

THE EQUITY

VOL. V.

BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., MARCH 8, 1888.

No. 39.

THE EQUITY,

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

SMITH & COWAN,

Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription, \$1 Per Year, in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Transient advertisements, eight cents per line for first insertion; three cents a line for every subsequent insertion.

Business cards, eight lines or less, per year, \$4.00; for every additional line, 50 cents.

Contract rates made known to merchants on application.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the county and neighboring townships.

JOB PRINTING.

The following, and all other printing, done at the best rates:

Action Bills, By-Laws, Bill Heads, Business Cards, Circulars, Dodgers, Handbills, Letter Heads, Labels, Municipal Blanks, Municipal printing, Notarial Blanks, Note Heads, Notes of hand, Posters, Receipts, Tickets, All kinds of blank for Circuit, Commissioners and Magistrate's Courts.

A CALL SOLICITED.

Professional Cards.

H. T. HURDMAN,

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE: FOREST HOUSE, BRYSON.

H. GAUTHIER, M.D., Graduate of Victoria College, has established himself at Fort Coulonge and has his office in Morrissette's Hotel.

MA COLM MCLEOD, Q. C. A DVOCAETE, &c., for Province of Quebec and Superior and Exchequer Courts, Ottawa. Parliamentary Practice. Office—38 Wellington street Ottawa.

CRUICKSHANK & ELLIOT, A DVOCATS, BARRIS, &c., 90 St. James St., Montreal.

HENRY AYLEN, LL.M. BARRISTER & C., &c., SELMER, - - - QUEB.

Hotels.

THE FOREST HOUSE—R. McC. RITCHIE, Proprietor. Spacious Sample Rooms. Every attention paid to guests. First Class Tables.

DOMINION HOUSE.

BRYSON—D. SHEA, PROPRIETOR. Best accommodation for travellers. Good Livery. Jan. 19th., 1887.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, MAIN ST., - - QUYON,

D. M. McLean,.....Proprietor.

This House is in every way furnished to afford excellent accommodation for the travelling public. Commercial men will find the Sample Rooms second to none on the road. The Bar is always supplied with the best Brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars.

Billiard Room Attached.

CHATTERTON'S

GRAND UNION, Portage du Fort, Que.

The undersigned having moved to Portage du Fort, and having leased and refitted the Union House, is now prepared to attend to the wants of the travelling public in all their varied phases.

IN CUISINE MATTERS, the Union will be surpassed by none and equalled by few.

First class bar in connection. S. D. CHATTERTON. June 14th, 1887.

Business Cards.

JAMES HOPE & CO., MANUFACTURING STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS, Bookbinders, Printers, &c. Depository of the Ottawa Auxiliary Bible Society. Ottawa, Ont.

JOHN MOONEY, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Accounts collected and prompt returns guaranteed.

INSURANCE AGENCY. J. H. BROMLEY, - - - GOWER POINT.

REPRESENTS the following Companies: Agricultural, Glasgow and London, Commercial Union, the North British and Mercantile and the British American. The business of the late C. A. Smith of Shawville and H. Heath of Quyon, transacted.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

MONEY TO LEND FOR ONE TO FIFTY YEARS Easy terms. Apply to S. A. MACKAY, B. C. L., Secretary Public, Portage du Fort, Que., Agent for the Credit Foncier Franco Canadien. Shawville visited the first Thursday of every month.

LOCAL NEWS.

A complete assortment of underclothing shirts, collars, ties, &c., at O'MEARA & HODGINS, Quilo.

Special services will be taken up on Tuesday next the 13th inst., in the Presbyterian church, Portage du Fort.

Potatoes are a cash article in this vicinity, being sold at \$1.00 per bag. Beef, too, is scarce.

\$400.00 in cash prizes for the horse races at Quilo, but what is the prize money for the majority of everything you want for the human race at O'MEARA & HODGINS.

Ross Bros. of Shawville are offering special bargains on the balance of their stock of winter goods. See their new "bill of fare" in their advertising space this week. It is worth perusing.

Oh, Maude, did you see Arthur's new suit? It is lovely! No, where did he get it? At O'MEARA & HODGINS. They have some of the nicest tweeds you ever saw in your life. Oh, if you just saw Arthur now.

Moorhead & McCuaig's shanty on the Madawaska was closed last week, the season's cut having been finished. The logs taken out numbered 3,000.

Who said they were going to the city to get a suit of clothes? Not I—O'MEARA & HODGINS of Quilo can get up a suit of clothes equal to any clothing house in the Dominion. And here's a V to back it.

For the benefit of those who are getting tired of "Truly rural," as a cure for stammering, the following is respectfully submitted:—Ponounce rapidly "She sells sea shells; shall she sell sea shells?"

Tea Party—Why, just think of it, O'MEARA & HODGINS are selling 6lbs of excellent Japan Tea for \$1.00. I have tried it and find it equal to any tea I have bought from other merchants at 30c per pound.

The Scott Act was repealed in the county of Halton last week by a large majority. There will also be a grand free exhibition of choice spring suitings and pantings at O'MEARA & HODGINS. Parties visiting the races will have an opportunity to select their spring suits from a large assortment. Suits to order at from \$10.00 up, and satisfaction in every way guaranteed.

Little Tancred Tremblay, eldest son of councillor Joseph Tremblay, fainted one day last week while going through his exercises in school. The little fellow was at once despatched home by the teacher and medical aid being summoned, he was soon alright again.

Entries! Why, yes, there are any amount of entries for each of our races. The most interesting one of the lot is the one to O'MEARA & HODGINS, to leave their measure for one of their fine spring suits, at such low figures.

By referring to our advertising columns the new advertisement of Mr. James Quinn, the proprietor of one of Ottawa's foremost tailoring establishments, will be found. Mr. Quinn's stock of cloths, for variety of pattern and excellence of material, cannot be excelled in the city. Parties who think of investing in a suit when in the city, should not fail to call on Mr. Quinn, 510 1/2 Sussex St.

On the 14th and 15th there will be a grand display of trotting on the ice track at Quilo. There will also be a grand free exhibition of choice spring suitings and pantings at O'MEARA & HODGINS. Parties visiting the races will have an opportunity to select their spring suits from a large assortment. Suits to order at from \$10.00 up, and satisfaction in every way guaranteed.

Limits Sold. The Messrs. Murray, of Pembroke, have disposed of their Dominion timber limits to Mr. E. B. Eddy, of Hull, for the sum of \$50,000. The logs cut this winter up to date together with the stock is included in the sale.

An Important Mineral Find. If Pontiac is never to shine as an agricultural district she will certainly shine in some other sphere. Since the lumber trade has departed from her, or removed to such a remote distance that it is of almost as much benefit to the dwellers on the coast of Labrador as it is to the inhabitants within the organized portions of her borders, men in general commenced to think that all would have to emigrate to more favored portions of this fair Dominion. Evidences are cropping up every day and move particularly within the last year, to convince the most sceptical that Pontiac's rock beds contain untold millions of mineral wealth. The latest discovery is that of Mr. Joseph McVeigh, of what he considers a rich deposit of free gold, on one of the creeks near Portage du Fort. The ore was found in a bed of slate colored quartz and is said to be the pure article. Mr. McVeigh was in Bryson on Monday and had a sample with him. He was offered already \$200 as half interest but refused it as he is of the opinion that the find is worth millions. Silver, Mr. McVeigh says, is also plentiful in the locality. Mr. McVeigh is quite jubilant over his find and we hope he may realize handsomely out of it.

Campbell's Bay Notes. Careless driving caused a collision on Sunday night between two cutters, resulting in the driver of one of them being thrown out. The accident occasioned considerable hard language between the colliding parties. A rumor had it that a popular young gentleman, residing in our immediate vicinity, has gone to Ross to pluck one of that township's fairest flowers.

During the past week there has been a considerable decrease in the number of teams passing this way for the shanties. Already our local agents are receiving large quantities of machinery. The latest arrival in this line was a car load of plows which arrived Friday last.

Judging from the unusually large consignments of freight received nightly at the station, it appears that our merchants intend to be fully prepared for the spring rush of business.

On Friday last as we wended our way up Main Street our attention was attracted by a crowd which surrounded some object attached to a cutter in which were seated two young men from a neighboring settlement. Some one inquired if it were alive, and by close investigation it was found to be a horse. A degree of animation. Everyone had a different opinion as to what it should be called. One young man ventured to say it was a hat rack and substantiated his statement by hanging his hat upon the object. As yet the occupants of the cutter had not volunteered any information as to the nature of the animal, but finally becoming wearied by the attention lavished upon them and their means of conveyance, one of them condescended to explain that it was a horse, and that a prominent tradesman and horse dealer doing business a short distance from here had obtained it in a trade and had employed them to bring it to the Bay and show off its goop points. By a wearisome stretch of imagination the majority of those assembled came to the conclusion that it was a horse. We believe it is to be entered at the Quyon races unless blown away before that time. U. & I.

Campbell's Bay, March 5th, 1888.

His Poverty Saved Him.

In a village up west a "mum social" was held recently, the most amusing feature of which was the "mum" period in the middle of the proceedings. Each gentleman present was required to keep silence for a period of ten minutes, the ladies to be at liberty to use any means, fair or unfair, to make him talk. The penalty of violation was a fine of five cents. One man was besieged during the whole time by eight married and sixteen single ladies. He endured untold agonies, and thought the ten minutes would never expire, but, having no money, and being ashamed to expose his poverty, he managed to control his tongue.

Better Late than Never.

In the hurry and press of business during the past month we omitted to mention the happy marriage of Mr. John Lathan jr., only son of Mr. John Lathan of Thorne, to Sarah Jane eldest daughter of Mr. George Dagg, of the same township. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Bourne on Monday the 30th day of January, 1888. On the occasion the groom was supported by two groomsmen and the bride by two bridesmaids. We wish the happy couple, although it is a little behind time, all the happiness and prosperity that this world can give.

Singular Loss.

On Friday last Mrs. Robert Dickson, of Pakenham, township, met with a singular loss. It appears that a few days previously she had sold a team of horses, receiving therefor the sum of \$200. On Friday she came to Almonte to transact some business, and not feeling assured in her mind of the safety of her money, as she was leaving the house unprotected, she placed the money in a glass jar and hid it in the snow about 200 yards from the house. On her return from Almonte she forgot about hiding the money, in fact it never entered her mind until the following day, and when she went to look for it it was gone, jar as well. Diligent search was made for the missing treasure, but up to the present time its whereabouts is a mystery.—Almonte Times.

Burnt to the Ground.

On Thursday evening last there was obliterated by fire in the township of Litchfield one of the oldest standing houses in that township—a house which many a traveller hailed with untold joy in the good old days gone by when making long, tiresome journeys through the then wilderness of Pontiac, which journeys were accompanied with much danger owing to the prevalence of wolves and other vicious animals, and this haven of rest as stated above, situated as it was about the centre of the long portage between here and P. D. F., was always a welcome sight to the traveller, be he Jew or gentile. The house we refer to is the old Colton homestead, situated about 4 miles from here on the Litchfield road which was burnt to the ground on Thursday evening last, nothing being left to remind the passer-by that a house once stood there but a charred, blackened, crumbling remnant of the stone foundation. The fire originated in the kitchen adjoining the house and had made such headway before the inmates were aroused that all efforts to extinguish it were unavailing. Mr. Chapman, who was the lessee, lost nearly everything. The building, we understand, was insured.

Personal.

Mr. Joseph Wyman, of Onslow, was in Bryson a day or two last week.

Messrs. E. R. Klock, M. D. and G. H. Burroughs, of P. D. Fort were in town on Monday last.

Mr. O. Cuthbertson, of Bristol, was round last week on his annual trip selling oatmeal. He disposed of a load in Bryson.

Mrs. W. G. LeRoy, of this village, was visiting friends in Ottawa last week.

Mr. Ephraim Mohr, of Sand Point, Mr. Frank Learmonth, of Fitzroy Harbor, were in Bryson, on Wednesday last, attending the land sales.

Mrs. Henry Hurdman, of Eardley, mother of Dr. Hurdman and Mrs. Ritchie, is visiting at the Forest House.

Messrs. Joseph Turner and Robt. Ross, of Shawville, were in Bryson on Monday last. We learned from these gentlemen that summonses have been served on those who opposed the book agents at Quyon last fall, to appear at Quyon on the 12th inst., and stand their trial. They are sued for the sum of \$300 each. Three summonses were served the fourth and last has not yet been served.

Mr. James King passed through here on his way up to the shanty last week. It is generally thought that many logs will be stuck on small creeks, unless there falls a large quantity of rain during this and next month. Small creeks owing to the absence of rain last fall are dried up and there is no ice in the bush, consequently there is only the light snow now lying on the ground to depend upon for filling up the creeks.

Mr. Frank Murtagh was in Bryson last week. He entertains some fears for the success of the drive in the spring, but thinks there is sufficient snow in the bush to supply water for driving. A dam was built last October at the head of the creek through which his logs have to pass to reach Coulonge river and although it was made water tight yet the water since that time has not risen in the creek one inch. In the creek, to use Mr. Murtagh's own language, "there is not water enough at the present time to supply a thirsty man with a drink." Mr. Murtagh is now cutting dimension timber, the snow being too deep to handle logs without too much expense.

The best advertising medium is undoubtedly printers ink, for local purposes, in a newspaper; and for any special line, in a good trade journal. Printers' ink, it has been said, can out-talk any salesman, or out-argue any obstinate buyer. It can't be talked back to, and when its opponents have expended every argument against the subject, comes up smiling every time with the same old statement, and finally convinces and leads him in.

The extensive lumber concern of Messrs. G. A. Grier & Co., Ottawa, has been sold to Messrs. Pierce & Co., of London, England. It is understood that the price paid is about \$1,250,000. The purchase includes all the works of the firm at Ottawa, saw-mills etc., extensive limits on the Coulonge, Kippewa, Pottawawa and Mattawa rivers, Bissett's Creek and Lake Temiscamingue, as well as the works of the firm up the Ottawa river.

Started.

The grist mill of Mr. James Wilson, Clarendon, which has been fitted up with all the latest designs of machinery, commenced running on the 1st inst. In a future issue we will give a full description of it. For the present we refer our readers to Mr. Wilson's ad. which will be found in another column.

Another Provincial Asset Sold.

Five old court house safes were sold by auction in Montreal on Wednesday the 29th ult. The number of bidders present was not very considerable, as they were probably all voters, as the Hon. James McShane was present. The auctioneer, Mr. James Stewart, officiated in his usual manner, assisted by the minister, who impressed upon his hearers the fact that he would record his vote to-day for Mr. Conroy. The bidding was not very spirited, and in two instances Mr. McShane very nearly became the possessor of two safes bid on. This was due to his eagerness to realize as much as possible for the provincial Government. In answer to an enquiry the minister stated that the provincial Government would certainly not require safes to store the new loan. This loan would be taken care of in other ways. The amount realized for the safes was about \$80.

A Curious Family Group.

Seldom, if ever, will you hear of such a thing as the following which the Ottawa Journal unfolds. We have heard of one or two instances in our lifetime where hens, pigs, a couple of calves, &c., dwelt together under the same roof with the family in peace and harmony, in out-of-the-way backwoods settlements, but to find such a thing existing in a city like Ottawa is indeed a phenomena. Here's what the Journal says:—Sanitary Inspector McNeill in his perambulations through Wellington ward recently came upon a curious family group. These consisted of the usual kind, a man, woman and children, but to these were added a horse and a cow. The inspector says when he saw the group first the picture struck him as something far beyond the ordinary. They were all in the kitchen, and the horse occupied the seat, or rather stand, of honor, being nearest to the stove. The cow had a back stand, while the rest of the family were scattered promiscuously around. Mr. McNeill says he had no idea that such a state of things could exist in the banner ward of the city. The family live near the Wellington ward market. He served notification on the man to export the horse and cow from the premises and do a general cleaning up business.

Kicked to Death.

A rumor became current last week that old Mr. Syme, of Ramsey, was dead. It reached his son-in-law, Mr. John McIntyre, on Monday, and he and his wife drove at once to Mr. Peter Syme's in the same township. They heard the report, but knew it lacked substance. This was good news, and Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre agreed to stay awhile. Mr. Syme was just then going to Almonte with a load of peas, and Mr. McIntyre put his horses in the stall just vacated. When Mr. Syme returned Mr. McIntyre removed his team to another stall, allowing the others their accustomed place. He was in the set of stooping down to lift his arms full of hay to place in the manger when one of Mr. Syme's horses, a stallion, gave a vicious kick, which took Mr. McIntyre full in the face. He became insensible instantly. The house is some distance away, and there being no men around Mr. Syme rebitched his horses, and depositing the inanimate body on the sleigh drove to the house where he was assisted by the sisters, their wives. He then applied the whip, galloped to Almonte—four—miles away— and was back in half an hour with two doctors. Meanwhile Mr. McIntyre recovered consciousness, and realizing his irrecoverable condition proceeded to make his will. At the conclusion he named John McArton and Arch. Stewart as his Executors, and then as he was passing away, distinguished the first as "John McArton, Junior," his last words. He lived only one hour from the moment he received the death-blow. Mr. McIntyre was an amiable gentleman, full of spirit, and was succeeding well in life. He was an Oddfellow, a Reformer, and a Presbyterian.—Central Canadian.

ANOTHER ITEM.—Mrs. J. Thompson of Elma, Ont., writes that she suffered from general weakness and was so reduced that times she became almost unconscious. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters completely cured her, and she now recommends B.B.B. to her friends and neighbors.

The old man who was so badly crushed near Quyon, two weeks ago by the derrick mishap is very much prostrated from loss of blood, but, Dr. Astley, who is attending him, thinks that he will recover.

Bristol Jettings.

A fire occurred at Bristol Corners, by which the dwelling house occupied and owned by Donald McKillop sr., and nephew John McLeod was totally destroyed by fire on the afternoon, the 2nd inst. Mr. McKillop saved most of his stuff, but Mr. McLeod lost everything. I did not hear if there was any insurance.

Another death took place last week, viz., William Graham, who had been ailing for the past two years, which he bore with christian patience. There was no young man more respected than deceased, and deservedly so too.

Richard Gibbons, one of the first settlers in Bristol, now living on the North side of Quyo river is very unwell at present.

Mr. Thomas Gallieher, carpenter of this place, has just taken a contract to build two new school houses for the Bristol commissioners, which are to be completed by August next.

Must be Seen to be Appreciated.

No one can visit the gentleman's outfitting establishment of Mr. M. M. Pyke, Sparks street Ottawa, without being pleased with the really excellent assortment of everything usually found in an establishment of that description. Men's fine furnishing goods are imported direct from the manufacturers, thus saving the profits of the middleman, who too often comes in for a large share. Dr. Jaeger's underclothing and socks are a speciality, and these goods for comfort and from a sanitary standpoint, are unsurpassed. A large assortment of silk umbrellas of extra size and quality have just been received direct from the London manufacturers and are offered at cheap rates. The assortment of ties cannot be competed with by anyone in the city, and the elegant counter show-cases are filled with samples of all the newest and neatest designs of excellent quality and colors, suitable for spring and summer wear. Gloves, collars, and silk handkerchiefs, of all descriptions and of the best quality manufactured, are displayed in endless variety. The shirt business has increased with rapid strides in the past twelve months, due to the excellent quality and perfect fit of the articles sold. Lacrosse, cricket, football, and rowing clubs desiring to have fancy shirts or jerseys made cannot do better than call at the store, where they will find a full assortment to choose from, and can rely on getting both a good fit and value for their money.

Portage du Fort Notes.

Our village is becoming repopulated steadily, since the beginning 1888. Six have left for the States, and this week the seventh goes in the person of Mr. R. D. J. Roney, who has accepted a very lucrative situation with a mining company in Pittsburg, Penn. Mr. Roney will be book-keeper for the firm, and will command a salary of over \$1000 per annum. Mr. Roney's familiar voice and pleasant smile will long be missed by many friends here, who wish him every success in his future career.

The Holy sacrament was partaken of in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday afternoon. Some 15 persons broke the bread and drank the wine, among whom were five new communicants. The Rev. Mr. Allen of Bryson preached in the Methodist church on Sunday. His sermon in the evening was nicely prepared well delivered and eagerly listened to by a large audience.

Mrs. Henry Osborne left on Saturday for the East on a short visit.

Your correspondent of last week forgot to mention that Miss Amy had arrived home from Mon real.

Miss Jessie Murphy is spending a few weeks at Cobden.

Mrs. Jas. McLaren of Ross died at her residence on Thursday night last, at the age of 89 years. Loved, respected and cherished by all who knew her, her demise will cast a gloom of sadness over the entire community. Mrs. McLaren had been ailing for the past six years during which time she suffered much pain and trouble all of which she bore with christian fortitude and loving submission. Her husband had the sympathy of all. The funeral, which took place on Monday, was largely attended. These frequent deaths in our midst should serve to remind us of the uncertainty of life. Like the breath of the oxen in winter, like the star falling aslant the cloudless blue sky, like the shadow which loses itself in sunshine, such is our life. Let us then live that we may die the death of the righteous.

Mr. and Mrs. Agret of Ottawa are visiting their relatives here.

Dr. Hurdman of Bryson was here on Sunday.

The grist mill has not begun to grind on account of scarcity of water.

The meagre reference to the presentation, address and banquet, in my last notes was owing to want of time, not out of any disrespect to the parties concerned. The banquet, under the supervision of Mrs. Burroughs, Mrs. Amy, Mrs. McKay, and Mrs. Roney, was perfect in every detail and reflects much credit on the management and taste of those ladies. The tables were loaded with many palatable delicacies which were discussed at some length by the friends, after which the following address, accompanied by the locked and bronch referred to last week, was presented:—

To Mr. W. G. SWALWELL:

On the eve of your departure for the far West, the citizens of Portage du Fort feel that they cannot allow you to leave without testifying to your regret at the severance of those intimate and kindly relations which have existed amongst us for so many years, and to wish you at the same time God-speed in your lengthy journey across the continent, and success and prosperity in the new field where you propose exerting yourself. We understand that you leave us not because you have not enjoyed a fair share of the good things of the world whilst here, or that your attachment to your old home has in any way grown weaker, but rather on account of your health, which owing to your too strict attention to business and confinement has been somewhat impaired and has necessitated a change of climate and surroundings.

The citizens of Portage du Fort fondly hope that you with the concurrence of your amiable lady will make such a name and reputation for yourself in the far western country that they will be proud of you as a native of our town, and in order to do as it is our prayer that Divine Providence will shower down upon you his choicest gifts.

In conclusion allow us to offer you these few presents as slight tokens of our esteem and as remembrances of the many friends of your native town.

[Signed] On behalf of the citizens of Portage du Fort, Mr. Swalwell, in his reply, thanked the citizens on behalf of himself and wife for this kindly manifestation of their good wishes and expressed his regrets at leaving the home of his youth where so many happy days had been spent, and hoped to see ere long many of his friends in Tacoma. "EMMA."

THE MAN OF THE GOLDEN FILLET.

VI.

Cleon would have gotten him quietly to his house together with Temenos and Autonoe, but the people, more frantic now to do him homage than a few moments ago they had been to slay him, bore him on their shoulders through the streets of Athens unto the Parthenon; also they did likewise unto the maiden, who, trembling with modesty and fear, hid all her face within her mantle, fluttering upon the brawny shoulders of the man who carried her, like unto a dove which hath been snared by the feet in a lion's mane.

As for Gigas, it took all of Cleon's now mighty influence to prevent his being stoned straightway. As it was, they drove him from the city with gibes and hisses, casting mud upon him as he ran.

Autonoe having returned unto her home, on the second day of the festival to Athene Agarista did usher in the senator, as the maid sate dreaming open-eyed near a window overhanging the sea; and, after some moments were passed, he was much amazed to note that she was veiled, and, clasping her, he said, "Beloved, why hidest thou aught of thy sweet face from me?"

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She saith, "Beloved, why hidest thou aught of thy sweet face from me?"

where now the half-burned torches of the thronging bridal guests made red reflections, like to fiery poniards stabbing the cold white. At last unto the portal of the house, where Cleon greeted her, and the jovial throng did pour upon their heads blue figs and scarlet pomegranates, both fruit and flowers.

Afterward they all assembled at the banquet table, while sounds of lute, of harp, and of lyre trembled upon the fragrant air, soft and rhythmic as the beating of birds' wings on a still noon in time of harvest. And the wines flowed red like blood, and purple as the first upspringing of violets, and golden as the sunlight on the tresses of a young maiden,—and Crete and Cnidus and Cyprus, from Meno and from the Isle of Lesbos. On the tables of polished cypress-wood inlaid with gold and with silver gilded images wonderfully wrought, set all with precious stones, emeralds and sapphires and rubies, beryl and hyacinth. The drinking vessels of much carved amber were crowned with garlands of white flowers, and the perfume of roses reigned absolute, as reigns a fair woman over the hearts of men.

Now, in the midst of all this gladness, and just as Cleon had sent his cup to Temenos, Autonoe bearing it in her own hands, ere that she had given it into her father's hold there rushed into the apartment Gigas the Taurician, red as to his face and flaming as to his eyes, while by main force he dragged after him an aged woman. And all they being started to their feet, he cried out in a loud voice, saying,—

"Ye have used me like a slave, but I will show you him whom ye should so use!"

And, striding up to Cleon, he reached forth his brawny arm and tore away the golden fillet from his brow, and pointed with fingers crooked with hate to a deep red mark which showed upon the pale brow of the senator. And he said,—

"This is he whom ye treat like an emperor, but who is in verity—a slave!"

Whereat all they being transfixed with amazement, he further told them how that Cleon was in no wise that which he pretended to be, but by birth a slave of Ionia, who had escaped some seventeen years ago with his young master from a besieged town on the sea-shore, and that, the real Cleon, having fallen dead from his wounds, he, the false Cleon, had clad himself in the raiment of his dead master, binding his brow with the golden fillet which he had since worn, in order to hide the mark with which, as they did see, he had been branded. Also he called upon the old woman to bear him witness, saying, "Give word unto these people, O Thyrsa, how that thou, being the nurse of the dead Cleon, dost know of all these matters."

Then said the old woman, but not lifting up her head, "What thou hast said is true, O Gigas! and I have proofs here which better than myself can bear thee witness."

Now, while yet there was over all the assembly that rush which is the herald of tumult, and while Cleon stood with unbound branded brow facing his guests as though his forehead supported a diadem rather than a mark of ignominy, Autonoe, setting down the vessel which she had carried to her father, walked swiftly down the long table-side, and, reaching him who in spite of all was now her husband, bent toward him, and ere he knew what she did purpose, pressed down her lips against the mark upon his forehead.

Then went up a murmur of praise and admiration from all those present, but modulated in reverence; and in the eyes of many were tears, and in the heart of all a pity most profound and tender,—all save Gigas, who, when he saw how she upon whom he sought revenge did conduct herself to him whom he hated, snarled with rage like to an angry tiger, and cursed with inarticulate curses.

Cleon spoke no word, good or evil; only when he felt the lips of the woman whom he loved upon the mark which was as a seal of shame upon his brow, he fell to trembling through all his limbs, but remained standing, with head erect and dauntless bearing.

Then said Gigas, smiling as smiles a sleeping man who in his dreams hath gotten his enemy by the throat, "Thou art richer, woman, by one slave! As for thee, my lord Temenos, let me offer thee my heartfelt congratulations upon thy newly-acquired son!"

"Proof! proof!" cried Temenos, in a thick voice, being all but speechless with grief and indignation.

Then Gigas, yet more smiling as to his pulpy lips, wherein gleamed his white teeth like to the seeds in a sun-split pomegranate, commanded the old Ionia that she bring forth the proofs that were in her keeping.

Now, all present protested against this, and were for turning both Gigas and the woman from the house, with all insults in their power; but Cleon said, "Let her speak, I pray ye." Whereat, though murmuring, they did as he said, and hearkened unto her.

Though stricken in years, and whiter than wool as to her shaggy locks, she was a tall woman, sound of limb and voice, with eyes set like two torches in the night of her swarthy face. And, lifting up her voice, she spake as follows:

"I am that Thyrsa who nursed thee at her breast. Dost thou remember me, O Cleon?"

He answered in a deep voice, but with utmost calmness, "Well do I remember thee and the love that thou didst bear me."

At this her brilliant eyes gleamed with sudden radiance beneath her overhanging brows, as though two actual torches flared with a sudden wind far in deep caverns, and she said, "Yea, I did love thee well, and have journeyed night and day, since first the spring did this year visit the earth, to hold speech with thee."

He saith to her, "Say on." And Gigas, growing in his throat, plucked at her dark mantle, bidding her have a care in what wise she gabbled.

Then saith the woman, loosing herself from the grasp of the Taurician, and approaching nearer to Cleon where he stood with Autonoe at his side,—

"True is it, O my master, that thou art branded with the brand of a slave; true is it that thou didst escape as hath been said and didst change raiment with a dead man; but truer than all this: thou art no slave, but very Cleon, and a prince of the sacred house of Democles by right of the blood which is in thy veins."

When Gigas so heard her speak, it seemed as though for one instant he had turned to stone; the next, leaping as fire leaps from an angry sky, he sprang upon and dashed

her to the ground, tearing with his rough hands her scattered locks, snarling and foaming like a wild beast. They, having secured and bound him with their quickly-snatched off girdles, lifted and refreshed Thyrsa with wine and seated her in a chair.

All this while Cleon, like a man just risen from the dead, stared at the blank air as upon his cast-off ornaments. And he seemed not to hear, while the old woman told how she had changed the children in their infancy, binding her son's brows with the golden fillet of the young prince, and clothing the son of Democles in the cotton garments of her own child. And, having confirmed her story with proofs unquestionable, ere they could prevent her she arose and cast herself upon the ground in front of Cleon, and placed her hands about his feet, and put down her head upon them, so that they were covered with her white locks, as with the frozen mists of northern countries, and she saith unto him,—

"If that I must die, I pray thee kill me, rather than that I should be stoned or cast into the spiked-pit."

Stooping, he lifted her full gently, and composed her grizzled tresses with his own hands, and he said,—

"Even as thou hast, after many years, brought peace unto me, peace also dwell with thee. Be not afraid, for no harm shall come unto thee." She, falling again upon the ground, did weep aloud.

VII.

Now, from the night of Thyrsa's confession Autonoe seemed not to be able to control a vague dread which seized upon her. The falling of a flower from a vase, the sudden flight of a dove past her window, noises and sights the most gentle, filled her with terror and with unrest. And when it was told her by one of her slaves that Gigas had escaped and was gone, no one knew whither, so great were her distress and apprehension that Cleon determined to take her to an island off the coast of Sicily, whereon was another palace belonging to him.

It was on an afternoon most radiant that they set sail from Mytilus. And Autonoe, looking out upon the burnished surface of the sea, said to Cleon, "Doth it not remind thee of the shield of the great goddess as she appeared to us on Areopagus?"

He, smiling at her pretty fancy, saith, with his fingers in her short curls, "In brightness it doth remind me of these locks of thine, and in vastness of my love for thee; but very like it doth more resemble the shield of Pallas."

Whereat she bended ere he could prevent her and kissed his hand as it rested upon her shoulder. For he liked not such homage from her unto whom was all his adoration, and always the blood sought his brow when thus she caressed him.

As the sun sank ever westward, his rays upon the falling of the water from the many oars caused it to appear like unto an ever-falling shower of gold upon the white breasts of the waves fawling like sea-daemons about the moving ship, while the sails, bulging with a light gale, seemed like unto vast goblets of beaten gold, filled wine-like by the wind. Gold was the mighty dome above them, gold the ridgy hollows of the sea, gold, gold the sweet locks of the woman whom with his Midas touch the sun had also made a thing of gold. But soon the silver of the rising moon began to mingle with the brighter glow; also the violet mantle from the shoulders of departing Day descended floating-wise on sea and land, while the Night, her tresses sown with stars, came toward them over the dark waters, leaving her lustrous footprints on the waves.

As they stood forgetful of all else save their own nearness and the beauty that wrapped them as in a garment, there came close to their ears a burst of laughter, not loud, but harsh and grating as the noise made by a vessel that has run upon jagged rocks.—Whereat they, turning quickly, saw in the feathery dusk the face of Gigas leaning toward them, as out of a sacrificial smoke might be thrust the head of a yet living bull.

Cleon said, with a stern voice, covering his wife with his arm and with his mantle,—

"What dost thou here?"

The Taurician, laughing yet more, saith, "Be assured that thou shalt know ere long." Then, seeing that Autonoe covered even beneath her husband's mantle, he said, with sudden savageness, Tremble not, woman. Thou hast naught more to fear from my love; but from my hate, verily much hast thou to fear." And he said to Cleon, "Thou knowest that I am a Taurician. All on board thy ship are bought with my gold." And, as it were to good-humor by this thought, he fell again to chuckling in his throat.

By and by, seeing that they spoke no word either to him or to each other, he said, roughly,—

"Well, do ye not desire to know whither ye are bound?"

Cleon made answer, "No information that thou canst give us will be acceptable."

"Truly sayest thou?" bellowed Gigas, bending over with much laughter. "Most wisely hast thou spoken, O beloved of the gods!"

"Dost thou not fear that the gods will smite thee?" asked Autonoe, waxing angry at his scorn of her husband.

"Nay, girl, I fear neither gods nor men. But surely thou dost desire to know whither thou art bound? Even, my pretty one, unto my native land,—unto the coast of Taurica. Happily thou hast heard how it doth fare with strangers who are shipwreck on the coast of Taurica!"

Then Cleon, or ever Autonoe could prevent him, had sprung upon Gigas and had seized him by the throat, that they twain rolled over and over upon the deck of the ship. Now, after some moments, Gigas, being uppermost, bound Cleon's hands with his girdle, saying, as he did so, "This is a pretty trick, most noble lord, which I did learn at thy marriage." And he laughed as he made secure the knots and watched the Athenian as he got upon his feet.

"Beast!" saith Cleon, between his teeth, "I care not for being bound, but that a thing so foul as thou should have touched me."

"Were it not," said Gigas, "that I have even a sweeter fate in store for thee and thy fair spouse, I would feed the fishes with thy sacred body." And he laughed still more quietly and yet deeper in his throat.

Now, after some hours, about the going down of the moon, behold, they approached a rugged coast, dark-rising from the pale sea, and, feeling Cleon shiver against her as they stood together, Gigas from some motive not having separated them, Autonoe saith,—

"Beloved, why dost thou tremble?"

He saith to her, "That shore which thou seest is Taurica!"

She answered him, "Yea, so I did think; but wherefore will it be so evil if he doth wreck our vessel on that coast, seeing that he doth plainly mean that we shall drown together? For with thee I fear nothing,—not even death."

He saith to her, "The gods have pity upon me! Hast thou never heard in what wise the Tauricians do serve those who are shipwrecked on their coasts?"

She saith, "No."

Then in a heavy voice, like the voice of such as have seen hope die, he saith, "All such strangers as are shipwrecked upon the coast of Taurica the people do sacrifice unto Artemis."

Then went she very pale, and, tightening her clasp about him, "Will they kill thee, then?"

He saith, breaking down into sudden weeping which shook him silently from head to foot, "Were it but myself I could bear it,—I could bear it."

She answered, with quivering lip, though firm as to her voice, "We will bear it together, beloved. Be not sorrowful. I will be brave. Thou shalt not hear me utter so much as one cry. Weep not."

And she put up her little hands unto his face, whereon his tears falling, they did seem like unto flowers wet with rain, and strove to comfort him with sweet unselfish reasonings,—how she would not suffer but for one knife-stab, and how did she not see him suffer she could bear all without one tear, and how so soon as they should be dead their spirits would be together ever as in life they had been. So that, with her sweet forgetting of herself, he did but remember her more, to agonize over the dreadful fate in store for her and the helplessness with which he was weighed down as are the rebellious giants by Zeus-cast Pelion.

Now, when the ship was come near unto the shore, Gigas ordered the sailors to lower boats, and into one of these, having first bound them, he caused Cleon and Autonoe to be placed, and, leaving the ship at anchor, he rowed quickly to the shore. Then he commanded such of the crew as were Tauricians to remain with him, while the others he did order to return to the ship, and, having reached her, to up anchor and away. Then he caused Cleon and Autonoe to be dipped in the waves and their attire to be disordered, that they might seem to have been battling for their lives. Also he and his companions went out into the waters and riddled their garments in divers places. Thereafter, lying down upon the sea-shore, they waited for the coming of the dawn.

And when that day was opened whitely above the purple line of the eastern hills,—like to a pale lotus that unfolds upon the dark breast of some Indian river,—there came people running down to the shore,—men and women, young boys, and maidens carrying children yet useless as to their feet. And they cried out with a great voice, and danced as in rejoicing about Gigas and his sailors, and about the twain so close-clinging the one to the other. But, being addressed by Gigas in their own tongue, and the sailors also speaking unto them, they became more quiet in manner, and communed among themselves in low voices.

And after a time they returned to the town whence they had come, and, descending yet a second time unto the shore, brought with them priest and garlands and wine in crystal vessels.

Now, Cleon, being free once more as to his hands, placed Autonoe behind him, and, jerking his knife from the belt of a youth who stood near, said, "Him who doth approach me I will kill as I would a dog!" And three men did he wound nigh unto death, so that the Tauricians were compelled to snare him with ropes ere they could take him. But when they did tear Autonoe from his grasp, he did fasten his teeth in the shoulder of the man who held him, that he roared with pain and fury and ran in among the multitude, saying that this Athenian was no man, but rather a dragon, as he had been the first king of Athens.

And Autonoe sobbing saith, "Torture me in whatsoever way thou wilt, but hurt him not! hurt him not!"

Whereat they, not understanding her, laughed with great jollity at what were to them most uncouth sounds.

And they took him, Autonoe following, to the summit of a green hill overlooking the sea. And thereon was an altar erected, and a rudely-carven image of Artemis near it. And already were the sides of the hill, and even the fields below, black with people as a fallen pear with ants. And fires were kindled near the altar; also its horns were hung with wreaths of sea-weed, in token of the sacrifice about to be made.

Then first the priest, taking Autonoe by her short locks, stripped away her peplos from her white shoulders, uncovering her fair bosom to the gaze of the savage throng. And when Cleon saw what had been done, and the desecrating eyes upon the sacred form of her who was his wife, he flung off the hold of those who guarded him, as a wave dashes the foam from its crest, and, seizing upon the priest, hurled him face down into the open fire, and there held him until his face was burned as black as was the soul within his body. Whereat the Tauricians, having borne the maimed man shrieking from the hill, seized Cleon and put the knife to his throat,—when all suddenly there burst in among them a youth, travel-stained and foot-sore, and he cried out, in a loud voice, "Hold! hold, in the name of Artemis!"

And, being refreshed with wine, he spoke in the following words:

"Ye do all know me, the son of Thyrsa who was slave unto Democles; and this man did save her life. Moreover, he is that Cleon on whose behalf the great Pallas did appear but a month gone on Areopagus in Athens. Surely, if ye injure so much as a hair of his head, ye will be cursed with dire curses, ye and your children after ye!"

Then they made him give word in every wise of how he was come thither. And he told them how he had set forth at the behest of Thyrsa, his mother, she having been made acquainted of the design of Gigas against Cleon.

Now, at the name of Gigas, there went up a savage roar, so that he hearing it turned paler than the ashes of the now waning altar-fires. And they cried out, "Where is he? Where is this Gigas who hath defamed our country unto the Athenians,—he who hath denied us, and who hath slain Tauricians in battle?—Gigas! Gigas! Gigas! Blood! Blood!"

And the boy, pointing to him, said, "There he is. Sacrifice him!"

And they cried out again with fury and with delight, and seized and bound him upon the altar, and the priest being half

dead and unable to officiate, they plunged their knives into his body, men and women, with cries of "Traitor! traitor!" and "For Artemis!" So died Gigas the Taurician. But Cleon and Autonoe they conducted with all pomp to Hellas, first having laden them with gifts of gold and of jewels. These they being unable to refuse without discourtesy, bestowed upon the woman Thyrsa, in acknowledgment of her noble act. And they maintained her in their household until the day of her death. And Autonoe's children played about her knees. A so, when the day of her death did come upon her, Autonoe supported her head upon her sweet bosom, and Cleon with his own hand closed her aged eyes.

[THE END.]

SPARKS AND FLASHES.

A gang of desperadoes is a praying band. Dispensers of charity are permitted to carry alms.

That would be a weak enterprise which could not stand a loan.

The spook of the "Haunted Tavern" must have been an inn-specter.

Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown—of the bonnet that is not in style.

A good way to get the cents of a meeting, it would seem, is to take up a penny contribution.

A Bay View dog fancier calls his latest acquisition "Needles," the animal has as many fine points.

While some ladies desire only the latest novelties in ribbons, there are others who prefer those of a more antique pattern.

Wife—"I am afraid—" Husband—"You needn't be, my dear. I'm harmless."

It is a little funny, isn't it, that a draught causes a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor's bill?

"Woman says nice is a word tattooed in fashionable circles, and if you wish to praise anything highly you may call it 'strong.' We object. A strong girl doesn't mean the same by a bucketful as 'a nice girl,' and to say that butter is 'strong' when it is nice would bring the roof about your head.

A "Put and Call."

This is a funny phrase to the uninitiated, but all the brokers understand it. They use it when a person gives a certain per cent. for the option of buying or selling stock on a fixed day at a price stated on the day the option is given. It is often a serious option to the dealer, but there is a more serious "put and call" than this: when you are "put" to bed with a severe cold and your friends "call" a physician. Avoid all this by keeping in the house Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The great cure for pulmonary and blood diseases. Its action is marvelous. It cures the worst cough, whether acute, lingering, or chronic. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumption, Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis declines to accept a Jeff. Davis fund that was to have been raised by popular subscription.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient." Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

And now it is decreed that it is no longer dainty to eat grapes with one's fingers. You must have a grape holder.

Many men of many minds; Many pills of various kinds. But for a mild, effective, vegetable purgative, you had better get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and bilious attacks; 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

"Papa," asked little Johnny Fangle, "what is a legal blank?" "A legal blank, Johnny," replied Fangle, "is a lawyer who never gets a case."

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

Are we to suppose that when a man is absorbed in a book that it is printed on blotting paper.

Cure No more. Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

The first syllable of Bismarck's autograph is always illegible, but he can plainly make his mark.

How! Cough Cure cures in one minute. Because we pronounce "would" thus, wood, it does not follow that we pronounce "Gould" good.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

The man who married his ideal for his first wife is looking about for a woman for his second.

CINQUELANS HAIR RESTORER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

The man who indulges in "horns" may be expected to go to a toot.

Ocean Steamship Passengers. Via New York should take the Erie railway, as it is not only the shortest and best line, but lands people close to the piers of the leading steamship companies. In buying tickets, ask for the Erie.

In regard to sleigh-riding, make your hay before the sun shines.

A Cure for Drunkenness. The optimum habit, despondency, the morphia habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubbock's Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Man. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V. LUBBOCK, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A. F. 357.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED over the entire Dominion. Address, GEO. D. FERRIS, 87 Church Street, Toronto.

MEMORIES AT GRAVESEND.

Familiar Scenes Associated With India.

BY DAVID KER.

GRAVESEND, Feb. 6.—This pleasing panorama of Thames mist and Thames mud is probably the last that we shall see of Europe (except the usual passing glimpse of the Rock of Gibraltar) for many months to come, for yonder in midriver, looming ghostlike through a real London fog, lies the British India Navigation steamer which is to carry us away with to-morrow's tide toward the rock-cut temples of Ceylon and the petroleum fields of Burma. Dull and gloomy that it looks, the old-fashioned little town of Gravesend possesses a store of picturesque associations which would afford priceless material to the novelist and the painter. This quiet little place was once the gateway of the unknown East, the starting point from which thousands of brave young Englishmen set their eager faces toward that mysterious land of elephants and tigers, gorgeous palaces and pathless jungles, fabulous wealth and fairy splendour, which was to the eighteenth century what South America had been to the sixteenth. From this very spot four generations ago an ugly, mischievous, hot-tempered lad named Robert Clive (who was universally considered the "bad boy" of his family) sailed to take an obscure clerkship in Madras, little dreaming that he was to come home again not many years later as

THE GREATEST BRITISH SOLDIER of his time and the founder of England's East Indian empire. And after his time, or more than eighty years together, a constant stream of bold adventurers, military, political, or commercial, poured eastward from this point without ceasing in the hope of similar success, too often to find nothing but a broken life and a nameless grave. On this very pier many a bright-eyed boy officer and many a brisk young civilian has bidden farewell to his widowed mother and to one dearer still and vanished into the dim East to return no more, or at the best to return after the lapse of nearly half a century as a peevish, rheumatic old half-pay Colonel or a crusty nabob with a yellow face and diseased liver, loaded with riches and honors, only to find that he had lost all power of enjoying either.

Even now, although the ancient tradition of "golden India" has long since melted away, and the famous East India Company itself is a thing of the past, some faint shadow of the old romance still lingers around this familiar spot. An artist or a poet might have done much with the scene that I witnessed here many years ago, when a long line of trim scarlet jackets and snow-white crossbelts and glittering bayonets came filing with measured tramp through these narrow, gloomy streets beneath the cloudless sunshine of a glorious Summer morning down to the spot where the tall masts of two stately troop ships rose high above the swarm of small craft around them. The famous historical regiment that had overmarched the best soldiers of France in their dreadful Pyrenean campaign of 1814 and had broken the rush of Napoleon's last great attack at Waterloo, a year later, was departing on its long journey to the tiger-haunted jungles of Oude and the deadly swamps of Bengal. Many a cheer rang out to greet their progress from the crowd which had been drawn together by the stirring sound of their martial music, while many a gay young subaltern who was never to see England again recognized his friends amid the throng with a boyish jest or a burst of thoughtless merriment, unmarrred by any foreshadowing of the gloomy future. But it was in widely different guise that the

REMNANTS OF THAT GALLANT BAND came home again only a few years later, for war and cholera and fever had reaped their harvest of death, and of the many who had gone forth only a very few returned. But it is not merely upon the outward-bound vessels that the local interest of Gravesend concentrates itself. To those who have eyes to see there is abundance of picturesque and not a little romance likewise to be found on the deck of any newly-arrived steamer homeward bound from the East Indies. Sprightly ladies who have just lost their husbands comforting disconsolate ladies who have not yet found theirs; stout, red-faced Commissioners, swearing in true British style at the clumsy porters who bump and bang their countless trunks, and consigning to a much warmer place than India the Custom House officers who impede their departure; pale, large-eyed babies kicking and squalling in the arms of dusky Asiatic nurses; sallow, pasty-faced small boys from Calcutta, on their way to a boarding school in London, Brighton, or Dover, and looking very far from radiant at the prospect; faded, fretful-looking mammas in costly cashmere shawls and silver bracelets, scolding shivering Hindu servants with scarlet turbans and white tunics, who seem to like the climate of England as little as their masters and mistresses like that of India. A wounded officer from the Afghan border—haggard, wasted, hollow-eyed, with his head bandaged and his right arm in a sling—is being assisted along the gang-plank by three or four sturdy blue-jackets with a tenderness which contrasts very strangely with their brassy frames and rough weather-beaten faces. A peppery old merchant prince from Madras, in a white waistcoat almost big enough for the gaff topsail of the Czar's yacht, is storming like a boatswain at not being able to find his gold spectacles, and vowing vengeance upon everything and everybody unless some one quickly produces the missing article, which is eventually discovered in his own pocket. A little further on a young fellow, who has brought home a very large and particularly ferocious cockatoo as a Christmas gift to his rich maiden aunt at Bath, has just got

HIS THUMB ALMOST BITTEN OFF by this savage pet, and is trying to look as if it did not hurt him. This long, lean, brown man in the plain gray suit is the famous Anglo-Indian engineer who has just completed the new railroad from Currypore to Brandywatersbad, and is home for his Christmas holidays before setting to work again. This leather case that he grasps so firmly in his broad, sine-y hand contains his favorite rifle, (for he is not less famous as a sportsman than as an engineer), and his keen eye glances restlessly behind him from sheer force of habit, as if suspecting the presence of an ambushed tiger under the binocular gratings ahead. And yonder near the stern, a little apart from the bustling throng, a young man and a young girl

are leaning over the side and talking in scrupulously low tones, although the man's air of entreaty and the sudden dimness of the girl's soft brown eyes tell the whole story plainly enough to any one who happens to observe them.

But another and a wider interest attaches to this spot, which will endure as long as the world lasts. Just opposite Gravesend, where Tilbury Fort looms shadowlike through rising mists upon the north bank of the Thames, an English army one fine Summer morning 299 years ago, while on the waters below lay a squadron of high-pooped ships of war, small indeed compared with the floating castles which they were about to encounter, but manned by

THE BEST AND BOLDEST SEAMEN who were then to be found between the Caspian and the Atlantic. That fleet and that army were assembled to fight the battle of free thought against slavish superstition, progressive England against unprogressive Spain; and the city of London—inhabited in those days by a widely different race from the yelping curs of Trafalgar square—"being called upon by the Queen's Grace to furnish 50 ships and 5,000 men, prayed her to receive at the hands of her loving subjects of London 100 ships and 10,000 men, fully equipped, for the defence of the realm against the Spaniard." How that patriotic self-devotion was rewarded may be learned from any historian who has chronicled the overthrow of the "Invincible Spanish Armada."

With Gravesend itself is undoubtedly associated the memory of another hero whose name can never die so long as true manhood is honored in England. When I first visited it, years ago, it was a frequent sight to see upon the boardings and rail fences of the town, rudely scribbled in straggling letters with a piece of chalk, the words "God bless the Kernel." If you asked an explanation of this curious benediction from any ragged boy whom you happened to meet he would eye you from head to foot with a look of angry amazement. "Why, where have you lived all your life, not to know the Colonel? Pursuing your inquiries you would finally be directed to a small, plain house not far from the river, the door of which was usually thronged with a crowd of tattered, hungry-looking lads who were either going in or coming out, while in the doorway, with a kindly smile and a word of welcome for each and all, stood the bronzed, strongly-built, keen-eyed man whom all England was then praising and admiring under the name of "Chinese Gordon."

Only a few short months before that time, this quiet unassuming man had been the uncontrolled ruler of a territory as large as France and Germany combined, the leader of myriads of men, the soul of a great war,

THE MAINSTAY OF A GREAT EMPIRE. But no man ever followed out more thoroughly that grand text which he might fitly have chosen for his motto: "Forgetting the things that are behind, reaching forward unto these things which are before." When once his work in the East was done, the victorious completion of a mighty struggle, the saving of the Imperial Crown of China, the crushing of a rebellion which numbered its adherents by millions, were to this man as if they had never been, and he whose name had so lately been a sound of terror among his Tai-ping foes from the Yang-Tze to the Hoang-Ho, devoted himself quite contentedly to the obscure piece of local engineering appointed him by the Government.

But carefully and vigorously as he performed the task assigned to him his work did not end here. What little leisure he had was characteristically employed in seeking out and aiding the forlorn lads who swarmed along the riverside, and whom idleness, want, and the atmosphere of habitual crime were fast hardening into thieves and ruffians. To these he addressed himself with unwearied patience and kindness, nor could the most degraded of these poor outcasts remain wholly unmoved when they found themselves greeted as friends and equals by the hero with whose fame all Europe was then ringing. But when he had fed and clothed his "young kings," as he affectionately called them, his task was only half done. To rouse and encourage these imbruted natures, to kindle in them the first sparks of self-respect and self-reliance, to make them feel that they, too, might be good soldiers in the great battle of life, was the work at which he labored with a success that astonished all who witnessed it. And even when the reclaimed outlaws were finally provided for—when he had sent off one to an Australian farm, and another to a West Indian plantation, found a berth for a third on board of an East Indian steamer, and a vacancy for the fourth in the mounted police at the Cape of Good Hope—he did not consider himself absolved of all responsibility toward them.

TO THE VERY ENDS OF THE EARTH his watchful care and loving heart followed their course, and the soiled, ill-spelled letters which came at long intervals over land and sea to bear their simple, heartfelt thanks to him who had been more than their father, were more precious in his sight than all the applause of England and all the glittering decorations of the Emperor of China.

But this place, so often associated with England's glory, has also its memories of England's peril and disaster. History has not forgotten that memorable Summer night two centuries ago, when the streets of Gravesend were thronged with pale and troubled faces, all turned anxiously toward the fierce red glare that crimsoned the midnight sky above the dockyards of Chatham, while the thunder of cannon, echoing far and wide along the dark and silent Thames, told to both its banks that stout old Admiral De Ruyter and his valiant Dutchmen had come once more to deal a blow at the enemy with whom they had contended so often. And while the invader's guns were starting all London, and English ships were being destroyed in English dockyards by the hands of an enemy, that crowned satyr whom a mistaken loyalty revered as "his Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II." was unbending his royal mind by hunting a moth around the supper room at Whitehall in company with the gang of knaves and harlots who were his congenial associates.

Less shameful, but even more gloomy and menacing, was another tragedy that was acted here in later days. A few aged men still creep about the streets of Greenwich and Gravesend who may have seen, even if they cannot remember, that black morning ninety years ago in the early Spring of 1797, when a throng of frightened townspeople,

CASTING TERRIFIED GLANCES toward the forest of masts that bristled around the mouth of the river, whispered to each other that there was "something wrong down at the Nore," and that it was said the sailors of the fleet were going to mutiny. The first rumor of that great catastrophe, however, was received with scornful disbelief by all who heard it. What? British seamen mutiny against the old flag and refuse to fight for Old England? and that too at the very time when so many "foreign rascals" were combining against her? Who ever heard of such a thing?

But however stoutly men may disbelieve it, the unheeded of thing proves fatally true. In a few days more it becomes terribly evident that the spirit of disaffection is far more general than was at first supposed. Ship after ship hoists the signal of revolt, and the great tragedy which history remembers as "The Mutiny of the Nore" begins in all its fulness. The black news spreads universal panic, and well it may, for never since the last Saxon King died on the field of Hastings has England been in such peril of man. The fleets of France and Holland are on the high seas, thirsting stand mustered along the southern seaboard of the Channel, all armed and equipped for the invasion of Britain. And now, just as the danger is looming darkest and most threatening, the very men upon whom England relies to avert that danger are breaking out in open mutiny.

But even in this fearful crisis the constancy of the Government never fails for an instant. While taking prompt measures to remedy the grievances of which the insurgents themselves justly complain, the authorities show themselves inflexible in their determination to enforce discipline and to yield nothing to threats or violence.

THE HEROIC FIRMNESS of Admiral Duncan and other men as brave and loyal as himself gains a few days for the cause of order, and in such cases even a few days are all important. Little by little the steadiness of the mutineers begins to give way, as they gradually realize that they do not carry with them (as they had hoped) the sympathies of the nations at large. Some, pacified by finding their complaints listened to and their grievances redressed, have no longer any motive for holding out. Others become terrified at the thought of being left unsupported to bear the brunt of public vengeance. A few yield to the appeals of the officers who have so often led them to victory, and whose words have not yet lost all their power. One by one the disaffected crews return to their duty, and in a very few weeks the great mutiny is over. Happily the moderation displayed by the malcontents in their brief hour of triumph is shown to them in their turn by the British Government in the hour of retribution. The execution of two or three of the ringleaders and the lighter punishment of a few more are the only penalties exacted for the greatest naval revolt that England has ever known, and not many months later the mutineers of the Nore are following Nelson from victory to victory at Cape St. Vincent and the Nile.

Gang Yer Gait. Emma Schilling, aged 15 years, Av, the pleser yer gait my laddie, Gang it gaily as ye may; Take your gangers as they oom, lad, Storms be sure to oom some day. In this life o' strife an' sorrow, Think na' o' thy future weal; Weep na, laddie, for the morrow; Never reap before ye sow. Laddie, though ye be light-hearted, Think na' o' them that mourn; For the loved ones fra' whom parted They have been, and fra' whom shorn. When yer tread the path o' life lad, Be an upright, honest man; He has never cause to fear, lad, Wha is na' beneath the ban. Laddie, when thy race be run, May think and be joy and peace, Like the setting summer sun, When the day's fierce storm doth cease.

BY L. A. MORRIS. The sublimest thing in the earth below Is the love of God in a human heart; That a place so vile—by grace—may know The blessedness to have guilt depart, And Christ—the King of Heaven—come in. With His glorious peace, and His rest from sin. The sublimest thing in the Heaven above Is the glad "New Song" which the ransomed sing. As they land the power of redeeming love, And the wondrous grace of Christ their King, Who brought them from the earth-life sin, Up into the Perfect-Life with Him.

To Baby Ned on His Birthday. HANS CORNELL. Shall I tell you a story, darling, Of a year ago to-night, When the wind was blowing cold, dear, And the stars were shining bright? A little angel, golden haired, In the pastures green at play; Had wandered farther than his wont, From the Father's house away. He saw the stars beneath his shins, And the earth all wrapped in snow, And on still on he hurried, To the cold bleak world below. For a space he stood bewildered, By the wind and snow and cold, And the bell in a neighboring steeple, The hour of midnight tolled. Frightened, he plumed his wings, dear, And safely sought his flight, Away from the cold and snow and wind, Of that dreadful winter night. But he looked through a nursery window, The sweetest I ever saw; And saw a mother bending Over the cot where her child reposed. And he thought, "What a lovely mother, The sweetest I ever saw; I've wandered out of heaven Where only love is law. And know not how to get back there, Perhaps I'd better stay, By the side of that beautiful lady And her little daughter May." So he came right into our house, dear, And crept into mamma's bed, And we kiss and cuddle and love him, And call him "Baby Ned."

Honor to a Canadian. OTTAWA, March 5.—Information has been received here of the appointment of Mr. George Ross as Auditor-General of the Sandwich Islands under the new Government of Honolulu. Mr. Ross is brother-in-law of Mr. George Aird, of this city, and eldest son of the late Mr. Roderick Ross, who was one of the most prominent citizens

MEHITABLE SANKS.

The Rev. Mr. Shaw contrasted greatly with his surroundings—his spotless cloth fitting so well his strong, manly figure; his clear-cut, Grecian features; and dark, wavy hair thrown back with careless grace from his smooth brow.

He was visiting one of those wretched tenement houses, used by the very poor, and before him was a forlorn group.

A widow who had just buried her husband; she had five helpless children—the eldest six, the youngest a nursing baby, and a pair of twins among them. The rags, and, worst of all, the dirt of poverty everywhere apparent.

An expression of almost sublime pity rested on the countenance of the minister.

The woman, with an apron thrown over her head, rocked herself to and fro, and wailed forth her troubles:

"I don't know what I am a goin' to do for myself and for my poor little 'uns. Though my old man would have his drink, he didn't beat us, and brought enough to us to keep body and soul together, but now I know we can't do nothin' but starve and die!"

"Have you no friends?" asked Mr. Shaw, in a low voice.

"Some, but as bad or wuss off than us. Yes," she said, looking up with a grateful, bright expression, "there is one—Lord bless her! who has done a lot for me—Miss Mehitable Sanks. She sent medicine and the doctor to the old man, and giv me clothes and suthin' to eat; and many's the man, woman and child that blesses her for taking care of 'em. Why, sir, she even leaves cards with stamps on 'em, and Job Potter, who can write, sends 'em to her when we are in a very bad state."

After assuring her of his sympathy, and that he would do what he could for her, the minister wended his way home. As he thought of those to whom he might appeal, a vision of a bright face haunted him, but while he lingered over the thought most tenderly, there was a shade on his brow, as if there was some slight jar that marred the harmony of his thoughts.

Mr. Shaw was the rector of one of the wealthy churches of the city, and Mabel Lee was Madona-like in its tender curves and beauty, the large blue eyes with just a tinge of sadness, the perfect curve of the red lips, a faultless complexion, and blonde hair that was like a halo of light round the graceful head. But, ah when she talked, it was like a damper, a mist on a beautiful picture, marring the tints that otherwise would have been perfect.

Bright and witty, but a butterfly; such a devotee to society that one longed for the expression of a single serious thought that could leave into something like common sense, this personification of frivolity. With it all, however, she was lovely and lovable to everyone, and Mr. Shaw had long struggled against an interest in her, the indulgence of which he felt would be fatal to his future happiness and usefulness.

Absorbed in these thoughts, he found himself in front of Mr. Lee's house, and, obeying an impulse, he turned into the gate and was admitted.

As Miss Lee entered the parlor, he thought he had seldom seen a fairer vision, and was vexed to feel his heart throb more quickly, and thrill with a pleasure that he felt must be controlled. She greeted him with that easy grace, which was one of her principal charms.

"Ah, Mr. Shaw! I am so glad to see you. I had a real spell of *ennui* this morning. The last novel is wretched, as both hero and heroine died in the most provoking way, all because of some overstrained idea of duty, and I was just wishing that someone would come in and I could have a cheerful little chat to dispel the gloomy impression."

"Then I'm afraid," smilingly, "that you will not like your present visitor. I have not come in a very cheerful humor, and, besides, I wish to ask you a favor."

"A favor! That is too lovely. Consider it granted, even to the half of my kingdom. I am truly glad that you wish to ask a favor of me, because I did not think your opinion of me was sufficiently good for such a thing. "Do you know," with a sudden droop of the eyes, "that you always make me feel as if I am doing something wrong?"

"Do I? Well, I will give you a golden opportunity to redeem yourself. I have just been visiting some of those wretchedly poor families in—street, and I would like it so much if you could interest some ladies in their behalf—visit them and relieve them."

A look of consternation overspread her pretty face as she exclaimed:

"Oh, indeed, you don't mean for me to go there? How could I ever stand it? I can't bear such places. Ask me almost anything else! The dreadful men and women! the odor! Ugh!" with a shudder. "Ask me almost anything else."

A look of keen disappointment drifted over Mr. Shaw's face.

She suddenly brightened, and said: "I do intend to do something good next week. I have refused a German, a triumphant, that I may attend the Charity Calico Ball to be given. You know all the dresses are for the poor, so I shall do some good."

"And what is your dress to be?" asked Mr. Shaw, with rather an indescribable inflection in his voice.

"The loveliest blue *elisia*, with a flowered *crestonnefront*," enthusiastically, "a sleeveless waist, Medici collar, shirred and very bouffant draperies. It will be beautiful, and I know it will seem very nice to some poor woman who never had anything like it."

"Yes," he said, in a tone quite saturated with irony, "I don't doubt its usefulness; but don't you think you ought to add a few yards of illusion to make some warm bodies for those who have no fires, and a few yards of ribbon to decorate the little freezing arms?"

"Now you are angry with me, Mr. Shaw," hesitatingly. "Don't think me utterly heartless, but I can't go to—street. It would really give me a little blue chill."

"I could never consent to such a cruel thing as that," he said with an unpleasant smile. "I really feel that I owe you an apology for introducing such a very disagreeable subject, particularly after your nerves had been shattered with your novel. Good morning," and he bowed himself out very abruptly, with a strange little pain in his heart.

He did not again allude to the subject to

her, but found other ladies who interested themselves most warily in the work.

Everywhere that he went in his charity rounds, he could see and feel the influence of Miss Sanks' good acts. She seemed to be an angel of mercy, who never tired, and who devoted her entire time to charity. All that she did was marked by a practical good sense, and a depth of thought and feeling that he could not fail to admire. Still he chanced never to meet her.

One day, when entering the post office he saw in advance of him the graceful figure of Mabel Lee. She was unaware of his presence, and, standing idly behind her, he felt as if he had received an electric shock, as he asked:

"Is there anything for Miss Mehitable Sanks?" and then received and pocketed several postal cards.

If he was astonished at the question, he was still more so at the effect which his discovered presence produced on her.

Neck, face and brow, even to the roots of her golden curls, were dyed in a painful crimson, her eyes dilated with an expression of great consternation, but with a little haughty gesture of recognition, she hurried past him.

Acting upon an impulse, with a few hasty steps, he soon overtook her. He was lost in a bewildering surprise. She was the last person with whom he would have connected Miss Sanks in any way, and her great agitation, as he walked beside her, increased his surprise.

A sudden, bright suspicion caused his heart to beat almost to suffocation.

"Tell me, Miss Mabel," he said, "what have you to do with Miss Sanks' letters?"

"I really can't understand, Mr. Shaw, what right you have to ask me such a question. In all things spiritual I acknowledge your right, but in this instance, you forget yourself."

"Tell me," he said, with eager, regardless haste, "are you Miss Sanks?"

A sudden burst of tears was her only answer, as she hastily pulled down her veil, and walked silently beside him.

A calm of perfect joy descended upon him, as he fully realized the truth. He was led by her side until he reached her home, and then, without waiting for an invitation, entered it with her.

As they reached the parlor, she tossed aside her hat, and stood before him more like a discovered culprit, than the little saint she had professed to be.

There was a defiant sparkle in her eye as she turned her flushed face to him.

"So, Mabel," he murmured, tenderly, "your heart is as beautiful as your face, though you have veiled your goodness under the exterior of frivolity. This is not the general rule of humanity."

"But, Mr. Shaw, if it is a fault, it lies entirely at your door."

"Have I anything to do with it?" he asked, in surprise. "I have been thinking for a long time that you were entirely beyond my control."

"Nevertheless, I have only been obeying your instructions. Don't you remember you sometimes preached against ostentatious charity? 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.' I thought there was a world of truth and force in it, and I have only practiced what you preached. And now, Mr. Shaw," she said, with a demure glance at him, "if you are done with my hands, I will not trouble you to hold them any longer."

"No," he said, gravely, "I do not wish to return them. Ma Belle! Ma Belle!" he said, quickly and tenderly, "give me the privilege of owning them always. Won't you, darling?"

She took them quickly away. "No, no," with a low laugh, "it is Miss Sanks with whom you have fallen in love, for poor Mabel Lee has only had your toleration."

"Ah," he said, "that's when I thought you were a butterfly. Now that I know you to be a saint, I beg you to share your grace with me, and help me in all good things. I am willing to take you or Miss Sanks—or, in defiance of the laws of the land, I will take you both."

She hesitated, then, with a lovely blush and smile, she laid both her hands in his.

"One for Miss Sanks—one for myself. He drew her to him, and felt that one sermon, at least, had been cast upon the waters, which had returned to him after many days.

Heavily Insured.

A special despatch from Pittsburgh says:—"The trip of Dr. David Hostetter, vice-president of the protected South Penn railroad to California, in a desperate attempt to regain lost health, is being anxiously watched by life insurance companies all over the country. He is the most heavily insured man in the United States, and his death would be a big financial loss to them. The aggregate of the policies held by Dr. Hostetter is \$800,000. He intended to add \$200,000 more to this to make the sum \$1,000,000, but his prolonged illness has prevented any further steps in that direction. The vast amount of insurance is divided among the principal companies of the world, some being given sums as low as \$10,000. The Pittsburgh gentleman who ranks next Dr. Hostetter in this peculiar line of wealth is Robert J. Anderson, the steel manufacturer. His life insurance is \$240,000. The three other most heavily insured men in the United States are Hamilton Diaton, of Philadelphia, \$400,000; George K. Anderson, of Chicago, \$350,000, and P. Lorillard, of New Jersey, \$310,000. Dr. Hostetter left Pittsburgh this week in his private car, accompanied by his physician and son."

LATE CURRENT NEWS.

King John of Abyssinia has issued a proclamation summoning all classes of his people to arms, and declares that he hopes after exterminating the Italians to annihilate the Soudanese.

The English, Austrian and Italian Governments concur in the opinion that Prince Ferdinand's position is illegal, but they decline to take steps likely to disturb the peace of the Balkans.

Fire insurance rates in Buffalo have been increased twenty per cent, owing to the enormous losses of the past three years. In the past fourteen months the loss by fire amounts to \$2,500,000.

The beautiful play of colours in mother-of-pearl is known as diffraction. It is the decomposition of the light by extremely minute grooves in the surface of the pearl.

THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, MARCH 8th, 1888.

COUNTY COUNCIL.

The county council meets in the town hall, in this village, on Wednesday next the 14th inst. There are some few familiar faces which will not file an appearance this year, having retired, while some few others have been outrun in the race for municipal honors, so that probably more new men will be at the board this year than last. Sheen, Chapeau, Shawville, Clarendon and Bristol send new men; the other townships will likely remain about the same.

We hope to see the new council more prolific than the old in advancing measures for the public good, as something of this nature is certainly expected from such a distinguished body of men by the people. Heretofore the council seemed unable or afraid to deal with anything of a public character, the excuse always being "the bonus," and we suppose before there was any bonus, some other excuse was manufactured.

Now, there is the county building question which should be taken up and dealt with in a business-like way. Time after time has this been brought before the board and as often has it received a six month's quietus.

Let the council at its next meeting rise to its true dignity, select the place, and put things generally in such a shape that the work may be proceeded with during the coming summer. Waiting for the settlement of the bonus is played out, and the fact of the matter is the bonus, when we go right down to the bottom, has very little to do with it. The great trouble is the jealousy of the gentlemen at the board. Many of them are like the dog in the manger, if they cannot get the buildings erected in their own town or hamlet they will not move to have them put up at any other place, consequently the work is retarded by those who should be the first to move. This is not business.

The bonus question, no doubt, will be laid before the council, as new developments have taken place since the December meeting. We deem it wise and prudent to say here that, in view of the fact that one court has decided against the county, the council should pass an unanimous resolution to the effect that no matter what the result of present litigation may be the council forever repudiates payment of the bonus and have the resolution published in several leading papers in the Province. Merely, on the president's own admission, the company has no claim to the bonds, for did he not give his promise, which from a gentleman of his high social standing should be as sacred as his oath, that if the representatives of this county succeeded in getting a subsidy from the Dominion Government equal to or in excess of the county bonus, that he would relieve the county of its obligation? If the council take a firm stand such as we have hinted at above we incline to the opinion that the bonds, should the company, or Mr. Ross acting for the company, ever get possession of them, will hardly find their way into the hands of third parties as the risk in collecting will be too great.

From a legal standpoint it is admitted or as good as admitted, that the bonds were illegally signed, or in plainer words that when the signature of Simon Mc Nally, Esq., was affixed to them Pontiac ad no warden.

To outsiders it might appear from the foregoing that we are advocating the defiance of the civil power of the province; but when all the points, legal and moral are understood it will be seen that such is not the case.

In the first place the passage of the by law was obtained through fraud. The people, even to the leaders, were duped into the belief that if the bonus was voted the railway would never be built. When this was said we firmly believe that the railway men knew that they would receive Provincial aid, and that they stood a good chance of getting further assistance from the Federal Government, yet they came with a poor mouth advocating their extreme poverty as an excuse, and the absolute necessity of the county assisting them in order to secure the construction of the road. When the by-law was voted on and carried on the allegations cited above it was then understood that should aid be forthcoming from the Government the county would be free of its obligation.

As is well known, afterwards the road was subsidized to the extent of \$9,200 per mile—\$6,000 by the Provincial Government and \$3,200 by the Dominion Government—a sum sufficient to build a road such as the P. P. J. and enough over to keep it running for a year or so, together with what little local traffic it might get. So that from the standpoint on which the passage of the bonus was sought we are morally free of all responsibility. It was distinctly understood by the people and their representatives, both before and after the passage of the by-law that Government aid in the way of subsidies would relieve the county of the monetary assistance asked. Mr. Church, the president, admits this.

Therefore, in view of all these facts, we see no other course open to the county council than to refuse absolutely to ever strike a rate. And if this be its policy, who will strike a rate? And if no rate be struck, what then? Will the civil power put on pressure? If so, let the councillors resign and let new men take their places and let the new men follow in the course of the old and keep the thing going until

the railway company become convinced that to trifle with the people of Pontiac will be met with strenuous opposition, and that to collect a bonus in the face of the opposition of a united county is no easy matter.

THE FISHERY TREATY.

Our esteemed cotem, the Pontiac *Advance*, declared itself last week as out of harmony with the Fishery Treaty, signed at Washington the other day by the British and American commissioners, and calls upon the Dominion Government to reject it, and yet the world moves on just the same as usual; the wheels of time do not seem to have slackened their pace, although this mighty thunderer has protested. Of course our cotem knows more about the "deep sea fisheries," which it seems to think have been surrendered to the Americans, than Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Lionel Sackville West. The *Advance* says the "utterances of the Montreal Gazette are too silly for anything," well, in order to show to our readers how much grounds our very advanced cotem has for such a statement we cannot do better than reproduce an editorial article which appeared in the journal referred to shortly after the treaty was signed, and which is a most complete reply to our cotem's foolish arguments. If every one knew as little about the "deep sea or the inshore fisheries" as our cotem, the Gloucester Fishermen would certainly have a "picnic." The *Gazette* says:

The treaty concluded by the Fishery Commissioners was made public in Washington on Tuesday the 20th ult. It is not so long a document as had been anticipated, but it seems to efficiently cover the ground, and if adopted by the United States and British Legislatures to whom it is to be referred, should remove for all time those sources of irritation that have in the past threatened the good relations of the two countries. The treaty is divided into two parts, one defining the rights of United States fishermen in Canadian waters under the treaty of 1818, the other, providing under certain circumstances for a reciprocal exchange of privileges, from which the citizens of both nations should benefit. To understand the first it is necessary to refer to article one of the treaty of 1818, which, after giving United States fishermen certain rights on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador and the Magdalen Islands, provides:

"And the United States hereby renounce forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors of His Britannic Majesty's Dominions in America, not included within the above mentioned limits; provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbors for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privileges hereby reserved to them."

Though explicit enough it would be thought the above yet admitted of dispute. The Americans were desirous of benefitting from the inshore fisheries and set up a claim to the right to enter and take fish in bays, the mouths of which were more than six marine miles in width. Canadians contended that all bays were included in the waters to which their rivals had renounced their title to enter. The new treaty of interpretation practically acknowledges the righteousness of this country's position. It provides for a commission to define and mark on the admiralty charts, which will then be on record for all time, the lines inside of which United States fishermen shall not pursue their avocation. These lines are to be drawn three marine miles from low water mark and, in the case of bays, "the three marine miles shall be measured * * * seaward from a straight line drawn across the bay, creek or harbor, in the part nearest the entrance at the first point where the width does not exceed ten marine miles." When the mouth of a bay is covered by this provision, no matter what its width further inland, it is closed to all but Canadian fishermen; and in cases where the mouth of the bay is of greater width than ten miles, as in the Baies des Chaleurs, Miramichi Bay, etc., definite coast points are selected between which the line of delimitation is to be marked. Canada's rights are sufficiently maintained in so far as these clauses are concerned. They are also upheld when it is declared that United States fishing vessels entering our bays and harbors shall conform to the harbor regulations in common with Canadians. On the other hand, compared with present regulations, United States vessels are freed from the necessity of reporting at the Canadian customs houses when in our bays and harbors for the purpose of purchasing wood or obtaining water, except when they make a prolonged stay. They are also freed from all harbor, tonnage, pilotage, or other dues. When through stress of weather or casualty they enter Canadian ports with fish on board they may, in order to properly repair damages, land or sell such fish, and may replenish outfits and supplies, and, in some circumstances, ship crews. This is a humane and reasonable concession against which no good ground of objection can be said to exist. United States fishermen may also, for their homeward voyage, purchase in Canadian ports all necessary provisions and supplies. This is also a concession from our late position. It is offset by the provision that our fishermen in American ports shall enjoy the same privileges, privileges, however, that are not likely to be used to any extent, as it is the Canadian fishing grounds alone that attract vessels.

Pyke's Shirts

ARE THE BEST. TRY THEM.

99 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.

Ottawa, June 28th, 1887.

It and the others detailed above can readily be agreed to, in view of the fact that the real source of trouble and dispute is removed by the agreement the commissioners have arrived at, and which fairly justifies the faith placed in the British representatives that they would honestly safeguard the interests of this country.

Article 15 provides for, on the United States taking the initiative, a reciprocal free admission into the two countries and Newfoundland of fish and fish oil, the product of fisheries carried on by their respective countries, and for Canada and Newfoundland thereupon granting to the fishermen of the United States the privilege of entering their ports, bays and harbors for the purchase of provisions, bait, ice, supplies and outfits, shipping crews and transshipping for transport their cargoes of fish. In other words, in return for free entry into the markets of the United States of the products of our fisheries we are to concede to their fishermen in our ports equal rights with our own citizens, always excepting that of fishing within the three mile limit. This seems a fair and reasonable exchange, against which, no more than against the other part of the treaty, will there be found room for objecting. It is a step towards that reciprocity which the Canadian Government has long been anxious to obtain, and have often been blamed by their opponents for not obtaining. The whole treaty, we think, can be regarded with satisfaction, both as a definition of Canada's rights, a provision for reciprocity in an important industrial product, and chiefly as removing a cause of dissatisfaction with our nearest neighbor.

Hon. Peter Mitchell, in speaking on the floor of the House recently, of the tendency prevailing among manufacturers and importers to enter into combination to control various lines of trade, said even the undertakers had caught the infection, and now a fellow could not be buried at a moderate cost. He must have meant this in a political sense as applied to the Liberal party. The majority of the rank and file have been buried, and the election reports confirm the declaration that the undertaking in every case was attended with rank extravagance.

Sir Richard Cartwright, did not allow many hours to elapse after the opening of Parliament until he made a display of his personal enmity for Sir John Macdonald. This time he found grounds for his remarks in the fact that the Premier had manifested a warm interest in the evangelical services which have been going on in Ottawa. He sneeringly referred to an alleged change which was said to have come over the Premier, and trusted that better things was expected from him in future. For his cowardly and unjust language the *Citizen* very properly gave the knight of the double shield that castigation which he so richly deserved.

BORN.

At Bryson, on Monday the 5th inst., the wife of Fred Purvis, Esq., of a daughter.

WELL WORTH TRYING.—A medicine which has stood the test of time for many years and always given the best satisfaction as has Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is certainly well worth trying for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and all Throat troubles for which it is so highly recommended.

ONE GOOD POINT. Out of the many possessed by Burdock Blood Purifiers is that it may be taken at all seasons of the year, and by either young or old. In this way the three busy B's are always at work and doing good.

NATIONAL PILLS act promptly upon the Liver, regulate the Bowels and as a purgative are mild and thorough.

HALF PRICE SALE

—OF—

OVERCOATS => S.

The balance of my stock of Overcoats will be cleared out this month at half price.

This is the time for Bargains.

J. O'Kelly

269 & 271 Wellington St. OTTAWA.

ANOTHER BANKRUPT STOCK!

BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.,

Having bought the Bankrupt Stock of THOMAS BORBRIDGE, RIDEAU STREET,

At 67½ Cts. on the Dollar

COMMENCED A GREAT CLEARING SALE

Last Saturday Morning,

AT THEIR STORES,

Nos. 148, 150, 152, 154 Sparks Street, Ottawa.

BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.

WHERE TO LEAVE YOUR GRIST.

The undersigned begs to call the attention of the Farming Community to the fact that his *NEW GRIST MILL*, which is replete with the best and latest improved machinery, for manufacturing flour by the roller process, is now running. He guarantees as good a brand of flour—the quality of the wheat always considered—as can be procured from any roller mill in the Dominion of Canada.

Take your Grist to him and give him a Trial.

JAMES WILSON,

PROPRIETOR CLARENDON MILLS.

SPRING IMPORTATIONS

Facts worthy of Consideration.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER A SPRING SUIT.

JUST THINK OF IT! DIFFERENT PATTERNS IN 100 PANTINGS TO SELECT FROM. 100

Finest Importations in Suitings.

—GOODS COMPRISE—

English, Scotch, French and Canadian Tweeds, English and French Worsteds.

READY MADES.—Suits from \$6 00 to \$16 00.

A Superior Line of AMERICAN HATS, Just Received.

GENTS FURNISHING, All kinds and in great variety. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Suits made on shortest notice.

James M. Quinn, - 510½ Sussex St. OTTAWA, ONT.

Tailoring and Clothing.

BOOKS VS. EXPERIENCE.—Books are useful to add to our knowledge, but practical experience teaches us that the best remedy for all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Blood is easily to be had and is called B.B.B.

DEPEND UPON IT.—Accidents will happen despite all care and painful injuries such as sprains, Bruises, Cuts and Burns result. Every family should therefore keep Hagar's Yellow Oil on hand, it is the greatest family remedy for all Pains, Coughs, Colds and Sore Throat, Croup and Whooping Cough yield quickly to this excellent remedy.

R. TAYLOR CLAWSON, BAILIFF OF SUPERIOR COURT Collector for Quebec and Ontario. Office No. 131, Main Street, Hull, P. Q. 30-1y

Public Notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE is given that an application will be made to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, at the next session thereof, for an Act to incorporate a Railway Company to construct a railway from a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway between Braserie and Arnprior to a point on the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway between Quyon village and Smith's station, and thence to a point at or near the Desert Village, with a right to construct a bridge or ply a ferry boat across the Ottawa river. PINHEY, CHRISTIE & CHRISTIE, Solicitors for Applicants. Dated 20th December, 1887.

Avis Public.

AVIS Public est donné que demande sera faite au parlement du Canada, à sa prochaine session pour obtenir un acte à l'effet de constituer en corporation une compagnie de chemin de fer pour construire une voie ferrée à partir d'un point sur le chemin de fer Canadien du Pacifique entre Braserie et Arnprior et allant jusqu'à un point sur le chemin de fer de Jonction de Pontiac et Pacific entre le village Quyon et Smith's Station, et de là jusqu'à un point à ou près du village Desert; avec le droit de construire un pont ou faire marcher un bateau passeur sur la rivière Ottawa. PINHEY, CHRISTIE & CHRISTIE, Solliciteurs des requérants. Daté 20 décembre, 1887.

WINDING-UP SALE.

THE END AT LAST.

Retiring from the Clothing Business. E. O'REILLY'S ENTIRE STOCK to be CLEARED OUT.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

Great Slaughter Sale of over \$16,000.00 worth of Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes and General Merchandise to clear out my entire Stock before **FIRST OF MAY NEXT.**

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

EDWARD O'REILLY, - Aylmer P. Que.

WHEN U GO TO SHAWVILLE
—CALL ON—
SWATMAN THE JEWELER
WHO KEEPS
Clocks, Watches, Chains, Bracelets,
Ear-Rings, Cuff Buttons, Collar
Buttons, Rings, &c.
Fancy Notions, Beaded Work.
—ALSO A STOCK OF—
Choice Groceries and Confectionery.
Fruits and Oysters.
CHEAPEST COAL OIL IN TOWN.
Hides, Sheep Pelts, or Produce of
any kind taken in exchange.
C. W. SWATMAN.
Shawville, Jan. 20, 1888.
P. S.—A first-class Single Cutter for sale
cheap.

CHEAP RATES
TO ALL PORTS IN
Manitoba & The North West.
Parties who intend emigrating to the North-West
this spring, will save time, trouble and money by
communicating with the undersigned.
Special Colonist Trains
will run for the accommodation of intending settlers.
Dates of departure made known when arranged. Send
for rates, pamphlets and full information to
JOHN A. MACDONALD,
C. P. R. TICKET AGENT, ARNPRIOR, ONT.

CHEAP :: BARGAINS.

SIMON McNALLY & SONS, of Campbell's Bay, beg to
announce to the inhabitants of the surrounding country and
the public generally, that they have just received a large and
well assorted stock of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising;
**DRY GOODS, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES
AND RUBBERS, FELT MITS, MOCCASINS,
HARDWARE, CROCKERY, PATENT MEDI-
CINES, STOVES OF ALL KINDS, AND SALT,**
Which they purpose selling off at very low prices.
Their Stock of Teas cannot be surpassed for Cheapness and excellence of quality.
They would here thank their numerous customers for past patronage and by fair
and liberal dealing to merit a continuance of their favors.
Cash paid here and at Calumet Island for Pease and Butter.
SIMON McNALLY & SONS.
Sept. 1887. CAMPBELL'S BAY AND CALUMET ISLAND

NOTICE
THAT McCOLL BROS. & CO., MANUFACTURE
The finest brands of Oil in the market, all of which they guarantee to give first class satis-
faction. Their
LARDINE
which is imitated by many other firms, is still in great demand and is ahead of other oils for
lubricating purposes. Our other specialties are
Cylinder, Savelka, Re Engine, Amber, Virginia, Harness, Arctic, Wool, Lard and
Bolt Cutting Oils.
McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto.
N. B. Try our Cylinder Oil

A. H. HORN,
Undertaker, - Pembroke, Ont.
Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Cases
Shrouds, Caps, Gloves, &c., &c.
TELEGRAPH and TELEPHONE
ORDERS attended to at ALL HOURS.

**B. V. STAFFORD'S
PALACE <FURNITURE> STORE**
ARNPRIOR, - - - ONT.,
Is the cheapest and most reliable place to purchase everything in
the Furniture line.

Parlor Furniture of every design, and Bedroom Sets in the latest and most artistic styles, in WALNUT
MAHOAGANY, HARD WOOD, ASH and SOFT WOODS. As I am now manufacturing all my own PARLOR
SUITS and EASY CHAIRS, I keep full lines of Coverings, in Plushes, Silks, Ramsys, and Hair Cloths, which
enables my customers to fit themselves in the different shades of covering, and as I use nothing but the best
kiln-dried lumber, and employ none but skilled workmen, I guarantee satisfaction both in quality and price
to all who favor me with their patronage.

DOOR SASH AND BLIND DEPARTMENT.
This department of my business is now running in full blast, and as we use nothing but the best of kiln-
dried lumber in the manufacture of Doors, sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Architraves and all kinds of House Fin-
ish, we may depend on receiving solid satisfaction every time. Turning and Scrolling Sawing a specialty.
New J. Posts, Ballusters, and Hand Rails always in Stock. Contracts for the erection of all kinds of buildings
taken at reasonable prices. Specifications and estimates furnished on application.

UNDERTAKING.
Coffins, Caskets (both in wood and in cloth) Metallic Cases, Shrouds and
Robes of all sizes and at all prices to suit customers, kept constantly on hand.
Gloves, Crapes, and every requisite for funeral Outfits always in stock.
Charges Moderate. Orders promptly executed at any hour of the day or night.

Dealer in first-class Pianos and Organs, of American and Canadian manufacture.
Agent for the International Tent and Awning Company, and Macfarlane, McKinley & Co's.
Artistic Window Shades for Stores and Private Residences.

B. V. STAFFORD,
Madawaska St. Arnprior, Ont.
Arnprior, October 19th, 1886

NOTICE TO LADIES
Suffering from Female Weaknesses and
WOMB DISORDERS.
Orange Blossom,—A Positive Cure.
I AM a living witness to the above. For stamp for
postage I will send sample free and full printed
instructions. I can faithfully and sincerely recom-
mend it to cure any form of the above disorders and
Piles. Mrs. M. RINGROSE, Agent, Haley's Station, Ont.

**MACYARD'S
YELLOW OIL**
CURES RHEUMATISM
**FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.**
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own
Purative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual
destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

**MACYARD'S
PECTORAL
BALSAM**
CURES COUGHS COLDS
HOARSENESS

Goldsmiths Hall.
Waltham Watches,
English Watches,
Elgin Watches,
Swiss Watches,
Diamonds,
Fine Jewelry,
Silver Ware.
The largest and most elegant stock in the Ottawa
valley.
W. J. DOUGLAS
MAIN STREET, PEMBROKE.

THE ARGYLE HOUSE—
AYLMER, P. Q.
THE DWELLING HOUSE of Dr. J. E.
Church has been renovated and refitted
and opened out as a Fashionable Resort and
Boarding House, where the travelling public
will find the best accommodation and atten-
tion. Miss GEORGE ACRES, late of the "Bod-
egg," Ottawa, has assumed control.
Aylmer, July 15, '87.

SUPPLY STORE!
THE undersigned whilst most candidly
thanking a discriminating public for the
very liberal patronage bestowed upon him
would say that he has replenished his Fall
Stock and is now prepared to offer bargains
in all kinds of Supplies, such as
PORK, FLOUR, \$4.40 per Bbl.,
GROCERIES, of all kinds,
TEA, at 20 cents per lb.,
Or, SIX POUNDS for \$1.00.
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
(A Good Suit for \$5.00);
**BOOTS, SHOES,
MOCCASINS**
AND SHANTY SUPPLIES
of every kind.
Quality Unquestionable. Prices Right.
A. COLTON,
FORT COULONCE, - - - P. QUE.
Sept. 15, 1887.

Farm for Sale.
THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale Lot
28, in the 8th range of the Township of
Clarendon, containing 200 acres and situated
one half mile from Clarke's Station on the P.
F. J. Railway. There are about seventy-five
acres cleared and in a good state of cultiva-
tion. The premises are well watered and a
good house, barns and stable are erected
thereon. Title indisputable. For further par-
ticulars apply to the owner,
GEO. H. KEMP.
Clarendon, Aug. 25, 1887.

STAGE LINE AND EXPRESS AGENCY

—BETWEEN—
HALEY'S STATION and PORTAGE DU FORT.

Call at all Places in Portage du Fort with and for Passengers & Express Goods.
Run to all Trains on the C. P. R. day and night.

STAGES LEAVE PORTAGE DU FORT:			
8.00 A. M.	CONNECTING AT HALEY'S STATION	9.46 A. M.	
5.40 P. M.	" " " "	6.56 P. M.	
11.30 P. M.	" " " "	1.00 A. M.	
2.30 A. M.	" " " "	3.12 A. M.	

D. M. RATTRAY, STAGE OFFICE **RATTRAY HOUSE,**
GENERAL FORWARDER, EXPRESS AGT.
AND STAGE PROPRIETOR. **GEORGE O'BRIEN,**
PORTAGE DU FORT, SEPTEMBER 2, 1886. PROPRIETOR

1872. - - ESTABLISHED - - 1872.
THOMAS MORAN,
MERCHANT:-:TAILOR,
COBB STREET, - - - BRYSON, P. Q.

The subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous cus-
tomers for past patronage would also intimate that he is now
in a better position than ever to fill all orders in his line with
satisfaction.
—A GREAT VARIETY OF—
TWEEDS, ETOFFS, &c. &c.,
ALWAYS IN STOCK.
Good Suits from Ten Dollars and upwards!
THOMAS MORAN.
Bryson, June 7, 1886.

**A Great Cause of Human Misery is the
Loss of Manhood.**
A lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure
of seminal weakness, or spermatorrhoea, induced by
self-abuse, involuntary emissions, impotency, nervous
debility, and impediments to marriage generally; con-
sumption, epilepsy and fits; mental and physical in-
capacity, &c., by Robert J. Culverwell, M.D. The world
renowned author in this admirable lecture, clearly
proves from his own experience that the awful conse-
quences of self-abuse may be effectually removed with-
out dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instru-
ments, rings or caustics; pointing out a mode of cure
at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer,
no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself
cheaply, privately and radically. This lecture will
prove a boon to thousands and thousands. Sent under
seal, in a plain envelope to any address, on receipt of
four cents, or 10 postage stamps. Address, THE CUL-
VERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 ANN ST. NEW YORK N. Y.
Post Office Box 450

TEAS!

A very large and select Stock of
Teas just received.
A good Tea at.....20 cts. per lb.
A No. 1 Tea at.....38 cts. "
A superior quality Tea at 40 cts. "
Try them. They are
the best ever brought to Shawville.
THE USUAL STOCK OF
GROCERIES and LIQUORS
WILL BE FOUND COMPLETE.
CALL WHEN IN TOWN.
C. CALDWELL,
Shawville, Feb. 3rd, 1888.

FEATS OF STRENGTH.

How Any Person May Train to Lift a Thousand Pounds.

BY PROFESSOR PROCTOR.

Lifting exercises are open to the objection that they tend only to increase the strength of the body, activity not being increased by any of them. A man who follows lifting work only will be a slow mover, and what Blaikie calls "muscle-bound," meaning that the muscles themselves, by their undue or disproportionate development, limit the play of limb. Without agreeing with him that the full degree of lissomeness which can be attained by exercises of a contrary tendency is desirable, we must admit that a muscle-bound condition is disadvantageous. Yet lifting exercise pursued with due consideration of the necessity for an adequate amount of correcting exercise is exceedingly useful, because in our daily life we constantly find occasion for the use of the lifting powers of the body. I, who can make no claim to exceptional strength, can readily (or could a year or two ago, and I suppose I still can) lift any one not exceeding a hundred and forty or fifty pounds in weight to the full upward reach of my arms if I start right; but I could not lift two-thirds of that weight slowly from the ground to above my head, or even, slowly, from the height of my waist.

HOW TO LIFT A PERSON.

The way to lift anyone easily in that manner is to place one hand upon the waist, passing the other under the knees so that the body of the carried sinks somewhat, a motion resisted by the elasticity of the arms and legs of the carrier and converted into an upward motion from a height favorable to lifting—such rapidity of rise being communicated that the body is carried over the dead part of the lift, after which the arms readily straighten and carry the weight to the full height. The exercise is not to be recommended, however, as a safe one for the person lifted, because the person lifting has to shift the hold of both hands on the waist up, and if this is not deftly done an unpleasant fall is apt to result.

Nathalie, a French female gymnast, was able, according to Farini, to take two fifty-six-pound weights from the ground, one in each hand, and put them slowly above her head. Let those who can easily put up two such weights with a quicker motion try the slow movement even with much smaller weights and they will recognize the difference. Farini pointed out to Charles Reade that putting up an agile gymnast is mere child's play to this, "because in dealing with the live object; the strong stoops, the agile springs and the strong arms are at an angle of forty-five before the weight tells; now," proceeds Reade, "the arms as they near the perpendicular, can hold up three times the weight they can put up." He should rather have said that the arms as they near the perpendicular can put up three times the weight they can lift up before they reach that position; they can, however, lift up from the ground twice the weight they can push up to their full upward reach.

FEATS OF STRONG MEN.

In all lifting feats the lower limbs are really taxed even though the arms seem to do the work. To suppose otherwise were to make a mistake as foolish as that of the Irishman (though why such stories should be put always upon Irishmen I do not know) who thought to relieve his horse by putting the meads which formed a large portion of his load over his own shoulder.

Lift a weight how we may the legs have to bear it. It will be understood then that whatever weight the arms may seem to lift in any experiment, the whole body can be made to lift much more. In all stories of great weights which have been lifted it will be found that the lifting power of the whole body has been in question. This, indeed, is true of all the most remarkable feats of strength which have been recorded. One need not consider the feats of a Hercules (i. e. Heracles) or of a Samson, seeing that both one and the other is a Sun-God of whom naturally wonderful feats are narrated. The very name, Samson, means the glorious sun. Feats actually noted and recorded are sufficiently surprising without considering feats purely mythical.

The famous strong man, Topham, of Islington, may be considered a fair illustration of those cases of exceptional development of strength—without exceptional muscular development—of which we hear from time to time, as we hear from time to time of men remarkably large or remarkably small. It would seem as though some physiological peculiarity in such men enable them to get from their muscles much more nearly their full action than (as physiologists know) is ordinarily possible. Topham could take a kitchen poker and twist it round his neck in such sort that four or five strong men were unable to untwist it—a feat which he accomplished as readily as the twisting. He could squeeze a pewter pint pot flat in his hand, double up a crown piece (a coin now out of use, a dollar and a quarter in value and familiarly known in former times as a "cartwheel") with his fingers, and break a short piece of tobacco pipe by side pressure between two fingers opened out in V shape. This last feat, as depending on the action of muscles very seldom trained to do any work,

IS ESPECIALLY REMARKABLE; it serves to confirm the belief that Topham was able as it were to charge his muscle with an exceptional supply of nerve force. They were certainly not unusually developed, though of course they were above the average size.

Topham could lift a weight of nearly 3000 pounds by the use of the strength of his whole body. He stood within a well balanced frame-work heavily loaded, and to be raised by broad straps, two passing over his shoulders and two attached to a strong waist band. The lifting power was obtained by straightening his lower limbs almost straight just before lifting and at the same time slightly raising his shoulders. The heavily loaded frame-work was thus raised an inch or two, a very slight swaying movement showing the spectators that it was really free from all contact with the ground. So powerful was Topham's frame for this sort of work that he was backed to pull against two strong dray horses—his body being in a horizontal position, and the pull of the horses being resisted by the pressure of his legs against a fixed horizontal bar close to the ground, so that the action was precisely the same as that employed in the lifting experiment. Unfortunately, after he had several times successfully resisted the pull of two horses in this way, he had one of his legs put out of joint owing to an accidental

change in the direction in which the horses pulled, and thereafter he was disabled from the performance of feats of this kind. Great care indeed is required in all lifting exercises to avoid any sudden change in the direction of the pull.

DISADVANTAGE OF LONG ARMS.

Lifting at arms' length exercises, so far as the arms are concerned, an entirely different set of muscles from those used in putting up weights. Nor can strength be so satisfactorily tested or compared by the former as by the latter exercise. A long-armed man is here at a disadvantage, and, judged by the weight he can lift, might appear weaker than a short-armed man really of less power in the arms. I remember the disgust with which, when at college, I found men whom I knew to be no stronger than myself able to lift greater weights at arms' length—till I noticed that the unusual length of my arms, which span horizontally fully half a foot more than my height, put me at a disadvantage, owing to the extra leverage involved. Our strongest man at Cambridge University then (1856 to 1860 was my time) was, I believe, Mr. Duacan Darroch, who rowed "four" in the "Varsity boat" in 1858, the year when Cambridge rowed the famous race, which they won by 2½ feet with the London Club eight, manned by Casamajor, Plyford, the Paines and other famous oarsmen of the days before sliding seats were invented.

Darroch could lift a 56-pound weight at arms' length. But Darroch was short-armed for his height, and, as I remember him, a muscle-bound man. Few men can expect by any amount of training and practice to acquire the power of lifting such a weight as 56 pounds at arms' length. Thirty pounds would be a very fair arms' length lift for men of average strength; and even that would require exercise and training.

Very good exercise in lifting can be obtained without special apparatus, and by lifting chairs in different ways. Thus the chair may be lifted at arms' length by a front rung grasped knuckles upwards or knuckles downwards; or by the lower end of a front leg—the back being in every case brought to a vertical position, and so maintained while the lift lasts. Strength may be tested either by the weight of the chair lifted or by the time during which the chair is held out. It is noteworthy that often the man who can lift the heaviest chair at arms' length in some particular way may be surpassed by another when the mode of lifting is altered. And again, those who lift the heaviest weights in these ways are not always those who can maintain their hold longest. Resolution comes in as a factor in the test named. One will often see a great and strong, but easy-going, man lift out at arms' length a weight which another can not for a moment to that position, who yet will not hold out half that weight for half the time that at which it will be held out by the weaker, whose resolute will will enable him to sustain his hold to the very last.

I know of no feat ever done which has surpassed one which Nathalie, the lady mentioned above, was in the constant habit of performing. She could extend her body from the horizontal bar, supported only by one hand grasping the bar, knuckles downward; then for so far the feat was not uncommon she could put the other hand behind her and take the bar with it, holding the body horizontal by that hand. Farini told Chas. Reade that he had never met with a male athlete who could this; "yet," added Reade, "it was not knack; it was complete either-handedness coupled with gigantic strength."

Speaking of lifting the weight of the human body, I may touch here on a somewhat absurd fancy many entertain about an experiment in which four persons lift a fifth on the tips of their fingers. I have repeatedly heard this experiment spoken of as

SOMETHING VERY MARVELOUS.

The person to be lifted draws in his breath and stiffens himself generally; the four who are to lift him also draw in full breaths, "and then," the story goes on, "he is lifted without any apparent effort"—meaning, of course, that he is lifted quite easily. As, indeed, why should he not be? The person lifted usually weighs about 120 pounds, and each of the four lifters would think it no great effort to lift thirty pounds with the forefinger. Drawing in a full breath is always a good preliminary process for any muscular effort; and after this process each of the four lifters does easily what he always can do easily, lifting not the fifth person bodily, but just a fourth portion of his weight, thirty pounds or forty at the outside.

The secret of the great lifting power of the legs in such work lies in the fact that the action has that exceedingly effective leverage which is employed in the Stanhope Press, familiarly known in fact, for this very reason, as "knee leverage." When the legs are nearly upright the knees may be perhaps half a foot from the position they take when the legs are straightened. While they move through this half foot the body is not raised more than perhaps half an inch; consequently the power used in straightening the legs is multiplied into a twelvefold greater lifting power. It is because of this powerful knee-straightening action that lifting exercises are apt to develop abnormally the muscles of the lower and inner end of the front thigh.

To lift 1000 pounds on the health-lift is no very remarkable feat for a person of average strength giving sufficient time daily for a few months to practice. Mr. Blaikie learned in this way, at the age of 17, to lift 1000 pounds after only six months' practice. Those who prefer to lift actually measured weight will find it necessary to adopt some such plan as was employed by Topham, preparing a framework to bear the weight, and standing in its midst so as to lift the weight by means of symmetrically attached straps. For the body can not, when at all afloat, bear such a weight as 1000 pounds.

Whether such exercise is good for the body as a whole depends a good deal on the opportunities which a man has for correcting an abnormal development of the lifting muscles by means of other exercises, increasing the development of other muscles and giving activity as well as strength to the frame.

How to Find the Sun in a Storm.

A correspondent writes: "Reading accounts of so many being lost in the snow and fog, I would call your attention to a simple means of determining the position of the sun at any time of the day, which is by placing the point of a knife blade or a sharp lead pencil on the thumb nail, which will cast a shadow directly from the sun, no matter how thick the snow or fog is. Try it."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

More numbers do not alter right and wrong. Think naught a trifle though it small appear.

What availeth knowledge without the fear of God?

A good man gets good out of evil. A wicked man turns good to evil.

He who is unhappy, and can find no comfort at home is unhappy indeed.

A great many difficulties arise from falling in love with the wrong person.

If you want to try experiments, in any place, take care at least that they be not dangerous ones.

Don't thou love life, then do not squander time (or energy), for that is the stuff life is made of.

The essence of good talk is frankness, mutual trust, and the desire to be at one with your companions for the time.

I hold the constant regard we pay, in all our action, to the judgment of others as the poison of our peace, our reason and our virtue.

If ever you were seriously ill, what fault or folly lay heaviest upon your mind? Think about it, and root out that fault or folly without delay.

Our guides, we pretend, must be sinless—as if those were not often the best teachers who only yesterday got corrected for their mistakes.

Wisdom consists not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and following that which conduces the most surely to our lasting happiness and true glory.

There is a content which springs from ignorance, and a content which is the result of knowledge. The former is never safe, for it is always in the dark. The latter is ever sure, for it rests upon the light.

He, and he only, possesses the earth, who goes toward that kingdom of heaven, humble and cheerful and content with what his good God has allotted him.

Chinese proverbs: "It is needless to use a battle-axe to cut off a hen's head." "Never climb a tree to catch a fish." "A fair wind raises no storm." "Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man can never be satisfied." "Go not too near the powerful; he who looks at the sun is dazzled."

No one can have the strength to take long walks and hard climbs who does not put forth in active effort from time to time whatever force he has. No one has the strength to endure unusual toil and hardship who has not struggled manfully in past conflicts. Bodily idleness inevitably results in bodily weakness.

The root of dutiful life is the heart's readiness to pay all debts, to discharge all obligations. This is something entirely apart from correct views of duty. It may exist with or without a keen appreciation of relations and their consequent obligations. But, unless it is there, no perception, however acute mental outlook, however broad, no conclusions, however well founded, will suffice to make a virtuous character.

DEATH SIGNS.

Seein' hunt dogs is er call.

Dreaming'er may'ages is signs uv death.

Givin' away hair ter folks is er partin sign.

Turnin' dee bed of de dyin' 'll make 'em die fast.

Seein' shrouds in de candle means seein' 'em elsewhere also.

Ter walk backwards is treadin' yer parents inter de grave.

When partridges whistle clostter de house, it's er good call.

When woodpeckers go ter peckin' clostter er house hit's er call.

Hit's mighty bad sign fer water ter bile long widout no vittles in de pot.

Ground puppy'll bark at yer when he know de grave's er reachin' fer you.

Er your nose drap out one drap er blood, en no me, yer gwine lose er friend.

Spider come down de house from er spurning en hit de flo, hit's er warnin'.

When chickens goes ter lookin' up wid one eye, somebody is done laid on de coolin' board.

Er er dyin' pussen strike you hit gwine leave er misery dat'll rest wid yer till yer die yerse!

When two chickens stands wid dere bills twogedder en sorter whispers like, somebody gwine be laid out.

When some folks' kin is gwine pass dee see sometimes er whole lot er men like workin' en hevin' en maulin' up in de sky.

Er yer bring er owl, er any bird like dat, in de house en try ter raise hit, hit gwine die fer sho, en also one of yer folks'll foller hit.

Er anybody hoans atter seein' you when dee be dyin', if dee don't git ter see you befo' dee go, dee'll come atter dee be gone; in de speriet dee'll come.

Lord Russell's Successor.

HALIFAX, March 3.—It is said General Lord Alexander Russell is to be succeeded as commander of the British forces in North America by Col. Stevenson, who formerly commanded the 87th Regiment in this garrison.

The steamer Oregon, now on the passage from England, will land 2,000 tons of freight here.

A story has been floating around for some days to the effect that an ocean steamer is ashore on the Nova Scotia coast. The story was a hoax. Another story was afloat to-night that the Warren line steamer Palestine is aground on Sable Island, but no confirmation thereof can be obtained.

A new method of preserving oysters in the shell, so as to transport them to any distance in a perfectly fresh condition, is being tried at Oxford, Maryland. The process is of the simplest description, consisting wholly in a single turn of iron-wire twisted tightly around the shells so as to keep them so closely shut that none of the juices of the oysters can leak out. It appears that it is the opening of the mouth of the oyster when out of water that causes it to "spoil." There is said to be evidence that oysters clamped by wire by this method have kept fresh for several months.

Where the Indians must be Studied.

The stranger who first visits Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is struck by the great number of Indians who live in the city. They wear clothing of European style. The men work on the wharves and steamers, sell fish and skins, or are occupied in different trades, particularly as carpenters. The women wash and work for the whites, or stroll idly about the streets. The suburbs of Victoria are almost exclusively inhabited by the Indians. There they live in miserable, filthy shanties and sheds, or even in thin canvas tents. The city has about thirteen thousand inhabitants, and of these about two thousand are Indians who stay there over summer. Besides these, about three thousand Chinese, many Sandwich Islanders, a few negroes, and a white population coming from all parts of Europe and America, live in the city. The intermingling of the population and its easy-going ways give it a peculiar character.

But this is not the place to study the customs of the Indian. We must visit him in his village, where he lives undisturbed by the contact with Europeans, according to his ancient customs.

When the rainy season of fall approaches, most of the Indians who worked in Victoria over summer return to their villages, either in their own canoes or on board of a small steamer plying between the city and the settlements all along the coast as far as the boundary of Alaska. When in the fall of 1886 I visited the Indian villages of that district to study the languages and customs of the natives, I joined a young Indian, who after a few years' absence was returning with his wife and children to this country. Soon the houses of Victoria disappeared from our view, and at the small miners' town of Nanaimo we had reached the terminus of European civilization. Dense woods, uninterrupted by fields or houses, cover the mountains and descend to the shore. No lighthouse warns the ship of the dangerous rocks and shoals which obstruct the narrow straits, and it seems almost incredible that it is only a few hours since we have left the busy town. The European population of the coast consists of a few traders, salmon-fishers, and missionaries, who lead a lonesome life among the Indians. Four days we had sailed through the narrow waters and approached the home of my Indian friend. He was unable to restrain his impatience any longer. By singing and dancing he expressed his joy at the return to his countrymen. At last the village appeared, which had been hidden from sight by a long island. It consists of a row of well-built wooden houses, painted with gay figures, standing on a small opening. Canoes dug out of a single tree lay on the beach. As soon as the villagers heard the steam-whistle, they manned some boats and set out to meet the vessel. The luggage was thrown into the boats, and we sat down on top of it; the Indians paddled toward the land, while the steamer slowly disappeared from view. My friend had informed one of the chiefs of the village that I wished to stay with him. He came up to me in all his dignity and invited me to follow him into the house. Here I was at my leisure to look about among the people among whom I was so suddenly thrown.—[Popular Science Monthly.]

A Roland for an Oliver.

Wife (to husband, who has stumbled over a pair of her shoes)—Don't be so impatient, John. I never saw a man who has so little self-control over small things as you have! Husband—Heavens, my dear, you don't call your shoes small things, do you?

A Suggestion.

Tramp (to citizen, who has donated a nickel for a night's lodging)—If you could give me one more nickel, sir, I can get a bed all to myself.

Citizen—No, I can't do that, but here is a suggestion. You ask the gentleman you are to sleep with for an additional nickel. He ought to be willing to give it gladly.

A Chilling Proposal.

Mr. Brown—(Hic.) "Mollie, let me in or I will freeze to death. Big snow drift all the way to the door (hic). I'm awful cold. Blood all stagnated!"

Mrs. Brown—"I will throw out the snow shovel, and you can soon get your blood in circulation and reach the door, too."

He Didn't Like to be Floored.

"Say, Cholly, I was weally floored today, don't yer know?"

"How's that, Gussie?"

"You see, I tried to convince de Wash- ington he's a fool. Twied most an houaw.

Weally quoted two aw thwee legal authorities at him ovaw and ovaw—Gwandfathaw was a lawyaw, you know—till I was pawfectly wawn out. But the stupid fellah couldn't gwasp my arguments, don't cher know. Fwightful lack of mental powaw in Washin', poww fellah."

"Hard lines, that's a fact, Gus. If you'd only tried to convince him you were one you could have done it in two minutes."

"You don't say, Cholly! Do you weally think so? Then I'll endeavor to pprove that to him to-mowaw. A fellah hates to stay floored by such a fellah, don't ober know?"

In the Market.

Young House-keeper (to butcher): "What is the price of mutton?"

Butcher: "Fourteen cents, mum."

Young House-keeper: "And lamb?"

Butcher: "Eighteen cents, mum."

Young House-keeper (surprised): "Is it possible? Why, a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton?"

To Next Year.

O longed-for of my weary soul, Next Year! O year when bachelors secure may rest!

Would I could sleep, and wake to find you here;

Then peace would live again within my breast!

In his own hands again, in 'Eighty-nine,

Will each man hold his matrimonial fate,

And girls who fain would wed must then resign

The privilege they held in 'Eighty-eight.

I don't complain that any have aspired

My happy nuptial freedom to abate.

No; it's of leap-year jokes my soul is tired—

In 'Eighty-nine these will be out of date.

Hong Kong and its Coolies.

On the mainland shore at Hong Kong are large docks, barracks, an observatory and other solid evidences of England's firm grasp and power, and comparative quiet reigns, but at the water's edge of the city the whole din and uproar of a Chinese city assaults the ears, as the same old Chinese smell deals the nose a blow. The Praya, that runs along the water's edge, with high stone houses on one side, swarms with barefooted coolies with poles and burdens over their shoulders, and sedan chairs carried by more coolies spirit an occasional foreigner along above the common heads. The fronts of the high houses have open arcades at each story, and are covered with signs, among which the merrillous paper of the Chinese shows everywhere.

There is something suggestive of Italian seaports in this quay, and when the coolies lift the chair poles and begin ascending the staircase of a side street, one thinks instinctively of Geneva's stone stairways. On the upper levels, on the roads above all the Chinese shops and houses, the resemblance is even greater, and the stone balustrades of the long terraces, the heavy gateways and the massive houses with their storied loggias make one sure that the blue water below is the Mediterranean or one of the lakes.

Through one arched way in a high stone wall one looks up a long staircase lined on either side with masses of red, white and yellow flowers to the door of a Portuguese chapel, and an Italian convent is approached between white stone walls, and more rows of gorgeous blossoms. The shrubbery is all tropical, the banyan tree spreading a network of roots over sloping banks and snapping, snaky roots with fine bunches of tendrils of root over one's head. Banana trees, rows of tree ferns, huge-leaved things that are strange to one's eyes, fill the gardens, and rows of potted chrysanthemums of the most brilliant colors line stairways and surmount balustrades. The scarlet poinsettia is here a spreading bush or tree far above one's head, and the whole top a blaze of big red stars that fairly burn the eyes with their intense coloring. The shade trees arch over the terrace roads, and when one passes from sunshine to shade there is that difference and sudden chill that warns one that the climate has its Italian turn, too.

The conveyance one rides in is not Italian nor are the common people by the roadside like the fascinating inhabitants of the peninsula. The cheapness of human labor is shown when one can be borne aloft on the shoulders of two men, like an idol in a procession, at the rate of fifteen cents an hour, and the contrast between the leisure and working classes is most apparent when the one leans back in his ease and the other pants under the poles of the chair. Nearly all the coolies are barefooted, loose, flapping straw sandals being sometimes worn to save the feet from the fine, sharp stones with which the cement roads are set. The slip-slap muffled sound of bare feet being set down flatly and in a steady mechanical beat, as regular as first it seems as though the regularity of the tread was enough to sooth one to sleep, but afterwards, especially if coming home late in the evening through these still avenues of trees and high stone walls, there is something in this methodical foot fall that gives one an uncomfortable sensation, as of being carried off by some unknown power suggestive of evil and the supernatural. The chair coolie wears only the two cotton garments, unless the weather is chill enough to call for a second coat, or hot enough to remove the first one. The trousers are of the Universal Chinese cut for the coolie class, each leg in a flopping petticoat of cotton, a yard wide, reaching below the knee. No race of people have designed an uglier dress and stuck to it without change for so many centuries.

Miss Ebba Munck.

The betrothal of Prince Oscar, second son of the King of Sweden and Norway, to a young lady not of high rank or fortune, but personally charming and estimable, has excited much interest. Miss Ebba Munck is of gentle birth, her family belonging to the lower order of Swedish nobility, and was holding an appointment at court as lady of the chamber in waiting on the Crown Princess of Sweden, in October, 1885, when her Royal Highness made a tour in Germany, after being present at Karlsruhe at the wedding of her brother, the Archduke of Baden. The Crown Princess, attended by Miss Ebba Munck, then visited Amsterdam to seek medical advice of Dr. Metzger, and was there met by her brother-in-law, Prince Oscar, a naval officer on board the Royal frigate "Vanadis," just returned from a voyage round the world. He at once became attached to Miss Ebba Munck, but the King and Queen did not at first approve of such an engagement. She regained her place at the court, but received a special mark of their Majesties' regard for her character, being appointed to manage the distribution of the Royal charities to the poor. In the city of Stockholm, among the sick and the destitute, her constant visitations for the relief of misery in their humble dwellings are gratefully remembered; and during several months she performed the services of one of the lady nurses at the "Home for the Sick" established by the Queen, in place of a lady who had become an invalid from over work. Prince Oscar, a young man of strong religious and benevolent feelings, himself accustomed to visit the poor in their distress, entirely sympathized with Miss Ebba Munck in this charitable mission. It was interrupted by a painful and dangerous illness, which nearly brought her to her grave, but was cured by a surgical operation, followed by a long restoration in the Castle of Ulrikadal. The Queen had, by this time, learnt to appreciate her virtues, which are, we are told, accompanied by a pleasant, lively, and even playful humor, making her a most agreeable companion. The firm constancy of Prince Oscar was at length rewarded by the consent of his Royal parents to his choice; and early this year, in the Queen's presence, at Ulrikadal, the mutual vows of the young couple were formally exchanged, and the King then agreed to forego his former objections on grounds of dynastic policy. The engagement has been known in Sweden during two or three weeks past, but was celebrated at Court only a few days ago, immediately before the departure of the Queen, who intended staying at Bournemouth.

Fell Destroyers.

Temperance Apostle—Do you know, my young friend, that whiskey is a terrible destroyer?

Young Man—Yes, sir, and so is water, much more so. Think of the flood!

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Speaking too much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is apt to be a niggard in deed.

Captain Haig, lecturing at the Royal United Service Institute in London last night, hoped that the English Government would procure some of the new pneumatic dynamite guns to experiment with, as their influence on naval warfare will be very marked.

The difference between fresh green peas and those that have lain awhile after being picked is well shown by the following trial made by a Michigan lady. One mess of peas was picked the night before and the other just before dinner of the day both were eaten. Her husband thought she had used sugar in the lot picked before dinner.

Prof. Roberts, of Cornell University, say that a cow that makes six pounds of butter a week on cold water will make seven pounds if the water be warmed. He further says that cows will drink one-third more when the water is warmed to 80 degrees than they will at 32 degrees and that the milk will increase one-fifth without deterioration.

Tracheotomy has nothing to do with cutting out the larynx or any such formidable manoeuvres. It is merely making a little notch in the windpipe, and putting in a silver tube, through which the patient breathes instead of through his mouth. In grown-up people it is very often done without chloroform or anything of the sort, and as an operation it is hardly ever directly fatal.

It has been stated that since the sunflower has been cultivated on certain swamps of the Potomac, malaria fever has decreased. At the mouth of the Scheldt, in Holland, it is stated that similar results have been observed. The sunflower emits large volumes of water in the form of vapor, and its aromatic odor, as well as the oxygen it exhales, may have something to do with the sanitary influence in question.

It is not generally known that poultices made of Indian meal are quite suitable for application in internal inflammations, such as pneumonia, pleurisy, inflammation of the bowels, etc. It is used in the form of hot mud, prepared just as if it were to be eaten. If one part of mustard is added to four parts of meal, the poultice will excite a moderate irritation of the skin, but can be kept on for hours without blistering.

The Chinese are a healthy people in spite of their indescribably filthy surroundings. I attribute this to their use of tea as a beverage. This is the only redeeming feature of their lives. They do not drink it hot, but hot, and to make it they have to boil the water. In the presence of an epidemic of cholera, typhoid fever or dysentery the wisest precaution to take is to boil all fluids used for drinking purposes.

A little curiosity in engineering has been constituted by an ingenious clockmaker, D. A. Buck. This is, in all probability, the smallest steam engine in the world, for it is almost microscopic in its dimensions. The whole machine weighs only about a gram, or fifteen grains, and is entirely covered by an ordinary thimble. The stroke of the piston is a little over two millimetres, or one-twelfth inch, and in diameter is something less than a millimeter and a half. Nevertheless, it is built of 140 distinct pieces, fastened together by fifty-two screws; and three drops of water suffice to fill the boiler and set the toy mechanism in motion.

In some remarkable mathematical observations by M. Hermite concerning the number of stars, he shows that the total number visible to the naked eye of an observer of visual power does not exceed six thousand, and of these the southern hemisphere contains somewhat the larger number. In order to see this number of stars the night must be moonless, the sky cloudless, and the atmosphere pure, and here the power of the unaided eye stops; an opera glass will bring out twenty thousand, while a small telescope will bring out at least one hundred and fifty thousand, and the most powerful telescope yet constructed will show more than one hundred millions. M. Hermite concludes from his various observations that the light emitted by all the stars upon the whole surface of the globe is equal to one-tenth of the light of the full moon.

Queer Facts and Happenings.

A couple married at Jamaica, L. I., last week, had been engaged for thirty years.

Sidney Smith, of Swartswood, got up in his sleep and walked three miles through the snow barefooted, with the thermometer at zero. He was still asleep when found, and badly frozen.

The sweetheart of Miss Barbara Hunt of Brewster, while talking to her at the gate suddenly turned, when the burning end of his cigar came in contact with her eyeball, injuring it severely.

A guest in a California hotel concealed \$5,000 in his bed. Two strangers had occupied the bed before he thought of it again, but on going to the hotel three days afterward he found the money undisturbed.

The family of D. P. Mount, of Newton, found a recent Monday a very unlucky day. Their son James fell from an omnibus and broke a rib; their little daughter Bertha cut off her thumb, Joe cut open a finger splitting wood, and Albert fell into the big fireplace and burned his hands severely.

The Editorial "We."

The careless use of the editorial "we" frequently gets newspapers into trouble, and the use of the word "we" to represent the people of the whole country is sometimes as fatal as "rough on rats"—at least this is the opinion of the Springfield Union, who recently said: "We ate 3,100,000 bags of peanuts last year."—Rochester Post-Express.

The story that used to be told twenty years ago of a droll use of the editorial "our" still holds its own against all anecdotes of the editorial "we." It was a Maine editor who did the deed. "For some shocking effects of intemperance" he wrote on his first page, "see our insides."—N. Y. Tribune.

Railway Building in Cape Breton.

SYDNEY, C. B., March 5.—An era of railway building has dawned on Cape Breton Island with the commencement of construction of the Island Railway. The Provincial Government of Nova Scotia is about to sign a contract for the construction of ninety-five miles of branch lines through the coal district of the Island, expecting to recoup themselves by the royalty of ten cents on each ton of coal produced at mines.

A Beggary Hundred Millions of Years or So.

Every sun and every star thus formed is forever gathering in the hem of its outer robe upon itself, forever radiating off its light and heat into surrounding space, and forever growing denser and colder as it sets slowly toward its centre of gravity. Our own sun and solar system may be taken as good typical working examples of how the stars thus constantly shrink into smaller and ever smaller dimensions around their own fixed centre. Naturally we know more about our own solar system than about any other in our own universe, and it also possesses for us a greater practical and personal interest than any outside portion of the galaxy. Nobody can pretend to be profoundly immersed in the internal affairs of Sirius or of Alpha Centauri. A fiery revolution in the belt of Orion would affect us less than a passing finger-ache in a certain single terrestrial baby of our own household. Therefore I shall not apologize in any way for leaving the remainder of the sidereal universe to its unknown fate and concentrating my attention mainly on the affairs of that solitary little out-of-the-way second-rate system whereof we form an appreciable portion. The matter which now composes the sun and its attendant bodies (the satellites included) was once spread out, according to Laplace, to at least the furthest orbit of the outermost planet—that is to say, so far as our present knowledge goes, the planet Neptune. Of course, when it was expanded to that immense distance, it must have been very thin indeed, thinner than our clumsy human senses can even conceive of. An American would say, too thin; but I put Americans out of court at once as mere irreverent scoffers. From the orbit of Neptune, or something outside it, the faint and cloud-like mass which bore within it Caesar and his fortunes, not to mention the remainder of the earth and the solar system, began slowly to converge and gather itself in, growing denser and denser but smaller and smaller as it gradually neared its existing dimensions. How long a time it took to do it is for our present purposes relatively unimportant; the cruel physicists will only let us have a beggary hundred million years or so for the process, while the grasping and extravagant evolutionary geologist begs with tears for at least double or even ten times that limited period. But at any rate it has taken a good long while, and as far as most of us are personally concerned, the difference of one or two hundred millions, if it comes to that, is not really at all an appreciable one.—Good Words.

Riddleberger a Reminder. Senator Riddleberger seems to owe much of the notoriety he has been recently gaining to the fact that he frequently appears on the floor of the Senate in a state of gross intoxication. He has long since ceased to be amusing even to those who find pleasure in watching the antics of a drunken man, and excites only disgust, both on the Senate floor and in the galleries. The Virginia Senator, however, is not the only Congressman who may be charged with the excessive use of intoxicants, but he seems to be the only member of either House who openly and grossly defies public sentiment by parading his vice in public. That he does this indicates that he is a survivor of the time of the war and the years immediately preceding it. According to the recent testimony of General Sickles, who was a member of the House during Buchanan's administration, the Congress of that time was a body of whiskey drinkers. Not merely the obscure Riddlebergers gave themselves over to the habit of intoxication, but some of the most brilliant men of both Houses were victims of debauchery. No one doubts that Stephen A. Douglas, Lawrence M. Keith, Sargent S. Prentiss and Richard Yates set the example which scores of less able men follow to their ruin and disgrace. It will not be forgotten that James A. McDougall, of California, openly defended the drink habit on the floor of the Senate during the war, and prostituted his marvellous gift of eloquence in delivering a panegyric on "wine, women, and war." There has been wonderful progress in the last twenty-five years. Just previous to and during the war, Riddleberger would have excited little comment, unless, perchance, in a drunken frenzy he had assaulted or shot somebody. His present notoriety is evidence of the progress of the cause of temperance reform, and the advance of public sentiment.—[Boston Traveller.

Is There Any Future Life for Animals? We answer, John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, thought there was. So did those eminent Christian Bishops, Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Butler. Coleridge advocated it in England, Lamartine in France and Agassiz in America. Agassiz, the greatest scientist we ever had on this continent, and a man of profound religious convictions, was a firm believer in some future life for the lower animals. A professor of Harvard University has compiled a list of 185 European authors who have written on the subject. Among the leading clergy of Boston, who have publicly expressed their belief in a future life for animals, are Joseph Cook, Trinitarian, and James Freeman Clark, Unitarian. Some ten years ago a man left by will to Mr. Bergh's New York Society about \$150,000. Relatives contested the will on the ground that he was insane because he believed in a future life for animals. The judge, in sustaining the will, said he found that more than half the human race believed the same thing.

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THE GREATNESS OF THE COVERY OF THE PRESENT AGE FOR BRINGING THE BOWELS AND CIRCULAR ALL BLOODS AND EXCESSIVE COVINGS. PLAINLY, A Perfect Blood Purifier. A few in Hamilton who have been benefited by its use: Mrs. M. Keenan, 109 Robert St., cured of Erysipelas of two years' standing; Robt. Cornell, 24 South St., cured of Erysipelas after six years' suffering; Jen. de Birrell, 55 Walnut St., cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 96 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness, used only 3 fifty-cent bottles; Mrs. J. Blair, 6 Augusta St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, her small bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. per bottle. F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. The true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power combined with its nerve tonic, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a Cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use. Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book. Price \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's Montreal, Que

SAUSAGE CASINGS.

BEST IMPORTED ENGLISH SHEEPS, also Small American Hog Casings. Quality guaranteed. In lots to suit purchasers. Write for prices.

JAS. PARK & SON.

FOLDING BEDS. Out of use out of sight. Send for circular. Chas. Robinson & Co., 22 Church Street, Toronto

Toronto Silver Plate Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE OF SILVER PLATED WARES.

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ALL GOODS GUARANTEED. TORONTO.

LADIES' Dress and Mantle cutting by this new and improved TAILORS' SQUARES.

Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF. SMITH, 549 Queen St. W., Toronto. Agents wanted.

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Have all the latest improvements and are unequalled for durability, style and convenience. The leading Carriage Builders sell them. ASK FOR THEM and BUY NO OTHER.

CATARRH,

COLD IN THE HEAD, Hay Fever, etc., can positively be cured. A new method. A medicine guaranteed to cure. No cure no pay. If you have tried other remedies that failed to cure, you will not be disappointed in this. For full particulars address: M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Canada. Send 10c in stamps for book "Treatise on Diseases of Man."

Piles! INSTANT RELIEF FINAL CURE.

Send your address and ten cents in stamps for Book "Treatise on Diseases of Man." Address: M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington-st. E., Toronto, Ont.

Nervous Debility.

DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of nervous debility, and all diseases arising from excess, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price, \$1 per box, or 6 boxes for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus "When Breadmaker's Yeast is the subject before us—Mamma tried all the rest, So she knows it's the best, Cause her bread is the whitest, her dumplings the best, And we eat all the panaches she bakes up before us. BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 6 CENTS.

PURE ANIMAL FERTILIZER AND BONE MEAL.

W. A. FREEMAN, Sole Agent for the Dominion of Canada for ROWLIN & CO'S FERTILIZERS.

Send for Circulars and price to W. A. FREEMAN, Dealer in Builders' Supplies, HAMILTON, ONT.

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Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

Arcade, Yonge street, Toronto. For Circulars, etc., Address C. O'DEA, Secretary.

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PEERLESS OIL

HAS NO EQUAL

There are many imitations of PEERLESS MACHINE OIL, but none equal it in lubricating properties. Farmers, Millers, etc., find none equal to the ORIGINAL Peerless made by SAMUEL ROGERS & CO. TORONTO. Sold by dealers every where.

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FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING MERCHANTS. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE MAILED FREE. ADDRESS: STEEL BROS & CO. TORONTO, ONT.

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RELIABLE CATALOGUE FREE SEEDS

Our Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue and Cultivator's Guide FREE. It contains all the latest novelties and standard varieties of GARDEN, FIELD, and FLOWER SEEDS, BULBS, ETC. Every Market Gardener, Florist, Farmer and Amateur should consult it before purchasing. Our stock is fresh, pure and reliable. Prices reasonable.

J. A. SIMMERS SEED MERCHANTS AND IMPORTERS

147 King St. East, Toronto

\$9.999.00 IN GOLD TO BE GIVEN AWAY

In order to introduce my Nursery stock throughout the United States and Canada, I will give away \$9,999.00 in gold as follows, to the parties sending me Three Cent Canadian, or 21 Two Cent American Postage Stamps for any one of the following collection of plants or bulbs, which will be sent by mail (postpaid), in April next, and guaranteed to arrive in good condition:

- No. 1.—2 Hardy Roses. 2.—2 Everblooming Roses. 3.—2 Hardy Climbing Roses. 4.—2 Dahlias. 5.—5 Gladioli. 6.—3 Hardy Grape Vines. 7.—3 Raspberries, 4 each, black and red. 8.—20 Strawberry Plants, 4 choice kinds.

All letters with stamps enclosed as requested above, for plants, will be numbered as they come to hand, and the senders of the first thirteen hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

- 1st.—\$250 The next 10, \$10 each. 2nd.—100 The next 10, 5 each. 3rd.—50 The next 10, 2 each. 4th.—20 The next 10, 1 each.

After 50 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

- 1st.—\$225 The next 10, \$15 each. 2nd.—125 The next 10, 10 each. 3rd.—75 The next 10, 5 each. 4th.—50 The next 10, 2 each. 5th.—25 The next 50, 1 each.

After 100 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

- 1st.—\$100 each The next 10, \$20 each. 2nd.—75 each The next 10, 15 each. 3rd.—50 each The next 10, 10 each. 4th.—25 each The next 10, 5 each.

After 150 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred and nine letters will receive gifts as follows:

- 1st.—\$100 each The next 10, \$20 each. 2nd.—75 each The next 10, 15 each. 3rd.—50 each The next 10, 10 each. 4th.—25 each The next 10, 5 each.

Any person may send any number of times for any of above collections.

If three cents extra is sent, I will send in April a printed list of the names of all persons who are entitled to the gifts.

As a direct investment this will not pay, but my object is to introduce my stock, and build up a trade by mail. I employ no agents, but deal direct with customers, and send all and deliver stock to our part of the United States or Canada, either by mail, express or freight, at about one-half the price charged by other Nurserymen through agents. Send me a list of wants and I will quote you prices. Mention this paper, and address all letters—

J. LAHMER, ROBERTSMAN, TORONTO, CANADA.

TRIAL TRIP!

Intending purchasers just take a trip to Shawville and (by the way) slip into Ross Bros. store and price any goods you may require, more especially **WINTER DRY GOODS** and you will find they are selling this line at less than cost. This greatly reduced sale is confined to Winter Goods alone from now until further notice.

In Groceries and Patent Medicines they have the selections and prices right.

Spring Goods arriving almost every day. Large assortment of **HATS** expected along daily. Be sure and give them a call and inspect prices in this line before purchasing similar articles at higher prices.

WALL PAPER—The largest and best assortment ever brought into this county.

Putty, Oils, Glass, &c. Parties about to purchase any of the above mentioned articles look to your own interests and before purchasing call and examine their prices and stock.

BOOTS and SHOES—They are selling off their extensive stock at 5½ per cent on cost. Now is your time to procure cheap and dry footwear for spring.

TAILORING—This department is complete. Their stock of English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds cannot be surpassed. They are securing additional first class hands for their staff to be better prepared for the spring trade. Fits guaranteed.

Their motto is to sell at the lowest possible advance on cost, also "to carry out behind their counters what they advertize in the press." Call and you will not be disappointed at your trip.

Yours Very Respectfully,

ROSS BROS.

Shawville, March 6th, 1888.

Sessional Notes.

From our own Correspondent.
Ottawa, March 2.—Some "kicking" was performed by the provisional leader of the Liberal party and his followers in consequence of the dismissal of three French translators named Poirier and two Tremblays. The charge against these parties was that during the campaign of 1887, they made themselves conspicuous by manifesting a vicious antagonism to the Conservative Government, and especially to Sir John Macdonald, the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, and Mr. Ives, M. P., who were made the butt of the most malignant vituperation, because of the firm position those hon. gentlemen maintained in reference to the Riel question. In dismissing the translators, Mr. Laurier considered the Speaker exercised authority which he did not possess. His opinion to the contrary, however, the facts go to show that the Speaker acted constitutionally. But of course it would not do were the Nationalist leader to sing dumb when retribution overtook his friends for their short comings. In the stead of the dismissed officials, the Government have appointed Mr. John Lesperance, the well-known author of "Ephemerides" which appear every Saturday in the Montreal Gazette, and Messieurs. Montpetit and Descaerres, all of Montreal. The new appointees assumed their duties on Wednesday.

The Government have intimated that there is to be no material if any changes in the tariff this year. This intelligence, it seems first gained currency through the columns of the Montreal Gazette, a fact which called for the hostile criticism of Sir Richard Cartwright. The gallant knight wished to know if the Montreal organ was to become the official source of information, instead of the Canada Gazette. Sir Charles Tupper poured oil on the troubled waters by giving a satisfactory explanation of how the announcement was made.

Mr. H. H. Cook, the unseated M. P. for east Simcoe, entered the commons chamber last Wednesday, to keep company with Pat Purcell, the unseated and disqualified M. P. for Glengarry. Like the latter gentleman, Mr. Cook has appealed to the Supreme court to say whether or not he has the right to sit in Parliament; but in the meantime he could not resist the temptation to occupy his old place in the House. Many of his friends, however, think it would have been more becoming had he remained away pending the Court's decision.

Another gap has occurred in the ranks of the commoners by the death of Mr. Alex. Robertson, M. P. for West Hastings, which occurred at Belleville on Wednesday. Mr. Robertson had been in delicate health for some years past, although he managed to attend to his legislative duties last session. In politics he was a staunch Conservative.

Last Wednesday's Session of the house was looked forward to with interest by the public as it was expected an animated discussion would take place on the motion of Mr. Armstrong, Liberal M. P. for South Middlesex, of which notice was given some days previously. This motion was to ask the House to pronounce in favor of a resolution declaring Commercial Union between Canada and the United States desirable. It seems Mr. Armstrong undertook to test the feeling of Parliament on this question without first submitting the matter to his leaders; the consequence was that the appearance of his motion on the order paper created not a little surprise and in some instances, consternation. Among the Liberal party, there is an exemplary element,—small it is true,—which has respect for our laws and established institutions, and which would draw the line before assenting to an arrangement whose ratification involves the surrender of our political independence,—nay even more,—the obliteration of our national existence. For the palates of this particular wing of the party, Commercial Union is rather a nauzeous pill, in fact too much so to be agreeably swallowed; hence it is not surprising,

that as a result of a Liberal caucus, at which the matter was discussed, a wet blanket was thrown over Mr. Armstrong's aspirations to become conspicuous by acting as sponsor to Wyman's "fad" in the Canadian House of Commons. When the motion on the order paper was reached by the Speaker on Wednesday, a chorus of voices from the Liberal benches shouted: "Dropped," which means that the Liberal party of Canada do not discern anything in Commercial Union that would be likely to change the tide of their fortunes, were they to make it a plank of their hitherto mythological political platform. They prefer to pin their hopes to a proposal for unrestricted reciprocity, which would be certainly more acceptable, to Canadians, if practicable. In accordance with this decision it is understood Sir Richard Cartwright will propose such a measure later on in the session, when the question of trade relations with the States will in all probability be fully discussed. The "corporal's guard" who endorsed Mr. Wyman's pet scheme will then have an opportunity of satisfying the House and the country upon the score of its absurdity and impracticability.

Contrary to expectation, the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie is in attendance at the House occasionally. His presence in the chamber is always regarded with pleasure by members of all shades of politics. Sir Charles Tupper who was confined to his room several days by a severe cold, is now attending to his legislative duties.

To the Editors of THE EQUITY.

Gentlemen,—Before going on with my subject, let me advise you and any of your readers who want bargains in books, to send to John Britnell, 289 Young St., Toronto, for a catalogue. I sent him an order, and told him, if the books ordered were sold to choose for me in certain subjects. By return post, I got a black letter volume the only treasure I have, and other books—the best bargain that I ever got.

In the time of Christ and the Apostles, the whole world, Judea excepted, was pagan. The Jew retained a belief in God, but though he had the Divine law, he had lost its spirit. Educated Romans and Greeks were refined, licentious and cruel. They had a nominal belief in their gods, but were really atheists. None can be found among uneducated Christians. Witness the terrible asmas and arites and the lovely peris and glendoveers of eastern nations—the gnomes, brownies, fairies, &c. &c., of the West. Well, fearing as they did, that a demon might have its dwelling there—there the ignorant, feared spiritual contamination if they ate meat offered to an idol, lest they should in some way be connected with a demon. Paul knew that the idol was nothing, and consequently, the sacrifice was nothing—that one might, without sin, eat that flesh, yet, rather than cause a weak, ignorant brother to fall into sin, he would abstain. This was noble and what every christian should be willing to do. Now we think that if there is anything in the supposed connection, it is this that every one should decide for himself. If tobacco is a needless self indulgence it should be abandoned; if beneficial keep on the use. I am not advocating its use—but I always wish to see any position fairly stated. I know some who carry the thought of

sanctification much farther than I believe, is done here. Not only liquors and tobacco, but tea, coffee and pork must go—and with some of the more advanced (for even they are not uniform) sugar, milk and all flesh must be given up. "There is no hog in me" said a lady to the writer. He tho't she meant that she was not penurious, but soon discovered his mistake. She was referring to the fact that every particle of matter is removed from the body in seven years at longest, and meant that she had not eaten pork in more than seven years. Yet those people will fatten hogs and sell pork. Is that consistent? However, it is in personal infallibility that the greatest danger lies. We have known terrible results from this idea. Yours respectfully,
TETUPHA.

Notice.

ALL PARTIES indebted to Ross Bros., either by book account or otherwise, for the year 1887, are notified to pay up before the 15th of March. Hereafter our business will be conducted on a strictly cash and trade principle. The highest prices will be paid for farm produce and no accounts booked.
ROSS BROS.
Shawville, March 6th, 1888.

Team for Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale a span of the noble grey Horses, well matched and admirably suited for general purposes. Will be seven years old next spring. For further particulars apply to
JAMES FULFORD,
Clarendon Front.
Feb. 10, '88.

Colt for Sale.

A FIRST-CLASS General Use Colt; color bay; eight feet. He is in good condition, without spot or blemish.
JOHN W. MURPHY,
North Clarendon P.O.
Feb. 21, 1888.

FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his Stock of Dry Goods and Groceries. The purchaser can have two years of unexpired lease of store. Any one wanting a good stand and stock will do well to call and inspect.

NOTICE.

All accounts not paid by the last of January, 1888, will be handed over to collectors. Thanking all customers for past favors.
Yours Truly,
THOMAS LANG,
Caldwell P.O. Bristol.
Jan. 10, 1888.

Province of Quebec, School Municipality of Calumet Island.

Public Notice

IS hereby given that all School taxes remaining unpaid in this Municipality on the fifteenth day of March next will be collected after that date as the law directs. The Sec-Treasurer holds office in his own house each Monday during the usual hours.
JOHN HONAN,
Sec-Treas.
Office of the School Com rs., Cal Island, Feb. 13, 1888.

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale his Farm, being the front half of Lot No. 22 in the 6th range of the Township of Clarendon, containing fifty acres, more or less. Forty-five acres of the property are cleared, well-fenced and in a good state of cultivation; the remainder is timbered with good hardwood mainder is timbered with good hardwood, stable, shed, and other out-buildings; there are also two good wells. The property will be sold at a reasonable price for cash. For further particulars apply on the premises or by letter to
JAMES CALLAGHAN,
Bryson P.O.
February 10, '88.

Property for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale the following desirable property, situated on the Main road running through Upper Thorne Centre, namely: A good Frame House 22 x 30 feet, and a two-story Workshop, 20x60 feet. The latter is a comfortable building, one half being lathed and plastered. There is a good garden in connection with this property and an abundant supply of water. He has also for sale a quantity of excellent dry lumber, comprising oak, ash, basswood, elm and maple. The above will be disposed of at a bargain, as the owner is desirous of retiring from business owing to the poor state of his health.
For further particulars apply to
DAVID MOORE,
Upper Thorne Centre
Dec. 28, 1887.

Notice.

TENDERS will be received up to the 15th March next by the undersigned for
500 Bushels of Good Lime
to be delivered at the Roman Catholic Church Vinton, not later than the 15th of May next. By order of the Building Committee.
JOHN FERRIGAN,
Secretary.
Vinton, Feb. 12, '88.

Province of Quebec, School Municipality of Mansfield & Pontefract.

Public Notice

IS hereby given that all School taxes remaining unpaid in this Municipality on the Fifteenth day of March next will be collected after that date as the law directs. The Sec-Treasurer holds office in No. 1 School, Coutonge village each Saturday as usual.
JOHN HONAN,
Sec-Treas.
St. Cloulange, Feb. 11, '88.

The Scientific American,

The most popular Scientific Paper in the World. Established 1845. Weekly, \$3.00 a year. \$1.50 for six Mos. This unrivalled periodical, which has been published by Munn & Co. for more than forty years, continues to maintain its high reputation for excellence and enjoys the largest circulation ever attained by any scientific publication. Every number contains sixteen large pages, beautifully printed, elegantly illustrated; it presents in popular style a descriptive record of the most novel, interesting and important advances in Science, Arts and Manufactures. It shows the progress of the world in respect to new discoveries and improvements, embracing machinery, mechanical work, engineering in all branches, Chemistry, Metallurgy, Electricity, Light, Heat, Architecture, domestic economy, agriculture, natural history, etc. The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN should have a place in every dwelling, shop, office, school or library. Workmen, foremen, engineers, superintendents, directors, Presidents, officials, merchants, farmers, teachers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen—people in every walk and profession in life, will derive satisfaction and benefit from a regular reading of THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. TRY IT.—It will bring you valuable ideas; subscribe for your sons—it will make them manly and self-reliant; subscribe for your workmen—it will please and assist their labor; subscribe for your friends—it will be likely to give them a practical lift in life. Terms, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Remit by postal order or cheque.
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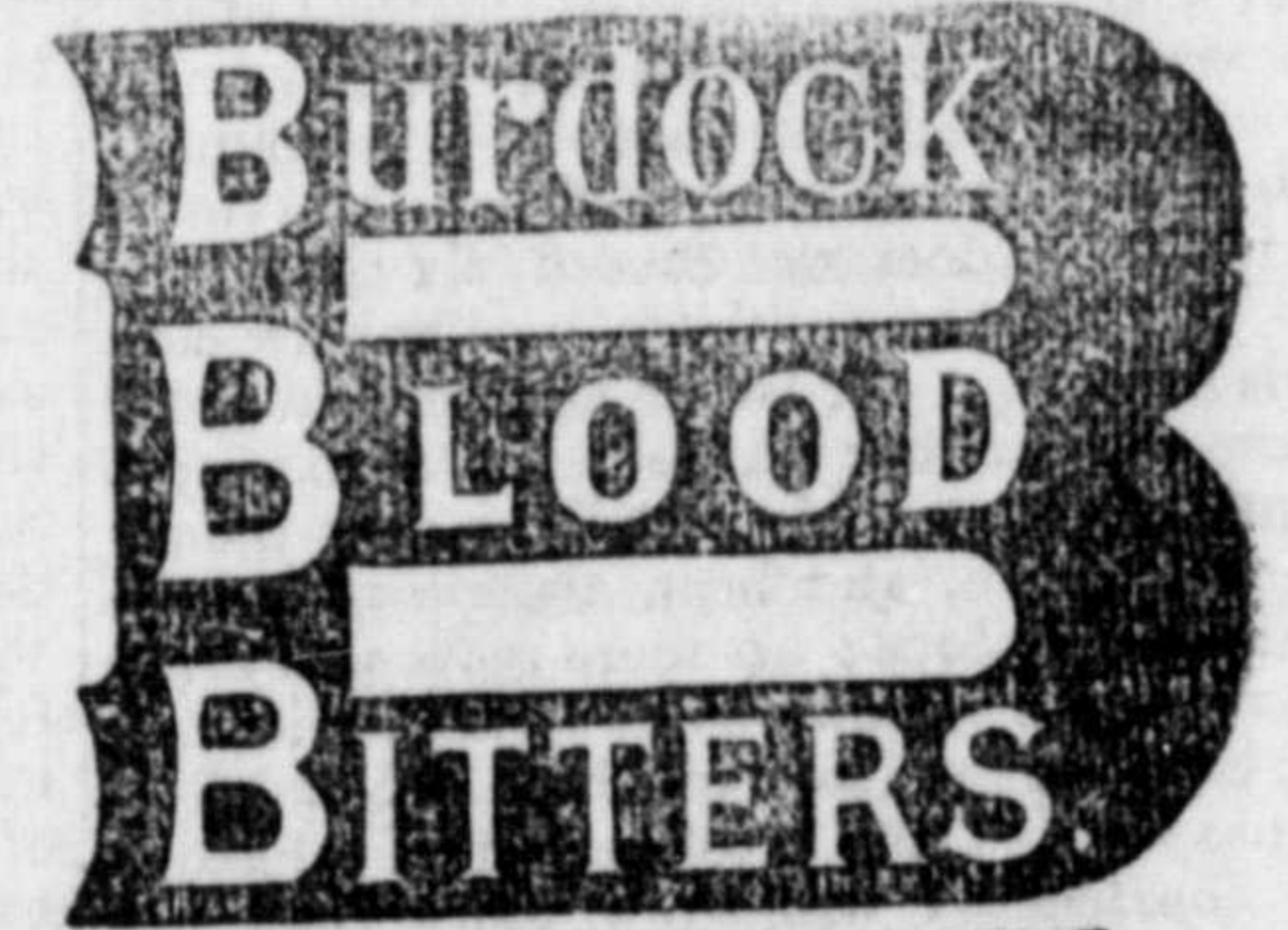
NOTICE.

As it is contemplated to make a change in the affairs of this establishment about the 20th of March next, notice is respectfully given to all parties indebted to us for subscriptions, job work or advertisements, that the amount of such indebtedness is required to be paid in at this office by the 15th of March next. All overdue accounts remaining unsettled after that date will be placed in the hands of our attorney for collection.
SMITH & COWAN.
Bryson, Feb. 20, 1888.

The members of the insane Asylum Commission of the Quebec government have left for Washington, and will visit the principal insane asylums in the United States.

Ottawa Markets.
The following are the latest quotations: Dressed hogs, \$7.50 to \$7.75 per 100 pounds; beef, \$4.00 to \$7.00 per 100 lbs.; mutton, 5 to 8 cts. per lb; geese, 65 to 85 cents each; chickens, 60 to 80 cts. per pair; turkeys, \$1.00 to \$1.50 each; print butter, 25 cts. to 26 cts. per lb; eggs, 19 to 23 cents; eggs, 21 to 25 cents per doz.; potatoes, 80 to 95 cents per bag; turnips, 50 cents per bag; oats, 46 to 48 cents per bushel; hay \$9.50 to 11 per ton; peas 55 to 60 cts.; beans, \$1.10 to \$1.25; wheat, 80 to 85; barley, 50 to 55 cts; rye, 45 cts; flour, \$4.00 to \$4.25; hides \$4.00 to \$4.50 per 100 pounds.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP has removed tape worm from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worms.
PROF. LAW'S SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of Eruption, Chafes, Chapped hands, Pimples, Tan, &c.
FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS require no other Purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms.



WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,
DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

A NEW

"FAD"

FOR
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**GOODS RETAILED
At Wholesale Prices!**

\$20,000

Must be Sold in four Months.

A Rare Opportunity to get Goods Cheap

See new advertisement next week.

ENGLIS MUST REALISE
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SEE THE BARGAINS OFFERED AT
**The RED FLAG Store,
RENFREW.**