

PERSONAL CHATS.

Uncle Jimmie Green, who died recently in Ellsworth, O., was present at the battle of Waterloo.

Nathan B. Moore of Bingham, Me., has tramped the woods of that state for over 71 years and has killed nearly 300 moose.

The New York chemist, Professor Emmons, claims that he can settle the financial question by transmuting into gold all of the silver that is brought to him.

Prince Bismarck is an enthusiastic admirer of the bicycle. He approves of women riding and regrets he is too old and stiff to take part in the sport himself.

Corbett, the prizefighter, is said to have bought a house for \$29,000 in New York and to have paid for it. From which it would appear that a man may possibly win in a losing fight.

While President Faure of France was in Peterhof, Russia, he slept in a bed which was made and designed especially for the first Grand Duchess Olga Nikolaevna, daughter of Nicholas I.

Miss Twiss, eldest daughter of Horace Twiss, married the editor of The Times, and on becoming a widow married his successor, John Delane. Her father thus happily described the double event, "She took The Times and supplement."

Professor James A. Breasted of the department of Egyptology at the University of Chicago, received recently direct from Deshasha, Egypt, a consignment of antiquities of unusual value. Among them is the mummy of Mery, priestess of Hathor.

Dr. Hu King Eng and Miss Wang are to be the Chinese delegates to the woman's congress to be held in London in 1898. The former, who is known as the "Miracle Lady," on account of her success in the art of healing, obtained her degree of doctor of medicine at the Women's Medical college in Philadelphia.

Milton Barney, the oldest living pioneer in Michigan, was born in Hanover township, N. Y., on March 24, 1819. With his parents he emigrated to Michigan in 1833 and has lived at Battle Creek ever since. His father, Nathaniel Barney, drove the first stage between Battle Creek and Marshall when the country was alive with Indians.

SIZES.

- The nail is 2 1/2 inches long.
- A nautical knot is 6,100 feet.
- A size in cuffs is half an inch.
- A quarter of cloth is 9 inches.
- A square 16mo. page is 4 1/2 by 3 1/2.
- The royal 24mo. page is 5 1/2 by 3 1/2.
- A box 5 by 5 feet holds 5.92 barrels, a 6 foot box 8.53 barrels.
- A box 22 inches by 12 1/4 and 8 inches deep will hold a bushel.
- A 1 cent bronze piece is three-quarters of an inch in diameter.
- A box 22 inches by 13 and 24 inches deep will contain a barrel of 2 1/2 heaped bushels.
- A thousand shingles laid 4 inches to the weather are required to cover 100 superficial feet of roof.

Tacks are from a quarter to a half inch, though, when accidentally stepped on, this length seems to be multiplied by 100. A pound of the smallest sized contains 16,000 tacks.

Fourpenny nails are 1 1/2 inches long and 300 to the pound. Sixpenny fence nails are 2 inches and 80 to the pound. Five three penny nails are 1 1/4 inches and 760 to the pound. Twenty penny nails are 4 inches and 24 to the pound. Fifty pennies are 5 1/2 inches, and 12 weigh a pound.

A size in hats is one eighth of an inch. According to the English method, the smaller diameter of the head is taken as the starting point. One-eighth of an inch increase in the shorter diameter makes a little more than three-eighths in the circumference. The French and German hatmakers have a rule slightly different from this.

NOVELTIES.

Dainty furnishings for the writing desk come in burned and carved leather.

Some of the new paper knives have silver blades, with handles of polished stag horn.

New cases for small articles in silver are covered with moire silk and lined with satin.

Little powder boxes containing tiny powder puffs are made up in gold, silver and steel.

There are some exceedingly attractive tete-a-tete sets, bowls and vases, in Japanese porcelains.

The American Beauty rose and its foliage furnish a charming design for the decoration of some of the new flat ware.—Jewelers' Circular.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Recent surveys show that over one-sixth of the state of Oregon, something over 10,000,000 acres, is covered with dense forests.

In the tiling of the delivery room of Chicago's splendid new public library the great dramatist's name is spelled Shakespeare, while in the reference section it is spelled Shakespeare.

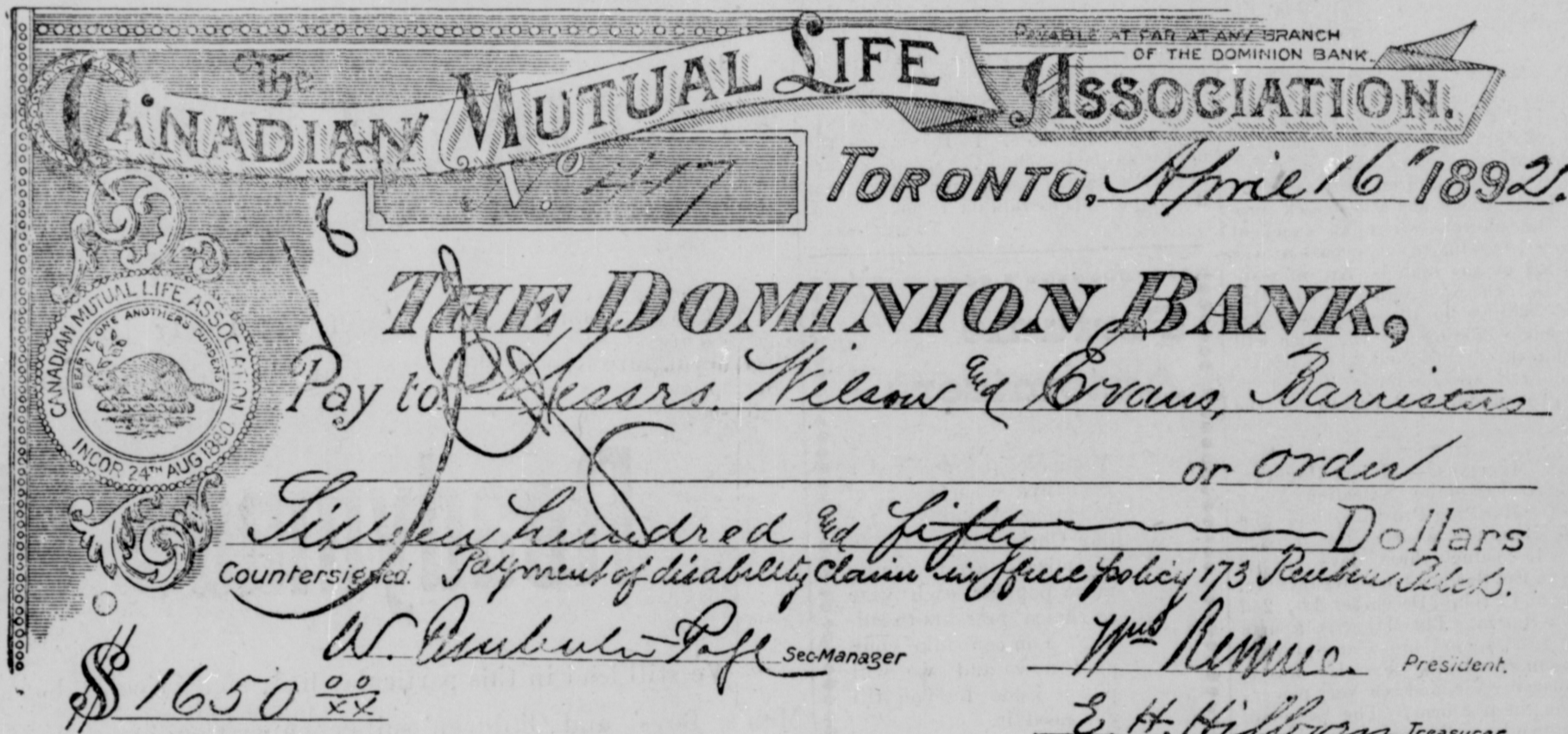
2 large spools "Mayflower" crocket silk for 25c.—Moore & M. Lecl.

THE CURE WAS PERMANENT.

The Story of a Man who Suffered the Agonies of a Living Death.

MEDICAL EXPERTS PRONOUNCED HIM INCURABLE AND HE WAS PAID A LARGE DISABILITY CLAIM.

The Case Probably the Most Wonderful in the History of Medical Science—Brought from Hopeless, Helpless Inactivity to Health and Strength—A Reproduction of the Check by which the Disability Claim was Paid



No other medicine in the world has ever offered such undoubted proof of merit.

WHAT DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS have done for others they will do for you, if given a...

HER ACCOUNT DOCTORED.

This Girl Kept an Expense Book and Lost a Husband.

There is a North Side girl who has a laudable ambition to know just where her money goes. She has tried two or three times to keep mental track of her expenditures, but this always proved unsatisfactory. At last she decided that she must keep an exact and minute account of everything she spent. She got herself a small book with rulings and margins and a pliable cover and set to work in earnest. She put down religiously everything she spent, the exact amount, the article and the date. She never allowed the slightest matter to go till there was a chance of her forgetting it. When she made any purchases down town, she went over the list carefully in the car on her way home and put the amounts on the outside of a

From the Meaford, Ont., Monitor.
About two years ago the Monitor procured an interview with Mr. Reuben Petch, of Griersville, in order to ascertain from his own lips if the reports were well founded that he attributed his most astonishing return to health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The result of the interview was published in the Monitor under the date of Jan. 17th, 1896. Mr. Petch's case was certainly one of the most extraordinary in the annals of medicine in Canada—if not in the world. He had been ill for five years and in that time he consulted no less than six of the best physicians he could find, but none could give him the least relief. His limbs and body were puffed and bloated to such an extent that he could not get his clothes on, and for two years he had not dressed. He had lost the use of his limbs entirely. His flesh seemed to be dead, and pins could be stuck into various parts of his body without being felt or creating the slightest sensation. He could not move about and if he attempted to get up would fall back and would have to be lifted up. He was unable to open his mouth sufficiently to take solid food, and had to be fed with a spoon like a child. The doctors said his trouble was spinal sclerosis, and that he could not possibly get better. He was in fact nothing more or less than an animated corpse, so helpless was he. He was a member of the Canadian Mutual Life Association, and was under their rules entitled to disability insurance and made a claim for it. Two doctors, on behalf of the association, were sent to examine him, and they pronounced him incurable and permanently disabled, and in accordance with their report he was paid a disability insurance of \$2,650.00. This was about two years

after his sickness began. For three years more he lingered in the condition above noted, utterly helpless, and a burden to himself and friends. He was then advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He did not hope that they would help him, but in his sad condition he was prepared to grasp at anything that afforded the prospect of even a slight relief. The first change noted in his condition after he began the use of the pills was a disposition to sweat freely. Then life began to return to his hitherto dead body, and from that time on his progress towards recovery and activity was steady and certain. The publication of the interview, containing facts above noted, created unusual interests, not only in this section, but throughout Canada. That a man, whose limbs and body were all dead, who had been examined by medical experts, and pronounced incurable and on the strength of their report was paid a large disability claim, should afterwards be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was looked upon as a marvel. Many were skeptical; not as to the cure—for the fact that he was actively going about proved this—but they did not believe it would prove permanent. In view of the doubts then expressed, the Monitor determined to watch the case closely, and now, nearly two years after the cure was first published, has again interviewed Mr. Petch, with the result that we are in a position to say most emphatically that this remarkable cure has proved permanent. On being again questioned, Mr. Petch said:—"You see those hands—the skin is now natural and elastic. Once they were hard and without sensation. You could pierce them with a pin and I would not feel it, and what is true of my hands is true of the rest of my body. Perhaps you have observed

that I have now even ceased to use a cane, and can get about my business perfectly well. You may say there is absolutely no doubt as to my cure being permanent. Indeed I am in even better health than when I gave you the first interview."
"Do you still attribute your cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?" asked the Monitor.
"Unquestionably I do," was the reply. "Doctors had failed, as had also the numerous remedies recommended by my friends. Nothing I took had the slightest effect upon me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To this wonderful medicine I own my release from a living death. I have since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends, and the verdict is in their favor. I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."
The above are the chief statements made by Mr. Petch in this latest interview, and the Monitor may remark from a long acquaintance with him, that we consider this statement absolutely true and remarkable. He has no interest to serve other than a desire to recommend the medicine that has done so much for him, and we feel sure that if any sufferer will write Mr. Petch, enclosing a stamp for reply, he will endorse all the statement made above. We may further add that Mr. Petch's remarkable recovery leaves no doubt of the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it seems reasonable to infer that they will do for others what they have done for him—restore health and vitality. The check at the head of this article is a fac simile of the one by which Mr. Petch's disability claim was paid and is given in further corroboration of his statements.

package. In this way she succeeded in keeping a very satisfactory record of her expenditures. There was only one drawback. She was forever leaving the book around. Of course there are a great many people who are only too glad to read such things. The servant would see it. The man who came to tune the piano might easily have done it if he liked, and she did not know whether he had or not. A neighbor had once picked it up on the lawn in front of the house and brought it in, but what was worse than all the rest was the fact that a couple of girl friends perused it one day. There were some things which she had talked a good deal about that she got for downright bargains. In fact, after this catastrophe everything on her record seemed to be shamefully cheap. However, she was unwilling to give up the bookkeeping, and if she didn't carry a notebook

around with her she would certainly forget something, so she bethought herself of another expedient. She determined for the purpose of mystification to multiply everything she put down by ten—that is, to add a cipher to each entry. In this way she could always tell that every item really cost one-tenth of what appeared on the book. After this she didn't care who saw it. There is a lot at the side of her father's house and a rustic seat. One day she left the book on this seat. In the evening the young man who had about concluded to ask her hand in marriage came along. He noticed the book, picked it up and looked through it carelessly. He was amazed. She had always claimed to be such a prudent girl, and he had believed she was. Still there he saw:
Candy..... \$3 00 Soda water..... \$2 00
Gloves..... 11 00 Fan..... 22 00
Flowers..... 4 00 Hatpin..... 7 00
Car fare..... 1 00 Novels..... 12 00

Guns..... 67 Photographs..... 15 00
He was getting a fairly good salary, but he felt wholly unequal to the task of supporting a girl with tastes like that. In order to put himself out of any possibility of such a thing he married soon afterward a girl on the West Side who never kept any accounts.—Chicago Tribune.
Scarcity of Material.
"The Rev. Mr. Jingle is running his mission in regular vaudeville style. Had a pie eating match there on Monday, and last night he offered a prize to the mother who would wash the greatest number of boys' faces in the shortest time. It was a dead failure."
"What was the trouble?"
"Couldn't get the boys."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Men's overalls and jumpers at F. Perkins & Co's.

THE CLOCK WINDER.

A NEW YORK MAN WHO MAKES HIS LIVING AT THIS CALLING.

Whims of Some of His Patrons Whose Timepieces He Looks After—Mystery of the Clock That Would Not Go on Friday. Twenty Clocks in One House.

Clock winding seems a simple enough task to be performed by owners for their respective timepieces, but there are many people who find it sufficiently burdensome to make them delegate it to some one else. Hence has arisen the profession of clock winder, which as yet claims probably fewer members than any other calling in the city. For some years jewelers have attended to the repairing of clocks which they sold and have even looked after the winding where this was especially desired, but they never tried to obtain this kind of business, and it was done merely as an accommodation to their customers. Now there is at least one man in New York—there may be more, though not many—whose only occupation is the winding, regulating and occasional cleaning of clocks for numerous families. He makes daily rounds so as to cover his entire route, but he never visits the same house oftener than once a week. On that day his coming is expected, and he has free access to all the rooms, whether they are occupied at the time or not. Through the various halls and apartments he goes, from the top of the house to the bottom, winding the clocks and giving a touch here and there to a regulator where he finds it necessary. Of course he does not pay any attention to the little nickel alarm clocks, which run for only one day. His care, being given weekly, is spent upon the eight day clocks of more expensive design and workmanship.

The clock winder whom The Tribune reporter saw had several stories to tell about the pursuit of his occupation. "Some people are very particular about the striking of their clocks," he said. "They will ask me if I can't arrange to have all the timepieces in the house strike together. Now, as a general thing, that is an impossibility, and I'll tell you why. Some clocks are arranged to strike just half a minute before the hour, some for a quarter of a minute before, some for a few seconds after the hour and so on. You see if I fixed them so that they would strike together they would not be exactly together in point of actual time, which is more important. In one house on my list the family owns 20 clocks. Of these I suppose 5 or 6—perhaps more—strike in unison, and the others all within a minute. My orders in this house are to have all the clocks except one at precisely the correct time. This odd one is the timepiece in the bedroom of the mistress of the house, and she wishes it kept three minutes fast. I think that is the only instance among my customers of anybody who wants a clock perpetually fast, and I am very certain there is no one who asks me to keep one slow."
"When I undertake the care of the clocks in a house, nobody else is allowed to touch them, and the servants in particular have orders never to move or interfere with them in any way. Sometimes this is done accidentally, and it is hard to find out how the clock has been injured. A few months ago I lost one of my best houses because there was one clock which I could not seem to put in proper order. I would take it away, clean it thoroughly and look to every smallest part of the mechanism. Apparently it made no difference. The clock positively refused to run right. Finally I gave it up, and that family had a mighty poor opinion of my abilities as a clock repairer."

"Some weeks after that I came across a clock in another house which acted in exactly the same way. I was puzzled for awhile. Finally I noticed that it always stopped on Fridays. That was queerer than ever, until by chance I hit upon the solution of the mystery. The servant, while dusting the room on that day, was in the habit of passing her cloth along the mantle under the clock. This would have made no difference with many timepieces, but this one had an open bottom, through which the tip of the pendulum projected. The dusting cloth just touched this enough to stop it. The girl did not know what she had done, and thus the family were mystified anew each week by finding that the clock would not go on Friday."
"I clean all my clocks regularly once in two years, and in that way keep them in proper running order. Most people think that it is just as well to let a clock run until it stops, fairly clogged up with dirt, but that isn't so. By that time it may be so bad that it will be impossible ever to make it run as accurately as it did before."
"I am usually paid by the month to take entire charge of all the clocks in a house, it being understood that I make weekly visits. Sometimes, though, I am employed by the year. In the case of the house I was telling you of, where they have 20 clocks, they pay me \$100 annually for the work. It takes a good deal of my time in the course of 12 months, and I don't fill my pockets as fast as some folks seem to think I ought," concluded the clock winder with a smile.—New York Tribune.
Moncton yarn in black, white, blue, scarlet, brown, light and dark grey, just received at F. Perkins & Co's, Sunnyside.