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Bishop's College School

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52nd YEAR.

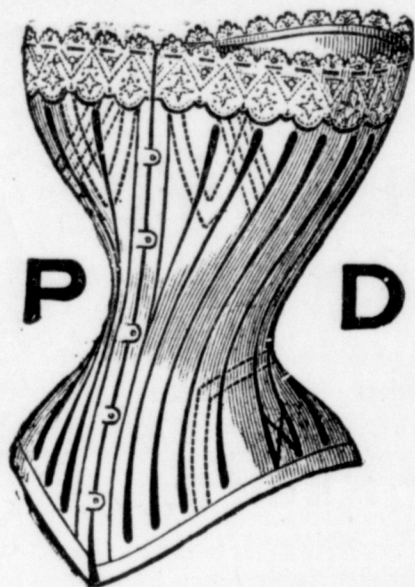
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For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc.

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CLEAN TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI.

Take no imitations.

WILD FOWLS VERY SHY.

Plenty of Birds Seen at Resorts About N. W. York, but are Hard to Shoot.

Wild fowls have been seen in countless flocks recently at the wild-fowling resorts about this city. Reports from Barneget say that geese, brant, and ducks are to be found in large bunches in the vicinity of Great Sedge Island, Mud Channel, and Oyster Channel, while English snipe are seen on the meadows. The ducks and geese are wild as hawks. They will not permit even a sailboat to come within 200 yards. Possibly an aluminum shell with a single rear paddle and a blind made of the rush mats described last year in The Sun might bring the fowler within shot of fringes of the bunch, but no ordinary device is of the slightest use.

Reports from the Chesapeake are to the same effect. Birds are arriving and leaving daily, but except with a lucky station occupied before dawn, a very close blind, and decoys placed while dark, sportsmen have had little luck. Fishermen in the Sound report many bunches of fowls around the old Lester Wallack pool on the Connecticut shore, and around Little Long Island, Norwalk Island, and the Cauken Islands, between there and South Point; but all very wild and flying very high. In the Great South Bay waters quantities of geese have been seen by early baymen, but there is no ice, and the "scooters" cannot get near them, though some ducks have been shot. Lower down, at Good Ground, there are plenty of small birds to empty the gun at, snipe and small waders, but the season is over.

Not for years have there been so many gun accidents as during the past season. Several of them have been caused by the use of hammerless guns, which were described in The Sun as being dangerous were numbered fingers were the rule rather than the exception. In many other cases the accidents were due to carelessness. It was at the South Bay this season that a man in a blind with a companion, picked up at the following headquarters quietly remarked: "What do you use No. 8 shot for?" and when the puzzled blind companion said: "It is No. 3. What makes you ask such a question?" the older man replied: "No 3, is it? It looks like an 8 when the wad is seen down your barrels." And the neophyte took the gentle hint, and turned his barrels seaward.

For those who have the time and the money to spare there is now good shooting to be had in the many small salt-water pools south of Rhode Island. Great faggles of geese are reported there, but the gun must be a far-killing foobore, or, better still, a Winchester rifle.—N. Y. Sun.

HE MOVED ON.

Butternut Suits Were in Demand but Could Not be Smuggled In.

The Chicago Times-Herald quotes a Colonel Richardson as telling a war story which all readers will be glad to believe true.

There was an odd fellow, a Pennsylvanian, on our floor in Libby Prison. He was tall, angular, stoop-shouldered, and had somehow acquired the regular North Carolina dialect. Nearly everybody liked him, and all talked with him. He had been a prisoner some time; his suit of blue had become a bunch of rags. By some means he managed to get a new suit of butternut-colored clothes, and after that we called him "Old North Carolina." One of the Prisoners asked him when he was going to join his "tar-heel" regiment.

"You just wait and watch."

In those days it was a common thing for citizens to accompany Major Turner, who had charge of the prison, on a visit to the prisoners. One afternoon half-a-dozen citizens of Richmond were with him, and when they marched out our old "tar-heel" soldier fell in and went with them. He was standing by the door in Major Turner's room when that officer, noticing him, asked: "Well, sir; what do you want here?"

"Oh, nothin' in particular; jest thought I'd look around the prison a little."

"Well, you can't look around the prison a little, and you had better move on."

But Cupps—that was his name—stood there looking as innocent as a boy on his first visit to town. Then Turner lost his patience and said, "Come, move on! Get out of here!" and gave him a push into the street.

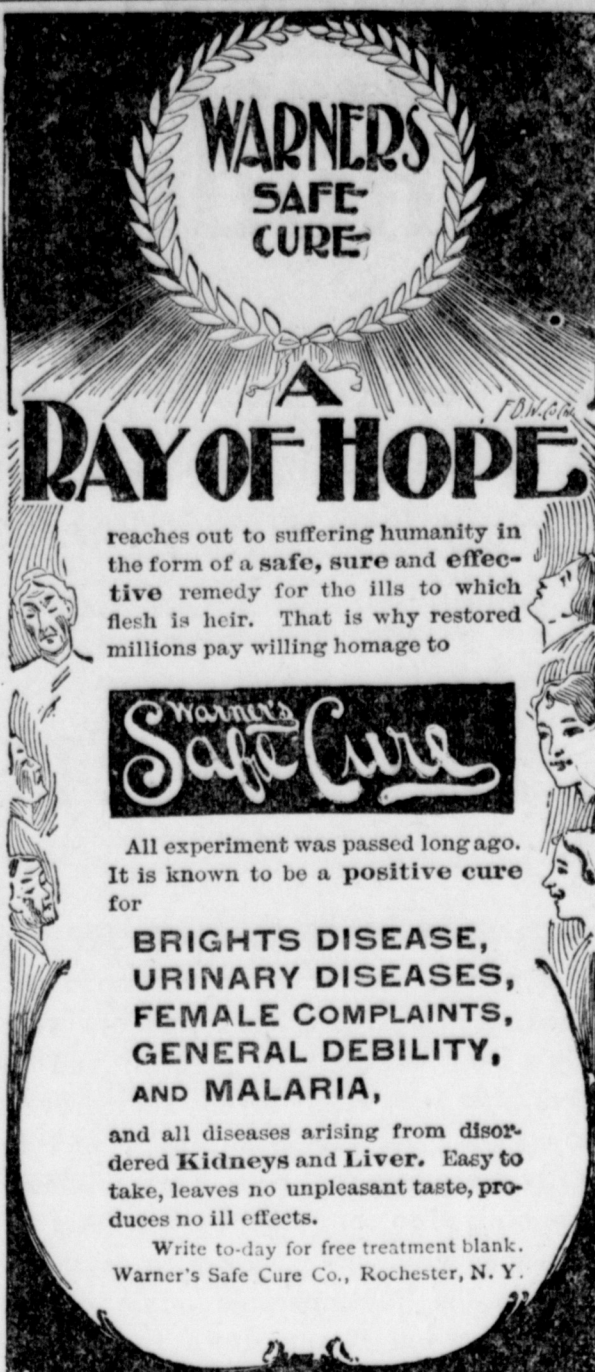
As Cupps passed out into the road where we could see him from our windows he took off his hat, made a low bow and started on a gentle shambling out of town. He made his escape. After that there was a great demand for butternut suits, but no more could be smuggled into the prison.

STRAITFORD, AUG., 4th, 1896.

MESSES. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

GENTLEMEN,—My neighbor's boy, 4 years old fell into a tub of boiling water, and got scalded fearfully. A few days later his legs swelled to three times their natural size and broke out in running sores. His parents could get nothing to help him till I recommended MINARD'S LINIMENT, which, after using two bottles, completely cured him, and I know of several other cases around here almost as remarkably cured by the same Liniment, and I can truly say I never handled a medicine which has had as good a sale or gave such universal satisfaction.

M. HIBBERT, General Merchant.



WARNER'S SAFE CURE

A DAY OF HOPE

reaches out to suffering humanity in the form of a safe, sure and effective remedy for the ills to which flesh is heir. That is why restored millions pay willing homage to

Safe Cure

All experiment was passed long ago. It is known to be a positive cure for

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND MALARIA,

and all diseases arising from disordered Kidneys and Liver. Easy to take, leaves no unpleasant taste, produces no ill effects.

Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

IT'S EASIER TO THREAD YOUR NEEDLE

With . . .

CLAPPERTON'S THREAD

Than with many other kinds, the twist is so firm that it's not so apt to unravel as some, —and that's what gives it its extraordinary strength.

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Cures Sick Headache

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The Ladies' Friend

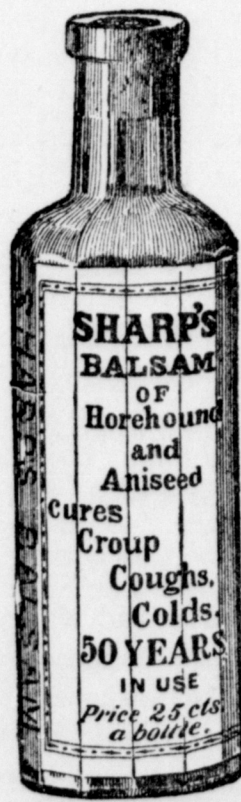
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For Biliousness

Large Bottles. Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to



To Cure an Obstinate Cough

Leading doctors recommend

"GAMBELL'S Wine of Beech Tree Gossote."

It seldom fails to cure, and is sure to give relief.

Ask your Druggist for it. K. CAMPBELL & Co., Mfrs., Montreal.

LOST ON HORSEBACK.

A Dangerous Chase After a Cayuse by a Little Boy.

On the morning of April 22nd last Mr. Sanders, who lives about four miles west of Cleveland, Washington, sent his boy George, eleven years old, cut into the pasture to get a saddle horse. The boy was mounted, bareback, on the old bay mare. The pasture is a great expanse of territory up on the mountainside. The saddle-horse, a cayuse, refused to be caught, and the boy pursued it on the old mare.

Meantime his father at home, began to worry, especially as a strong, cold wind was blowing from the west. He started out after George, but could find nothing of him. The boy must have wandered off into the woods and got lost.

An alarm was given, and soon everybody who had a horse was skirmishing about the woods hunting for George. It was so cold that the men who rode were in their winter clothes, and people at home shivered indoors.

The woods in every direction were scoured in vain. Night was coming on, and the cold increasing. If George were not found before dark, he must become benumbed with cold, fall asleep, and never wake again.

All through the evening the big steam-whistle at the sawmill at Cleveland was blown in order that the boy might be guided by it, if within hearing. But the night went by without tidings of him.

Meantime George was wandering far beyond the reach of even the sound of the steam-whistle. He had chased the cayuse so far that that animal, remembering his old range on the Indian reservation on the other side of the Simcoe Mountains, was making for it with all speed. But George had no notion of giving up the pursuit, and rode on.

He caught the pony at last, but when he had put the halter on him, he found that he had no idea where he was, nor in which direction he ought to go. In reality, he was on the north side of Simcoe Mountains.

George looked the ground over, and resolved to strike for the top of the mountain. Once there, he could perhaps make out his course. He rode on, leading the cayuse; but it was a very long way, and before he could get anywhere near the mountain top night had fallen.

The boy was hungry, tired and chilled. It was so cold up there that he knew it he dismounted he should become benumbed. He grew very sleepy sitting on the mare's back, but the warmth of her body kept him from feeling the full effect of the bitter temperature. He tied the cayuse's halter around the mare's neck, and dozed a little. Now and then the animals, starting up roused him from a nap.

Once he made up his mind that he should never get home again, and cried. But he did not let go his hold on the mare's broad and warm back. He cried more and more and at last, after it had seemed many times that the morning would never come, it began to grow light very slowly.

As soon as he could make out the direction of the mountain top he headed the mare for it, and by and by reached it. His hungry and half-torpid body got a new thrill all through it when, in the distant valley, he saw houses.

He made straight for these, and had gone some distance when he heard a shout and saw a man on horseback riding up the mountain. Soon he saw it was Will Faulkner, a young man he knew, hunting for the boy, and had extended his search farther in that direction than any one else.

Will led him straight to the nearest house, but by the time they got there it was thirty-six hours since the boy had eaten. He was warmed and fed, and Will Faulkner rode on at the top of his speed to take the news to the distracted father and mother.

When at last George reached home again he was still leading the cayuse. He insisted that he should have got home all right with it if no one had come after him.

MATERNAL DISCIPLINE.

It Becomes at Times a Family Duty not to be Evaded.

The enforcement of discipline becomes at times a family duty not safely to be evaded. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, in Harpers Magazine, writing of law and its enforcement in Yellowstone Park, gives the following story, which is worth reading by all fathers and mothers.

The story is literally true. If it were not I should not repeat it, for it would have no value. Mr. Kipling says, "The law of the jungle is—Obey." This seems also to be the law of Yellowstone Park.

There is a lunch station at the upper basin near old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she-bear, who used to come to his house every day, and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well-behaved, and would take food from his hand without taking the hand.

One day toward sunset the bear came to the kitchen, and having received her portion went out of the back door to carry it to her cubs. To her surprise and anger the cubs were there, waiting for her. She laid down the food and rushed at her infants and gave them a rousing spanking. He did not cuff them, she spanked them, and then she drove them back into the woods,

cuffing them and knocking them at every step.

When she reached the spot where she had told them to wait for her she left them and returned to the house. And there she stayed in the kitchen for two hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience.

The explanation of her behavior is easy. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her absence she has great difficulty in finding them. This mother knew that the safety of her cubs and her own piece of mind depended upon strict discipline in the family. Oh that we had more such mothers in the country!

SERENADING HIMSELF.

He Assists in the Serenade and Then Thanked the Club.

Harper's Young People tells a story of an old gentleman who rushed up-stairs to thank himself for serenading himself. It is amusing, but it also illustrates the power of a ruling passion to overlook incongruities while gratifying itself.

Herr Notel, merchant and burgomaster, who is passionately fond of singing, is the first tenor and president of the Schnitzelburg glee club. The club consists of only a single quartet; but all the greater is their enthusiasm for the songs of Germany.

Notel was shortly to celebrate his silver wedding, and the club must give him a serenade; there was no help for it. But what was a quartet without the first tenor? There was no getting a substitute, but for all that they would give Notel a surprise.

On the eve of the festival day the three members of the club, armed with lanterns, met at the appointed time before the house of their respected president; and after some clearing of throats and twanging of tuning forks, the music began.

A small crowd collected in the street, and the windows in the vicinity were lined with appreciative listeners. The Herr Burgomaster and his family also appeared at the windows of their brightly illuminated sitting-room.

The first bars of the well-known song, "Silent Night," left much to be desired; but the three voices bravely held on their way amid the surrounding stillness, and in a few moments Herr Notel went down into the street and joined in the quartet.

No sooner was the song finished than he ran upstairs again, appeared at the open window, and in loud, clear tones, thanked the club for their ovation.

CATARRH

Mrs. Dobell, of London, Ont., Cured for 25 Cents

Doctors Could Help, but Couldn't Cure—Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure Released the Prisoner, and To-day She is as Well as Ever—She Says it is a Great Remedy

"Yes, I am Mrs. Dobell," said a comely, pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton street to a News reporter to-day, "and I will very gladly tell you what you want to know. About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds, which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh." The blower included is a great help to sufferers.

When Your Wife Has Callers

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as

MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA,

in 1-4 lb. tins, at 15 cents.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

Teaberry FOR THE TEETH

RESTORES NATURAL WHITENESS PLEASANT & HARMLESS TO USE—A 25c. ZOPESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure. IT NEVER FAILS. Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.