his ship from Liverpool, and he was suddenly impressed that he ought to put back to sea. Under the protest of the crew and under their very threat he put back to sea, fearing at the same time he was losing his mind, for it did seem so unreasonable that when they could get into the harbor that night they should put back to sea. But they put back to sea, and Captain Pendleton said to his mate, "You call me at 10 o'clock to-night." At 12 o'clock at night the captain was aroused and said: "What does this mean? I thought I told you to call me at 10 o'clock, and here it is 12."

"Why," said the mate, "I did call you at 10 o'clock, and you got up, looked around and told me to keep right on the same course for two hours and then to call you at 12 o'clock." Said the captain: "Is it possible? I have no remembrance of that."

At 12 o'clock the captain went on deck and through the rift of a cloud the moonlight fell upon the sea and showed him a shipwreck with 100 struggling passengers. He helped them off. Had he been any earlier or any later at that point of the sea he would have been of no service to those drowning people. On board the captain's vessel they began to band together as to what they should pay for the rescue and what they should pay for the provisions. "Ah," says the captain, "my lads, you can't pay me anything. All I have on board is yours. I feel too greatly honored of you in having saved you to take any pay." Just like him. He never got any pay except that of his own applauding conscience.

Oh, that the old sea captain's God might be my God and yours! Amid the stormy seas of this life may we have always some one as tenderly to take care of us as the captain took care of the drowning crew and their passengers. And may we come into the harbor with as little physical pain and with as bright a hope as he had, and if it should happen to be a Christmas morning, when the presents are being distributed and we are celebrating the birth of him who came to save our shipwrecked world, all the better, for what grander, brighter Christmas present could we have than heaven?

Firmness is what a man has himself and stubbornness is what his wife has.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 7.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxviii, 1-16—Memory Verses, 3-5—Golden Text, Rom. viii, 28—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1, 2. Having all got safely to land, some by swimming and some by the help of boards and broken pieces of the ship, they found themselves on the island of Malta, and received much kindness from the people, who kindled a fire and welcomed them and did what they could to deliver them from the rain and the cold which prevailed. It must have been such a cause of gratitude to find themselves safe on land that they would not think so much of the rain and cold, and yet the kindness of the natives was very refreshing. How much joy might be brought into many a life if we all lived to show kindness to those in need! As we experience in our own hearts the loving kindness of God, which is better than life (Ps. lxxiii, 3), we should surely show the kindness of God to others (1 Sam. ix, 3), but these people probably knew nothing of the love of God. How often the conduct of one who knows not God puts to shame those who are His!

3, 4. Paul was not above gathering sticks with the rest to help make the fire burn. It is Christlike to be ready to every good work, however humble. The monk and lowly scribe not only serve they can render to another. Paul was an earthen vessel for God's glory (1 Cor. iv, 7), and God was glorified in him in the storm before all the people on the ship. He now allows a viper to fasten on Paul's hand, that before these natives the power of God may be seen in his shaking off the viper and experiencing no harm. This was according to our Lord's words in Luke x, 19, "Behold, I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall be able to hurt you."

7, 8. "Paul entered in and prayed and laid his hands on him and healed him." This was the father of Publius, the chief man of the island, who was sick of a fever, but the Lord, through Paul, instantly healed him. At one time God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that by his healing or prayers which had touched his body the sick were healed (Acts ix, 11, 12). At another time Paul had to leave Trophimus at Miletum sick. We cannot always tell whether health or sickness or life or death shall glorify God the most, so we should say as Paul said, "Christ shall be magnified in my body whether it be by life or by death" (Phil. i, 20).

9. "So when this was done others also which had diseases in the island came and were healed." Thus the power of Christ was made widely known, and we cannot think of Paul obeying part of our Lord's command without obeying the other. If he healed the sick in the name of Christ, he would certainly preach the gospel of God concerning His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, to which he had been especially called and separated (Rom. i, 1, 3). Thus not only were bodies healed, but many souls must have been saved also.

10. "Who also honored us with many honors, and when we departed they laden us with such things as were necessary." When people are really blessed, it is not necessary to ask them to give. Gratitude will show itself in some at least. The missionary money which comes to me from year to year in gratitude for the blessing received at the Bible classes convinces me of this more and more, and the abundance for current expenses in my own congregation from the grateful hearts who enjoy the ministry of the word, so that I never need to ask any one for a cent, but merely state the need when there is one and look to the Lord alone to supply it through His willing people, makes me wish that all preachers and teachers would so feed their people that the gratitude would be more manifest to the glory of God.

11. "And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria." Paul had learned to wait, and whether it was two or three weeks in a storm at sea, or three months on shore at Malta, or two years a prisoner at Caesarea, he knew what it was to "rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him" (Ps. xxxvii, 7). Our Lord waited 30 years at Nazareth and has waited over 1,800 years at God's right hand to have His body gathered out of the nations of the world. We have great need to consider Him, lest we be weary and faint in our minds (Heb. xii, 3).

12-14. Three days at Syracuse, a call at Rhegium, seven days at Puteoli, then on toward Rome. And every day, whether on land or sea, journeying or waiting, just living to glorify God. Conscious of His loving kindness in storm and sunshine, not because we feel it, but because we know it in Christ; conscious of His constant care of and interest in us; rejoicing that God is for us, Christ is for us, the Spirit is for us, and the angels minister to us (Rom. viii, 31, 34, 26; Heb. i, 14). Sure that all our works are prepared for us beforehand, and we have only to walk in them, doing as occasion serves us, for God is with us (Eph. i, 10; 1 Sam. x, 7). Done with all fretting and murmuring and complaining, all of which is sinful; careful for nothing, prayerful for everything, thankful for anything, and rejoicing in the Lord always.

15. Brethren from Rome came to meet Paul and his companions as far as Appollonia and the three taverns, causing gratitude and inspiring courage. It is heavenly to meet on earth those who are our true blood relations. I do not mean so much our kindred as those who are one with us by the blood of Christ. These are often nearer to us than brother or sister. The bond is wonderful. Bless be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love! Paul may have met some of these brethren in other parts of the world or not. We are not told. But they were one in Christ and living for His glory and ready to die for Him.

16. They came to Rome, and Paul was suffered to dwell by himself with a soldier who kept him. He was now where God said he would be, and as to bearing witness he had only to watch his opportunity and be ready to use it, or rather let God use him in it. He was in a measure free, even as he was in Caesarea, and he was in the Lord's hand, who could easily make him more free if it was best. We must have the Spirit of Him who said, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God," "I do His servants for His pleasure, not seeing people or circumstances, but only and always God, all and in all."

Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord, Until my very heart o'erflow In kindling thought and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show! Oh, use me, Lord, use even me, Just as Thou wilt, and when and where, Until Thy blessed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share!

HIS WIFE IS A JAP.

Sir Edwin Arnold Astonishes His Friends In London.

MYSTIC POET WEDS AN ORIENTALIST

The Talented Author of "The Light of Asia" Will Probably Desert England and Return to His Home of Mysticism in Tokyo.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia" and "Pearls of the Faith," an Orientalist and mystic, whose greatest works have dealt with Buddhism and whose denial of the statement that he embraced the latter faith several years ago was but a half-hearted one, has just been married. His wife is a Japanese woman.

Great numbers of the poet's acquaintances have predicted that if he ever married again Sir Edwin Arnold's wife would come from Asia.

Perhaps his prettiest songs are those in which he lingers unconsciously over the women of the island empire. His name has been linked with the Japanese nation for many years. He has visited it several times. On one occasion he idled away an entire summer living, as his friends expressed it, the existence of a lotus eater.

That was in 1890. He secured a house on the outskirts of Tokio, built in the ideal Japanese style, and here, where his already intensely oriental fancy was fertilized by every sight and sound in the curious world around him, he lived for many months. He was then "The Light of the World," which Arnold has always declared to be his most important work, and which he did not understand it and attached much because of its Buddhist principles.

He received many visits from Japanese. Most of them were poets, who at the shrine of the gods of English poets, who had written most strikingly of their religion. The poet's adaptability to the country and the better understood by the poet, who he learned the language in six months.

Once before the rumor drifted over to England that Arnold intended to marry in Japan. This was denied. Sir Edwin spent a part of his time at the foot of Fujiyama, where he wrote the most mysterious part of "The Light of the World."

His daughter, the eldest child by his first wife, was with him. She never took kindly either to the religions or the customs of the land, nor to the people her father loved so much. It is said that it was due chiefly to her influence that her father's marriage in the Japanese nation was delayed so long.

Her notions of conventionalities were shocked by the easy manner in which the Japanese assumed the obligations of marriage, the contracting parties simply touching their cups of tea and drinking together.

There are few men who have given up more than Sir Edwin Arnold does when he marries the woman from the land of chrysanthemums, for Japan and things Japanese have never been looked upon with favor by his London acquaintances. He is not a man to force his changed domestic relations upon his circle, so it is probable that next year will see him once more in the little house at Tokio.

Arnold has never bowed to conventionalities, believing them only prejudices. His unpopularity in England is due mainly to the fact that he has expressed his love for Japan, and, after that, the United States. It was this so-called desertion of his own country that very probably caused his loss of the poet laureateship.

Well Known Brooklyn Man Arrested.

BROOKLYN, Mass., Oct. 19.—Frank E. Angerer, clerk and bookkeeper of the Lily-Prickett company, was arrested on a charge of embezzlement. He is a member of the corporation and prominent in the social affairs of the city. On Saturday his salary was \$5,000 by the corporation to receive the sum he is alleged to have appropriated to his own use. Mr. Angerer is an experienced and member of the board of trade and commercial club. He is charged with embezzling \$200 from the corporation.

Postmasters Appointed.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—The appointments of fourth class postmasters yesterday were: New York—Harrow-bush, Conrad Hagg, Delaware—Mount Cuba, Edward E. Watson, Pennsylvania—Hegolia, Mrs. Jessie Gillespie, Mammoth, Elmer C. Hubbs, Mount Alto, George E. Baumann, New Bedford, Elmer E. Shields, Biltsheld, B. J. Ayers, Point Pleasant, John D. Walcott, Wilmore, Wallace Sherburne.

In the Hands of a Receiver.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 19.—The Terre Haute Electric Street Railway company went into the hands of a receiver yesterday as a result of a levy made by the city treasurer for delinquent taxes amounting to \$5,000. The company also owes \$10,000 for street improvements and has a heavy bonded indebtedness. The receiver's bond was placed at \$50,000. Russell B. Harries is president of the company.

Blaze Meant Death and Bankruptcy.

WINDSOR, N. S., Oct. 19.—It was thought at first no lives had been lost in the fire which wiped this town out, but since then the charred skeletons of an aged couple, Patrick Kelly and his wife, have been found. Conservative estimates place the insurance at \$82,000, not more than 30 per cent of the entire loss. Many people have been utterly ruined.

Count Tolstoi Seriously Ill.

BERLIN, Oct. 19.—The Lokai Anzeiger says that Count Lyof Tolstoi, the Russian author and social reformer, is suffering from an illness which will necessitate the performance of a serious operation. Count Tolstoi is perhaps best known in this country through his novels, "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "Anna Karenina."

The Fight a Probability.

QUEBEC, Oct. 19.—E. C. Carbonneau, the manager of the Canadian Athletic club, is pushing the arrangements for the McCoy-Croeden fight and has given an order for the printing of the bills, which will be out Thursday.