

HE KILLED THE BEAR

How Farmer Jasper's Old Musket Got in Its Work.

An Explosion Which Strongly Resembled an Earthquake—But the Leader of the Mutton Backshot in His Heart.

"Two more of them sheep lugged away last night, and by the same infernal old bear, I know!" exclaimed Farmer Samuel Jasper. "That makes nineteen since the first of the month, and the bear hasn't got to sleep yet. We've got to catch him or he'll give up sheep-farming! I'm going to try my hand at watchin' for him to-night, and if that bear has any friends they'd better tell him to look somewhere else for his mutton this evening."

Farmer Jasper's premises lie along Sly's Run, three miles south of Sol's Ridge, and for two weeks some of the best bear hunters in the region had been taking turns in hanging around the farmer's place on the watch for a bear that had been living high on his sheep; a high, in fact, that the flock had almost disappeared. The hunters had seen the bear several times, they said, and shot at him, but all the same he went on sampling the farmer's mutton almost every night, until the farmer at last resolved to stand guard himself over the pasture for one night at least.

Farmer Jasper is no bear hunter, and all the firearm he possesses is an army musket of ancient pattern. When the farmer shouldered his gun the night he went out to show the marauding bear that some things could be done as well as others, he could not recall the time the weapon had last been used. He had loaded it with buckshot, and remarked, as he left home, that he wasn't afraid to meet half a dozen bears, but that he was a little skittish of the old musket. Besides his musket, Farmer Jasper took his hired man with him. The sheep pasture is a small one. The farmer posted himself at one side of the lot. On the opposite side of the pasture there are first a few yards of thick underbrush, and then a piece of woods that extend back to the foot of the ridge. On that side the farmer posted his hired man.

The night was bright starlight. The hired man, who did not relish his job, lay down by the stone wall inside the lot. He was not armed, but had instructions to give the alarm to the farmer by shouting if he saw anything in the shape of a bear stealing into the field. He had not been in his place more than a quarter of an hour when he heard a noise. Looking up he saw a big animal, which he naturally supposed was a bear, climbing over the stone wall not twenty feet away. The bear dropped down into the lot and was quickly followed by three smaller bears. The hired man was so badly scared that he was unable to utter a sound. The four bears shuffled off toward the graying sheep, which, discovering the presence of their foes, began scampering wildly away to the farther corner of the lot. The bears followed the frightened flock. Their course took them close to where Farmer Jasper was standing guard with his musket. He had discovered them as they charged upon the sheep, but somehow he forgot what he was there for. It was not until the bears bore down upon him and threatened to run over him that he remembered his musket. Even then, as he said afterward, he did not know what he did. Developments showed that either he had placed his gun to his shoulder and fired, or there had been a sudden earthquake.

The report that came from the opposite side of the field had the effect of bringing the hired man to his senses and loosening his tongue. He jumped to his feet. "Bears! bears! bears!" he yelled. Then he scrambled over the wall and lay down in the bushes. A few seconds later he heard the bears charging back toward the spot where they had entered the pasture. He raised his head and peered up from the bushes. He saw one of the bears rise up on the wall. The next second it had jumped into the bushes. It came down astride of the terror-stricken hired man and hurried away toward the woods.

LOOKING OVER THE FIELD. The bear had hardly passed over the hired man when a second one plumped down, one paw actually striking the man in the back. That bear was quickly followed by a third, and so much of its body struck the hired man that it left him almost breathless. No more bears came over the wall, and the terrified farmer ventured to raise his head and look up. He grew cold and almost fainted to see the enormous head and shoulders of a fourth bear appearing above the wall. This one was evidently having difficulty in getting over the wall, for it was some time before it alighted on the ground at the hired man's side. It remained where it had alighted for a moment, and then with a groan that raised the farmer's hair, it fell heavily to the ground, and rolled with two or three convulsive throes across the legs of the reluctant agriculturist. At that moment Abel Bennett, one of the hunters who had been trying to get the bear that was depopulating Farmer Jasper's sheep pastures, arrived at the wall near where the hired man had been posted, he having heard the report from the pasture, and hurried over to see what it had resulted in.

After a time Bennett succeeded in getting enough out of the hired man to think that it might be well to find out what had become of Farmer Jasper. They found him lying on the ground at the foot of the stone wall where he had posted himself. He was just recovering consciousness. He was taken home, where it was found that his shoulder was dislocated. His right arm, from the shoulder down, was badly bruised and swollen. The farmer could recall nothing that happened from the time he saw the four bears marching down upon him. From what the hired man said about the passing of the bears, Abel Bennett concluded that the last bear was still in the bushes and took it to the farmer's house. It had nine buckshot in its heart. The bear was a 300 pounder. Next morning the army musket was found in the road, twenty feet from where Farmer Jasper was found. The chain of circumstantial evidence was strong enough to leave no doubt in anybody's mind that the old army musket had got its work in at both ends.—Sol Ridge Cor. New York Evening Sun.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Stopped Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

THE "TIP" NUISANCE.

"Speaking of tipping," said a St. Paul gentleman who has been around the world yesterday, after his Sunday dinner, "I'm dead against it. Why, it's a relic of barbarism. The practice is as old as the days, twenty-three centuries ago, when Buddha used to go around with his alms bowl begging tips from the Hindus. Go to India to-day, and the heehee who sprinkles the dust before your bungalow from a leathern water bag wants a tip; the punke who rocks your hammock the same; the sarki who follows you rapidly driven gharry on foot the same. In Egypt it is called 'bakshish,' in St. Paul tip. Now, look at the ethics of 'tipping.' Has Jones, because he fees a restaurant waiter with a dollar a better right to speedier and better service than Brown who yields but a quarter, or perhaps nothing? Not a bit of it. The restaurant or hotel is a public caravansary where all customers must meet upon a common level and receive equal treatment. There should be no choice, juicy cuts for Jones and a bit of steak from between the horns for Brown. The church is the place for contribution boxes; not hotels or restaurants. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, found that his head waiter drove a speedier horse than he did himself. He also discovered that a brown wind-splitter had been purchased with money derived from tips. Then he issued strict orders against the tip system in the Palmer House. I think he did right. Again, the tip system is giving rise to that other business monstrosity, 'making a little on the side.' This is practiced by too many young men in responsible business positions whose situation permits them to acquire certain knowledge which they can sell. This procedure is not straight; it is not honest. I would fire a young or old man in my employ who peddled information about my business. Money made 'on the side' goes to the side, and generally on the wrong side. Judas Iscariot made a little money on the side, and he made a record for himself at the same time that few people would wish to have. The tip system should go."

IN BATTLE ARRAY. Farmer Jasper is no bear hunter, and all the firearm he possesses is an army musket of ancient pattern. When the farmer shouldered his gun the night he went out to show the marauding bear that some things could be done as well as others, he could not recall the time the weapon had last been used. He had loaded it with buckshot, and remarked, as he left home, that he wasn't afraid to meet half a dozen bears, but that he was a little skittish of the old musket. Besides his musket, Farmer Jasper took his hired man with him. The sheep pasture is a small one. The farmer posted himself at one side of the lot. On the opposite side of the pasture there are first a few yards of thick underbrush, and then a piece of woods that extend back to the foot of the ridge. On that side the farmer posted his hired man.

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National Colonization Lottery
Under the Patronage of the
REV. FATHER LABELLE.
Established in 1884, under the Act of Quebec, 32 Vic., Chap. 38, for the benefit of the Diocesan Societies of Colonization of the Province of Quebec.

CLASS D.
The 20th Monthly Drawing will take place
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15th, 1890,
AT TWO O'CLOCK P.M.
Prizes Value, - - \$55,000
Capital Prize, worth 5,000
TICKETS, \$1.00.

Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.
Drawings on the third Wednesday of every month.
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Secretary,
Offices, 19 St. James street,
1y 184 Montreal, Can.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.—Public Notice is hereby given that application will be made by Charles L. de Martigny, Esq., advocate of Montreal, in his capacity of testamentary executor and administrator of the estate of the late Hon. Charles S. Rodier, and Joseph Charles Hubert Lacroix, Esq., curator of the substitution created by the last will and testament of the said late Hon. C. S. Rodier, dated the twenty-second day of January, eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, and confirmed by the twenty-sixth day of the same month and year, and the heirs of said estate, at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for an act to authorize the Testamentary Executor and Administrator and Curator and heirs of said estate to borrow money and create mortgages on immovable properties belonging to said Estate Rodier.

DE MARTIGNY & DE MARTIGNY,
Attorneys for Applicants,
Montreal, 18th Dec., 1889.

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Winter Sailings, 1890.
From LIVERPOOL From BOSTON
Dec. 26th, LAKE SUPERIOR, Jan. 15th
Jan. 9th, LAKE WINDMILL, Jan. 25th
Jan. 23rd, LAKE ONTARIO, Feb. 12th
Feb. 6th, LAKE SUPERIOR, Feb. 26th

EXTRA STEAMER FROM NEW YORK.
Jan. 28th, LAKE HURON, Feb. 19th
The steamers connect at Boston direct by rail for all points in Canada. The Lake North-West Territories and United States, to which through tickets are issued.

In the passenger department the most perfect provision has been made to ensure the comfort and convenience of all. In the Cabin the State-rooms are large and airy. The Steerage is fitted with the most approved Patent Canvas Berths, and is fully ventilated and heated by steam.

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RATES OF PASSAGE MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.
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Intermediate, \$30.00; Round Trip, \$60.00
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AND
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ESTABLISHED 1824.
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Invested Funds, 16,933,993.53
Invested in Canada, 1,352,474.00

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Chief Agent.

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Assets, over, \$8,000,000
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E. D. LACY,
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OF LONDON ENG.

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General Agents for the Dominion.
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R. MACD. PATERSON, Manager.

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Amount Invested in Canada \$1,000,000
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H. W. RAPHAEL,
SPECIAL AGENT.

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December 4

The Royal Canadian
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.
157 St. James Street Montreal.

Capital, \$500,000
Assets, 700,000
Income, 1885, \$17,675

ANDREW ROBERTSON, Esq., President,
HON. J. R. BAILEY, Esq., Vice-President,
HARRY CUTT, ARCHD. NICOLL,
Secretaries. Marine Underwriter,
GEO. H. McHENRY, Manager.

M. J. E. DROLET,
Agent for City and District of Montreal.
June 15

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FROM NEW YORK, 1889-1890.
*Adriatic, Wednesday, Jan. 1, 2.00 p.m.
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*Germanic, Wednesday, Jan. 15, Noon
*Britannic, Wednesday, Jan. 22, 6.00 a.m.
*Adriatic, Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1.00 p.m.
*Celtic, Wednesday, Feb. 5, 5.30 a.m.
*Germanic, Wednesday, Feb. 12, 11.00 a.m.
*Britannic, Wednesday, Feb. 19, 5.00 a.m.
*Tonic, Wednesday, Feb. 26, 11.30 a.m.

*These steamers have superior 8-and 10-cabin accommodations, \$35 and \$40 to Queenstown or Liverpool.

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B. J. COCHRAN, Sole Agent,
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SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN
New York and Liverpool, Calling at Queenstown.

Proposed Sailings from New York.
Nevada, Tuesday, Jan. 7, 5.00 p.m.
No Steamer, Tuesday, Jan. 14, 5.00 a.m.
No Steamer, Tuesday, Jan. 21, 4.30 a.m.
Wisconsin, Tuesday, Feb. 4, 4.00 a.m.
Nevada, Tuesday, Feb. 11, 5.00 a.m.
No Steamer, Tuesday, Feb. 18, 5.00 a.m.
Wisconsin, Tuesday, Feb. 25, 3.30 a.m.
Nevada, Tuesday, Mar. 4, 3.30 p.m.
Wisconsin, Tuesday, Mar. 11, 3.00 a.m.
Nevada, Tuesday, Mar. 18, 2.30 p.m.
Alaska, Tuesday, Apr. 1, 2.00 p.m.
Wisconsin, Tuesday, Apr. 8, 7.00 p.m.
Nevada, Tuesday, Apr. 15, 1.30 p.m.
Alaska, Tuesday, Apr. 22, 12.30 p.m.

The Alaska will be the Christmas steamer. These steamers are built of iron in watertight compartments, and are furnished with every requisite to make the passage across the Atlantic both safe and agreeable, having bath-room, smoking-room, drawing-room, and library also, experienced Surgeon, Stewardess and Caterer on each steamer. The State-rooms are all upper deck, thus ensuring the greatest of all luxuries at a perfect ventilation and light.

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This is a class that affords the most of moderate means a respectable way of travelling. Beds, Bedding, Wash-basins, etc., together with good food, separate Dining-room from other Cabin or Steerage being provided. Steerage at Very Low Rates.

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July 10

BERMUDA & WEST INDIES ROYAL MAIL LINES OF THE
QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO.,
Sailing from Pier 47 North River, New York.

For Bermuda:—
SS. TRINIDAD, Thursday, Jan. 9, at 3 p.m.
SS. ORINOCO, Thursday, Jan. 16, at 3 p.m.
For St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes, Grenada and Trinidad:—
SS. BERMUDA, Saturday, Jan. 11, at noon.

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A. E. OUTERBRIDGE & CO., Agents,
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In first-class order and with all modern conveniences. Lot contains about
25,000 SQUARE FEET.
For particulars apply at 24 St. Sacrament street.
GEORGE W. HAMILTON,
For Trustees late Hon. John Hamilton.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Corporation of the Port of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the amendment of its charter, by repealing certain provisions of the Act of the late Province of Canada, 9 Victoria, Cap. 96, by changing the name of the said Corporation to the Corporation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews, Shearith Israel, of Montreal; by increasing its powers to hold movable and immovable property, by removing the necessity of registration required by the Act of the late Province of Lower Canada, 9 Geo. IV., Cap. 75, and for other purposes.

LA FLEUR & RIELE,
Solicitors for Applicants,
Montreal, 19th December, 1889.

JOSEPH CARROLL'S
STEEL PENS
—COLD MEDAL PARIS, 1878—

Call at THIS OFFICE and get Estimates for your Printing before going elsewhere.

THE MONCTON
Sugar Refining Company
(LIMITED)
JOHN L. HARRIS, JOHN McKENZIE,
President and Secretary.
C. F. HARRIS, Treasurer.
MONCTON, N.B.
Samples at 54 St. Francis Xavier Street.
DAVID MITCHELL, JAMES M. MITCHELL.

The Montreal Herald.

PUBLISHED DAILY BY
The HERALD COMPANY Limited
—AT—
NO. 6 BEAVER HALL HILL.

HON. P. MITCHELL, President
WILL. H. WHITE, Secretary-Treasurer
and business Manager.
MOLYNEUX ST. JOHN, Editor

Business Correspondence should be addressed to THE HERALD COMPANY (Limited). All other correspondence to be addressed to The Editor, Mr. M. St. John.

SESSION OF PARLIAMENT

The DAILY HERALD will be delivered to any part of the city, or mailed to any address in the Dominion of Canada or United States, postage free, during the coming session of Parliament, for ONE DOLLAR, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY MORNING, JAN. 11.

TO-DAY'S DOINGS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—E. H. Sothern in 'The Highest Bidder,' at 8 p.m.

THEATRE ROYAL—"The Indian Mail Carrier" at 2 and 8 p.m.

ART INSTITUTE—Exhibition of Pictures.

SPECIAL MEETING Young Men's Reform Club, Fraser Institute, at 8 p.m.

FUNERAL late Mr. M. Donovan, from 235 St. Antoine street, at 9 a.m.

SALE of papers, etc., Mechanic's Institute, at 3.30 p.m.

NO PARTY TO THE THEFT.

Ottawa Citizen:

Some of the Tory journals call Sir John Macdonald the "Grand Old Man." In the same way they tack the word "Liberal" to the name of their party. Always trying to misrepresent the words of people more respectable than themselves. MONTREAL HERALD.

The time was when a gentleman prominently connected with our contemporary had no objection to be identified with the Liberal-Conservative party. He was then a member of a Liberal-Conservative Government and took no exception to the party nomenclature. Sir John Macdonald does not require to masquerade in any man's clothes; while the party which he leads is decidedly more "liberal" in the true sense of the word, than the so-called Liberal party.

The Citizen alludes to the Hon. Mr. Mitchell, President of THE HERALD Co., and it may therefore be worth while to show the Citizen by the argumentum ad hominem the truth of the adage that evil communications with Tory politicians leads journalists into ludicrous errors. Mr. Mitchell always was a Liberal and not a Conservative. The party to which the Citizen alludes was a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives formed for a certain purpose, and was not called the Liberal-Conservative party. The theft of that cloak of respectability by the Conservatives was not perpetrated until the great need of something of the kind was felt by reason of the detection in, and expulsion from, the Canada Pacific bribery. The appellation was adopted after the fall, when the principal chieftain was taking counsel with the minor ones, as Milton describes Satan doing after his fall, and when Mr. Mitchell had expressed his determination in caucus of the party to follow no longer the leadership of the fallen one who had rebelled against good, and chosen evil. As for Sir John being more liberal "in the true sense of the word than the so-called liberal party," we can only say that unless liberality consists of squandering other people's property for one's own advantage, and freely accepting the gifts which flow from the liberality, fears, or designs, of friends, acquaintances, or strangers. We have not the faintest idea what our contemporary can mean.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK CONTEST.

The fight is in full blast in New Brunswick. The latest intelligence from there is that an Opposition ticket has been partially formed in Westmoreland. Mr. Stevens, of the Moncton Times, and Mr. H. A. Powell, lawyer, of Sackville, were nominated at a small convention held at Moncton. A third candidate is to be nominated by the French Acadians, and the three are to select a fourth from the western part of the County. The third and fourth men, it is expected, will be Mr. Melanson, of Shediac, and Mr. W. W. Wells, of Dorchester. In the meantime, the combination ticket holds together as two Government supporters and two Independents. The situation in Westmoreland and several other counties is so badly mixed, that any forecast of the result is absolutely impossible.

It is possible that a company will be formed with a capital of half a million sterling for the manufacture of oil and whalebone on the Saguenay, and that the board of directors will be composed of the directors of the Canada Direct Meat Company. A number of whales (of a kind) annually visit the bay opposite the hotel, which are not sent to Chicago to be slaughtered, and a concession from the village of Tadoussac could doubtless be obtained for a quarter of a million sterling.

A LITTLE INCONSISTENT.

The Mail returns to the charge that the farmers of the Northwest are placed at a disadvantage as compared with those of the Northwestern States. This can be regarded merely as an assertion until the question is answered: do the Canadian farmers obtain the same or a greater price for their wheat than farmers at a corresponding point in Dakota and Minnesota? The rate from Minneapolis to the seaboard tells only a part of the story; coupled with this are the rates from points on the interior to Minneapolis. The Mail says "so long as we insist on having a route through that desert region (between Winnipeg and Nipissing) we, or rather the Northwest settler, must pay for the "luxury." Is it to be understood by this that the line north of Lake Superior should be abandoned, and that the Northwest settlers would approve of such a proceeding? If the rates are higher from Winnipeg to Toronto than from Minneapolis to Toronto, and such difference is inevitable (as the Mail says), while Canada insists upon the maintenance of the through line, what is the complaint, or what remedy does the Mail propose?

A remedy which the Liberal party proposes is to open the markets of each country to one another, but the Mail is just now doing its best to thwart that project. We do not choose to join in the parrot cry "disloyal," "unpatriotic," and so forth, but it is certainly hard to understand the Mail's arguments except on the supposition that it desires to force this country into annexation.

BEGINNING TO ADMIT.

The Conservative paper at Winnipeg says:

A very large amount of money is wasted annually by the Dominion and Provincial Governments, by municipalities, land companies and even individuals on pamphlets, maps and other matter, much of it of a trashy character. A judicious concentration of even a portion of this expenditure would undoubtedly produce important results.

It is not, therefore, the Liberals only who say that the failure of immigration is due to the mismanagement of the Department at Ottawa. We recently published the opinion of Mr. A. W. Ross, M.P., a Government supporter from Manitoba, and of the Calgary Herald, the ministerial organ of Alberta. For several years the Liberals in Parliament have been endeavouring to show that the business was mismanaged, and that the figures issued by the Department were misleading. It would seem that the pretence of Opposition speakers being responsible for the failure is about to be abandoned as too absurd to be continued, and that those Conservatives who really have the matter at heart have realized that if anything is to be done, it is time to put the blame of precedent failure on the right shoulders. But it is doubtful whether they will accomplish much until they can persuade Sir John Macdonald that the public money is intended for the public benefit, and not for the support and enrichment of party friends. And it will be a difficult task to get that into his head.

WHERE THE DANGER IS.

The charge that Sir John Macdonald is in league with the Mail to prevent the United States agreeing to reciprocity with Canada in order to hasten annexation is not a very credible one. The Mail may desire annexation or it may not, but Sir John Macdonald has nothing to gain by such a change in our nationality, and where he has nothing to gain Sir John Macdonald does not move. He has done a great deal to foster and increase the annexation sentiment, but this is a collateral result of another policy having a direct and immediate advantage to himself. The principle on which he acts is that, a bird in Sir John Macdonald's hand is worth anything it may eventually cost other people. As annexation would put an end to him it is not at all likely that he would assist the Mail or anyone else in bringing it about during his own lifetime. That his course greatly tends to result in such a union, troubles him very little, because this kind of change is not made in a day, and he may fairly calculate that he can stave off any change for the remainder of his years. After him, of course—anything you please. At the same time, while being ourselves opposed to the union of Canada with the United States, we do not see the propriety of the Empire's violent abuse of the Mail. Canadians are perfectly free to join the United States if they please; England would not send any sepoy, as the Empire suggested, to oppose it; nor listen to Sir Julius Vogel's proposal for armed interference of any kind. If a Canadian citizen or a Canadian journal thinks that Canada would be benefited by amalgamation with the United States, in the name of common sense why should not he or it say so. That with which the Mail is charged is, however, something more than an outspoken opinion. It is alleged that the editor of the Mail visited Washington for the purpose of urging upon Senator Hoar and others, the unwisdom of agreeing to reciprocity with Canada, because if that were withheld the Dominion would soon apply for admission to the Union. There is an unpleasant flavour about this method of proceeding, and we hope that the Mail has been misrepresented. But the anger of the Empire will tend to convince people that the Conservative politicians realize that the condition Canada is kept in by Sir John Macdonald's policy and obstinate refusal to deal with the United States to any greater extent than he can help, has extended the annexation sentiment in Canada. If the choice lay between another ten years of Sir John's rule and annexation to the

States, we believe that there would be a majority of people in Canada in favour of the latter. Whether their reasoning would be sound or not is not a matter which affects their opinion. A great many Conservatives now think it would have been much better for Canada had Sir John been defeated at the last elections, for they not only disapprove of the goings on since then, but they see how unsettled the public mind has become, and the danger to the continuance of Canadian nationality that exists by reason of his stay in power. To retain Sir John in power and keep the Dominion contented is an absolute impossibility.

A WORD WITH FARMERS.

It is an encouraging sign of the times to see the farmers of Quebec in various localities, and notably in the Eastern Townships, holding institutes and conventions to discuss questions pertaining to cultivation of the soil, stock-raising, dairying, &c. The more practical knowledge farmers obtain on these points, the more intelligently and successfully will they be able to prosecute the work of farming. Hence the importance of farmers attending these gatherings, especially when they can enjoy the advantage of profiting by the experience of practical men who have made farming a successful and paying industry. It is of great advantage for farmers to meet occasionally and compare notes, even if they should not be able always to discuss practical questions very profoundly or scientifically; they can always give each other numerous practical hints from their respective experiences. One thing farmers should always bear in mind, that their calling is the fundamental industry of Canada, the one on whose prosperity and successful prosecution the prosperity of all other industries mainly depends. That idea should make farmers proud of their industry and inspire them to greater efforts than ever to make it a success. It is true that by a strange freak of political perversity, our law makers have made the farmers of Canada the burden-bearers of very heavy taxation imposed at the demand of class interests, and designed to promote the success of industries of secondary importance to that of agriculture. This anomaly the farmers can correct, if they so desire, when the efflux of time once more brings them face to face at the polls with their representatives in Parliament. In the meantime they must be proud of their industry, make the best of present circumstances, strive to improve their methods of farming, and put to practical test the various items of information they can acquire at the farmers' institutes and conventions which are being held from time to time at different points throughout the province.

GENERAL ELECTION IN P.E.I.

Prince Edward Island is just now entering upon the enjoyment of a general election campaign—the Assembly having been dissolved and nomination fixed for the 23rd inst., and polling on the 30th. The Assembly had yet one session to sit and the dissolution in advance of the usual time is due to a variety of causes. At the last general election held in June, 1886, the Sullivan Government was sustained by a very narrow majority. The leader, Attorney-General Sullivan (now Chief Justice Sullivan) was, however, a rather astute politician and succeeded in securing the support of one or two independent men in the Assembly, and also in carrying a seat held by the Liberals which had become vacant, and by this means was enabled to carry on the Government. Last autumn Mr. Sullivan was appointed Chief Justice in succession to the late Mr. Palmer, and Hon. Samuel Prowse, of Murray Harbor, a member of the Government, was appointed to the Senate. This created two vacancies in the Assembly, and a third was created by the appointment of Hon. Neil McLeod, of Charlottetown, to the vacant Attorney Generalship. In the meantime an unpleasantness was created by the discovery of defalcations in the Land Office, presided over by Hon. J. Ferguson. An investigation has resulted in showing that these had been going on for some time, and facts made public tended pretty clearly to convey the impression that they would not have occurred had the Commissioner attended personally to the duties of his office and maintained the system of book-keeping and checks in operation under his predecessors. Such a revelation naturally placed the Government in a bad light before the people, to say nothing of its having been weakened by the retirement of Mr. Sullivan from political life; and it is probable the new Attorney-General and Government decided that, instead of holding three bye-elections, in which the results would be doubtful, it would be better to dissolve the Assembly and face the music at once. This they have done and the campaign now opened will be a short and lively one. It will be run on straight political lines—Conservative and Liberal—and in that respect will be a contrast to the mixed condition of affairs in New Brunswick, where Liberal and Conservative party lines are almost wholly ignored and Dominion issues entirely eliminated from the contest.

PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.—There is a growing suspicion that the Pan-American Congress is not Pans-ing out as well as expected. Not unlikely. Mr. Blaine and his party are slavishly wedded to their protective tariff. That tariff is a trade-destroying institution. As they seem unwilling to make concessions necessary to promote trade with the Central and South American States, there does not seem to be anything for the Pan-American Congress to do except to fizzle out as quietly as possible.

SQUIBS.

—Two ragged urchins stood before a store window admiring pictures in a sporting paper. Said the smaller one:—"I wouldn't like to see Sullivan get licked, would you?" "No," replied the other. Then drawing himself up, he said:—"I'll like to lick him."

—Mr. Lushforth—You never help me on with my coat like you used to in the days of our honeymoon.
Mrs. Lushforth—No! And I never had to help you off with your boots in those days, either.

—Husband (finding a package of cheap tobacco in his Christmas budget)—Where's the corned beef, dear?
Wife—Corned beef? What do you mean?
Husband (in an injured tone)—Why, you know I always want corned beef with my cabbage.

—Mrs. Crossgrain (during a squabble)—I flatter myself that what I say is generally pretty true.
Mr. Crossgrain—Yes, Maria, you have said a few good things. When we were engaged, for instance, you said that you couldn't imagine what I saw in you to love. Hi, there, help! Don't tear my hair out!

—Jones—For heaven's sake, Robinson, look here! That boy has broken through the Robinson—So he has! What in the world are you going to do for him, Jones? (To smiling and exhausted boy)—Keep cool, bub! I keep cool!

—Ponsonby—I understand that Digby's wife is deaf and dumb.
Snags—That so? I wonder if she converses with her finger?
Ponsonby—Guess so. Digby is about the blindest man I ever saw.

—"I thought you did not like William-son?"
"Neither I do."
"Well, he tells me you sent him a boy a Christmas gift."
"Well, I found one of the most maddening hand organs you ever listened to and sent it up."

—Foreign Power (sarcastically)—Backing out, I see.
Uncle Sam (sorrowfully)—Yes, do as you please, I won't make any resistance.
Foreign Power (proudly)—I knew you wouldn't dare defy me.
Uncle Sam (holly)—I didn't say I was afraid of you old fool. I wouldn't mind a war. What I'm afraid of is the pensions.

—"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."
"Indeed, and O! am, sorr. It's a family trait O! be thinking!"
"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"
"No feyther, is it? Faix and he rises that early that if he'd go to bed a little later he'd make himself gettin' up in the mornin'."

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

UNDoubtedly.
In the discussion of this North-West bill will also arise the question of the relations of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Territory to his Legislature. At the present moment the difference between the two estates on the subject of financial control are in an acute stage. If, however, as the Lieutenant-Governor contends, the statute actually gives him the right to superintend the laying out of the Dominion grant, the law without delay should be amended.—Mail.

A PROMISE TO PAY GONE TO PROTEST.

There is a vast gulf between what the Conservatives promise and what they actually fulfill. In 1883, Sir Charles Tupper promised the House and country, that the sale of Dominion lands would put fifty-eight millions in the treasury between that date and January, 1890. From that day to this, the sale of Dominion lands has not realized enough to pay the expense of survey and management. No part of the fifty-eight millions has gone into the treasury. But since Sir Charles Tupper's reckless prediction, Tory misrule has cost the country an eight million dollar rebellion, of which Sir Charles omitted to prophesy.—Waterloo Advertiser.

AMERICAN FARMERS AND THE TARIFF.
The depreciation in the value of farm lands in New England has become an old story, and now the blight upon this most important of American industries has extended to Pennsylvania, the bulwark of our extraordinary tariff. In eastern Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia Times, "it is conceded that farms have 'declined fully one-third in value during the last decade.' Wherever it is possible the farmers are selling their lands at a reduced price, and so general is this tendency that the high tariff leaders of the State feel some alarm lest the farmers should decide to sacrifice the tariff policy that has brought them to the verge of ruin rather than the farms upon which they are struggling to live. This is shown by the appeals of the paper owned by the present collector of the port of Philadelphia, the Media American, to the farmers to hold on to their farms and wait for the better times coming, a promise that must strike the ruined farmers as an ironical echo of the dismal 'free trade' cry of 1888. The advice is good, nevertheless, for the tariff reform awakening among the western farmers promises to make agriculture more profitable long before another decade has passed away or the tariff tinkering of Chairman McKinley's committee has still further impoverished the farmers.—Boston Post.

DIED.

MALLETTE—In this city, on the 9th inst., Peter Mallette, aged 36 years 1 month and 2 days.
Funeral from his late residence, 34 Versailles street, on Monday morning, the 10th inst., at 8 a.m., to St. Joseph's Church thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Friends are invited to attend without further notice: u 10

McLAREN—On the 9th instant, Harry Ashforth, beloved child of Henry and Sarah McLaren, aged 15 months.
Funeral private. u 9

DONOVAN—Of pleuro-pneumonia, on the 8th instant, at his residence, 235 St. Antoine st., Michael Donovan, in the 63rd year of his age. The funeral will leave his above place of residence at 9 o'clock a.m. sharp on Saturday, the 11th instant, to St. Anthony's Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances are respectfully invited to attend.

McELROY—In this city, on the 9th instant, Ellen Slowe, native of Clouse, county Montaghan, Ireland, and beloved wife of Mr. John McElroy, district superintendent Montreal Gas Company, in the 68th year of her age.
Funeral will take place on Saturday, the 11th instant, at 3.30 a.m., from her late residence, No. 100 Ottawa street, to St. Ann's Church, and thence to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Glasgow, Scotland, papers please copy. m 9

Wanted to Purchase,

A medium sized Self-Contained House in the western part of the city. Must be in first-class order. A new one preferred. Price about \$5,000. Full particulars to
LINDSAY & MUNSON,
Stock Brokers, Real Estate and Insurance Agents,
42 St. John street, Montreal.
P.O. Box 997. Telephone No. 1907.

SELLING OFF

Piano and Organ Stock.
Several fine Upright Pianos left over from the holidays will be sold at greatly reduced prices.
Reasonable terms to responsible purchasers.
GEORGE J. SHEPPARD,
2282 St. Catherine street.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Carsley's Advertisement

Saturday, January 11th, 1890.

MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR
from 23c to \$4.50.
ALL REDUCED
S. CARSLLEY.

JANUARY CHEAP SALE.

MEN'S WHITE SHIRTS
from 65c to \$1.55
ALL REDUCED
S. CARSLLEY.

He read the papers.—Aunt Clarissa (taking Johnny under the chin)—"Good morning, Johnny, have you—"
Johnny (6 years old)—"No, auntie! I haven't used nobody's soap!"—Tit Bits.

JANUARY CHEAP SALE.

MEN'S KNITTED GLOVES
from 23c to 86c
ALL REDUCED
S. CARSLLEY.

MEN'S HEAVY WOOL SOCKS
from 15c to 66c
ALL REDUCED
S. CARSLLEY.

"Then you have never had educational advantages?" said a good woman to a small boy.
"No, marm, not as I know of. I've had airyspillas. If what you said is wots'n that, I don't want to ketch it."—Tit Bits.

JANUARY CHEAP SALE.

MEN'S REGATTA SHIRTS
Some with Collars attached, and a large range with two separate collars for each shirt. Original prices were \$1, and \$1.25, and \$1.50; these choice lines of Fancy Cambric and Regatta Shirts, in sizes from 14 to 18, now reduced to 60c each fifty cents each.

JANUARY CHEAP SALE.

MEN'S LINEN COLLARS
Three and four-ply best Linen Collars, only 25c per dozen, in the following sizes: 14, 14½, 15, and for Boys: 10½, 11, 12, 12½, 13. In each of the above numbers there is a large assortment to choose from and the price is only 25c per dozen.
S. CARSLLEY.

S. CARSLLEY,

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777

NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

STEWART'S

Furniture Warerooms

1828 to 1834 NOTRE DAME ST.

(Near McGill Street).

NEWEST DESIGNS

—IN—

Oak, Natural Cherry and Mahogany

BEDROOM SETS.

PARLOR SUITES of the very latest designs, covered with all the newest patterns and shades of coverin 129

ARMOUR'S

EXTRACTS OF BEEF

—ARE—

Strongly Recommended by the best Authorities.

SOLID EXTRACT, in jars, 20z., 40z., 60z., 160z.

FLUID EXTRACT, in Bottles, 40z., 90z., 160z.

To be had of all Wholesale Drug and Grocery Houses, or from

JAMES ALLEN,

No. 6 St. Nicholas Street, Montreal.

Agents Armour & Co., Chicago.

WATCH REPAIRING!

MR. HENRY GRANT gives his personal attention to all watches left with us for repair. Over

45 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

enables him to guarantee perfect accuracy of workmanship. Established 35 years.

Charges moderate.

HENRY GRANT & SON,

72 Beaver Hall, corner Dorchester street.

Dissolution of Partnership

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned and the late THOMAS WORKMAN, under the name of FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, is this day dissolved

consent on the death of Mr. Workman, on the 9th October last.

HENRY ARCHBALD, EDWARD MURPHY, GEORGE W. EADIE.

Montreal, 31st December, 1889.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE

—X—

The undersigned have this day entered into partnership as Iron, Steel and Hardware Merchants, and will continue the business of the late firm of FROTHINGHAM & WORKMAN, under the same name, and on the premises heretofore occupied by the late firm. They are authorized to collect all debts due to the former firm of Frothingham & Workman, and will meet their liabilities.

HENRY ARCHBALD, EDWARD MURPHY, GEORGE W. EADIE, EDWARD ARCHBALD, REAL AGENTS.

Montreal, 1st January, 1890. du 1

CITIZENS!

GET YOUR LIFE INSURED

AT A LOW RATE BY

ST. LEON WATER

The only Remedy known to

AVOID INFLUENZA.

ST. LEON WATER CO'Y,

54 Victoria Square,

Branch—5 Place d'Armes Square.

E. MASSICOTTE & BROS.,

City Managers.

WANTED, a Gardener, [single]; must be stand grape vines. Apply at 21 Cote des Neiges Road at 10 a.m. or 5 p.m. m 5

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

HENRY THOMAS. Lessee and Manager.

ENGAGEMENT OF MR. E. H.

SOTHERN,

Under the management of Mr. DANIEL

FROHMAN.

To-night and Saturday Matinee, "LORD CRIMLEY."

Friday and Saturday Nights, "HIGHEST BIDDER."

Seats now on Sale at Nordheimer's.

Next Week—CLEVELAND'S MINSTRELS

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

HENRY THOMAS. Lessee and Manager.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 13—Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

W. S. CLEVELAND'S MAGNIFICENT MINSTRELS.

22nd Christian Science Champion Conquerors.

46 HEROES OF TWO HEMISPHERES led by \$100,000-a-day Billy Emerson and merry minstrel Huxley Donahery.

Burt Sheppard, John Queen, Harry Leighton, the 2 Virtos, J. Marcus Doyle, Castall Brydges, Banks Winter, Thos. D. Van Orien.

Sumptuous Spectacular Scenic First-Part. The most gorgeous and Elaborate ever produced.

Venetian Nights, the original Oriental Patrol-March, The Egyptian Phalanx, The Japs.

Seats now on sale at Nordheimer's.

SPARROW & JACOBS'

THEATRE ROYAL.

Week Commencing MONDAY, Jan. 6—Every Afternoon and Evening.

FIRST TIME IN MONTREAL.

Go-Won-Go - Mohawk,

THE INDIAN ACTRESS, in

THE INDIAN MAIL CARRIER

Beautiful Scenery, Costumes, etc.

Prices of admission—10c, 25c, 30c. Reserved seats, 10c extra. Plan at the N. Y. Piano Co., No. 22 St. James st.

Coming—EDWIN ARDEN.

SPARROW & JACOBS'

THEATRE ROYAL.

Every Afternoon and Evening—Week Commencing Monday, Jan. 13.

EDWIN ARDEN

IN THE BEAUTIFUL DRAMA,

BARRED OUT!

Fine Company, Great Scenery, etc.

CITY AND SUBURBAN

The enquete in the case of Campbell has been postponed until Monday.

Ribbons! Ribbons! Ribbons for fancy work, ribbons for dresses, ribbons of every description, heavily reduced, at S. Carley's, for the January cheap sales.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents
The Gas Company has taken out an action against the city for \$800.

A carter has been placed under arrest on a charge of running over a boy on St. Catherine street.

For first-class dyeing and cleaning try the Empire Dye Works, 27 Phillips square. Parcels collected and delivered in any part of the city free. Thomas Highmore, manager. Telephone No. 4793.

A number of farmers and others interested in dairying will hold a convention at Danville on the 13th and 14th inst.

It is said that the Cheyenne absconder has confessed that he brought \$2,900 of the stolen money into Canada.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents.

An effort is to be made at the coming session of Parliament to pass a law by which women can be arrested on capias.

The cost of widening St. Roch street is estimated at \$1,733 and is divided between forty-five proprietors.

Delicious—Such is the verdict given by smokers as to the taste and quality of Monette's mixture. For a cool smoke and solid comfort it cannot be rivalled. Corner St. Sulpice and Notre Dame streets, opposite French Cathedral.

The Sabbath School anniversary of St. Gabriel Presbyterian Church will be held on Friday evening next at 7.30.

The annual meeting of St. Gabriel Presbyterian Church will be held on Wednesday evening next at 8 o'clock.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents

A social and annual missionary prayer meeting of Erskine Presbyterian Church will be held on Wednesday evening next at 8 o'clock.

A public meeting of Trinity Church Association will be held in the lecture hall of the church on Friday evening next at 8 o'clock.

Silver-mounted walking sticks, also riding whips and musicians' batons, are being closed out at exactly half price at S. Carley's, during the annual January cheap sale. See to-day's advertisement.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents

At the social prayer meeting in Emmanuel Congregational Church, on Wednesday evening next, special reference will be made to Sunday School work.

A message from Coteau Landing states that Miss Jack was seen in the village yesterday but left by train for Val-d'Or. The report is not given much credit.

The commissioners for widening Notre Dame street are making a personal inspection of all the properties and are giving close attention to each.

Mothers are especially invited to be present at the White Cross meeting to be held on Monday evening, as something will be said which will be of interest to them.

Those desiring a genuine bargain in a piano would do well to call at No. 2282 St. Catherine street, as Mr. Geo. J. Sheppard is disposing of the balance of his holiday stock at greatly reduced prices. Reliable parties will be liberally treated regarding terms of payment. Large discount for cash.

The Montreal Gas Company is being sued for \$800 by Mr. J. Brown, of Bishop street, who claims that his family were injured by an escape of gas.

The steamship Powerful, which has been grounded in the river for some time past, was floated yesterday and safely conveyed to winter quarters.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents.

The Visiting Governors of the Montreal General Hospital for the week commencing Monday, January 13th, will be Messrs. James Shearer, Esq., and E. F. Ames, Esq.

Mr. Joseph Prevost, the Recorder's Court clerk, died yesterday after a short illness of three days. He was attacked with influenza, which turned to pneumonia, but his death was quite unexpected.

The Treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following sums:—\$20 from St. Mathias Church, Cote St. Antoine, being part of Christmas collection, per Rev. J. A. Newham; \$10 from Mr. Thomas Fraser.

The Canadian Office and School Furniture Company, also Messrs. Guggisberg Bros., of Preston, have appointed me their sole agent in Montreal for their Celebrated Desks. A complete stock always on hand at lowest factory prices. Inspection solicited. H. NIGHTINGALE, 7 and 9 St. John street. Bell Telephone 1691.

The firm of J. P. S. Ross & Sons is about to make a change; Mr. Philip S. Ross and Mr. Wm. G. Ross, going out of the business, which is now being carried on by Mr. James G. Ross, of the old firm, and Mr. Alexander F. C. Ross, under the firm name of Philip S. Ross & Sons.

The electors of Longueuil are preparing for the municipal contest, which comes off in the first week of February. Mayor Pierre Brail, it is said, will be opposed by Mr. Michel Viger, or Mr. L. G. Morin, while Mr. Leon Viger will be a candidate in opposition to Mr. Ovide Dufresne. No opposition is yet known to Councilor Lalonde.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents.

The annual congregational meeting of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church will be held on Monday evening, January 13, at 8 o'clock, and the Young Men's Missionary and Literary Association on Tuesday evening, January 14, at 8.15 o'clock. Lecture by Charles M. Holt on "The two races in Canada; or, the minority position in this Province."

Major-General O. O. Howard, of the United States army, has been invited by the Young Men's Christian Association to speak at their anniversary on Tuesday evening, January 21st; also the Rev. James Henderson, of St. James Methodist Church.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents.

The Board of Revisors held another short session yesterday. Two applications, made too late, had to be refused. The meeting then adjourned until Monday morning. The business is believed to be virtually over, but the law compels the revisors to sit until the full term is completed, according to the new charter.

The Water Department has lost one of its oldest employees through death in the person of Mr. J. B. Beauchamp, at the age of 76 years. He was hydrant inspector and employed by the city since it purchased the first waterworks in 1845. In fact, he was one of the engineers of

the original company, which had its engine-house on Frimpon street at the corner of Water street, and then took water direct from the river, which company the city bought out for \$50,000 in the above year.

L'Electeur says: "We rejoice at the result of the election for mayor in Toronto. The Equal Rights Association, in order to revenge itself because Mayor Clarke had caused the aggressors of Archbishop Walsh to be punished, provided opposition to him. The Equal Rights candidate was beaten by more than 1000 votes. This is a proof that though there is plenty of fanaticism in the columns of the Mail, there is none in the heart of the Protestant population of Toronto."

The following notice has been posted up in the Prothonotary's office: "The Prothonotary having perceived that in spite of his appeals to the sentiments of honour and fairness of the employees of the office, a number of those same employees profited by his absence to loiter and to read newspapers during office hours, the personal of newspapers or other literature, excepting what may form part of their work, is henceforth positively prohibited in this office; and no employee will be allowed to have papers to his address delivered to him in this office."

Canadian Pacific Portland Sleeping Cars.—Few people are aware that the Canadian Pacific Railway is running through sleeping cars to Portland daily except Saturdays via the White Mountain route on their train leaving Windsor street station at 8.15 p.m. This is a great improvement on the winter service to Portland of previous years. 9,11,13J

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FURS FOR PRESENTS.
We offer the finest and richest furs for Christmas and New Year's Presents.

When you want to please your friends by giving them Christmas and New Year's presents, why not give them something useful as well as ornamental. We have the finest and richest lines in Persian lamb, seal, sea otter, natural otter, Alaska, beaver, bokers, astrachan, Russian lamb, wild cat, etc., in short, every kind of fur that you could ask for, we have in large quantities. Come and see the large selection of furs, the richness and the superior quality of our skins. All the work is done in our own establishment, under our eyes, superintended with care and guaranteed in every respect. Give some article in fur for a present; it would be the most pleasing and the richest you could make. Do not forget the great fur store.

CHAS. DESJARDINS & Co.,
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CHURCHES.

Church of the Messiah—Rev. Wm. S. Barnes will preach at both morning and evening services.

Protestant House of Industry and Home, Longue Pointe—On Sunday Jan. 12th, 1899, divine service will be conducted by Mr. Alex. McArthur, at 2.30 o'clock p.m.

St. James Methodist Church, corner St. Catherine and City Council streets, Rev. James Henderson, pastor. The pastor will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School and Bible classes at 9.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.

St. Paul's Church, Dorchester street—The Rev. James Barclay, M.A., will officiate at all the services. Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock; Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock; Young Men's Association—Sunday morning at 10.15, Sunday-school and Barley's Young Men's class at 3 p.m.

Emmanuel Church (Congregational), St. James street, corner St. Catherine and St. George, H. G. Tibbory, of Vergennes, Vt., will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School and Bible classes at 9.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. All are cordially welcome.

The Advent Christian Congregation, Assembly Hall, 226 St. Catherine street, Elder Wm. G. Robertson, officiating. Subject: "The Christian Gospel to man in contrast with the terrorism of Paganism."

Christ street Presbyterian Church—Services commence at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The Rev. A. MacKay, D.D., the pastor, will preach in the forenoon and the Rev. Professor Springer, M.A., in the evening. Sabbath school and Bible classes at 3 p.m.

Church of St. James the Apostle—Holy communion at 8 a.m. Morning service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Choral service at 4.15. Sunday School and Bible class at 3 p.m. The collection will be for Foreign Missions, Sunday-school and Bible class for both sexes, at 3 p.m. Canon Ellegood, rector.

St. Gabriel Church—Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., the pastor, will conduct Divine service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Choral service at 4.15. Sunday-school and Bible class at 3 p.m. to which all are invited, not attending elsewhere. Sabbath school anniversary Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

First Baptist Church—Rev. E. K. Cressy, 11 a.m. "A Solid Efficient Church," 3 p.m. Subject: "The subject of the Bible class," subject, "Warning ourselves by the world's lies. Strangers made welcome and shown where to sit."

St. Stephen's Church, College street, corner of Inspector—First Sunday in Epiphany. Divine service: Morning, at 11. Evening, at 7. Choral service at 4.15. Sunday-school and Bible class at 3 p.m. Rev. Archdeacon Evans, M.A., Rector.

St. John's Church, St. Denis street, opposite Viger square—1st Sunday after Epiphany. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Preacher, Rev. Canon Mills, D.D. Sunday school and Bible class for adults at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Preacher, Rev. E. A. W. King, M.A. All invited.

St. Andrew's Church (Church of Scotland)—Morning service at 11. Subject, "The King and Master." Evening service at 7 o'clock. Subject, "Achan—Patron of Political Loafing." Rev. J. Edgar Hill, M.A., B.D. Young men's class, 10.15 a.m. Young women's class, 3 p.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m.

St. Bartholomew's (Reformed Episcopal), Beaver Hall Hill—Morning service at a.m.; subject of sermon, "The Magi." Evening service at 7 p.m.; subject, "Joseph a Pattern to Young Men." Preacher at both services, Rev. Charles Tully, F.R.G.S., F.S.S.C. (London). Bible class and Sunday school at 3 p.m. Strangers welcome at all services.

St. Martin's Church, Upper St. Urbain street, Rev. G. Osborne-Troop, M.A., Rector. First Sunday after Epiphany. 9 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., morning prayer and psalm; 3 p.m., Sunday school; 7 p.m., evening prayer and sermon. Preacher at both services, the Rector.

Christ Church Cathedral—First Sunday after Epiphany—9 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., morning prayer, psalm, and hymns; 3 p.m., choral litany and choral service; 7.05 p.m., evening service. All seats free at 7 p.m. Rev. J. G. Norton, D. D., Rector of Montreal.

Erskine Church (Presbyterian) corner of St. Catherine and Peel streets, the Rev. L. J. Jordan, M.A., B.D., pastor. Public services as follows: 11 a.m., public worship, preacher, the pastor; 3 p.m., Sunday school; 7 p.m., pastor's bible class; 7 p.m., public worship, preacher, the pastor. Topic of morning discourse, "Prophecy Brought to the Present Day." "Paul's Thorns" in the Evening. Strangers are cordially invited.

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.

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

WHAT THE DOMINION ALLIANCE WILL DISCUSS.

The following are among some of the questions to be discussed at the annual meeting of the Dominion Alliance on Tuesday first:

1. What provincial legislation is necessary?
 2. What counties should Scott Act agitation be begun?
 3. How may a more thorough enforcement of the liquor laws be secured?
 4. The Alliance platform for political action—can it be improved? and how?
 5. Should total abstinence be a necessary qualification for candidates to receive the support of the Alliance?
 6. What work has been done by county alliances during the past year, and what is proposed for the present?
 7. What should be done this year in the matter of liquor?
 8. What in regard to license opposition?
 9. What in reference to the coffee house movement?
 10. How may the press be influenced to give more attention to our work?
 11. What are our encouragements and what our discouragements?
 12. Are prohibitionists fools?
- The conferences will begin at 10 a.m. The election of officers is timed for about 2 p.m., and at 4 Mrs. Lathrap will speak. The public meeting in the evening will be addressed by Mrs. Lathrap.

\$100 REWARD.

On Dec. 18th a few minutes before 6 p.m. a sleigh belonging to Dominion Express Company, containing about 30 packages of miscellaneous merchandise, was driven away from in front of John Maclean & Co.'s on Recollet street while the driver was inside receiving for a shipment, and contents of sleigh stolen. The packages consisted in part of cigars, tobacco, pipes, cigars, lined kid gloves, brass, ladies' gloves, ribbon, gent's pocket handkerchiefs, small pieces of plush, pongee and China silk (assorted colors), shoes, etc.

The Dominion Express Co. offer a reward of \$100 for information leading to the recovery of the goods and conviction of the thieves.

Please communicate with S. T. Stewart, Sept. 226 St. James street. e 7

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PRESENTATION TO MR. GEO. W. SWETT,

Manager of the Windsor Hotel.

The employees of our palace hotel, the Windsor, celebrated the second anniversary of Mr. Swett's return to the management by presenting him with a beautiful beveled plate glass cabinet finished in brass and surmounted with a top of highly polished Mexican onyx, inside, on shelves, were two vases, and on the top was a large Royal Berlin vase, one of the finest art productions ever imported in Montreal. The ladies ordinary was the scene of the presentation, where the employees assembled, and as the thing had been kept very quiet, when he was inveigled round to the room to find it filled with the donors and all in the centre of the room the present, standing some five feet high, placed upon it. The address, from the artistic pen of Messrs. Somerville, Benalick & Co., was simply beautiful and was surrounded by a silver frame of unique design, inside of which was a band of enameled wood with scroll work of leaves running through it. The address was read by Mr. W. G. Ross, who, in a short speech, spoke for Mr. Swett's good qualities and expressed warm wishes for his and his family's welfare.

Mr. Swett made a suitable reply of thanks, and wished that the present good feeling would long continue, after which three cheers were given for Mr. Swett.

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ROAD COMMITTEE.

The Work Out for It by the City Surveyor.

A special meeting of the Road Committee is to be held this morning for the purpose of considering the report of the City Surveyor on permanent works. Mr. St. George and Mr. Barlow were closeted together yesterday putting the finishing touches on it. It is a comprehensive document and recommends the paving of about 130 streets or parts. They are as follows:—

Wood Blocks on Concrete.—St. Catherine, from Harbor street to Atwater avenue, except a bit of block stone on the hill between Mance and Bligny; Ontario and Berthelet streets, from Frontenac to Peel; Craig, completion from Notre Dame to St. James; Victoria square; St. James, McGill to Bonaventure station; DeBroses, Lefoy, St. Dizer, St. Lawrence, Craig to Sherbrooke, except hills, which are block stone; the rest of St. Lawrence, from Mount Royal avenue to be paved as soon as widened; to St. Denis, from Craig to Sherbrooke, except block stone on hills; Palace street; east and south sides of Dominion square, etc.

Blockstone—Notre Dame, from Frontenac to Papineau square; Albert, from Chabouillet square to Mountain street; Mountain, from St. Antoine Market to Dorchester; McCord throughout; Wellington, from bridge to crossing; Brennan; Prince, Queen, King, Grey, N. McGill (foot of); Youville, Normand, St. Peter, Founding, Berri (below Notre Dame), St. Paul (east of Bonsecours market), Geoffroy, Bonsecours, Lacroix, Delormier avenue, (Craig to Ontario), Papineau road (hills only), as well as the hills on Amherst, St. Andre, St. Hubert, St. Urbain, Bleury, University and Windsor streets; Ottawa (throughout), St. Patrick (do) and Centre (do).

Wood blocks on plank foundations.—St. Luke, Closse, Essex avenues, Sussex, Seymour, Quiblier, Fort, Baile, Tupper, St. Mark, Towers, St. Matthew, Mackay, Bishop, Crescent, Mountain (above Dorchester), Drummond to (Sherbrooke) Stanley, Peel (Dorchester to Sherbrooke); Metcalfe, Mansfield (Dorchester to Sherbrooke), McGill College avenue, Victoria, University to Milton, Union square, Prince Arthur, stone blocks; Union avenue, Hanover, Brunswick, Belmont, Beaver Hall square and Place, Cathcart, Phillips square, Shuter, Lorne avenue, Prince Arthur, Durocher, Bag, Courville, Mance, St. Famille, St. Ursin (to Pine avenue), stone blocks on hill; Cadioux (Sherbrooke to Mount Royal avenue), Rachel (Papineau Road to St. Lawrence), Laval avenue (throughout) St. Louis square, Young, Colborne, Shannon, Ann, Dalhousie, Nazareth, Duke, St. Denis (above Sherbrooke) Cherrier, St. Hubert, Berri, St. Christophe, St. Andre, Dubord, Lagachetiere (part of), Dorchester (part of), Amherst, Mignonne (East of St. Denis), Plessis, Maisonneuve, Champlain, Papineau square, Papineau road, Fullon, Dufresne, Pompat, Iverville, Suzanne, Frontenac (to Ontario) Desery and Champ de Mars street.

Asphalt—Sherbrooke throughout, from Logan's Park (S.W. corner) to St. Mark street.

street; Park avenue, from Sherbrooke to Pine avenue, Dorchester West; St. Lawrence (except hills, which are block stone), Dominion square (west side), Osborne, Donegan, Chabouillet square, Recollet, St. Helen, Lemoine, St. Peter (Commissioners to Notre Dame) St. Paul (McGill to Bonsecours market) St. Vincent and St. Therese streets.

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CANADIAN DAY TELEGRAMS

QUEBEC, Jan. 10.—The cold wave which struck the city on Wednesday still continues. The thermometer ranged from 16 to 22 below zero in different parts of the city this morning.

Nap. McCready, general merchant, of St. Romuald, has made an assignment.

LEAMINGTON, Ont., Jan. 10.—About midnight last night fire broke out in W. C. Coulson's hardware store, and before it could be got under control two of the finest business blocks in town had been destroyed. The building occupied by Mr. Coulson was owned by Mr. Foster.

Loss on building, \$5,000; insured for \$2,000. Coulson's loss on stock, \$10,000; insured for \$5,500. Dunbar Bros. loss \$5,000 on building; insured for \$2,500; on stock, \$5,000; insured for \$1,500. The Mechanics Institute occupied a portion of the upper part of Dunbar's building.

TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 10.—Alarie LaRoche who was arrested yesterday by Detective Davis, together with Emma Seguin, on a charge of stealing \$800, was today sent back to Montreal. The woman was discharged.

There was a somewhat serious fire this morning at four o'clock at the Adamant Manufacturing Company's place on East Esplanade street. The stock was badly damaged, but the building was saved. Both were insured. The damage was about fifteen thousand dollars.

PERTH, Ont., Jan. 10.—The ladies of St. John's Church, Catholic, will hold a bazaar in aid of the funds of the church in the Town Hall of Perth during the week beginning Monday, January 13th. The Mayor will formally open it with an address and other prominent gentlemen will deliver addresses each evening as follows: On Tuesday evening, Mr. Edward Elliott; on Wednesday evening, Mr. Duncan Kippen; on Thursday evening, Mr. F. T. Frost. On Friday evening a watch and ring will be presented by the Mayor to the successful winners. A promenade concert with music, vocal and instrumental, will be given each evening. A great many articles are ready for sale and disposal, and refreshments in plenty will be provided. The public are cordially invited.

OTTAWA, Ont., Jan. 10.—In consequence of the heavy traffic west of this point on the C.P.R., the "800" express is again seven hours late to-day. Passengers say the service is completely demoralized by the freight.

Hon. Geo. Foster has been slightly indisposed since his return from the East, but he is slightly better to-day and expects to be present at the Cabinet Council this afternoon.

Sir John Macdonald's health is fully restored.

Archbishop Duhamel is now quite well again.

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If You Have a Cough,

Do not neglect it. It should be loosened as soon as possible, and to do this nothing excels Haysard's Pectoral Balm. Obsolete coughs yield at once to its expectorant, soothing and healing properties, while colds, hoarseness, whooping cough, asthma, etc., are promptly relieved by its perfect action on the throat and bronchial tubes.

Archbishop Duhamel is now quite well again.

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For sale, to let or exchange for City Property situated on the shore of Lake Meagham, within 15 minutes of Depot and rising to a height of 100 feet. Large garden, all in one tract. Large garage, house, ice house, poultry house, etc. Water in house and stables. Drainage perfect. Every convenience. Property known as Lakeside, beautifully situated, surrounded by shrubbery and shady groves; 25 acres in extent. Terms easy. Good fishing. Apply to

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Real Estate and General Auctioneers.
204 St. James street.

NOTICE is hereby given that the persons mentioned hereafter: George Wind Parent, real estate agent, Michael Carroll, gentleman, George Joseph Parent, Medical Student, Michael Daniel Carroll, accountant, Raymond Prefontaine, advocate, all of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, in a body, petitioned the Legislature of Quebec, at its next Session, in order to obtain an act of incorporation, constituting them in a body, public and corporate under the name of MONTREAL SOUTH & LONGUEUIL COMPANY, for the following objects:

1. To construct, establish, and maintain, in the Parish of Longueuil, in the said Province of Quebec, and the neighbourhood thereof, a system of Water-Works, and Lighting by Gas and Electricity.
2. To construct, establish, and maintain, in the said place and its neighbourhood, a system of Tramways by Steam, Electricity and Cable, at the surface of the ground, or elevated on trestle work, with power of crossing over the St. Lawrence river, at such place, where it is not navigable, between Longueuil and St. Helens Island, on an iron bridge, or masonry, resting on the bottom of the said river.

The capital of the said Company to be of two hundred thousand (200,000) dollars, divided in ten thousand (10,000) shares, of twenty (20) dollars each.

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JAMES THOMSON

begs to inform his friends and the public

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May 15.

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NEW YORK GOSSIP.

The Grippe—The Gondoliers at the Park Theatre—Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's Latest—Personal Notes—The Struggle for Immortality—A Masterful Series of Essays—The Winter Fashions—A Green Cloth Suit—A Fancy Basque—The Blouse Waist—Zouave Fronts—Latest Whims—New Frames—Other Notions.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE HERALD.

Thursday, Jan. 9, 1890.

The less I say about the "grippe" the better, for talking does not mend matters, and I presume that this unpleasant epidemic might be worse, only, and this is *entre nous*,—it would require a big stretch of the imagination for it to be more malign. I do not know of a family some member of which has not been, or is not attacked by this peculiar influenza. It becomes some physicians to stoutly deny that the disease exists, and in the very hearing of sneezing and coughing they will strictly claim "there's nothing in it." But the death rates tell the story, and this dread state is often the end. Still I'll talk no more, but go on with the latest news concerning comic opera.

THE GONDOLIERS.

of Gilbert and Sullivan are here and are in playing and singing order at the Park Theatre under Mr. A. Palmer. The troupe consists of D'Oyley Carte's new company numbering fifty-two members, considered by Mr. Hubert Brook, the manager for Mr. Carte, the best that the latter gentleman has ever brought together, predicting for Miss Palliser an especial triumph. She is an American girl fresh from her Italian teacher and with enough experience in her Savoy theatre engagement to give her a desirable confidence.

"The Gondoliers, or the King of Barataria," is said to have proved a greater success in London than "The Mikado," which was so cordially received by Americans; and this latest achievement may also be crowned with success from a "box-office-point-of-view." And this is the test. As large an audience as could force its way into the now transformed Park theatre assembled on Wednesday evening, and again on Wednesday evening, and the unstinted applause showed their appreciation of Sir Arthur's catchy melodies, and of Mr. Gilbert's dialogue, situations, scenes and fanciful personages. The scene passes in Venice, at no specified time. The nobility of Italy are mildly satirized, they using their influence and station to further their own ends, as it is done all over the world.

This latest work of the two named gentlemen is inferior to their other combined efforts, but there may be reason in it. Among the notable airs is a pretty solo, "When a Merry Maiden Marries," an ensemble in the second act, "We will Dance a Cachucha," Giavetta's song, "Woman's Heart is One with Woman's Hand," and the quartet, "A Regular Royal Queen." The score is fluent and catchy, but the instrumentation is very thin, it may be aiming at simplicity, and when we consider what Sir Arthur is capable of, we are quite sure the musician has something of this kind in view. The company are not yet at their best, and it will require some little time to get acclimated. Our country is dreadful at this season for the foreign voice.

PERSONAL.

Paul Blount ("Max O'Rell") is in New York, at the Everett House, having arrived on Sunday. He comes over to lecture, and to write another book.

The different members of the Vanderbilt family who are members of St. Bartholomew's Church, gave their rector, the Rev. Dr. Greer, for a Christmas present, a paid-up life insurance policy on the endowment plan for \$50,000.

Dr. James R. Taylor, of this city, has had his ample fortune lately augmented by receiving some \$20,000 through the demise of an uncle of his deceased wife. The fortune comes from the "Land o' Cakes," the native heath of the imposing-looking and gallant doctor.

THE STRUGGLE FOR IMMORTALITY.

by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, consists of seven essays bound together in book form and published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Several of these essays are reprinted from "The North American Review" and "The Forum." The author's opening essay—What is a fact?—is thoroughly handled and aptly defined. For the sake of positive and negative, the author carries on an argument between "Believer and Unbeliever." Believer gets the better at every point. "He who believes has always the advantage over him who believes little or nothing. Faith is the positive, as skepticism is a negative. He who affirms intelligently and earnestly carries by a sheer moral propulsion, as irresistible as the channel of Niagara, a power, not unlike the primal arm of Nature over him who denies. . . . There is a form of the mental life which we call spiritual. This is the highest, as it is the finest, phase of the mystery that we name existence. . . . As the physical life is revealed by its outward facts, so the mental life possesses its expression, so the spiritual life has its manifestation. This is a fact. As such it is to be respected. . . . Like the life physical, like the life intellectual, the spiritual life, while yet confessing an interdependence upon these other forms of life, possesses, like them, an individual existence. . . . A broken physical law involves its penalty. A denied intellectual law implies a punishment. A defied spiritual law presumes its retribution. . . . We who have certain certain spiritual facts, God is one of these facts. The immortality of human souls is another. The hope of a happy life everlasting is to be counted. . . . He who has not sought to develop his spiritual nature is a half educated creature. Spiritual power is the flower of the human growth. In spiritual character we find the highest, finest and most complex form of the species. All other nature, whether physical or mental, is embryonic to spiritual nature. Spiritual culture is the culmination of human education.

The essay "Is God Good?" is masterly. The reader is reasonably answered; some portions of the argument are eloquently portrayed, and at every point one feels sure ground under one's feet. Says the author: "Is God Good?" If aspiration has no perfect blossom, if power no mellow fruit, if hope no sound justification, if denial never becomes delight; if love never turns to ecstasy; if despair knows no resurrection, and purity no assured vitality, and faith no throne, no, to the last breath, no. Is there love at the heart of the world? Is there love in love? Is there joy in this law. Yes, if the blighted seed of our experience be sown to the blessed harvest of another. Yes, if time be a cipher to

which eternity gives the key. Yes, if the virile hope of a life without an end be the measure of the mystery of the splendour of the truth. Yes, if he who permitted this world has promised the other. Yes, at the strain of extremity, in the blackness of darkness, to the last outcry of endurance and the last throb of belief—Yes!"

Every essay is equally well handled, and in the author's strong and, sometimes, terse style, she carries hope and confirmation at the point of the pen. Facts are wrought in clear and concise reasonings; there is nothing pedantic, therefore the ordinarily educated person may imbibe and digest points in "The Struggle for Immortality" that will very materially add to his happiness.

THE WINTER FASHIONS.

A new winter coat made of dark-green cloth, trimmed with black braid passementerie and pointed and fringed braid ornaments, has the backs fitted by side-back gores, and a centre seam that ends at the top of an under-rolled double box-plait; and each side-back seam disappears at the top of extra width that is underfolded in two backward-turning plaits, this arrangement of the fulness forming the backs into two double box-plaits on the outside. The fronts are fitted by under-arm darts, and are gathered at their upper edges for a short distance back of the front edges, which are turned under for hems. The upper edges of the fronts are joined to the lower edges of the pointed yokes, which is extended to overlap the yokes, its ends being joined in a line with the centre seam.

The fulness of the fronts is collected below the waist line in four forward turning plaits at each side of the closing, and over the plaits is placed a fringed braid ornament. Beneath the fronts are under-fronts, which are of basque depth and are fitted by single bust darts; their upper edges pass into the shoulder seams, and their back edges are sewed to the under-arm darts. The under-fronts are closed with buttons and button-holes and the yokes with hooks and loops. The yoke is handsomely trimmed with pointed braid passementerie ornaments that are deepest at the centre of the front and back, the points turning upward. At the neck is a high standing collar trimmed with braid passementerie; and the stylish bell-shaped sleeves are each gathered at the upper edge across the top and trimmed at the lower part, when they flare gracefully with ornaments which point upward.

The coat will develop handsomely in any of the light weight coatings, such as cloth, diagonal, chevot, camel's hair cloth, broadcloth, etc., and braid passementerie, fancy ornaments, etc., will supply the trimming. A handsome coat may be made of army-blue cloth, with black cord-passementerie and pointed ornaments for trimming.

A BASQUE OF GOLDEN-BROWN

dress goods and trimmed with velvet ribbon and braid passementerie ornaments of a darker shade, has full fronts which are arranged upon fronts of lining closely fitted by double bust darts, turned under for hems at their front edges and closed down the centre with hooks and loops; and their fulness is drawn toward the centre by these forward turning plaits that are folded in the lower edge of each side of the closing and spread becomingly above with the fashionable full corsage effect.

FANCY ZOUAVE FRONTS

open over the full fronts in jacket style, and their fulness is prettily collected by the three small plaits upturned in the front edge of each at the bust, where the Zouave fronts are closed with a hook and eye. A rosette of narrow velvet ribbon is placed over the closing, and braid passementerie-ornaments are applied along the front edges of the Zouave fronts above the plaits and continued across the backs below the collar.

Under-arm and side-gores of a well fitted centre complete the adjustment, and the lower edge of the basque arches high over the hips and is pointed at the centre of the front and back. The fronts are outlined at the lower edge by two rows of velvet ribbon, and a rosette of ribbon is placed over the point below the closing. The upper portion of each sleeve is much larger at the top than its coat-shaped lining and is tacked to the lining to produce a puff effect upon the shoulder. Each sleeve is encircled at the wrist by three rows of velvet ribbon fastened together on the upper side beneath a rosette of the same. At the neck is a standing collar. A basque of this description will make up well in many reasonable dress goods, and may be developed either as part of a stylish costume or in a combination of fabrics that will accord with several skirts. The fashion is well suited to nearly all popular styles of draping and will also unite effectively with full, round skirts without draperies.

Handsone contrasts may be effected by making the Zouave fronts of velvet, armure or embossed or broadcloth silk, and the remainder of the basque of a soft silken or woollen texture in a lighter shade or contrasting colour. Bullion passementerie, embroidered galleons, fancy braids and ribbons, beaded ornaments, Vandyke laces, etc., are appropriate garnitures, and they may be applied according to fancy on the Zouave fronts, the visible portion of the fronts, the collar, sleeves, etc. The sleeves may be of velvet when the rest of the garment is of cloth.

THE BLOUSE WAIST.

Old-rose dress goods, a darker shade of velvet and white China silk are associated, velvet and metal braid forming the trimmings. The waist may be made of plain and Oriental suit goods, with the latter for trimmings. The full, low-necked fronts are turned under at the top, and shirred to form a frill, the fulness being disposed in six forward turning plaits at each side of the waistline. Bodice sections that extend to the waist-line are turned under at the front edges for hems, and three shirrings are made in the lower part of each section back of the hem; the bodice sections are mounted on the low-necked fronts, disclosing them in V-shaped outline. Both fronts and bodice sections are arranged over fronts of lining, that reach to the waist-line and are fitted by double bust darts and closed invisibly, and the exposed parts of the fronts are faced with oriental goods in round-yoke outline. The full, low-necked back is turned under at the top and shirred to form a frill, and the fulness at the waistline is disposed in four backward-turning plaits at each side of the centre. The back is mounted on backs of lining that reach to the waist-line, and are faced above the full back with oriental goods, with round-yoke effect. The plaits are tacked to the lining below which they are completed by under-arm and side-back gores. At the neck is a high standing collar. Each of the full sleeves, which are arranged over coat-shaped linings, is gathered at the upper and lower edges, the lower edge being sewed flatly to the lining, which is faced below with oriental goods; and the upper part of the sleeve is tacked to

the lining several times, to produce a carelessly wrinkled effect. The waist is encircled by a belt, the ends of which are closed with hooks and eyes.

LATEST WHIMS.

Picture frames now represent the "Metals," usually imitating some kind of bronze or silver.

The metals are run alone or combined with different woods.

The rage for frames of pure white, or white relieved by gold or silver, has called out a pretty line of compositions representing ivory. The frames made of these goods are frequently carved with such delicacy as to leave the real material no advantage in appearance.

Of the woods used, chestnut is the popular favourite at present, although oak is a good rival.

Toilet sets are not boxed at present. Instead of having a complete set a number of odd pieces are scattered about the face cloth that drapes the dressing table.

Piano lamps are shaded with adjustable paravents of lace, feathers and flowers, which can be removed or closed at will. British colors have taken the place of the black mantle for indoor wear.

With white cloth a red lining is used and gold embroidery along the edge.

Some ball-room toilets of transparent cloth are made over accordion-plated silk skirts.

Dr. Scott's electric hair-curler produces the "Vida style," the "Pattibang," the "Montague" curl, and any other form desired by ladies wearing their hair in the fashionable loose and fluffy mode.

BERKELEY BANKER.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents.

"LA GRIPPE" OR LIGHTNING CATARRH

MR. EDITOR—"La grippe," or Russian influenza, as it is termed, is in reality an epidemic catarrh, and is called by some physicians "lightning catarrh," from the rapidity with which it sweeps over the country. Allow us to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that Nasal Balm, as well as being a thorough cure for all cases of the ordinary cold in head and catarrh, will give prompt relief in even the most severe cases of "la grippe" or Russian influenza, as it will effectually clear the nasal passages, allay irritation and relieve the dull, oppressive headache accompanying the disease. No family should be without a bottle of Nasal Balm in the house, as cold in the head and catarrh are peculiarly liable to attack people at this season of the year, and Nasal Balm is the only prompt and speedy cure for these troubles ever offered the public. Easy to use and agreeable. If you cannot get it at your dealers it will be sent post free on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1 per bottle) by addressing

FELFORD & CO.,

Brockville, Ont.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

Interesting Items Gleaned from Exchange.

Mr. Macker, of Sweetsbury, boasts of having killed a bronze turkey, weighing 36 pounds dressed, for his Christmas dinner. Next!

Cowanville Observer:—One of Cedric Vaughan's ducks was killed one night and he set a trap the next night, and he caught an owl by the toe nails, that measured over five feet from tip to tip. The owl has got to get up early that takes in Ced Vaughan.

St. John's News:—An important judgment was rendered by Judge Chartand, Revising Officer of this county, last week. It was to the effect that soldiers in our military schools, having no local habitation or no property interest here, were not qualified to exercise their franchise in this constituency, and therefore had no right to be inscribed on the electoral list. He ordered the removal of the names of those so inscribed.

While Stillman Patch, a boy of twelve years of age, was sliding with a lot of girls on a pair of "bobbies" down a hill at Millington, they ran into a ditch, and one of his arms was put out of joint at the shoulder, the other arm broke above the elbow; his elbow and arm near the wrist, fractured. Dr. McGowen, of Knowlton, repaired the damages.

A very painful accident, whereby Mr. Luke Phoenix lost his life, occurred on the Jesse Martin farm, near Dunham, on Monday. Little is known as to how the accident happened, but it is stated that while Mr. Phoenix was bathing a galled spot on his stallion with a healing preparation, the animal, not being securely headed, struck him a heavy blow on the head which felled him to the floor, where he was found afterwards by the hired man and taken to the house. A doctor was immediately sent for, but before his arrival death had intervened and relieved the sufferings of the wounded man. Great sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family.

Smoke Hand-Made Cigar, Nectar, 5 Cents.

SAD FATALITY.

An Intoxicated Man Falls and Breaks His Neck.

The Huntington Gleaner reports a deplorable event took place at Dundee on Saturday night, the 28th ult. One Hiram Stephens, who resided on Drum street, a little west of the village of Fort Covington, came to the hotel there somewhat intoxicated, about eight o'clock in the evening. He wanted more liquor, but was refused, nor did he get any from the hotel people, but, through another person, it is said, he got a drink or two. About ten o'clock he went out by the front door of the hotel, and some fifteen minutes after was found lying on the sidewalk as to the dislocation of the neck. There was a cut over the eye, a bruise on the cheek bone, and the upper lip was cut open on the right side of the face. To gain further particulars an inquest was held on Tuesday, the 31st ult., when it was proved that he got liquor from the Stafford House, kept by Thomas Lee, late of Cavazville, but there was no proof of his getting anything from any one connected with the International hotel at Dundee. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental death by dislocation of the neck from a fall. The deceased was about 35 years of age and had been addicted to drink for a number of years, much to the detriment of his wife and children. Of the latter, there are seven, all of tender age.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED ABOUT.

J. B. Shapleigh, a Justice of the Peace at Great Falls, N.H., has been in office continuously for fifty-three years.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps announces the early publication of "a sacred novel." It is entitled "Come Forth; a Novel of the Time of Christ."

Edward Atkinson declares that the annual production of eggs in this country equals in money value the country's annual total production of iron.

Gov. Brackett is so well pleased with the working of the Australian ballot system in Massachusetts that he wants it extended to the primary elections.

Sophia, Crown Princess of Greece, is astonishing and delighting the Athenians with her artistic talent, which she doubtless inherits from her accomplished mother.

President Diaz is said to be a silent partner in large marble quarries in Mexico, the active manager of which has lately sold to the Government \$10,000 worth of marble for \$90,000.

Mr. Stanley long ago received the freedom of the City of London, but not the golden casket in which the parchment is contained. That will be presented to him on his return this month.

Dr. Talmage is to be welcomed home upon his arrival, about Feb. 1, by a great public meeting in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, over which the Mayor will be asked to preside.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, granddaughter of the novelist, is the latest member of the family to join the ranks of writers. She wrote a Christmas story this year entitled "A Social Success."

Edmund C. Stedman, the poet, says that the grippe is a result of vapors through which our planet is passing on its way around its orbit. He contends that the greater the elevation the worse the grippe.

The Rev. Hober C. Newton told his congregation Sunday that a distinguished rector once said: "To be successful in the ministry in New York requires somewhat of the grace of God, but also a little spice of the devil."

Mr. Gladstone is at work upon six important articles for magazines, one of them being a critical review of Lord Tennyson's poems. A great literary man was spoiled when Mr. Gladstone became a statesman.

Mrs. Sophie Brindle was taken to a New York hospital on the certificate of a physician that she was suffering from a case of "genuine Russian grip." Further investigation developed that which was merely an aggravated case of alcoholism.

Rabbi Stern, of Washington, in a lecture referred to the faith of the Indian as being nearly identical with that of the Israelite, and said that in treatment the same fate had overtaken them in being driven from their possessions.

Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota has the only herd of buffaloes now in existence. There are fifteen animals in the herd and they are corralled on a farm about four miles from Yankton at the end of a railroad built by him and used by the public for excursions.

Paul du Chailu, the author and traveler, is a small, round-shouldered man about 52 years old. He is far from good-looking, but has a vivacity of manner and brightness in his conversation which make the listener forget his want of good looks.

Gilbert Wooding is experiencing something of the greatness that is thrust upon some men. He is the colored man who owned the hog that President Harrison is said to (and also not to) have shot in mistake for a coon on his Virginia gunning trip. Wooten is now a big man down around Chippewa Creek.

Nellie and Hattie Cook, aged 14 and 16 years respectively, daughters of Lyman Cook, of Smith County, Kansas, husked 1,000 bushels of corn for their father this fall, for which he paid \$25, having agreed to pay them two and a half cents a bushel for all they would husk.

QUATERMAIN'S WIFE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Author of "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "A Tale of Three Lions," "Allan Quatermain," "She," "Jess," etc.)

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS 3 and 4

CHAPTER III.—Details the start of the expedition. Quatermain describes his first elephant hunt.

CHAPTER IV.—Quatermain discovered a large body of Zulus, and was surprised by two of their scouts. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he shot both of them and retreated. The Zulus had been following a party of Dutch Boers, consisting of seventeen or eighteen men, their women and children, and a large number of cattle, with which they were removing to the north. For which they were removing to the north. For which they were removing to the north. For which they were removing to the north.

CHAPTER V.

GASPED with wonder and rage. What did that scoundrel Indaba-zimbi mean? Why had I been drawn out of the laager and seized, and why, being seized, was I not instantly killed. They called me the "White Spirit." Could it be that they were keeping me to



make me into medicine? I had heard of such things being done by Zulus and kindred tribes, and my blood ran cold at the thought. What an end! To be pounded up, made medicine of, and eaten!

However, I had little time for further reflection, for now the whole impi was pouring back from the Donga and river banks where it had hidden while their ruse was carried out, and once more formed up on the side of the slope. I was taken to the crest of the slope and placed in the center of the reserve line in the especial charge of a huge Zulu named Bombyane, the same man who had come forward as a herald. This brute seemed to regard me with an affectionate curiosity. Now and again he poked me in the ribs with the handle of his assegai, as though to assure himself that I was solid, and several times he asked me to be so good as to prophesy how many Zulus would be killed before the "Amaboons," as they called the Boers, were "eaten up."

At first I took no notice of him beyond scowling, but presently, goaded into anger, I prophesied that he would be dead in an hour!

He only laughed aloud. "Oh! white spirit," he said, "is it so? Well, I've walked a long way from Zululand, and shall be glad of a rest."

Now he got it shortly, as will be seen. Now the Zulus began to sing again: We have caught the white spirit, my brother, my brother!

Iron tongues whispered of him, he smelt him out, my brother.

Now the Maboos are ours—they are already dead, my brother.

So that treacherous villain Indaba-zimbi had betrayed me. Suddenly the chief of the impi, a gray-haired man named Sususa, held up his assegai, and instantly there was silence. Then he spoke to some indunas who stood near him. Instantly they ran to the right and left down the first line, saying a word to the captain of each company as they passed him. Presently they were at the respective ends of the line, and simultaneously held up their spears. As they did so, with an awful roar of "Bu-ah Amaboons" ("Slay the Boers!"), the entire line, numbering nearly a thousand men, bounded forward like a buck startled from its form, and rushed down upon the little laager. It was a splendid sight to see them, their assegais glittering in the sunlight as they rose and fell above their black shields, their war plumes bending back upon the breeze, and their fierce faces set intently on the foe, while the solid earth shook beneath the thunder of their rushing feet. I thought of my poor friends the Dutchmen, and trembled. What chance had they against so many?

Now the Zulus, running in the shape of a bow so as to wrap the laager round on three sides, were within seventy yards, and now from every wagon broke tongues of fire. Over rolled a number of the Umwetwa, but the rest cared little. On they rushed right up the laager, striving to force a way in. But the Boers plied them with volley after volley, and, packed as the Zulus were, the elephant guns loaded with slugs and small shot did frightful execution. Only one man ever got to a wagon, and as he did so I saw a Boer woman strike him on the head with an ax. He fell back, and slowly, amid howls of derision from the two lines on the hill side, the Zulus drew back.

"Let us go, father!" shouted the soldiers on the slope, among whom I was, to their chief, who had come up. "You have sent out the little girls to fight, and they are frightened. Let us show them the way."

"No, no!" the chief Sususa answered, laughing. "Wait a minute and the little girls will grow to women, and women are good enough to fight against Boers!"

The attacking Zulus heark the mockery of their fellows, and rushed forward again with a roar. But the Boers in the laager had found time to load, and they met with a warm reception. Reserving their fire till the Zulus were packed like sheep in a kraal, they loosed into them with the roars, and the warriors fell in little heaps. But I saw that the blood of the Umwetwas was up; they did not mean to be beaten back this time, and the end was near. Six men had kept on to the wagon, slain the man behind it and sprung into the laager. They were killed there, but others followed, and then I turned my head. But I could not shut my ears to the cries of rage and death, and the terrible S'geel S'geel of the savages as they did their work of murder. Once only I looked up and saw poor Hans Botha standing on a wagon smiting down men with the butt of his rifle. Then assegais shot up towards him like tongues of steel, and when I looked again he was gone.

I turned sick with fear and rage. But alas! what could I do? They were all dead now, and probably my own turn was coming, only my death would not be so swift.

The fight was ended, and the two lines on the slope broke their order, and moved down to the laager. Presently we were there, and a dreadful sight it was. Many of the attacking Zulus were dead—quite fifty, I should say—and at least a hundred and fifty were wounded, some of them mortally. The chief, Sususa, gave an order, the dead men were picked up and piled in a heap, while those who were slightly hurt walked off to get some one to tie up their wounds. But the more serious cases met with a different treatment. The chief or one of his indunas considered each case, and if it was in any way bad, the man was taken up and thrown into the river which ran near. None of them offered any objection, though one poor fellow swam to shore again. He did not stop there long, however, for they pushed him back and drowned him by force.

The strangest case of all was that of the chief's own brother. He had been captain of the line, and his ankle was smashed by a bullet. Sususa came up to him, and having examined the wound rated him soundly for failing in the first onslaught.

The poor fellow made the excuse that it was not his fault, as the Boers had hit him in the first rush. His brother admitted the truth of this and talked to him amicably.

"Well," he said at length, offering him a pinch of snuff, "you cannot walk again."

"No, chief," said the wounded man, looking at his ankle.

"And to-morrow we must walk far," went on Sususa.

"Yes, chief."

"Say, then, will you sit here on the veldt, or—"

He nodded towards the river.

The man dropped his head on his breast for a minute as though in thought. Presently he lifted it and looked Sususa straight in the face.

"My ankle pains me, my brother," he said; "I think I will go back to Zululand, for there is the only kraal I wish to see, even if I creep about it like a snake."

"It is well, my brother," said the chief.

"Rest softly," and having shaken hands with him, he gave an order to one of the indunas, and turned away.

Then men came, and, supporting the wounded man, helped him down to the banks of the stream. Here, at his request, they tied a heavy stone round his neck, and then threw him into a deep pool. I saw the whole sad scene, and the victim never even winced. It was impossible not to admire the courage of the man, or to avoid being struck with the cold-blooded cruelty of his brother, the chief. And yet the act was necessary from his point of view. The man must either die swiftly or be left to perish of starvation, for no Zulu force will encumber itself with wounded men. Years of merciless warfare had so hardened these people that they looked on death as nothing, and were, to do them justice, as willing to meet it themselves as to inflict it on others. When this very impi had been sent by the Zulu King Dingaan, it consisted of some nine thousand men. Now it numbered about three; all the rest were dead. They, too, would probably soon be dead. What did it matter? They lived by war, to die in blood. It was their natural end. "Kill till you are killed." That is the motto of the Zulu soldier. It has the merit of simplicity.

Meanwhile the warriors were looting the wagons, including my own, having first thrown all the dead Boers into a heap. I looked at the heap; all of them were there, including the two stout fellows, poor things. But I missed one body, that of the Hans Botha's daughter, little Tota. A wild hope came into my heart that she might have escaped; but no, it was not possible. I could only pray that she was already at rest.

Just then the great Zulu, Bombyane, who had left my side to indulge in the congenial occupation of looting, came out of a wagon crying that he had got the "little white one." I looked; he was carrying the child Tota, gripping her frock in one of his huge black hands. He stalked up to where we were, and held the child before the chief. "Is it dead, father?" he said.

Now, as I could well see, the child was not dead, but had been hidden away, and fainted with fear.

The chief glanced at it carelessly, and said:

"Find out with your kerrie."

Acting on this hint the black devil held up the child, and was about to kill it with his knobstick. This was more than I could bear. I sprang at him and struck him with all my force in the face, little caring if I was speared or not. He dropped Tota on the ground.

"Oh!" he said, putting his hand to his nose, "the white spirit has a hard fist. Come, spirit, I will fight you for the child."

The soldiers cheered and laughed. "Yes! yes!" they said, "let Bombyane fight the white spirit for the child. Let them fight with assegais!"

For a moment I hesitated. What chance had I against this black giant? But I had promised poor Hans to save the child if I could, and what did it matter? As well die now as later. However, I had wit enough left to make a favor of it, and intimated to the chief through Indaba-zimbi that I was quite willing to descend to kill Bombyane, on condition that if I did so the child's life should be given to me. Indaba-zimbi interpreted my words, but I noticed that he would not look on me as he spoke, but covered his face with his hands and spoke of me as "the ghost" or "the son of the spirit." For some reason that I have never quite understood, the chief consented to the duel. I fancy it was because he believed me to be more than mortal, and was anxious to see the last of Bombyane.

"Let them fight," he said. "Give them assegais and no shields; the child shall be to him who conquers."

"Yes! yes!" cried the soldiers. "Let them fight. Don't be afraid, Bombyane; if he is a spirit, he's a very small one."

"I never was frightened of man or beast, and I am not going to run away from a white ghost," answered the redoubtable Bombyane, as he examined the blade of his great bangwaner stabbing assegai.

Then they made a ring round us, gave me a similar assegai and set us some ten paces apart. I kept my face as calm as I could, and tried to show no signs of fear, though in my heart I was terribly afraid. Humanly speaking, my doom was on me. The giant warrior before me had used the assegai from a child—I had no experience of the weapon. Moreover,

the "white" was quick and active, he must have been at least twice as strong as I was. However, there was no help for it, so, setting my teeth, I grasped the great spear, breathed a prayer, and waited.

The giant stood awhile looking at me, and, as he stood, Indaba-zimbi walked across the ring behind me, muttering as he passed, "Keep cool, Macumazahn, and wait for him."

As I had not the slightest intention of commencing the fray, I thought this good advice.

Heavens! how long that half minute seemed! It happened many years ago, but the whole scene rises up before my eyes as I write. There behind us was the bloodstained laager, and near it lay the piles of dead; round us was rank upon rank of plumed savages, standing in silence to wait the issue of the duel, and in the center stood the gray-haired chief and general, Sususa, in all his war finery, a cloak of leopard skin upon his shoulders. At his feet lay the senseless form of little Tota, to my left squatted Indaba-zimbi, nodding his white lock and muttering something—probably spells; while in front was my giant antagonist, his spear aloft and his plumes bending in the gentle breeze.

Then over all, over grassy slope, river and koppe, over the wagons of the laager, the piles of dead, the dense ranks of the living, the swooning child, over all shone the bright impartial sun, looking down like the great indifferent eye of heaven upon the loveliness of nature and the cruelty of man. Down by the river grew thorn trees, and from them floated the sweet scent of the mimosa flower, and came the sound of cooling turtle doves. I never smell the one or hear the other without the scene flashing into my mind again, complete in its every detail.

Suddenly, without a sound, Bombyane shook his assegai and rushed straight at me. I saw his huge form come; like a man in a dream, I saw the broad spear flash on high; now he was on me. Then, prompted to it by some providential impulse, I dropped to my knee, and quick as light stretched out my spear. He drove at me; the blade passed over my head. I felt a weight on my assegai; it was wrenched from my hand, his great limbs knocked against me. I glanced round. Bombyane was staggering along with head thrown back and outstretched arms from which his spear had fallen. His spear had fallen, but the blade of mine stood out between his shoulders—I had transfixed him. He stopped, swung round slowly as though to look at me, then with a sigh the giant sank down—dead.

For a moment there was silence; then a great cry rose—a cry of "Bombyane is dead. The white spirit has slain Bombyane. Kill the wizard, kill the ghost who has slain Bombyane by witchcraft."

Instantly I was surrounded by fierce faces, and spears flashed before my eyes. I folded my arms and stood calmly waiting the end. In a moment it would have come, for the warriors were mad at seeing their champion overthrown so easily. But presently through the tumult I heard the high cracked voice of Indaba-zimbi.

"Stand back, you fools!" it cried; "can a spirit then be killed?"

"Spear him! spear him!" they roared in fury. "Let us see if he is a spirit. How did a spirit slay Bombyane with an assegai? Spear him, rain maker, and we shall see."

"Stand back!" cried Indaba-zimbi again, "and I will show you if he can be killed. I will kill him myself, and call him back to life again before your eyes. Macumazahn, trust me," he whispered in my ear in the Sinsu tongue, which the Zulus did not understand. "Trust me; kneel on the grass before me, and when I strike at you with the spear, roll over like one dead; then, when you hear my voice again, get up. Trust me—it is your only hope."

Having no choice, I nodded my head in assent, though I had not the faintest idea of what he was about to do. The tumult lessened somewhat, and once more the warriors drew back.

"Great white spirit—spirit of victory," said Indaba-zimbi, addressing me aloud, and covering his eyes with his hand, "hear me and forgive me. These children are blind with folly, and think thee mortal because thou hast dealt death upon a mortal who dared to stand against thee. Deign to kneel down before me and let me pierce thy heart with this spear; then, when I call upon thee, arise unhurt."

I knelt down, not because I wished to, but because I must. I had not overmuch faith in Indaba-zimbi, and thought it probable that he was in truth about to make an end of me. But really I was so worn with fears, and the horrors of the night and day had so shaken my nerves, that I did not greatly care what befell me. When I had been kneeling thus for about half a minute Indaba-zimbi spoke.

"People of the Umwetwa children of T'Chaka," he said, "draw back a little space, lest an evil fall on you, for now the air is thick with ghosts."

They drew back a space, leaving us in a circle about twelve yards in diameter. "Look on him who kneels before you," went on Indaba-zimbi, "and listen to my words, to the words of the witchfinder, the words of the rainmaker, Indaba-zimbi, whose fame is known to you. He seems to be a man, does he not? I tell you, children of the Umwetwa, he is no man. He is the spirit who gives victory to the white men; he is who gave them assegais that thunder and taught them how to slay. Why were the impis of Dingaan rolled back at the Blood river? Because he was there. Why did the Amaboons slay the people of Mosilikaepe by the thousand? Because he was there. And so I say to you that, had I not drawn him from the laager by my magic but three hours ago, you would have been blown away like the dust before the wind; you would have been burned up like the dry grass in the winter when the fire is awake among it. Aye, because he had but been there many of your bravest were slain in overcoming a few—a pinch of men who could be counted on the fingers. But because I loved you, because your chief Sususa is my half brother—for had we not one father—I came to you, I warned you. Then you prayed me, and I drew the spear forth. But you were not satisfied when the victory was yours, when the spirit of all you had taken asked but one little thing—a white child to take away and sacrifice to himself, to make the medicine of his magic of!"

Here I could hardly restrain myself

from interrupting, but thought better of it.

"You said him nay; you said, 'I will fight with Bombyane, the giant, for the child.' And he deigned to slay Bombyane as you have seen, and now you say, 'Slay him; he is no spirit.' Now I will show you if he is a spirit, for I will slay him before your eyes, and call him to life again. But you have brought this upon yourselves. Had you believed, had you offered no insult to the spirit, he would have stayed with you, and you should have become unconquerable. Now he will arise and leave you, and you be on your way if you try to stay him. Now all men," he went on, "look for a space upon this assegai that I hold up," and he lifted the bangwaner of the deceased Bombyane high above his head, so that all the multitude could see it. Every eye was fixed upon the broad, bright spear. For a while he held it still, then he moved it round and round in a circle, muttering as he did so, and still their gaze followed it. For my part, I followed his movements with the greatest anxiety. That assegai had already been nearer my person than I found at all pleasant, and I had no desire to make a further acquaintance with it. Nor, indeed, was I sure that Indaba-zimbi was not really going to kill me. I could not understand his proceedings at all, and at the best I did not relish playing the corpse vile to his magical experiments.

"Look! look! look!" he screamed.

Then suddenly the great spear flashed down towards my breast. I felt nothing, but it seemed as though it had passed through me.

"See!" roared the Zulus. "Indaba-zimbi has speared him; the red assegai stands out behind his back."

"Roll over, Macumazahn," Indaba-zimbi hissed in my ear, "roll over and pretend to die—quick! quick!"

I lost no time in following these strange instructions, but falling on my side, threw my arms wide, kicked my legs about, and died as artistically as I could. Presently I gave a stage shiver and lay still.

"See!" said the Zulus, "he is dead, the spirit is dead. Look at the blood upon the assegai!"

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Indaba-zimbi, "or the ghost will haunt you. Yes, he is dead, and now I will call him back to life again. Look!" and putting down his hand he plucked the spear from wherever it was fixed, and held it aloft. "The spear is red, is it not? Watch me, watch! it grows white!"

"Yes, it grows white," they said. "Oh! it grows white."

"It grows white because the blood returns to whence it came," said Indaba-zimbi. "Now, great spirit, hear me. Thou art dead, the breath has gone out of thy mouth. Yet hear me and arise. Awake, white spirit, awake and show thy power. Awake! arise unhurt!"

I began to respond cheerfully to this imposing invocation.

"Not so fast, Macumazahn," whispered Indaba-zimbi.

I took the hint, and first held up my arm, then lifted my head and let it fall again.

"He lives! by the head of T'Chaka, he lives!" roared the soldiers, stricken with mortal fear.

Then slowly and with the greatest dignity I gradually arose, stretched my arms, yawned like one awaking from heavy sleep, turned, and looked upon them unconcernedly. As I did so, I noticed that old Indaba-zimbi was almost fainting from exhaustion. Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, his limbs trembled and his breast heaved.

As for the Zulus, they waited for no more. With a howl of terror the whole regiment turned and fled across the rise, so that presently we were left alone with the dead and the swooning child.

"How on earth did you do that, Indaba-zimbi?" I asked in amazement.

"Don't ask me, Macumazahn," he gasped. "You white men are very clever, but you don't quite know everything. There are men in the world who can make people believe they see things which they do not see. Let us be going while we may, for when these Umwetwas have got over their fright they will come back to loot the wagons, and then perhaps they will begin to ask questions that I can't answer."

And here I may as well state that I never got any further information on this matter from old Indaba-zimbi. But I have my theory, and here it is for whatever it may be worth. I believe that Indaba-zimbi mesmerized the whole crowd of onlookers, making them believe that the blood upon the blade, the reader may smile and say "Impossible," but I would ask him how the Indian jugglers do their tricks unless it is by mesmerism. The spectators seem to be the boy who under the basket and there pierced with daggers; they seem to see women in a trance supported in mid air upon the point of a single sword. In themselves these things are not possible; they violate the laws of nature, and therefore must be illusion. And so, through the glamor thrown upon me by Indaba-zimbi's will, the Zulu impi seemed to see me transfixed with an assegai that never touched me. At least, that is my theory; if any one has a better, let him adopt it. The explanation lies between illusion and magic of a most imposing character, and I prefer to accept the first alternative.

CHAPTER VI.

WAS not slow to take Indaba-zimbi's hint. About a hundred and fifty yards to the left of the laager was a little dell where I had hidden my horse, together with one belonging to the Boers, and my saddle and bridle. Thither we went. I carrying the swooning Tota in my arms. To our joy we found the horses safe, for the Zulus had not seen them. Now, of course, they were out only means of locomotion, for the oxen had been sent away, and even had they been there we could not have found time to inspect them.

I laid Tota down, caught my horse, undid his knee halter and saddled up. As I was doing so a thought struck me, and I told Indaba-zimbi to run to the laager and see if he could find my double-barreled gun and some powder and shot, for I had only my elephant "roer" and a few charges of powder and ball

with me.

He went, and while he was away, poor little Tota came to herself and began to cry, till she saw my face.

"Ah, I have had such a bad dream," she said, in Dutch; "I dream—black Kaffirs were going me, Where is my papa?"

I winced at the question. "Papa" has gone on a journey," I said, "and left me to look after you. We shall find him one day. You don't mind going with Heer Allan, do you?"

"No," she said, a little doubtfully, and began to cry again. Presently she remembered that she was thirsty, and asked for water. I led her to the river and she drank. "Why is my hand red, Heer Allan?" she asked, pointing to the smear of Bombyane's blood stained fingers.

At that moment I felt very glad that I had killed Bombyane.

"It is only paint, dear," I said; "see, we will wash it and your face."

As I was doing this, Indaba-zimbi returned. The guns were all gone; he said the Zulus had taken them and the powder. But he had found some things and brought them in a sack. There was a thick blanket, about twenty pounds weight of biltong or sun-dried meat, a few double handfuls of ship's biscuits, two water bottles, a tin pannikin, some matches and sundries.

"And now, Macumazahn," he said, "we had best be going, for those Umwetwas are coming back. I saw one of them on the brow of the rise."

That was enough for me. I lifted little Tota to the bow of my saddle, climbed into it and rode off, holding her in front of me. Indaba-zimbi slipped a rein into the mouth of the best of the Boer horses, threw the sack of sundries on to its back and mounted also, holding the elephant gun in his hand. We went eight or nine hundred yards in silence till we were quite out of range of sight from the wagons, which were in a hollow. Then I, pulled up, with such a feeling of thankfulness in my heart as cannot be told in words; for now I knew that, mounted as we were, those black demons could never catch us. But where were we to steer for? I put the question to Indaba-zimbi, asking him if he thought that we had better try and follow the oxen that we had sent away with the Kaffirs and women on the preceding night. He shook his head.

"The Umwetwas will go after the oxen presently," he answered, "and we have seen enough of them."

"Quite enough," I answered with enthusiasm; "I never want to see another; but where are we to go? Here we are with one gun and a little girl in the vast and lonely veldt. Which way shall we turn?"

"Our faces were towards the north before we met the Zulus," answered Indaba-zimbi; "let us still keep them towards the north. Ride on, Macumazahn; to-night when we off-saddle I will look into the matter."

So all that long afternoon we rode on, following the course of the river. From the nature of the ground we could only go slowly, but before sunset I had the satisfaction of knowing that there must be at least twenty-five miles between us and those accursed Zulus. Little Tota slept most of the way, the motion of the horse was easy, and she was worn out.

At last the sunset came, and we off-saddled in a dell by the river. There was not much to eat, but I soaked some biscuit in water for Tota, and Indaba-zimbi and I made a scanty meal of biltong. When we had done I took off Tota's frock, wrapped her up in the blanket near the fire we had made and lit a pipe. I sat there by the side of the orphaned child, and from my heart thanked Providence for saving her life and mine from the slaughter of that day. What a horrible experience it had been! It seemed like a nightmare to look back upon. And yet it was sober fact, one among those many tragedies which dotted the paths of the emigrant Boers with the bones of men, women and children. These horrors are almost forgotten now; people living in Natal, for instance, can scarcely realize that some forty years ago 600 white people, many of them women and children, were thus massacred by the impi at Dingaan. But it was so, and the name of the district, Weenen, or the Place of Weeping, will commemorate them forever.

Then I fell to reflecting on the extraordinary adroitness old Indaba-zimbi had shown in saving my life. It appeared that he himself had lived among the Umwetwa Zulus in his earlier manhood, and was a noted rain doctor and witchfinder. But when T'Chaka, Dingaan's brother, ordered a general massacre of the witchfinders he had fled south and so saved his life. When he heard, therefore, that the regiment was an Umwetwa regiment, which, leaving their wives and children, had broken away from Zululand to escape the cruelties of Dingaan, he, under pretense of spying on them, took the bold course of going straight up to the chief, Sususa, and addressing him as his brother, which he was. The chief knew him at once, and so did the soldiers, for his fame was still great among them. Then he told him his cock and bull story about my being a white spirit, whose presence in the laager would render it invincible, and with the object of saving my life in the slaughter which he knew must ensue, agreed to charm me out of the laager and deliver me into their keeping. How the plan worked has already been told; it was a risky one; still, but for my troubles would have been done with these many days.

So I lay and thought with a heart full of gratitude, and as I did so saw old Indaba-zimbi sitting by the fire and going through some mysterious performances with bones, which he produced from his bag, and ashes mixed with water. I spoke to him and asked what he was about. He replied that he was tracing out the route that we should follow. I felt inclined to answer "bosh," but remembering the very remarkable instances which he had given of his prowess in occult matters, I held my tongue, and taking little Tota into my arms, worn out with toil and danger and emotion, went to sleep.

I woke just as the dawn was beginning to flame across the sky in sheets of primrose and of gold, or rather it was little Tota who woke me by kissing me as she lay between sleep and waking, and calling me "Papa." It wrung my heart to hear her. I got up, washed and dressed the child as best I could, and then we breakfasted as we had supped, on biltong and biscuit. Tota asked for milk, but I had none to give her. Then we caught

the horses, and I saddled mine.

"Well, Indaba-zimbi," I said, "now what path do your bones point to?"

"Straight north," he said. "The journey will be hard, but in four days we shall come to the kraal of a white man, an Englishman, not a Boer. His kraal is in a beautiful place, and there is a great peak behind it where there are many baboons."

I looked at him. "This is all nonsense, Indaba-zimbi," I said. "Whoever heard of an Englishman building a house in these wilds, and how do you know anything about it? I think that we had better strike east towards Port Natal."

"As you like, Macumazahn," he answered, "but it will take us three months' journey to get to Port Natal, if we ever get there, and the child will die on the road. Say, Macumazahn, have my words come true heretofore, or have they not? Did I not tell you not to hunt the elephants on horseback? Did I not tell you to take one wagon with you instead of two, as it is better to lose one than two?"

"You told me all these things," I answered.

"And so I tell you now to ride north, Macumazahn, for there you will find great happiness—yes, and great sorrow. But no man should run away from happiness because of sorrow. As you will, as you will!"

Again I looked at him. In his divinations I did not believe, but yet I came to the conclusion that he was speaking what he knew to be the truth. It was no possible that he might have heard of some white man living like a hermit in the wilds, but preferring to keep up his prophetic character would not say so.

"Very well, Indaba-zimbi," I said; "let us ride north."

Shortly after we started, the river we had followed hitherto turned off in a westerly direction, so we left it. All that day we rode across rolling uplands, and about an hour before sunset halted at a little stream which ran down from a range of hills in front of us. By this time I was heartily tired of the biltong, so taking my elephant rifle—for I had nothing else—I left Tota with Indaba-zimbi, and started to see if I could shoot something. Oddly enough we had seen no game all the day, nor did we see any on the subsequent days. For some mysterious reason they had temporarily left the district. I crossed the little streamlet in order to enter the belt of thorns which grew upon the hillside beyond, for there I hoped to find buck. As I did so I was rather disturbed to see the spoor of two lions in the soft, sandy edge of a pool. Breathing a hope that they might not still be in the neighborhood, I went on into the belt of scattered thorns. For a long while I hunted about without seeing anything, except one dinker buck, which bounded off with a crash from the other side of a stone without giving me a chance. At length, just as it grew dusk, I spied a Petite buck, a graceful little creature, scarcely bigger than a large hare, standing on a stone, about forty yards from me. Under ordinary circumstances I should never have dreamed of firing at such a thing, especially with an elephant gun, but we were hungry.

So I sat down with my back against a rock, and aimed steadily at its head. I did this because if I struck it in the body the three-ounce ball would have knocked it to bits. At last I pulled the trigger, the gun went off with the report of a small cannon, and the buck disappeared. I ran to the spot with more anxiety than I should have felt in an ordinary way over a koodoo or an eland. To my delight there the little creature lay—the huge bullet had decapitated it. Considering all the circumstances, I do not think I have often made a better shot than

MABEL MAY.

By DAGNET.

You needn't be jealous, Mary. I bowed to a lady—well! Call her a lady?—Surely! Wait till she comes back. You say she's a working woman. Looks like a working woman. And I've nothing to say about her. She's not any better than you.

Her dress was a trifle shabby. Her bonnet was not the style. Yet the lady bowed to Mary. Was the belle of the old Argyle? The famous place you've heard of. It's been shut this many a day. But its queen, when its fame was greatest, was the beautiful Mabel May.

How did I know her, Mary? Well, hardly by going there. I was only a private soldier. And I didn't much wish to spare. But we had in the Fifty-seventh a Captain Dashiott then—

"Dare-devil Dashiott," they called him. The officers and the men. Not a nice name to go by—Not a nice name to hear—Spoken, say, half in wonder. And half with a sort of awe. I was his soldier-servant.

And that's how I knew him first. But it wasn't the first time. That saw him at his worst. He was always a fastish fellow. Always a devil-may-care. And the games that he played in barracks made some of the boys stare.

Drink! I should think so, rather. It was brandy morning and night. He'd drink till he lost his reason. He's given me many a fright. The drink seemed to make him "vicious."

Vicious as horses are. Up with his heels in a minute. And look out for the splinter-bar. Look out for the trap and coachman. And he on a lady's smash. You never knew what would happen if you started Dare-devil Dashiott.

I've seen his room of a morning. After he'd broken out. In one of his awfully frenzied. Just like a broken redoubt. The chairs and tables and glasses lying about in a heap. Why, he'd shoot at himself in the mirror in one of his vicious fits.

When sober, a smarter fellow. Or a nicer you wouldn't find. It was just the cursed brandy. That drove him out of his mind. He'd had some trouble I fancy. A love affair, it was told. The woman he loved, he loved him. For a cad with a heap of gold.

It was then that the Devil got him. And he grew so wild and mad. It seemed that he couldn't gallop fast enough to get away. His conduct became a scandal. A scandal at least great. He was tried, and sent to the regiment. That settled the captain's fate.

His father was fierce against him. His family cut him down. For he never once made an effort. After the life he led. He quarrelled and drank and gambled. And he seemed to take a pride in his fame as a reckless rowdy. And in spreading it far and wide.

One day we heard in the regiment That he'd married a girl. May—One of those poor lost women. Who go by the name of gay. She was rather a famous beauty. In the days of the old Argyle. And, thanks to her wealthy lovers, She was living in first-class style.

I heard the officers talking—They said it was in the Times. And this, so they seemed to fancy. Was the worst of the captain's crimes. To spite and to grieve his father. His people to shock and disgrace. He had advertised his marriage. With a woman of evil fame.

He hadn't a single shilling. He was head over ears in debt. And the very day he married. His name was in the Argyle. But Mabel had lots of money. Safe and snug in the bank. And a beautiful house and jewels. The gift of a man of rank.

I met my old captain after. He told me to call one day—I was up at the house pretty often. Before we were sent away. It was then that I met the lady. And, whatever she had done, I saw that she loved her husband. That was plain to the meanest dunc.

But he'd settled himself for ever. Had Dare-devil Captain Dashiott. He had stooped so low, men whispered. As to squander a woman's cash. In a year he had brought her ruin. He had robbed her of jewels—all. And then gone off with a woman. He had met at a music-hall.

He had left her an ailing mother. With a baby but two months old. Left her without a penny. So the lot of her things were sold. And then in a wretched lodging. The beautiful Mabel May. Had to work for herself and baby. To keep the wolf away.

For she loved her heartless husband. With a love that had made her pure. That had given her strength to struggle. To suffer and still endure. There were those, had they known her trouble. Would have come, as they came before. And offered her gold in plenty. For the love that her lord forswore.

But, clasping her baby to her, The poor deserted wife. Declared that the vow she plighted. She would keep through all her life; And she prayed for his life. That heaven would let her live. And, guarding her love from evil, Would pay him and forgive.

BOOK-MAKING IN JAPAN.

Having resolved to "paint" a book, for, as all the world knows, the Japanese use a brush and not a pen, the author betakes him to his work-room. It is a little room, a very little room. "Six mats" is its Japanese measurement, and a mat is about 6 feet by 4. It is full of the soft, dull light which pulses from a square white paper lantern; the low, bright wooden ceiling gives back a pale, brown gleam here and there. There is a silvery glint in the frail paneled walls, and in a warm gray shadowed recess a gold buddha crosses his feet and stretches forth his palms, smiling gently upon the lots which he holds. In another recess stand the curious vessels of iron and clay and bamboo for the tea ceremony. The author sits on the floor in a flowing garment of brown silk lined with blue, his legs disposed comfortably under him. In front of him stands a lacquered table, about a foot high, and upon it his writings materials, which are as idyllic as his surroundings—his paper is delicately tinted yellow, with blue lines running up and down. His inkstand is a carved ebony slab, with one end hollowed out for water to rub his cube of India ink in, and hold the four or five daintily decorated bamboo brushes which are his pens. Naturally he does not write his novel, he paints it. Beginning at the end of the whole, at the left of every page and at the top of every line, straight down between the two blue parallels his small brown hand goes, with quick, delicate, dark touches. Although this novelist's "copy" might seem to a stranger to be daintiness itself, yet he always has it duplicated "by an artist" before sending it to the publishers, the success of the book depending so largely upon its artistic finish. The "artist" to whom the "copy" is now intrusted proceeds to repaint the long series of word pictures with a professional dexterity which is something astonishing.—*American Bookmaker.*

Some call it a trust and others a strike, but the fact is the physicians at Findlay, O., held a consultation and advanced the price of visits to \$1.50. Great indignation prevailed, as la grippe had just reached the town.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

A HALF HOUR'S PLEASANT READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Brief but Entertaining Chapter About Camels—A Revised Edition of One of Mother Goose's Sonnets, with a Suggestive Illustration.

The fellow shown in the accompanying picture with two bumps on his back is a camel. Some camels have only one hump. A camel is just made, Uncle John says, to travel on deserts. He's rode on camels himself. They journey awfully. They step seven feet at once, and I should think they'd jounce. "The camel has broad feet that won't sink in the sand. And they are cushiony. Then he can go a long time without drinking. And in deserts the wells are a great way apart; and sometimes they dry up, and the caravans have to travel and travel, days and days, without water. But the camel doesn't mind. He has a stomach full of little cells, and he fills these full enough to last him a week. And every time he comes to a well he fills these cells with water. He can go without food a long time, too. For his bumps are made of fat, and he lives on that, Uncle John says, 'absorbs it,' he says. And when he's been a long time without eating, the bumps grow ever so small. So you see he is made just right to travel on a desert.



"Camels can go eight or ten miles an hour, if their load isn't too heavy. The Arabs eat camel's meat and drink camel's milk. They make clothes out of the camel's hair and leather out of the camel's skin. So, you see, the camel is a very useful animal."

The foregoing interesting description of this patient, useful animal was especially prepared for Little Men and Women.

A Wicked Cat.
Oh! Pussy with the bushy tail,
Are you a wicked cat?
You grind your claws upon a nail,
And walk as slow as any snail,
You are so very fat.

You wash your whiskers with your feet;
Your tongue is rough and red,
And looks as if it tasted meat;
Yet all I ever see you eat
Is pure white milk and bread.

I found upon your grass today,
A birdie's tail and wing,
If you did kill it, Pussy Gray,
And eat it up, I'll only say,
You are a wicked thing!

Suppose a hungry bear this eve,
Along the street should pass,
And, laughing in his hairy sleeve,
Should cut you up, and only leave
Your tail upon the grass.

You'd think he was a cruel bear;
I think you're cruel, too.
I know I'd starve before I'd tear
A birdie with my claws, and glare,
And eat him up like you.

—Clara G. Dolliver.

A Mother Goose Sonnet.



Simple Simon Went A-Fishing.
A boy named Simon sojourned in a dale,
Some said that he was simple, but I'm sure
That he was nothing less than stonier pure.
They thought him so because, forsooth, a while
He tried to catch in Mother's water pail.
Ah! little boy, timid, composed, demure,
He had imagination. Yet endure
Defeat he could, for he of course did fail.
But there are Simons of a larger growth,
Who, too, in shallow waters fish for whales.
And when they fail they are "unfortunate."
If the small boy is simple, then are both,
And the big Simon more, who often fails
At what he calls ill luck or unkind fate.
—St. Nicholas.

Hope.
When Pandora's box was opened, all the
vices flew out, but Hope remained inside.
This is a roundabout way of saying that hope
is always at hand. This is so true that I do
not believe there ever was a human being
who, in no matter how desperate a strait
provided he had his senses utterly without
hope, said a writer in Golden Days.
The drowning man who catches at a straw,
the shipwrecked sailor, the entombed miner,
even the murderer on the gallows, clings to
hope when every other human sentiment has
fled. It is hope that keeps the gold miner
digging away in the hole that yields nothing
but gravel and rocks, and it is hope that
sends the emigrant into an unknown land.
Columbus "hoped against hope" as day after
day and week after week the flint led the
little fleet westward across the trackless
waters until land appeared.
Very fortunately for us, hope is distinct
from reason. If facts and figures could kill
hope, we would lack many useful inventions.
The wise men of England conclusively proved
that Stephenson could not perfect the loco-
motive engine, and the reasoning was all
against him, but hope made him persevere.
Goodyear hoped when all his friends de-
spaired, and Morse saw a bright future for
the electric telegraph when a whole nation
sneered at his efforts.
The most frequent expression we hear is
"I hope so," and the old adage assures us
that "while there is life there is hope." So
there is. Sunshine always follows darkness,
and hope is the sunshine of life.

Tea Jelly.
A dessert quite in fashion and much liked
by all who are fond of "the cup that cheers
but not inebriates" is tea jelly. It is the sim-
plest thing in the world to make it. Soak half
a box of gelatine in a little water until dis-
solved, then add a pint of boiling tea and a
cupful of sugar; stir and strain into a mold.
It is best served with whipped cream.

Worn Out and Run Down.
By disease and debility the human
system becomes worn out and run down
before its time. Keep the head clear, the
bowels regular, the blood pure, the
kidneys and liver active by the use of
Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's great
tonic and regulator, and disease cannot
exist.

BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

HEREDITARY HEREDITY.

An honest Indian, who had been among
the white men long enough to learn how to shave
his fellow men, within the pale of the law,
opened a barber shop out in Cheyenne. Some-
body, probably not a clergyman, hung a sign
up over his door, the first night, which read,
"Superfluous hair removed while you wait." And
the next day the patient barber wondered
why nobody came near his shop except a bald
headed policeman who loitered behind a tree
box over the way.

NEMESIS WILL GET AFTER 'EM.
A teacher of a cooking school out in Pitts-
burg made an unsuccessful attempt to com-
mit suicide last Thursday. Ah, dear, the
stings and lashings of an awakened conscience,
goads a mind burdened with the guilt of
human suffering, must be something terrible.

RUNNING AWAY FROM TEMPTATION.
First Citizen—There comes Longjaw; let's
go across the street and turn down the alley
before he sees us. Second Citizen—Why, I
thought you were great friends! First Citizen—
So we are, now; but he has a new story
about his 1-year-old boy. [Exeunt omnes, on
the dead run.]—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

It Makes a Difference.
"Isn't that a shame?" he exclaimed as he
halted between the circus parks and pointed
from one to the other.

"What?"
"Why, the way the grass is burned up. It's
curious how the city neglects its own prop-
erty. Some one ought to be ashamed of him-
self."

"Yes. You own a place up the avenue?"

"I do."
"I was past there the other day, and I no-
ticed that you hadn't a live spear of grass
left. It has all burned out for the want of a
few feet of hose and a little attention. It's
curious how some people neglect their own
property!"

"Ahem!"

"Good morning!"—Detroit Free Press.

He Misunderstood.

The Young Woman (on top platform of
Eiffel tower)—Doesn't it seem strange to you,
Mr. Spoonmore, that so little oscillation is
noticeable up here?

The Young Man (eagerly)—Not at all, Miss
Ethel. I have no doubt there is a great deal
of it indulged in up here, but it can't be seen
from below. The elevation is too great. And
now, Miss Ethel, you will, I am sure—you
will pardon—

The Young Woman (arresting his forward
movement by a freezing look)—I said oscilla-
tion, Mr. Spoonmore—not oscillation. (After
a depressing silence) I think, Mr. Spoon-
more, it is time for us to descend.—Chicago
Tribune.

Had Got Back.

Collector—Is Mr. Slowpaw in?
Landlady—No, sir.

"I called five weeks ago, and you said he
had gone to Long Branch for a month. Hasn't
he got back yet?"
"Yes, sir; he's back!"
"Then where is he?"

"In the poor house."—New York Weekly.

She Knew.

Omaha Papa—So you are going to marry,
are you, my son? I presume the young lady
you are to wed knows all about housework
and looking after the wants of a family?

Omaha Youth—Well, you just bet she does.
I wish you could see a cotton batting dog she
made last week, and some butterflies she
painted on velvet.—Omaha World.

The Modern Annie Laurie.

"Her brow was like the snow drift,
Her neck was like the swan,
And her face it was the fairest
That ever the sun shone on."
But she went to the beach for bathing,
And her fair complexion spoiled;
Her cheeks are tanned and her nose is red
As a lobster when it's boiled.

—Boston Courier.

Crushed.

Mr. Bankrupt (at the close of the game)—
What do you think of me as ball player, Miss
Minnie?
Miss Minnie—I think you'd make a splendid
swimmer.

Mr. Bankrupt—A swimmer? Why so?
Miss Minnie—You strike out so beautifully,
you know.—New York Sun.

"Of Two Evils, Choose the Lesser."

Mrs. Lumkins—Joshua, I am going to the
dentist to have a tooth pulled out. You
mind the baby while I'm gone.
Mr. L. (jumping for his hat)—Say, you
mind the baby, and I'll go and get a tooth
pulled, you know.—New York Sun.

Social Triumphs.

Miss Gotham—Does Mary Minkum, who
went to school with me, move in the best so-
ciety in Chicago?
Mrs. Lakeside (of Chicago)—Dear me, yes.
All her husbands have been pork packers.
—New York Weekly.

A Prize Catch.

Mrs. Prudent—But do you think he's a
good catch?
Miss Eager—Well, I should rather think he
is! He's the captain of a baseball club and
gets \$5,000 a season for standing behind the
bat.—Life.

A Thing to Have Left Unsaid.

Miss Northcote (who has been beaten at
tennis)—I am afraid I don't take defeat grace-
fully.
Mr. Longshot—Oh, yes, you always do.—
Burlington Free Press.

Bright Boy.

Indignant Guest (after climbing six flights
of stairs)—Why, the clerk promised me a
room on the second floor.
Bell Boy—Yes, sir, second floor from the
top.—Hotel Man.

His Rough Diamond.



The Bride—Oh, mamma, how can I—how
can I leave you?
Mrs. Felbinder—Reginald d' Coarsey Bid-
dell, you want me to think that if Selindy
asks for four pieces of pumpkin pie at dinner,
she's been used to it and it's got to be he. Take
her off now afore I blubber.—Judge.

Social Amenities.

Clara (patronizingly)—It is a good plan for a
person in society to try, at least, to look well.
Debutante—True? But don't you sometimes
find it hard to do so?—Drake's Magazine.

An Adequate Cause.

Ed—I have a pain in my ear.
Ned—Ah! Ben talking to yourself.—Ex-
change.

Sudden Change.

Mrs. GEORGE FLEWELLING, St.
John, N.B. writes:—"I have suffered
from weakness and costiveness, so I
bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters,
and before I finished it, noticed a change.
After using three bottles I am now en-
tirely cured, and recommend B.B.B. as a
positive cure for costiveness."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

There have been 165 foxes caught and
killed this season in and around South
Acworth, N.H.

In the Cape de la Hogue lighthouse in
France a windmill is used to drive two
dynamos, the current being stored in
accumulators.

The nervous timidity of brides and
grooms can be easily explained, since it
is natural for contracting parties to have
a shrinking manner.

It will be curious to note next spring,
remarks a New England Exchange, what
has been the result of the all-winter
growth of grass on lawns, especially
where fertilizing matter has stimulated it.

Little Phineas did not care much for
his name, so it was quite natural, when
his little sister came, that he should at-
tempt to solve a perplexing problem by
saying: "Let's call her Phineas, mamma.
I'll be Willie after this."

Mrs. Margaret Arnold is the oldest
person in Ohio, according to a Wash-
ington correspondent, who states that she
was born near Richmond, Va., in July, 1777. "She is a healthy old
lady and walks about without assistance."
She has two sisters and a brother
living, all of whom are centenarians.

Antone Fratus, of Provincetown, Mass.,
selected his pillow as a safe place for
keeping money and there deposited \$300
in an envelope. His 2-year-old child bound
the envelope and shoved it through an
open grate into the fire. There was \$290
in bills, which were destroyed, and a \$10
gold piece was found in the ashes.

A special from Shelbyville, Ill., says:
"The compulsory school law was put to
the test here to-day, and Mrs. Jane Ax-
ford, who kept her boy at home because
she is so poor that he has to assist in
earning the living, is in jail. Five dol-
lars and costs was the penalty attached,
and the poor woman, unable to pay, was
put into prison."

Says a despatch from Fort Recovery,
Ohio: The little 5-year-old daughter of J.
Trantwine has been partially deprived of
the sense of hearing for the past three
years. Last Thursday the child com-
plained of a violent pain in the region of
the head, and a physician was sum-
moned, who removed a cherry seed from
the unfortunate child's ear. The opera-
tion, although a very painful and delicate
one, proved successful, and the girl's
hearing has been fully restored. How
the seed became lodged in the child's ear
is unknown.

The trials of the new submarine boat,
Le Gymnote, at Toulon are being con-
ducted by the superior of Admiral
Dunne. The Gymnote has passed
through all the tests to which she has
been subjected with perfect success. On
one occasion she went about three-quarters
of a mile under water, and she dived
under the ironclads at anchor with the
greatest ease. The periscope permits
the commanding officer to distinguish
objects on the surface of the sea for a
wide radius while the vessel is at a con-
siderable depth.

Club men will be interested in the de-
cision of a Philadelphia judge on the
claim for reinstatement made by an ex-
pelled member of the Union League club.
The judge, deciding in favor of the
member, declared that no corporation
having property in which the members
have individual rights can disfranchise
a member unless the power is given by
law. If the charter authorizes
by-law for expulsion the right must be
exercised, otherwise it does not exist.
By-laws to be operative must set out at
length the conduct which is punishable
by expulsion.

Frank Wilkinson, of Williamstown,
Mass., while hunting on the side of Grey-
lock Mountain, was attacked by a large
black bear, which bore him to the
ground, scratched his face so that he be-
came a bloody mass of flesh, broke his
collar bone, and tore in shreds the flesh
of his left arm and leg. The bear would
have killed the hunter had the latter not
managed to get hold of his large hunting
knife, with which he dealt the bear a few
strokes that caused it to make off. Wil-
kinson then crawled into an open pas-
ture, where he was found and taken
home. It is thought he will recover, but
he will be terribly disfigured.

More than one correspondent has cal-
led our attention to the fact that the
apophism, "It is the duty of the people
to support the Government, and not of
the Government to support the people,"
belongs to President Cleveland, and not
to Chief Justice Fuller, the latter having
quoted it and given the ex-President the
credit. We thought that it had a familiar
tone, and now easily recognize in it the
sententious wisdom of which President
Cleveland has given the country other
examples as well. An amusing feature
in the case is that some of our contem-
poraries, who had never been able to
greet anything that came from Mr.
Cleveland except with a sneer, have re-
ceived this sentiment with effusive ad-
miration.

A middle-aged colored man entered
a Brooklyn car the other evening with a
basket containing wine in his hand, evi-
dently sent to make a delivery. He
before starting out for a Harold free-
porter noticed he was in excellent
humour. He managed to get a seat,
and when the conductor came around to
collect his fare, he never bothered about
pockets or pocket-books, but simply
placed his hand to one of his capacious
ears and drew forth the shining nickel.
To say that conductor and passengers
were surprised puts it mildly. The con-
ductor, on recovering himself, remarked:
"Why do you carry your money there,
Captain? 'Cause it's handy, sir," re-
plied the son of Ham, and the passen-
gers all laughed at the new wrinkle in
money pouches. It was observed that
he also carried a nickel in the other ear.

Antipyrinism is the name of a new
malady caused by the abuse of the latest
fashionable drug, antipyrine. In a lec-
ture delivered just before Christmas at
the Sorbonne, the University of Paris,
says the New York Tribune, Dr. P. Reg-
nard, who is one of the most eminent
medical authorities in France, uttered an
emphatic warning against the abuse of
antipyrine. "It is well known that ex-
cessive smoking produces narcotism; the
abuse of alcohol gives rise to alcoholism,
and that of morphine to morphinism. In
the same way the injudicious use of co-
caine is followed by cocaineism, and there
are at the present moment a number of
patients in the Paris hospitals under
treatment for this malady. With regard
to antipyrine, Dr. Regnard admits that it
does wonders in cases of great nervo-
usness, and that it is praised by the pa-
tients. But he points out that in dis-
turbing and arresting the natural action
of the nerves by a chemical substance,
although that action may be accom-
panied by very great pain, the penalty
for such intemperance will have to be
paid sooner or later. And the penalty in
question is a horrible one. For among
the numerous evils to which the ex-
cessive use of antipyrine gives rise are epilep-
tic fits.

"UNCLE GEORGE" AND MRS. X.

I observe Senator George Hearst, of
California, in his accustomed seat in the
Senate, says a Washington correspond-
ent of the New York Tribune. The plea-
sure derived from his presence is not
confined to the floor of the Senate. An
ex-Californian who is here looked down
from the galleries the other day and told
this story:

"Uncle George," as he is affectionately
called by all who know him—and to
know him is to esteem him—and his
family were on the Jersey coast last
summer when I visited them. The
Senator enjoyed the seashore and the
good fellows he met there who
could talk 'boras,' but the society talks
faded him very much. Living in an
adjoining cottage was a well-known so-
ciety man, who also had his family with
him. The ladies of the two families
were quite friendly and many little
cousinies were exchanged. Whichever
head of a household went to New York
for a day was obliged to do the errands
of both families. 'Uncle George' started
off one day, when Mrs. X. wanted
him to bring her a number of songs. She
said there was one she had forgotten the
title of, but she might recall it in time.
The Senator started for New York
without seeing his friend again, but at a
venture bawled 'I Dreamt that I Dwell
in Marble Halls,' 'The Old Mill,' 'Listen
to My Tale of Woe,' and various other
classical pieces which he thought might
include the one his friend could not re-
call. He received a telegram that even-
ing which, in his own language, was a
'stunner.' It bore the date line of the
New Jersey seacoast resort, and was
signed 'Mrs. X.' The message itself was
startlingly brief. It merely read:

"Call Me Thine Own."
"The old forty-minutes was upset. He
hunted up some of his racing friends
and frankly laid the situation before
them. He protested that there had been
no flirtation on his part, and he didn't
think it had gone so far on the lady's
part. Uncle George's friends were so
moved by his distress that they didn't
take advantage of him. At their sugges-
tion he wrote an answer to the message
as follows:—
"Mrs.—Am flattered by your confi-
dence, but a lovely woman, Mrs. H., has
a prior claim.
"Uncle George" didn't go back to that
New Jersey resort for a week, and then
the New York family had gone to the
mountains. But if you want to keep in
his good graces be sure and don't refer
to his seaside flirtation with Mrs. X.
You may get hurt if you do."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

It was many years ago, and I had not
been long in practice at the time. I had
gone to bed at 10 o'clock, thoroughly
worn out, for I had spent the best part
of the previous day and night in trying
to keep life in the body of a poor fellow
who had fallen from a scaffolding and
broken his skull. A sharp ring at the
door was followed by the appearance of
my servant, who handed me a card. It
bore the inscription:

"Mrs. RUGBY-ELSMERE,

"Thursdays. 3429 Sacramento street."

Below the name an unsteady hand
had scrawled the words:

"Come immediately."

Mrs. Rugby-Elsmere was a fashionable
young lady, married to a man of wealth.
It had been a love match, and, but for
the fact that she was an inveterate flirt
and he as jealous as Othello, it appeared
to have been a happy marriage. It was
Mrs. Rugby-Elsmere's disposition never
to see a man without wanting to capture
him. She was dainty and whimsical,
and would constantly send for me to
prescribe for imaginary ailments. So,
concluding that on this occasion there
was nothing serious the matter, and that
rest was more important for her than
one hour's chatter, would be to her, I
scribbled on a card:

"Dr. Huntley is laid up with a bad
cold, and begs Mrs. Rugby-Elsmere to
send for Dr. Channing."

With which I turned around and al-
most directly fell asleep. I was awak-
ened by the presence of a veiled and
cloaked lady in the room, who was ut-
tering my name in a voice which was
part whisper and part shriek. I started
up.

"Oh, doctor, come quickly, for God's
sake."

"What has happened?" I asked.
"A torrent of solid gold has poured
for a moment. Then she choked—a single
word, or perhaps two at a time."

"A dreadful thing—Capt. Gordon—
he called—in spite of my husband's prohi-
bition—and I saw him—and—and—and
he had a convulsion—and we can't bring
him to—and I expect Mr. Rugby-El-
smere

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE OCEAN

Envelope Stamp & Label Moistener

20¢ Saves time, trouble and is convenient
Price Reduced to 21.00
 Send for circular.

Morton, Phillips & Bulmer
Stationers, Blank Book Makers
and Printers,
 1755 & 1757 Notre Dame St.
 MONTREAL.

Cumberland Ry. and Coal Co's
NOTICE.

It is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of Shareholders of this Company will be held at the Company's office on

perial Buildings, Place d'Armes, in the city of Montreal, on **WEDNESDAY**, the 12th day of February, at 3.30 p.m.

The ordinary meeting of the Board of Directors of the above-named Company will be closed from the second day of February until after the meeting of the Board of Directors on the 15th day of March, 1889.

By order,
H. R. DRUMMOND,
Secretary.

Montreal, 8th January, 1889.

Canadian Pacific Ry.
DIVIDEND NOTICE.

A half-yearly dividend upon the Capital Stock of this Company at the rate of Five per cent. per annum will be paid on February 17th next, to Shareholders of record on that date. The dividend is to be paid in cash. The same is from the annuity provided for by deposit with the Canadian Government, and one per cent. is to be paid to the Shareholders of the Company. It is the intention of the Directors to continue this rate of payment until the expiration of the annuity contract, which expires in August, 1893, should the earnings of the Company permit, and to accumulate all further surplus revenue as a dividend reserve fund.

WARRANTS for this dividend, payable to the order of the Shareholder, will be issued by the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, 59 Wall Street, New York, will be delivered on and after February 7th at that Agency to Shareholders on the New York register.

WARRANTS of European Shareholders will be delivered on and after February 7th at the Agency of the Bank of Montreal, 59 Wall Street, New York.

ling at the rate of four shillings and a penny half-penny (4s 1½d) per dollar, less 1 cent Tax, at the Bank of Montreal, 22 A

church Lane, London, and will be delivered on or about the same date at the office of the Company, 85 Cannon street, London, England.

The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed in London at Three o'clock p.m. on Saturday January 15th, and in Montreal and New York at the same hour on Saturday January 21st, and will be re-opened at Two o'clock a.m. on Tuesday, the 15th February.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
Montreal, December 30th, 1899.

312 7,412 141

PUBLIC NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Quebec Legislature at its next session by Richard Turpin, merchant, of Quebec; Chs. Langworthy, of Quebec; Louis Tourville, merchant,

Montreal; Clifton B. Carey, artist, of Portsmouth, Virginia; Alfred Mondel, artist, New York; Jean Felix, merchant, of N

York; John B. Stewart, Chs. Greenwood, gentlemen, of the City of Montreal; to obtain the incorporation of a company for the encouragement of art, paintings, designs and forth, and the promotion of higher education in that direction in the Province of Quebec.

the said company to be incorporated under the name of the "Royal Quebec Art Union. The company shall also apply for the ex-

live power, during fifty years to have produced and purchased, and from time to time distribute paintings, statuary and the works of art, and for the power to dispose of the same as well as other prizes, by lottery, among the members and ticket holders of said draw. The capital of the company shall be \$25,000, with power to the Directors to increase the same from time to time, by the sale of new shares.

PREFONTAINE, ST. JEAN & GOUIN,
c law F 393 Solicitors for Applicants

NOTICE

Notices is hereby given that the following persons, William Van Stooten, Civil Engineer; E H Potter, Capitalist, both of New York, United States; William B. Turner, Civil Engineer, of Boston, United States; Joseph Odilon Dupuis, Merchant, and James Cochrane, Contractor, both of the City of New York, the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, the incorporation of a Company, to be called the Montreal Subway Company, in order to provide proper facilities for the laying underground of telegraph, telephone and electric wires by which electricity or power is transmitted, with a view to the construction, establish and maintain, exclusively during a space of forty years, underground conduits in the streets, roads and other places in the City and other Municipalities in a district, and with the right to charge rent for the use of the said conduits.

The total capital of the Company to be \$100,000, with power to increase.

PREFONTAINE, ST. JEAN & GOUIN,
Solicitors for Applicants
Montreal, 10th December, 1889. c F 3

A bill will be presented to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for the pur-

of incorporating a Company under the corporate name of "The Montreal Gas Consumers' Company," and in carrying out the Joint Stock Companies, and with the far view of establishing, maintaining and managing in the City of Montreal, or in the suburbs thereof, workshops for the manufacture of gas, and of carrying on all work necessary for the supply of gas to the City of Montreal, shops, stores, workshops and factories, either for lighting or for heating for any other purposes. The capital of the Company, as authorized by the Act, is to increase it to \$3,000,000. The said Comp. shall apply for the exclusive power to furnish gas to the said City of Montreal, and to the said suburbs thereof, and to the said territory, upon immediately reducing the rate thereof, it does not interpose any already existing right.

CHS. ATTORNEY FOR PROMOTEES

Quebec, 6th Dec. 1883.

e t

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that

Publication will be made, at the next session of the of Legislature the Province

Quebec, to obtain an Act to incorporate a House of Refuge, an Asylum and a Hospital, in the Towns of Ste. Candeigne, in District of Montreal.

ADAM, DUHAMEL & PLOURDE,
Solicitors for Applicants.

Montreal, 10th December, 1880. J. O.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Messrs. J. H. Massue, J. K. V. Le Prefontaine, Jos. Barsoloni, D. McKee, Louis Fourville, and A. C. Stevenson, Chaplains, S. C. Stevenson, will apply at next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for a Bill to incorporate them, with other persons, as a body corporate and politic, under the name of "Montreal Temperance Association," the object of said Bill being to hold Industrial and Natural Exhibitions in Montreal, or in the city, and other objects, with a capital

PREFONTAINE, ST. JEAN & GOUIN

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned citizens of Montreal that they will petition the Quebec Legislature at their next session, to be incorporated under the name of "Ecole Veterinaire Franco-Montreal," and as such to be authorized to teach the theory and practice of veterinary art and take all necessary steps to put this advancement. Montreal, December 1889.

Emmanuel Perle, Dr. Jacques-Louis, Norbert Falard, M. D., Henri E. Desjardins, M. D., Avila R. Marsolais, M. D., Victor Dubucqz, M. V., Victor Franchet, M. V.

