THE EQUITY.

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All business entrusted to him will receive immediate attention.

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D. M. McLEAN, Proprietor, Main st. Quyon, Que. 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. Good Livery in Connection.

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Birth, Marriage and Death Notices inserted free; but obituary lines, or "poetry" will be charged at the rate of 3 cents per line money to accompany the manuscript in every case.

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Local and General.

Catch 'em! Fly paper, insect powder and tanglefoot. J. H. SHAW.

Pure maple syrup and sugar at G. Fred Hodgins.

Mrs. N. W. Clarke, of Ottawa, was visiting relatives at Moorhead and Shawville this week.

All his old friends in this neighborhood are very much pleased to notice the marked improvement in the health of Mr. Willie Shaw, who is visiting friends here at present.

Everybody admires beautiful hair, and everyone may possess it, by using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Keeps the hair soft, pliant and glossy.

Window glass, putty, nails, felts, galvanized iron, paints and everything required for building, cheap, at G. Fred Hodgins.

Our commercial friends Messrs. Miles Grant, Jack Hardie and Job Taylor were in town this week and report business very good, although everybody is talking election and a sure thing for the Conservative candidate.

If you would have soft, silky, and abundant hair, take good care of it. Use for a dressing Ayer's Hair Vigor only, that being the most reliable and scientific article, without which no toilet is complete. It keeps the scalp clean, cool and healthy.

Our lacrosse boys scored a victory of 4 goals to one over the "Independents" of Aylmer, at the Foresters picnic in Eardley, on Wednesday. A very bad accident to Alf. Pattison, of the Aylmer team, terminated the game before the time was played out. A report in the Aylmer Gazette that Pattison was "laid out by a dastardly blow from his opponent," is met with an unqualified denial by the Shawville boys.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. For sale at H. H. KNOX's Drug store.

Haying tools—all kinds—very cheap. J. H. SHAW.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McArthur, of this village, left on a visit to friends at Lachute on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. P. Lang, of Gladstone, Mich., accompanied by her sister, Miss Kemp, arrived here on a visit to friends this week.

To restore gray hair to its original color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

Andrew Paul, evangelist, of Innisville, was drowned at Lanark on Wednesday morning of last week. The body was afterwards found in five feet of water. Deceased leaves a wife and four young children. He was 34 years of age.

Death Intervenes.

While the Conservative Committee meeting was in progress here on Wednesday afternoon the wires conveyed the sad intelligence to Mr. Poupore of the death of his sister, Mrs. O'Brien, at Chapeau. Mr. Poupore had arranged to address the electors at Starke's school house the same evening, but the sad and unlooked-for event obliged him to cancel this and other engagements for Thursday and Friday. He left for Chapeau on the evening train.

We feel assured Mr. Poupore will have the unreserved sympathy of his friends everywhere throughout the county in the affliction that has been thus unexpectedly laid upon him, especially, under existing circumstances.

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.—A strawberry festival in aid of the Methodist church will be held on Dr. Groves' lawn, Quyon, on Thursday evening, June 25th. All are cordially invited.

County Council Minutes.

Province of Quebec,
Municipality of the County of Pontiac.

Minutes of general quarterly session of the Municipal Council of the County of Pontiac, held at the usual time and place of the sittings of the Council, to wit: At ten o'clock in the forenoon on Wednesday, the tenth day of June 1896, at Walsh's Hall, in the Village of Bryson, at which meeting were present, the Warden, Gerald H. Brabazon, Esq., Mayor of the village of Portage du Fort, and the following Councillors.

H. N. Lackie, Mayor of the township of Allumet Island.
P. McNally, Mayor of the township of Litchfield.
C. McNally, Mayor of the township of Calumet Island.
H. Connelly, Mayor of the townships of Mansfield and Pontefract.
Alex. Workman, Mayor of the township of Clarendon.
Stephen Smith, mayor of the township of Bristol.
J. J. Muldoon, Mayor of the municipality of South Onslow.
Geo. Palmer, Mayor of the townships of Leslie Clapham, etc.
George Dagg, Mayor of the township of Thorne:
W. Rimer, Mayor of the village of Bryson.

Minutes of last session were read.

Moved by Mayor Paul McNally, seconded by mayor Lackie, that the minutes of last session as just read be confirmed. Carried unanimously.

Replies from H. M. McLean, Esq., D. Gillies, M. P. P., and W. J. Poupore, Esq, acknowledging the receipt of petitions, re appointment of a judge for the District of Pontiac, were read.

R. McKinney, mayor of North Onslow, entered the hall and took his seat at the board.

The matter of maintenance of insane is left over for further consideration until next session of this council.

Moved by mayor Paul McNally seconded by mayor Muldoon that this council do now adjourn till one o'clock in the afternoon.—Carried unanimously.

Pursuant to adjournment, the council assembled at one o'clock in the afternoon, the same members being present, with the exception of mayor Rimer and the addition of Wm. Sharp, mayor of the village of Fort Coulonge.

Moved by mayor Paul McNally, seconded by mayor Muldoon that in the event of the local municipalities having failed to pay in their proportion of interest and sinking fund to the Bank of Ottawa in time to meet the payment of interest on the first of July next, on the debentures, the warden and the secretary-trersurer are hereby authorized and empowered to borrow the sum of three thousand dollars from the Bank of Ottawa, at Ottawa, and sign a note for the same on behalf of this council.—Carried unanimously.

Moved by mayor Paul McNally, seconded by mayor McKinney that this council do now adjourn.—Carried unanimously.

WILLIAM G. LEROY, Secretary-Treasurer, G. H. BRABAZON, Warden.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for rheumatism and neuralgia, radically cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. For sale at Dr. H. H. KNOX's Drug Store.

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY.

A large and very representative meeting of the Conservative central committee met at the committee rooms here on Wednesday and perfected arrangements for the final work of the campaign. The reports brought in by the representatives of the several sections of the county were of the most encouraging nature and go to show that Mr. Poupore's election is now beyond a doubt. It only remains for every man who believes in Canada for the Canadians—who desires to maintain our status as the foremost colony of the British empire—who recognizes the vital importance of protecting our native industries against the wholesale importation of foreign-made goods,—who is opposed to making Canada a dumping-ground for the surplus products of Yankee farms and Yankee factories, to stand true to the policy of the grand old party which has placed Canada pre-eminently in the front rank of civilized countries. We say it is the duty of every man who entertains these sentiments to stand heroically by the ship in the hour of peril; we say to the Conservative electors of Pontiac make the cause your own; enter into the combat with all the energy and the ability and the influence you possess and cease not until victory, decisive, unmistakeable victory adorns the banners of the Liberal Conservative party at the close of the conflict on Tuesday night next. Rally early to the polls and show Mr. Laurier and the band of tariff tinkers behind him that you prefer giving your votes to the party WITH A POLICY soundly based and clearly defined, rather than to trust your destinies to the hands of men who having no policy at all, have utterly failed to lay anything before you worthy of your support and commendation.

Church's potato bug killer—sure death to bugs and a good fertiliser. J. H. SHAW.

The Steamer "Janet Craig" will leave Bristol wharf every weekday at 8.30 a. m., and 5.00 p.m. Connections with the C. P. R. east and west in the morning and afternoon.

Call and see A. Smiley's large stock of buggies and carts, and don't forget to see the waggons with the improved malleable skein which binds rocker and axle together. This is a grand improvement on the old plan.

Rev H. A. Meek, of Mille Isle, who arrived on Monday night, began the services which were advertised in last issue on Tuesday the 16th inst., and will close at noon on Sunday the 21st. The same plan will be proceeded with at Thorne Centre, ending on Thursday. Mr. Meek has had considerable experience in this special line of work, and all will do well in taking the opportunity of listening to him.

CONCERT AT QUYON ON JULY 1ST.—The best amateur talent of the village are preparing to give a choice musical and dramatic entertainment on the above date. One of the principal features of the event will be the appearance on the stage of twenty-five little girls in the operetta "Little Red Riding Hood." The little ones are now undergoing training by Mrs. John McLean. Posters giving fuller particulars will be issued in a day or two.

Again Running.

After a short delay caused by a breakage in the machinery the Clarendon roller mills are again steadily running.

Honor Roll.

SCHOOL NO 1 N. O., FOR MAY.

V Class.—M. J. Major 1, W. Woolsey 2.

IV Class.—Janet Woolsey 1.

III Class.—M. Mooney and G. Woolsey, (equal) 1, W. J. Major 3, S. Rutledge 4, E. Rutledge 5.

II Class.—E. Armitage 1, H. Woolsey and J. Armitage (equal) 2, R. Campbell 4, C. Alexander 5.

II Primer.—E. Moffett 1, H. Rutledge 2, E. Rutledge 3, G. Murray 4.

I Primer.—V. Fields 1, V. Foss 2, A. Major 3.

Conduct.—M. J. Major 1, S. Rutledge 2, W. J. Major 3. MARY HORNER, Teacher.

NO. 5, CLARENDON, FOR MAY.

IV. Class.—Bella Dale 1, Emma Hodgins 2.

II Class.—Rexford Wilson 1, Minnie Caldwell, 2.

II Class (sr.)—Arthur Dale 1, Nellie Hodgins 2.—(Jr.) Roslyn Farrell 1, Herbert Hodgins 2.

II Primer.—Willie Pirie 1, John Pirie 1.

I Primer—Eva Morrisson 1, Percy Barber 2.

Average daily attendance, 30.

M. E. MACINTOSH, Teacher.

FARMERS' ATTENTION.—Farmers requiring Hay Rakes, Mowers, or Binders should see the undersigned before purchasing. F. W. Thomas, agent for Frost & Wood.

P. S.—Orders for Buggies taken.

You are Cordially Invited to the Bargain Centre

BY

REID BROS.,
The Arcade Store.

Assortment.

The stock of goods we have just placed is complete and gratifying in variety. We have all the lines, and all these lines full to overflowing, so that a customer cannot leave the store without being able to find anything and everything that a progressive merchant in our line should carry. We do not dust over and sort up old goods, and try to make them pass for new ones, when a new season comes in. We carefully select and order the best and newest the markets afford, secure enough to meet all requirements, and look to it that every class and grade is represented. You will find what you want here, if anywhere, in all its variations of mode, finish and price.

Our Different Departments Are

Dressmaking and Millinery Goods,
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
Carpets and Floor Oilcloths,
Hats and Clothing,
Boots and Shoes,
Trunks and Valises.
Wall Papers and Spring Roller Blinds.
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
And Groceries.

REID BROS.,
-THE ARCADE-
Arnprior, Ont,

P. S.—Specials this week in Parasols, Gloves, Hosiery and Corsets,

G. Fred Hodgins is showing a splendid range of men's and boys' straw hats this season. See his Yeddo hats at 50 cents, sold elsewhere at 75 cents; all other lines accordingly.

The Combine proved.

The letters published by Mr. Welsh, Grand Secretary of the Patron Organization do not leave any room for doubting his statement that there is an arrangement for combining the strength of the Liberals McCarthyites and Patrons against the Government. There was indeed no reason for doubting it before, because Mr. Laurier's denials in a case of this kind do not count for anything. The facts were so plain that they left no room for doubt. Liberal nominees made way for McCarthyite candidates; Liberal leaders appear on McCarthyite platforms. McCarthyite orators proclaim that their object is a common one with the Liberals, to defeat the Government. Liberal candidates are also withdrawn to help Patron nominees, and, as if to bear out Mr. Welsh's assertion, the very day his proof was given to the public, the Liberals of Glengarry, one of the counties enumerated in the Mallory letter, decided to give their support to Mr. Lockie Wilson, the Patron standardbearer. On the other hand, Patrons are supporting Liberal candidates, and the Toronto Globe publishes a list of electors in its city who, failing the nomination of a McCarthyite, will vote for the Laurierite. There is, in one sense, nothing wrong in this. It is perfectly legitimate for parties who think alike, to combine to secure a common object. The objection in this case is, that the scheme was a secret one, the Patrons practically sold out by their officials for the benefit of the Liberals. It also puts Liberals in that province in a position that can be described by no word short of indecent. They pretend to favor the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba, and are working in direct combination with the men who destroyed that Province's separate schools and who are doing all in their power to prevent their restoration. They are the most foolish or the most knavish of the combination.

There is a fatality about Mr. Edward Farrar's work for the Liberals. His pamphlet telling how the country's enemies could best strike at Canada's industries was largely instrumental in defeating the party in 1891. The exposure of the combine he organized between McCarthyites, Patron's and Liberals, promises to cause Mr. Laurier's friends the loss of many seats during this election. Mr. Farrer is the Liberal's hoodoo, but they can not leave him alone.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

CONTRASTED WITH THE SPIRIT OF TREATY BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Wounds of the Dead the Mementoes of the Four Years of War of the Rebellion—The God of Battles—Self-Defence and Its Duties.

Washington, June 7.—Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his text Solomon's Song iv., 4: "The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."

The church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes. Walk all about this tower of David, and see the dented shields, and the twisted swords, and the rusted helmets of terrible battle. So at this season, a month earlier at the south, a month later at the north, the American churches are turned into armories adorned with memories of departed braves. Blossom and bloom, O walls, with stories of self-sacrifice and patriotism and prowess!

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America, the graves of all the northern and southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the south one month ago floralised the cemeteries and graveyards, so yesterday we, the men and women of the north, put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other side, and if a soldier of the federal army had been a month ago at Savannah he would not have been ashamed to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate soldier was at Arlington he was glad to put a sprig of heartsease on the silent heart of our dead.

In a battle during our last war the Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped, wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted: "Hold! Don't fire. That fellow is too brave to be shot. And as the Federal officer held up by his private soldier went limping slowly off the field, the Confederates gave three cheers for the brave private and just before the two disappeared behind a barn both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain.

Shall the gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James' translation without any revision, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Now, what do we mean by this great observance?

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Subtract 1865, when the war ended, from our 1896, and you the war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under 41 years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away when she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came into the house to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house, and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again, until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell those who do not. My young friends there were such partings at rail car windows and steamboat wharfs and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was, when fathers and mothers gave up their sons never expecting to see them again and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and dead.

Four years of blood. Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness, four years of gravedigging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds hearses, dirges. Mourning, mourning, mourning! It was hell let loose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle going on. The news of 30,000 slain and of the names of the great generals who had fallen but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and a long list of the dead and a long list of the missing, and among the last list our boy.

When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing! Missing! Was he in the wood or by the stream? Was he hurt? Missing! Missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from. In that awful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps as she soliloquizes, "Missing; missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There was a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by north and south, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides, we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the north pay in money for the slaves as property and set them free." The north said "We cannot afford to pay." The south said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the north did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the south was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the north better have paid the money and saved the lives of 500,000 brave men, and might not the south better have sold out slavery and saved her 500,000 brave men? I swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers and sons to a new hatred for the champion curse of the universe—war. O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of thine omnipresent indignation strike that monster down for ever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or molded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabres that ever glittered in battle and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the conflagrations of the homestead it has ever destroyed. Deep-let it burn till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I denounce it. The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less the spirit of war.

War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, but because now it takes down the best men, whereas once it chiefly took down the worst. Bruce, in 1717, in his Institutions of Military Law, said of the European armies of his day, "If all the infamous persons and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists and all dastardly feminine men, were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were appointed to see that each soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day. There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of the army then was 95 per cent. lower than the moral character of an army to-day. By so much is war now the more detestable, because it destroyed the picked men of the nations.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at the cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. We yesterday put a garland on the brow of courage. The world wants more of it.

The church of God is in woeful need of men who can stand under fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory movements at the first shot how many fall back? The great obstacle to the church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity, the soft prettiness, the namby pambyism of professed Christians. Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of getting their plumes ruffled, they carry a parasol over their helmet. They go into battle, not with warriors' gauntlet, but with kid gloves, not clutching the sword hilt too tight lest the glove split at the back.

In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is more backbone, more mettle, more daring, more prowess. We would in all our churches like to trade off a hundred do nothings for one do everything. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong."

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die,
They see the triumph from afar
And seize it with their eye.

Again we mean by this national observance to honor self sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive, for the intelligent soldier sees, not only battle ahead, but malarial sickness and exhasution. Had these men chosen, they could have spent last night in their homes and to-day have been seated where you are. They chose the camp, not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the drum and fife, not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South mountain and Murfreesboro and the swamps of Chickahominy were not playgrounds.

These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three-quarters for ourselves and give one-quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity Christlike. Put a girdle around your body and then measure the girdle and see if you are 50 ot 60 inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathizes—the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart, would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know what we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves and find out. Vicarious! pangs for others, wounds for others, homesickness for others, blood for others, sepulcher for others.

Those who visited the national cemeteries at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg saw one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—"Unknown." When, about 21 years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arlington Heights, Washington, I was not so much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth, or with the attendance of President and Cabinet and Foreign Ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the navy, as with the pathetic and overwhelming suggestiveness of that epitaph on so many graves at my feet. Unknown! Unknown! It seems to me that the time must come when the government of the United States shall take off that epitaph. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are the beloved sons of the republic.

Would it not be well to take the statue of the heathen goddess off the top of the capitol (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess) and put one great statue in all our national cemeteries—a statue of Liberty in the form of a Christian woman, with her hand on an open Bible and her foot on the Rock of Ages, with the other hand pointing down to the graves of the unknown saying: "These are my sons, who died that I might live?" Take off the misnomer. Everybody knows them. It is of comparatively little importance what was the name given them in baptism of water.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean the future defence of this nation. By every wreath of flowers on the soldiers' graves we say, "Those who die for the country shall not be forgotten," and that will give enthusiasm to our young men in case our nation should in the future need to defend itself in battle. We shall never have another war between north and south. The old decayed bone of contention. American slavery, has been cast out, although here and there a depraved politician takes it up to see if he can't know something off it. We are floating off farther and farther from the possibility of sectional strife.

No possibility of civil war. But about foreign invasion I am not so certain. When I spoke against war, I said nothing against self defence. An inventor told me that he had invented a style of weapon which could be used in self-defence, but not in aggressive warfare. I said, "When you get the nations to adopt that weapon, you have introduced the millennium." I have no right to go on my neighbor's premises and assault him, but if some ruffian break into my house for the assassination of my family, and I can borrow a gun and load it in time and aim it straight enough, I will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent for any other nation—except Canada, and a better neighbor no one ever had. If you don't think so, go to Montreal and Toronto and see how well they will treat you. Other than that, there is absolutely no room for any other nation. I have been across the continent again and again, and know that we have not a half inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. But I am not so sure that some of the arrogant nations of Europe may not some day challenge us. I do not know that these forts around New York bay are to sleep all through the next century. I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon a hostile navy. I do not know but that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception.

If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast. Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton. Men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generation on the stage of action will say: "My country will care for my family, as they did in the soldiers' asylum for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust, as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country! Huzza!"

If foreign foe should come, the old sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battlefield: Fifteenth New York Volunteers, Tenth Alabama Cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts Artillery, Seventh South Carolina Sharpshooters. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sectional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry, "No north, no south, no east, no west." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano—in the grand march of union.

Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightening up of many a slab planted 30 or 40 years ago, and has swung the sythe through the long grass and has brought the stonecutter to call out the half obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister.

It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington's catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of resurrection.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads, we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the anguish of the last parting.

But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separted. Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph; "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David, "I shall go to him."

On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on the way to the city of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of Him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mark and Martha and Lazarus will infold you in his arms. The white robed angels who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the Dead March in Saul shall become the Hallelujah chorus.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JUNE 21.

"The Risen Lord." Luke 24. 36-53. Golden Text, Luke, 24.34.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Late in the afternoon of Friday (the day of his crucifixion), by permission of Pilot, the Lord's body was laid in Joseph's tomb. Perhaps the next morning (which would be our Saturday and the Jews' Sabbath), the soldiers were duly set at the door of the sepulcher as guardian. On the morning of the third day our Lord arose from the dead. Then came the sudden discovery of this fact by the sad visitants to the tomb. Later in the day the walk of two disciples to Emmaus, when the Master, unknown for the time being joined them, and a little later still our Lord's appearance to the disciples in Jerusalem. Thomas being absent. After the appearance of our Lord on the first Sunday after his death we have very little to guide us in chronology; the accounts of the evangelists so overlap each other that the only way to get a continuous view is to read each on to the end of the story. But the order of the appearances on Sunday is plain, and perhaps the most remarkable of them all is that which we now study. When the chief followers of Jesus, apprehending their own arrest, and probably expecting to be crucified like their Lord, had gathered in a room and carefully barred the doors for fear of the Jews, the doors were cautiously opened to admit the two disciples who came with the wonderful story of the appearance at Emmaus, thus corroborating the earlier and discredited story of the woman. The little group formed the very first church of Christendom, and into the midst of it the Lord suddenly and mysteriously appears. The incidents and declarations of the lesson follow.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 36. As they thus spake. The two who had walked with the Master to Emmaus. Stood in the midst of them. Suddenly. Compare the account given in John 20. Peace be unto you. The customary salutation of the Jews, but "of more than ordinary meaning in the mouth of the Lord."—Plumptre. See John 14. 27.

37. Affrighted. No wonder. A spirit. These appearances were so unprecedented, and so contrary to all known physical laws, that the disciples had some cause at first to distrust the testimony of their eyes and ears. We ourselves can form no clear idea of the conditions of Christ's body at this time; nor is it necessary that we should.

38-40. Thoughts. Reasonings, skepticisms. Behold my hands and my feet. A test offered to prove that he was not a specter, nor a creature of their disturbed imagination (see 1 John 1. 1); but not only so, the nail wounds in both hands and feet were an abundant identification.

41. Believed not for joy. It is interesting to notice frequent evidences of Luke's method of thought as a psychological observer. It is he who tells us that the disciples in the garden "slept for sorrow." Here the same men "believed bnot for joy." What they see, hear, and feel is too good to be true. Any meat. Any food. See John 21. 5; Acts 10.41. No ghost would ask for food. The disciples were at this moment gathered about the table for their evening meal (Mark 16.14). (1) Our Lord stoops to our weakness to strengthen our faith.

42, 43. Broiled fish, . . . honeycomb. Fish, fresh and dried, was one of the staple articles of food in ancient Palestine. Honey, wild and cultivated, was so plenty that the poorest might have it. In times of scarcity, when wheat and fruit failed, men used the more butter and honey (Isa. 7. 15, 22).

44. And he said. What our Lord is here said to have said is doubtless a condensation of many communications to his disciples made during these "forty days." The words. A colloquial phrase meaning "events." Jesus here refers to his death and resurrection, and all the incidental marvels. I spake. I foretold. If you had only understood me, I long ago foretold all the trials and triumphs of your later experiences. While I was yet with you. He is no longer a citizen of earth. His abode is now in Heaven. See John 16. 33; 14. 4. He departed "to the father" when he died, and is now a visitor to the dear ones with whom he had associated during his earthly life. Law . . . . prophets . . . psalms. This, of course, means the entire Hebrew Scriptures—what we now call the Old Testament. The Jews were accustomed to divide their sacred writings into three groups—the Law, containing the first five books, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy; the Prophets, containing Joshua, Judges, the four books of Kings, and the prophets, except Daniel; and the Hagiographa (here called the "Psalms"), consisting of the Psalms and all the rest of the books. (2) How great are our privileges, seeing that to us has come the entire written revelation of God!

45. Then opened he their understanding. By a direct impartation of the Holy Spirit (John 20. 22). Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned (1 Cor. 2. 10-13; Psalm 119. 18; Matt. 11. 27; 13, 11; John 16. 13; Acts 16. 14). Without power directly given from God no man can reach the true value of the revealed word; What effect this divine opening of their understanding had on these disciples may be seen by reference to Acts. 1. 16, 20; 2. 16, 25.

46. Said unto them. Perhaps not at the same time and place. Thus it behooved. "Thus it is written that the Christ should suffer."

47, 48. Repentance. See Acts 2. 38. Among all nations. Matt. 28. 19; Mark 16. 15; Acts 1.8; Gen. 12.3; Psalm 22.27; Isa. 49.6. Through all Christ's earthly ministry he sought to keep before the minds of his disciples the ultimate salvation of the Gentiles. Beginning at Jerusalem. The place of spiritual endowment, of the "baptism from on high," was to be the centre of illumination for the world. Forth from the pentecostal chamber was to go a divine radiance reaching across the seas and the centuries to "earth's remotest bound," and till "time shall be no longer." Ye are witnesses. The apostles are witnesses as we cannot be; but (3) In a very true sense we are called to be witnesses for Jesus. Refer to John 15, 27; Acts, 1 8; 2, 32; 3, 15; 4, 33; 5.30-32. These things. Referring, like "the words" of verse 44, to his death and resurrection.

49. I send the promise. Since the gracious promise given in Luke 11. 13, the disciples had received the far more definite promise of John 14, 16, 17, 20; 15, 26; 16. 7. The promise was also to be found in the Old Testament which they now for the first time understood (Isa. 44. 3; Ezek. 36. 26; Joel 2, 228). Tarry ye. Literally, sit down. Be endued with. Literally, dress yourselves with, put on a garment. They were to be the same men, after their thorough conversion and sanctification, as before—not losing their identity, but enrobed with salvation. (4) All the graces and power of the Holy Spirit are for us as really as for the twelve.

50. Let them out from Jerusalem, to which they had returned after meeting their Lord in Galilee. To Bethany. To its borders. The ascension took place from the Mount of Olives—not from its summit, but probably from a hillock overhanging the margin of Bethany. Dean Stanley says, "The seclusion was such as, perhaps, could nowhere else be found so near the stir of a mighty city." Blessed them. (5) "This blessing belongs to all the faithful, for they were all represented by the eleven and those that were with them."—Bengel. The exact date of this incident we find from Acts 1. 3, to have been forty days after the resurrection and ten before Pentecost.

51. He was parted. Rather, he stood apart from them. Carried up. —Was gradually upborne. Cook: "We must imagine our Saviour slowly rising above his disciples with his hands still raised in the attitude of blessing till a cloud conceals him from the eyes of his followers." Although neither Matthew nor Johnj gives us any account of the ascension, they both clearly assume that it was known (Matt. 24. 3; John 3. 13; 6. 62; 20. 17).

52, 53. Worshiped. pAdored as a divine person. See the account of the angelic vision by Luke in Acts. Great joy. A joy that no man could take away from them (John 16. 20-22). From this time onward the little Church had a stormy and straining experience. Struggles with foes and misunderstandings among the brethren amply fulfilled the Lord's prophecy that in the world they should have tribulation; but in their darkest hours their joy never forsook them nor was dimmed (John 14.28). (6) It is the Christian's privilege to-day to live a life of uninterrupted joy. Continually in the temple. This required great hardihood, no friendly faces greeted them as they took up in the sacred courts the lines of instruction their Master had laid down; but they knew God was on their side. (7) If God be for us, who can be against us? Each gospel requires as its second volume the Acts; as its third, the Revelation of John.

EXHIBITION RAILROAD CRASH.

18,000 Persons See Two Railroad Trains Collide by Prearrangement.

The first prearranged railway collision for exhibition purposes ever known took place at the Buckeye Park, a pleasure resort twenty-five miles south of Columbus, Ohio, on the Columbus Hocking Valley and Toledo Railroad. The collision was between two freight trains, each composed of a forty-ton engine, three gondola cars, and a caboose, running at fifty miles an hour, when they met in view of 18,000 persons. The trains were started 6,300 feet apart on the main line and then were switched to a 1,000 foot siding for the collision.

To make the collision more realistic a dummy brakeman was perched on each caboose. The trains were started by means of telephonic communication with the starting point, and when the engineers had pulled the throttle and jumped, the engines sped onward with increasing velocity until, at the point of collision, they met, mounted each other, and became locked nearly upright. The three gondola cars in each telescoped into one. The cabooses remained intact. Then from the wreckage there arose a cloud of dust, smoke, and steam. The crowd burst into deafening cheers.

Excursions were run from various parts of Ohio, and the exhibition was such a success that arrangements are being made to give similar collision during the coming summer in various cities.

The only accident was an injury to T. C. Peck, chief clerk o fthe passenger department of the railroad, who was hit by a flying bolt and sustained a compound fracture of the right leg.

"TWINS."

All the world likes to see a liar caught in the lie. No one regrets when the parent who tries to palm off a twelve-year-old child as only nine, in order to escape paying a full fare, is corrected by the child himself. In the following case, which a London paper relates, it was the mother herself who betrayed the truth:

It was at the railroad station, and she was trying to buy half-fare tickets for her two children;

How old are they? asked the ticket-seller.

Only six.

Both of them?

Yes; they're twins.

Ah! said the man. He eyed them a moment, and then said, Pretty children. Where were they born?

This one in London, answered the proud mother, and the Brighton!

HAWK DRIVES CATTLE HOME.

Clever Irish Bird Taught to Act as Herder in Ireland.

A farmer living in the south of Ireland has a hawk that is a wise bird and, what is better, its wisdom is put to good use. The farmer has a herd of about seventy-five cows, which have been turned out to graze daily in a pasture some distance from the farm house. It has been the duty of the farmer's son, a lad of sixteen, to go after the cattle each night and drive them home to be milked.

A year or two ago the boy found a hawk's nest. After killing the old birds he took the young ones home and raised one as a pet. Since then the pet hawk has been the companion of the boy and has accompanied him when he went after the cows each evening.

A short time ago the boy hurt his foot and that evening was not able to go after the cows. At the usual time for going after the herd there was no one who could go, but the cows came trooping in only a few minutes late. Not one was missing, and flying around in the rear of the herd, was the pet hawk.

The next evening the hawk again started out alone after the cows. This time he was watched and his plan of operations learned. The bird first drove the cows together by assailing each straggler separately. Then the entire drove was started towards home.

If a cow loitered the hawk flew at her, pecked at her back and beat her with his wings. This course was fully as effective in making the bovine move as would be the barking of a dog. When all the cows were in motion and moving along at a proper gait the hawk perched himself on the horn of the rear one and calmly watched the progress of his charges.

Since then the hawk has been sent after the cows each evening, and the boy has lost a job. The fame of the bird has spread, and neighbors for miles around have gone to see the hawk drive the cattle.

OLDEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD.

Interesting Facts and Figures About the Centenarians of Europe.

A German statistician has studied the census returns of Europe to learn a few things about the centenarians of the old world. He has found, for instance, that high civilization does not favor the greatest length of life. The German empire, with 55,000,000 population, has but 78 subjects who are more than 100 years old. France, with fewer than 40,000,000, has 213 persons who have passed their 100th birthdays. England has 146; Ireland, 578; Scotland, 46; Denmark 2; Belgium 5; Sweden 10, and Norway, with 2,000,000 inhabitants, 23. Switzerland does not boast a single centenarian, but Spain, with but 18,000,000 population, has 401.

The most amazing figures found by the German statistician came from that troublesome and turbulent region known as the Balkan Peninsula. Servia has 575 persons who are more than 100 years old; Roumania, 1,084, and Bulgaria, 3,883. In other words, Bulgaria has a centenarian for every 1,000 inhabitants, and thus holds the international record for old inhabitants. In 1892 alone there died in Bulgaria 356 persons of more than 100 years. In the Balkan Peninsula, moreover, a person is not regarded as on the verge of the grave the moment he becomes a centenarian. For instance, in Servia there were in 1890 some 290 persons between 106 and 115 years, 123 between 115 and 125, and 18 between 126 and 135. Three were between 135 and 140.

Who is the oldest person in the world? The German statistician does not credit the recent story about a Russian 160 years old. Russia has no census, he says, and except in cases of special official investigation the figures of ages in Russia must be mistrusted. The oldest man in the world is then, in his opinion, Bruno Cotrim, a negro born in Africa, and now resident in Rio Janeiro. Cotrim is 150 years old. Next to him comes probably a retired Moscow cabman, named Kustrim, who is in his 140th year. The statistician says the oldest woman in the world is 130 years old, but neglects to give her name and address, possibly out of courtesy, or perhaps in view of the extraordinary figures which came to his hands from the Balkans he thought a subject only 130 years old was hardly worthy of particulars.

SUCCESS.

"We are apt, many of us, to think," said Mr. Gratebar, "that we could do better if we had a better chance or could get started in some new field; but the fact is that the man who is likely to succeed at all is pretty sure to succeed wherever he may be. Success is a crop that depends for its returns less upon the soil that is cultivated than upon the manner of cultivation."

Nervous

Troubles are caused by impure and impoverished blood because the nerves, being fed by the blood, are not properly nourished. The true way to cure nervousness is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has built me up, increased my appetite and accomplished what I desired. My oldest daughter was nervous and not very rugged, but her health is good since she began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." JOHN L. PINGREE, 172 Hayden Row, Hopkinton, Mass. Get Hood's and only

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, feeds the exhausted tissues and strengthens the nerves.

50c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

Opium and similar drugs may quiet pain to-day, only to have it return again, for these drugs weaken. Scott's Emulsion permanently cures because it feeds and strengthens.

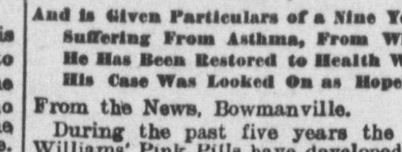
ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH.

The Bowmanville News Interviews Mr. John Hawkens.

And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffering From Asthma, From Which He Has Been Restored to Health When His Case Was Looked On as Hopeless.

From the News, Bowmanville.

During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life, when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have ever heard of. To-day he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and, after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the facts public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John Hawkens, who resides in the township of Darlington, some ten miles north of Bowmanville, and whose post office is Enniskillen, came to the county from Cornwall, England, some 45 years ago, and up to the time of his sickness had always been a hard-working man. One day, however, while attending his work, he got wet, took a chill and a severe cold followed, which finally developed to asthma. During the succeeding nine years he was a terrible sufferer from that distressing disease and gradually grew so bad that he could not work, frequently spent



sleepless nights, and had little or no appetite. Finally he could scarcely walk across the room without panting for breath, and would sit all day with his elbows resting on his knees—the only position which seemed to give him ease, and at one time he never laid down for six weeks. As it was a hardship for him to talk, all he asked was to be let alone. During this time he had been doctoring and had tried nearly everything, and spent over $100, but got no relief. Finally some one recommended him to take Pink Pills. He thought they could do him no harm at any rate, and procuring a supply he commenced taking them. After he had taken three boxes he found that he was improving, and after taking two more boxes to the astonishment of all he walked across the field to the woods and cut up a cord of wood. He continued the pills and took two more boxes, making seven in all, and to-day is as well as he ever was, but always keeps a box of Pink Pills in the house. The neighbors all began to ask him what he had done, as the asthma had left him, and they never expected to hear of him being well again. To one and all he tells that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that did it, and has recommended them to scores of people since his recovery.

With such wonderful cures as these occurring in all parts of the Dominion it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a greater reputation than any other known medicine. All that is asked for them is a fair trial and the results are rarely disappointing.

Dr. Williams, Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

ENTHUSIASTIC CAMPERS.

Now that the summer has come campers are making their selections of the numerous picturesque spots in which this country abounds. Camping is delightful in fine, dry weather, but rain will come sometimes, and then it is that the camper realizes that there is such a thing as rheumatism. "Prevention is better than cure," and all campers will do well to include in their supplies a mineral water which will prevent this, St. Leon Mineral Water is a preventive of, and sure cure for all organic derangements and is endorsed by eminent physicians. Try it.

DIFFICULT TEXT.

Husband. What does this expression from Isaiah, Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, mean?

Wife (sweetly). I think it is meant, my dear, as a command for wives to leave husbands who snore.

The Triumphant Trio.

The Three Great South American Remedies — Absolute Cures For Kidney, Rheumatic and Stomach Diseases—Thousands of Grateful Citizens All Over Canada Bear Testimony.

Not one medicine doing the work of the other, but each doing its own work, without a single failure. The keynote of the success of the South American Remedies is that they strike at the seat of disease in every case.

Take South American Kidney Cure. It is not a medicine that trifles with the patient, as is done in many cases where pills and powders are prescribed. Kidney disease arises from the clogging of the filter-like parts of the system that constitute the kidneys. Only a liquid can dissolve these obstructions, and such is South American Kidney Cure. Adam Soper, of Burk's Falls, Ont., suffered terribly from kidney disease, and treated with the most skilled physicians. His words are: "I did not obtain any relief until South American Kidney Cure was used. I am now a cured man, and believe one bottle of the remedy will convince any one of its great work."

Many false notions exist in regard to rheumatism. Outside applications may temporarily relieve the pain, but the blood must be purified if a permanent cure is to be effected. This is what South American Rheumatic Cure does. Mrs. Phillips, sr., Hamilton, was completely crippled with rheumatism. She procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure, and says: "It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of the disease."

It is a scientific fact that many derangements of the system emanate from the nerve centres at the base of the brain. South American Nervine cures stomach and nervous troubles because it acts immediately on the nerve centres. J. W. Dinwoodie, of Campbellford, Ont., says: "I do not hesitate to say that South American Nervine is the best medicine I have ever taken; it completely cured me of nervous prostration and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

BIRDS THAT PERCH ON BILLOWS.

Some of Their Ocean Journeyings Delightfully Described by Edwin Arnold.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in an account of his voyage to America, which appears in the London Daily Telegraph, says: "Every day we see playing around the ship, and skimming up and down the wave-billows, companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than thrushes. These fearless people of the waste have not by any means followed us from the land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel.

"They are vague and casual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up, to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skip away again on their own free and boundless business. Yonder tiny bird, with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who 'lived twelve miles from a lemon.'

"If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle on the bosom of a great billow, and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky, flying foam and the broken sea-lace which forms and gleams and disappears again upon the dark slopes. When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of the billow, and he flits past us at 100 knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward, for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast.

"Marvellously expressive of power as is our untiring engine, which all day at night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea-swallow back to his roost."

What a grasping old creditor you are, Hawkins! You've bothered me about this bill fifty times in ten days.

You wrong me, Jarley. I'm not grasping. I've bothered you about the bill, I admit; but I haven't been able to grasp anything yet.

WEST SHORE THROUGH SLEEPING CAR TO NEW YORK.

One of the handsomest sleeping cars that had ever been turned out of the factory is now running from Toronto to New York without change via the popular West shore route. It is a buffet car, and refreshments can be obtained en route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4.55 p. m., reaching New York next morning at 10.10 a. m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in sleeping car. Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

AN OBSTACLE.

Mrs. Foreflat—This being so poor is terrible, isn't it? Mrs. Topflore—Indeed, it is. If we could only afford it, I would have nervous prostration to-morrow.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Paralysis.

ALL WINTER IN THE HOSPITAL.

After Fourteen Years' Doctoring Kootenay Cured in Six Weeks.

(Testimony Under Oath.)

Mr. John Langley, another Hamilton man, tells a story that carries conviction with it. He was a sufferer for fourteen long years and spent months in the city hospital. Now he is well, and the Kootenay Cure did it. Read the declaration he makes:

County of Wentworth to Wit:

I, John Langley, of the city of Hamilton, in the County of Wentworth, Province of Ontario, do solemnly declare that I was afflicted with rheumatism for fourteen years or more and have been treated by several doctors; was at the hospital all winter in 1892, and was unable to get cured, but after having taken the Kootenay Cure given to me by S. S. Ryckman, M.P., I feel that I am cured of that painful disease inside of the last six weeks.

I may say that I was unable to walk, and should you require further proof of my case there are plenty I can refer you to who knew my condition six weeks ago and the cure it has effected in me since that time.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, etc. JOHN LANGLEY.

Declared before me at the City of Hamilton, County of Wentworth, this 11th day of May, A. D. 1895.

FRANCIS FITZGERALD.

A Notary Public in and for the Province of Ontario.

It is positively asserted that 3,873 persons perished in the Moscow disaster, and that 4,000 persons were injured.

Recipe—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract..... one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake
Sugar.....two pounds
Lukewarm Water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

NOT SPECIFIC.

Yes, said the pastor, I regret to say we are having trouble in our church. Ah? inquired the broker; hersey, choir or sexton?

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

W.P.C. 819

Sunlight SOAP

IT MAKES HOME BRIGHTER

HOME IS VERY DEAR

And it is the aim of a good wife to keep it clean and attractive. Nothing will help her more than the use of

Sunlight Soap

Like a ray of sunlight it brightens and cheers, encourages and comforts. It makes homes bright and hearts light .....

BOOKS FOR WRAPPERS

For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to LEVER BROS., Ld., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent, or a cloth-bound for 50 wrappers

STAMPS dating before 1870 of Canada, Provinces, United States; also Bill and Law Stamps bought. Good Prices. WM. R. ADAMS, 7 Ann St., Toronto, Ont.

DOUGLAS BROS., Slate, Gravel and metal roofers, metallic ceilings, sky lights, sheet metal workers. 124 Adelaide W., Toronto

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to handle a New Preparation. Liberal remuneration. Stamp for particulars.
R. W. HANNAH, TORONTO.

Sun Bicycle A Strictly High Grade Wheel at a MODERATE PRICE. G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

ONE MINUTE HEADACHE CURE 10¢

HAVE YOU TASTED

"SALADA"

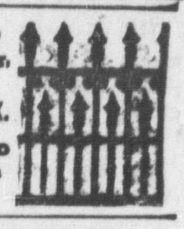
CEYLON TEA.

IT IS DELICIOUS. Sold Only in Lead Packets.

Iron Fencing,

Office & Communion Railing, and all kinds of

IRON AND WIRE WORK.



TORONTO FENCE AND ORNAMENTAL WORKS
TORONTO, CAN.

ALL KINDS OF

MACHINERY

NEW & SECOND-HAND.

H. W. PETRIE, Toronto, Can. Office and Works: Adjoining New Union Station

CAT-A-LOG FOR ASKING.

ALL The Leading BAKERS USE OUR Dough Mixers No baker having any kind of a trade worth while should be without this labor-saving machine. G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

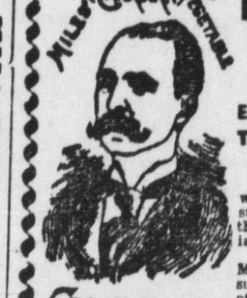
FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS,

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Miles' Compound



No. 2

Few Women

ENJOY LIFE AS THEY OUGHT.

Many are miserable, weak and sickly, and suffer untold miseries through ailments peculiar to their sex.

IT IS WRONG.

Most all these ills result from womb trouble of some sort. No woman can remain weak or ill who uses

COMPOUND

MILES' (Can.) VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Miles' Sanative Wash.

Prices 75c and 25c. For sale by all Druggists. They impart vitality and energy, and make the life of the "Mother Sex" worth living. Explanatory pamphlet, "Woman's Triumph," free on application.

"A. M. C." MEDICINE CO., 378 St. Paul St., Montreal.

Medicines expressed to any address on order.

Assessment System. Mutual Principle

Protection

Is what the Family Needs when the "bread-winner" is gone.

LIFE INSURANCE

Provides Cash When cash is most needed.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,

E. B. HARPER, Founder.
F. A. BURNHAM, President.

Pays Promptly.

It is the largest natural premium life association in the world.
It has a Reserve or Emergency Fund of over thirty-four hundred thousand dollars.
It has paid policy-holders over Twenty-seven Millions of dollars.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts. Circulars sent if requested.

A. R. McNICHOL, Manager for Manitoba, British Columbia and North-West Territories, McIntyre Block, Winnipeg, Man.; D. Z. BESSETTE, Manager for Quebec, 12 Place d'Armes, Montreal, Que.; W. J. MURRAY, Manager for Nova Scotia, Halifax, N. S.

W. J. McMURTRY, Manager for Ontario, Freehold Loan Building, Toronto, Ont.

There is a "best" in everything.

BUY-CYCLES

but do it carefully. There are many GOOD wheels—there are some better than others. . . There is one best

THE STEARNS

The Yellow Fellow.

Consult your interests by reading our catalogue; it tells many truths about bicycles. Its free.

AMERICAN RATTAN CO.
TORONTO, ONT.
CANADIAN SELLING AGENTS.

FARM ENGINES

UPRIGHT and HORIZONTAL.
Stationary, Portable & Semi-Portable
All sizes from 5 to 20 Horse Power

UNEXCELLED in Simplicity, Effective Working Qualities and Durability.

GUARANTEED TO GIVE FULL POWER CLAIMED AND TO BE AS REPRESENTED

Over 2,000 in successful operation.

It will pay you to write us before buying. *Pamphlet free.*

A fair supply of second-hand and re-built engines at moderate prices

WATEROUS, BRANTFORD, CANADA

The Equity.

SHAWVILLE, JUNE 18, 1896.

If the Liberals had some sound arguments to advance on their own behalf they would spend less time vilifying Sir Charles Tupper and Mr. Poupore.

In the contest which will be decided on Tuesday next, Canadians will have to choose between prosperity under protection and depression under free trade.

Mr. D. Gillies, M. P.P. and Hon. Geo. Bryson, jr., have been canvassing in this neighborhood this week for Dr. Gaboury. Mr. Bryson's opposition to Mr. Poupore in the present campaign should fully dispose of the oft-repeated assertion that he belongs to the so called "family compact."

Abuse of the Conservative candidate, and condemnation of the Conservative policy comprises the sum and substance of the Liberals' stump oratory in the contest now going on. But not a word to show how the county of Pontiac, or the Dominion itself, is to be benefitted by the reins of Government being placed in the hands of Laurier, Tarte, McShane & Co.

To Conservatives who have a disposition to oppose the Government because of the remedial bill, we have just this to ask: What do you expect to gain by supporting Dr. Gaboury, the candidate of Laurier, who promises through his chief supporters and henchmen in this province to give the Manitoba minority a far better bill if he comes into power? This is a point well worthy your most serious consideration before marking your ballots on the 23rd.

Dr. Gaboury promises to do wonders for the people in the way of looking after their roads and bridges everywhere throughout the county—*if elected*. The funny part about this declaration is that the position in which the doctor hopes to be placed has nothing whatever to do with country roads or bridges. But of course he will never be called on to redeem those pledges in this respect—and no one realizes this better than the doctor.

What irresistible influence could, at the eleventh hour, have drawn Norman McCuaig from the cell of political seclusion into which he retired after the Liberal convention at Shawville on March 21st? It is well-known he went away from that rather dissentious assembly with anything but a light heart. But impelled by the magnetism of something—perhaps the *human devices* of which Laurier alluded to as being essential to the successful carrying on of a political campaign—Norman has taken the stump, and even exceeds his past record for recklessness of utterance.

The amount of personal abuse that is being heaped upon Mr. Poupore in the present contest, and the slanders that are being circulated broadcast regarding him, would do justice to the gang of assailants who attacked Sir Charles Tupper when he ran for Cape Breton some months ago. As the Grits everywhere throughout the country hold Sir Charles in wholesome dread, so do the handful of zealots who pull the wires of the party of depression in this county fear Mr. Poupore. They know he is bound to win, anyway, and out of revenge, are determined to try and blacken his character as much as possible.

The independent party in Pontiac came pretty nearly securing a candidate in the person of the Rev. James A. Macfarlane, Presbyterian clergymen of New Edinburg. Lack of time in which to promote his candidature was probably the only impediment which stood in the way of his taking the field. On Monday night last the rev. gentleman addressed a large number of independents in Hodgins' hall, and made a speech quite in accord with the views of the party who would have been gratified to acklowledge him as their champion. Yet very few cared to hold out any hope of success at this advanced stage of the contest. And so the following day at Bryson, after consulting further with friends, Mr. Macfarlane decided not to offer himself as a candidate at this juncture.

Mr. Macfarlane, who is a young man of very high educational attainments, is known to hold very strong views on the school question, and there is little doubt had he entered the field on this issue—while the ultimate result of the contest might not have been materially changed, such action we fear would have given rise to a feeling of bitterness which would have taken a long while to allay. In view of a prospect so much to be deplored and regretted, we earnestly believe it is much better for the peace and goodwill of all concerned that the rev. gentleman on second and more mature thought declined to be placed in nomination.

J. R. BOOTH A BELIEVER IN THE N. P.

J. R. Booth, the well-known lumberer and railway man addressed a meeting of the electors of Hull, on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. Booth is a man whose word means considerably more than that of the band of "tooters" who go through the country preaching the doctrine of "free trade as they have it in England," and the operations of which, however, they do not even attempt to explain. Mr. Booth dealt almost entirely with the protective policy, and declared in no unmistakeable terms his belief in the good and lasting results that had accrued to the country as a result of the inauguration of the national policy. He told the workingmen who were gathered around him, and fully 90 per cent. of those in attendance were of that class, that if free trade were to be an accomplished fact in Canada, they would simply be unable to earn a living and would have to leave the country.

Dealing with the question from an argumentative standpoint, Mr. Booth contended that the popular belief that protection increased the price of an article was an utter fallacy. The fact of the matter was it had an entirely opposite effect. He gave as an instance the article of wire nails, on which the American government placed a protective tariff of $1.25 per hundred pounds. So safely were the manufacturers protected from foreign competition that wire nail factories sprang up all over the country, and the article now sold for $1 per hundred pounds or 25 cents less than the duty, and the same rule applied to other cases.

Mr. Booth declared that if he had his way every article that could be manufactured in the country would be protected so highly that it would be impossible for foreign goods to come in. That is, while the United States persisted in keeping a tariff of from 60 to 70 per cent. on goods going into their country. When the Americans were willing to have reciprocity on equal terms, Mr. Booth thought Canadians would be willing to take their chances, but to throw our markets open to them would be a suicidal policy. In conclusion, he told his listeners that it was in their interests that they should vote for the candidate of the Government, and leave the affairs of the country in this respect on their present progressive footing.

Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes—One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60 cents at Dr. H. H. Knox's Drug store.

NOTICE.

Electoral District of Pontiac,

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the electors of the Electoral District aforesaid,—

1. That Tancrede C. Gaboury, a candidate at the present election, has appointed Robert McFarlane, of the village of Bryson, accountant, as his financial agent for all the purposes of the present election.

2. That William Joseph Poupore, a candidate at the present election, has appointed Henry T. Hurdman of the village of Bryson, physician, as his financial agent for all the purposes of the present election.

Given under my hand at Bryson this sixteenth day of June, in the year 1896.

W. RIMER,
Returning Officer.

AVIS.

District Electoral de Pontiac.

AVIS PUBLIC est par le present donne aux electeurs du district electoral susdit:

1. Que Tancrède C. Gaboury, candidat à présente élection a nommé Robert McFarlane du village de Bryson, comptable, son principal agent financier pour toutes les fins de la présente élection.

2. Que William Joseph Poupore candidat à la présent élection a nommé Henry T. Hurdman du village de Bryson, docteur, son principal agent financier pour toutes les de fins de la présente élection.

Donne sous mon seing a Bryson ce Seizieme jour de Juin, en l'annee 1896.

W. RIMER,
Officier Rapporteur.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

As the campaign of slander goes merrily on, the slanderers become daily more virulent, more mendacious, and more alarmed.

Like Murray in the upper end, so with McCuaig in the Lower end, people take no stock in the defamatory assertions of either.

The Patron movement has been wounded in the house of its friends. Its leaders defended their entry into politics as an independent party by the claim that both parties were rotten and not to be trusted. These same leaders are to be found taking money from outside the Order to run the Order's newspaper, combining with other parties to secure the defeat of Patron nominees to Parliament, and selling the influences of the Order to one of the old political organizations. The next time a Patron orator wants an illustration of political jobbery, treachery and humbug he will find it in the recorded conduct of the chiefs.—Montreal Gazette.

This Week we are showing a splendid range of

Ladies' Gloves,
" **Hosiery,**
" **Corsets,**
" **Undervests,**
" **Parasols, etc.**

Gentlemen's Top Shirts,
" **Underwear,**
" **Ties,**
" **Braces,**
" **Socks,**
" **Straw Hats.**

WE LEAD
In assortment & Value.

NOTICE.—Our Store will not be open May 25, (Queen's birthday.)

G. FRED HODGINS.

Spring of 1896.

I am still to the fore by having everything in readiness for the manufacture and supply of all kinds of

Wheeled Rigs,

—such as—

Waggons, Buggies, Phaetons, Road Carts, etc.

Thanking my customers for past favors I shall be glad to cater to their future wants by supplying anything in the above line required.

J. A. BECKETT.

Shawville, April 13th, 1896.

FOR SALE.

The Leeder property at Quyon, six lots, store and dwelling. Apply to
G. B. DUNN,
285 Kent St.,
Ottawa.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

The Cash Store.

Paris Green,
guaranteed pure.

Haying Tools,
Scythes,
Snaths,
Forks,
Handies,
Rakes, etc.

Machine Oils.

Tanglefoot.

Insect Powder.

Vegetable Tar.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

VISIT when in Arnprior **the headquarters for superior and cheap DRY GOODS.**

IMMENSE CHOICE OF——::-
—Dress Goods, Prints, Satteens,
—Lace Curtains, Embroideries, Par-
—asols, Laces, Table Linens, Tow-
—els, Tweeds, &c.,

One glance at these goods, and the low prices open people's eyes.

You will see a display here in **Men's, Boys' & Ladies' Furnishings,** in every line, that will attract right off

MEN'S, BOYS', LADIES' & MISSES' HATS, (all new.)

Inspection Invited,
—AT—
WM. ALLAN'S,
(Actual Leader in Low Prices)
Arnprior, Ont.
Mr. Monteith, Manager.

NEW GROCERY
.....AND.....
LIQUOR STORE IN BRYSON.

Having given up the hotel business I desire to inform the inhabitants of Bryson and surrounding country that I have opened a grocery and liquor store in the old hotel stand, opposite Turpain's Hotel, Cobb St., where I have now on hand a...

Choice Stock of Staple Groceries and Liquors,

which I am prepared to sell at a small advance on cost.

LIQUORS SOLD BY WHOLESALE ONLY.

A Call Solicited.

P. McCORMACK.

YOU WANT

Haying Tools,
Paris Green,
Machine Oils.

I WANT

To sell, and can quote lowest prices.

J. H. SHAW.

Season of 1896.

PONTIAC WOOLLEN MILLS.

The above mills having been thoroughly overhauled and repaired begin this season's work on May 11th.

Carding, Spinning, etc., etc., will be executed in the usual prompt and satisfactory manner.

Wool taken in exchange for Cloth, Blankets, and Flannels.

The largest stock of CLOTHS ever shown in Shawville.

The stock comprises English, Worsteds, Scotch Tweeds, Canadian Tweeds, Serges, etc.

Piles of Goods at all prices to select from. Come and see.

A. HODGINS.

Shawville, May 4, '96.

James E. Nicholson.

CANCER ON THE LIP

CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."—JAMES E. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

Notice to Debtors.

—o—

THE book accounts of the late firm of R McCredie & Son have been placed in my hands for collection, and must be settled by cash or notes within thirty days.

W. W. IRELAND,

Shawville, June 1, 1896. B.S.C.

McGuire's Suits are the best.

Try them.

A Lawn Social

Will be held in the Manse Grounds of the Presbyterian Church, Bristol, on the evening of

Tuesday, June 30th, '96,

Gate open at 6.30.

Refreshments served at 7.

Admission :—Adults, 25 cents. Children from 7 to 14 years, 15 cents.

The following Programme will be rendered :—

Anthem—Be Telling of His Salvation—Choir.
Recitation—The World is as We make It—four girls.
Duet—Return, O Wanderer—Miss Duff and Mr. R. Stewart.
Reading—Selected—Mr. W. M. Townsend, B.A.
Anthem—He shall Feed His Flock—Choir.
Quartette—The King of Love My Shepherd Is—Misses McFarlane and Messrs. Stewart.
Recitation—The Story of a Crime—Miss Chapman.
Duet—Love Divine all Love Excelling—Miss Duff and Mr. R. Stewart.
Recitation—Selected—Mr. George Cuthbertson.
Solo—Selected—Miss Maggie Richards.
Anthem—Praise the Lord—Choir.
Recitation—Good Advice Master C. Young.
Anthem—Praise Waiteth for Thee—Choir.

For sale at a bargain for cash or on easy terms—1 new express wagon and 1 second hand express. Apply to G. Fred Hodgins.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Last Wednesday was a field day in politics in Chapeau. The occasion was a public demonstration of the citizens, which began in the morning by a calithumpian procession, which, in itself, would have done credit to many a more pretentious town. The demonstration was gotten up with a view to assisting certain local improvements in the village, and the managing committee thought the occasion would afford a favorable opportunity to the candidates now seeking legislative honors from the electors of this county, to lay their views before the people, and particularly to give Mr. Tarte a chance of adhering to the challenge he threw out in March last at Chapeau, that he would confront the Conservative candidate, (Mr. Poupore) or any body else whom they chose to bring forward. Mr. Tarte said this one Sunday in March in presence of a large audience after mass, he having been smuggled over from Pembroke by that other very astute and tricky politician, Thos. Murray. All Mr. Tarte wanted, he said, was eight day's notice and he would not fail to attend. But notwithstanding that the committee gave him more than twelve day's notice, Mr. Tarte failed to connect, but instead sent a letter of four lines, saying that he could not be present. This little man who is now regarded as Mr. Laurier's first lieutenant in this province, and a factor of remarkable potency in the Grit ranks, simply weakened at the knees, when he discovered that he would have to endure the merciless criticism of such a man as Mr. Cornellier, who was promptly on hand to accept the gauntlet he had thrown down with such a presumptive air of bravado.

After partaking of a very excellent dinner which was served in the exhibition grounds by the ladies of the community, attention was directed towards the platform provided for the speakers at the end of the exhibition hall. Mr. James Hennessy, mayor of Chapeau, was voted to the chair a few minutes before one o'clock. On the platform were Messrs. W. J. Poupore, Cornellier, Q. C., Thomas Murray, Norman McCuaig, Dr. Giguere and others. One hour and a half was allotted to the speakers on each side of politics. Mr. Poupore was supported by Mr. Cornellier, and Messrs. McCuaig and Murray represented the Liberal candidate, who was not present.

The brief space at our disposal, of course, precludes us from giving even a summary of the speeches that were given; suffice it to say that the political issues of the day were pretty thoroughly threshed out by the several speakers, who each occupied the floor twice. Mr. Poupore opened the proceedings by a brief speech in which he clearly and frankly defined his position, as he has done elsewhere throughout the county. Mr. Murray followed, and endeavored to make out a very strong case for his friend, the doctor, having recourse to the old stereotyped list of arguments, which usually constitute that gentleman's political stock in trade. Mr. Cornellier, who came next addressed the electors at considerable length in the French language. He took up the political history of the country for the past 25 years, laying bare the bungling and incompetency of the Grits in managing the affairs of the country when in office, and later, their trickery, incincerity and duplicity in treating with the school question, an issue which they had been responsible for creating, and were now trafficking in with the object of gaining political advantage.

Mr. Norman McCuaig next took the platform and made one of his characteristic deliverances, dealing with a host of glittering generalities, drawing copiously from the inexhaustibleness of his huge imagination, and seasoning the whole with a fair proportion of clap trap, in which special line of oratorical brilliancy, he may be regarded as a master-of-arts.

Mr. Cornellier followed Mr. McCuaig, in English, tripping up a number of that gentleman's illfounded assertions, and dealing also with matters which he had previously discussed in French, notably the school question and the Curran bridge, out of which the Liberals were endeavoring to make so much capital. The speaker showed that the courts before which the case had been investigated, had declared by their acquittal of the contractor, St. Louis, that there was nothing in it which warranted the condemnation of the Government, a fact which was afterwards borne out by Mr. Laurier's declining to bring up a motion of censure on the administration in connection with the matter. After Mr. Cornellier, Mr. Murray again took the platform and harrangued the crowd at considerable length, going over much of the same ground that he occupied in his first speech. Encouraged by the plaudits of a few personal heelers from Pembroke, he appealed and pleaded and beseeched the electors to be guided by his counsel and record their votes for the man who supported the party that was going to give them honest (Grit) Government, and in this strain he continued until almost vocally exhausted.

Mr. Poupore made the closing speech of the day. He sailed into the grit party right and left, laying bare their incompetent record when in office,—their obstructive policy in opposing every enterprise which had for its object the advancement of the country,—and the inconsistency and hypocrisy which marked their conduct in dealing with the school question.

The Chapeau demonstration gave evidence of three things: First, that there, as elsewhere in the country, the Grit party have no trade policy to offer to the people; second, that the speech of Mr. Cornellier made a very favorable impression upon the French-Canadian electors, who received enlightenment on several important points, on which they had been previously misinformed, and thirdly, that the influence of Thomas Murray upon the electors generally of Allumette Island is decidedly on the wane, and this will unmistakeably be made manifest when the votes are counted on Tuesday next.

Dr. Gaboury, accompanied by D. R. Barry, held meetings at Dale's school house, Thorne, and Stephens hall, Leslie, on Monday of last week, and at Thorne Centre, on Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Poupore was represented at these meetings by R. McC. Ritchie, of Bryson, who ably sustained the cause of the Conservative candidate. An indication of what Dr. Gaboury may expect in Thorne, was shown when at the close of the meeting at Thorne Centre the chairman called for three cheers for the Liberal candidate. Nearly the entire assembly, headed by a sturdy German rose to their feet and marched out of the hall without a word.

At North Onslow and Beechgrove, the Liberal candidate and his lieutenant held meetings on Thursday. Mr. Poupore was represented at the latter by Messrs. H. M. McLean, and H. S. Dowd of Quyon. These gentlemen, in the very few minutes accorded them by the Liberal candidate in which to address the electors, were unable of course to do justice to all the points that were discussed by their opponents, but the sound common sense of their addresses, as compared with the political vagaries of the Dr. and his friend, made a very favorable impression upon those present.

On Friday afternoon the Liberal candidate supported by D. R. Barry and N. McCuaig addressed the electors at Maple Ridge. Mr. Poupore was represented by Messrs. G. H. Brabazon and J. A. Cowan. Eighteen electors, only, were present; and nine of this number were Conservatives. Mr. D. Gillies, M. P. P., was also present but did not speak. After the candidate and the other speakers had addressed the electors somewhat briefly, the burden of the oratory fell on the shoulders of Mr. McCuaig, who, with unlimited time at his disposal, talked on and on until he practically exhausted himself. Having the assurance that no one would have the opportunity of contradicting him, Mr. McCuaig divested himself of every scruple of conscience, and settled himself down to the congenial task of rolling of misrepresentation by the yard.

The same speakers, with the addition of Mr. Gillies, (who made a two minute speech in Dr. Gaboury's favor) addressed a large meeting in the temperance hall at Bristol Corners in the evening. A number of ladies were present. The Conservative speakers were each given 25 minutes to address the meeting, while with that characteristic unfairness which distinguishes a Grit when he gets the opportunity, the Liberal orators had unlimited time at their disposal,—they simply talked on until they had nothing more to add. But having heard Mr. McCuaig's remarks at the afternoon meeting, Mr. Brabazon in a very forcible although moderate speech, was enabled to anticipate many of the statements which Mr. McCuaig was likely to make in following, and to extract the poison from a great deal of the venom which issued from that individuals lips. That a great many people are disgusted with the kind of political warfare carried on by Mr. McCuaig was made clearly evident when fully one third of the audience rose and went out as he commenced his speech.

A meeting in Mr. Poupore's interest was held at Bristol Mines school house on Saturday afternoon. About 35 electors and a few ladies were present. Mr. Poupore was represented by Mr. McLean, who was supported on the platform by Messrs. Thos. Craig and H. S. Dowd. The Liberal candidate was represented by Messrs N. McCuaig and E. Meredith. After a few introductory remarks by Mr. McLean, Mr. McCuaig spoke for 30 minutes, devoting about half of that time to the abuse of Poupore, and the balance, to a condemnation of the remedial bill, which he described as a monstrous dragon, which was still half alive at Ottawa, and would be restored to life if the Conservatives were returned to power. Mr. Craig, in reply, spoke from a geographical stand-point, showing that the chief aim of the National Policy was the cementing of the Canadian confederation by the construction of a transcontinental line of railway; also that the Grit element in Canada, inhabiting the southern portion of Ontario, and having all their needs, in the way of railway facilities, etc., supplied years ago, were now opposing the progress of other portions of the Dominion, and yelling for economy in the public service. Mr. Meredith declared for free trade as they have it in England, and pointed out how he considered the adoption of that system would benefit Canada. Mr. Dowd rebutted the arguments of the previous speaker, and showed the absurdity of having free trade in Canada while the nation to the south of us remained so highly protected. He also gave a lucid and very impartial history of the school question, and showed that the Liberals were wholly responsible for making it an issue in Federal politics. Mr. Meredith again spoke for a few minutes dealing with the school question, after which Mr. McLean wound up the meeting in a capital speech, in which he defended Mr. Poupore from the unjust attacks made on him by Mr. McCuaig, and went on to show that Canada had made marvellous progress under the N.P. He dealt also with the school question, showing that the Government were only endeavoring to restore to the minority those rights which were secured to them, (whether Catholic or Protestant) under the constitution and which they had been deprived of by the Liberal Government of Manitoba.

GOOD GOVERNMENT SURE TO WIN.

The Liberal-Conservatives Certain to Carry the Election.

The Liberals in Even Worse Shape Than at the Opening of the Campaign---Laurier to Retire.

The progress of the campaign has shown the country that the Liberals are the same old party of villifiers, of choppers and and changers, and of policyless politicians. Their forte is abuse. Their leaders assail the personal character of their opponents, their followers spend their evenings in trying to break up Conservative meetings. Nothing could go further towards influencing unbiassed electors to vote for the Administration than the manner in which the Opposition hoodlums in Ottawa, in Kingston and in other places have declined to give decent treatment to the Ministers who addressed them. In Kingston the audience, being encouraged at the action of the score of Grit partisans who were making the air vocal with cat-calls, rose and expelled the interrupters. The unfortunates who were ejected were in hard luck. They had been paid their dollar apiece to create a disturbance, but they had not expected any such condign punishment.

Campaign Lies, as Usual,

There has been no diminution in the stock of Grit campaign lies, but, without the assistance of some of the more prominent fiction mongers, like Erastus Wiman, there is little originality in them, and they fall to the ground. The truth is, that the Grits have their hands full in defending, or trying to defend, themselves from the true charges that are made against them. It has been proved beyond peradventure that the sweet-scented Edward Farrer, the writer of the annexationist pamphlets, and the close friend of Annexationist Wiman, has negotiated an alliance between the Grits, the Patrons and the McCarthyites. Now, Farrer was paid one hundred dollars for putting the "deal" through and when it became known that the alliance against the Government had been consummated, a Toronto reporter asked D'Alton McCarthy for the details of the scheme. Mr. McCarthy had no compunction in giving them. "We have," said he, "decided that we shall not make any fight against each other. Mr. Laurier knows that in two or three constituencies in Ontario I cannot get my men out of the way, for they won't go. Still, Laurier and I are not going to cut each other's throat. He understands that."

So much for McCarthy.

What did Laurier say? He is on record as having said to a reporter of La Patrie, "I know of no alliance between the Liberals, Mr. McCarthy and the Patrons. I unhesitatingly tell you that there is no such alliance."

Alexander Smith, the Liberal organizer in Ontario, who was interviewed on the same day, said, "I know there is an agreement."

Who is lying? Smith, Laurier, or McCarthy?

The "Loyal" Grits.

A man is known by the company he keeps. Laurier for years has been the trusted friend of Farrer and other traitors. Sir Richard Cartwright has been dined at Boston, and has smiled with joy when he was referred to as "the Senator from Ontario." And yet the Grits have the audacity to claim to be loyal. Down in the French-Canadian constituency of Vercheres the other day E. Carlin-er De Martigny of the Banque du Peuple, who was stumping for the Grit candidate Geoffrion, brought up the dead and gone Riel question, and trotted out the race and revenge plank. He said he had left the Conservatives when the Government brought a patriot to the scaffold, and that Sir Charles Tupper's allusion to Hon. Mr. Laurier's attitude on the Riel issue was an insult to every French-Canadian in the province of Quebec. He condemned the purchase of arms, and said that the English-speaking people of Canada might be interested in the volunteer movement, but the French were not.

A nice loyalist this! How his flesh would have quivered had Sir Charles Tupper been there to scarify him! But a loyal French-Canadian, a Conservative, of course, was there to take his leader's place. It was Hon. L. O. Taillon, the Postmaster-General, who replied. He said that such language was disgraceful and unpatriotic. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that if an American invasion of Canada were to take place, as the result of trouble with the Dominion or Great Britain, our people would fold their arms and allow our homes and our country to be devastated by the foe? No, a hundred times no. Our people would respond to the country's call, as they have done before."

Truly, it has been said: "All Grits are not Annexationists, but all Annexationists are Grits."

The Leader's Triumphal Tour.

The sturdy old war horse who is at the head of the Administration has all the vim and energy of a man in his fourth decade. Everywhere he has appeared he has been welcomed by tremendous crowds. His campaign in the Maritime provinces, and latterly in Ontario, has been productive of much good. The overwhelmingly Conservative sentiment of the country has solidified, and Laurier's chances of success are absolutely nil. So disgusted with his colleagues is Sir Richard Cartwright that he has made not a single speech outside his own constituency. Blue Ruin Cartwright knows right well that he has his work cut out for him in his own riding. He knows, too, that the Liberal cause is irretrievably lost. Therefore he hustles for himself, and lets his hapless partmates look after themselves.

Laurier Knows It.

None knows better than Laurier that he has no chance of success. He has told his private friends in Montreal that after the election—and his party's defeat—he will retire, and that the Liberal party, or what there is left of it, will split up into various groups. There is no unity amongst the hungry Oppositionists except their desire for office.

Victory Certain.

Victory is certain for the Liberal Conservative Government. On the night of June 23 the country will resound with acclamations and shouts of joy. And, on the day of June 23, let every patriot do his duty and vote for the Old Flag and the Old Policy.

Go to G. Fred Hodgins for plain and barbed wire, staples, wire nails, &c. He is the cheapest man in town.

The Cook Stove may make or mar the happiness of a household

A Man's Wife Is the Head.. of the Family

when it comes to buying a Cook-stove. We find that whenever a woman of experience and good judgement has an opportunity of thoroughly examining our

"Perfection" Wood Cook Stove,

she prefers it above all others and when it is sold it always **stays sold** because it gives perfect satisfaction. It is the *handsomest* stove manufactured and it combines the four great points which we have always kept in view. *Perfect cooking, convenience in operating, economy of fuel, durability.*

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SHAWVILLE DRUG STORE.

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Prescriptions carefully filled.

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A well assorted stock of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, and Patent Medicines.

H. H. KNOX, M.D.

Province of Quebec, }
District of Pontiac. }

In the Superior Court.

ALEXANDER FRASER, Plaintiff,

vs.

THE HONORABLE GEORGE BRYSON, JR., AND OTHERS, Defendants,

and

THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE OF MONTREAL, Mis-en-Cause.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the following timber limits and timber berths, namely, Licenses Numbers Fifty-eight, Fifty nine, Sixty, Sixty-one and Sixty two of the season of eighteen hundred and ninety-three and ninety-four of the Province of Quebec and the timber berths therein described, being the timber berths heretofore held in common by Alexander Fraser of the city of Ottawa, lumber merchant, and the late John Bryson, in his lifetime of Fort Coulonge and all shanty supplies and plant thereon and in the vicinity thereof as stated in the Inventory deposited in the office of the Prothonotary of the Superior Court for the District of Pontiac in the village of Bryson, will be sold by licitation at the Court House in the said village of Bryson on the THIRTIETH day of JUNE eighteen hundred and ninety-six at Ten o'clock in the forenoon, subject to the following among other charges and conditions :—

1st. A deposit of twenty-four thousand dollars, or an accepted cheque for said amount on a reliable bank, must be made in the hands of Henry Aylen, the legal representative of the Plaintiff, or of the said Plaintiff, or of the Honorable George Bryson Jr., before a bid will be accepted, and the balance of the purchase money and costs of proceedings must be paid to the said Alexander Fraser and to the Executors and Trustees under the will of the late John Bryson, at the Bank of Ottawa in the City of Ottawa, within ten days after said sale.

2nd. In case default should be made in the payment of the balance of said purchase price within ten days as above stated, the said twenty-four thousand dollars will be forfeited to the joint benefit of Alexander Fraser and the legal representatives of the late John Bryson.

HENRY AYLEN,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

Bryson 2nd June, 1896.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Work has been commenced on the Beach Radial Railway track at Hamilton.

Morris Freeborn attempted suicide at Hamilton by taking poison. An emetic saved him.

The widow of Peter Sayeres, a pure blood Iroquois Indian woman, died at Caughnawaga, at the age of 118 years.

Treasurer Harvey of Guelph, has been suspended, as the Council is investigating an alleged shortage in his accounts.

Arthur Dupuis, a Montreal laundryman, was stabbed fatally by unknown men whom he ordered away from his residence.

The early-closing by-law recently passed by the Council of Montreal has been pronounced bad law by Recorder DeMontigny.

It is suggested to introduce civil service examinations in Hamilton municipal appointments.

The British warship Rambler arrived at Halifax from Bermuda. She is one of the latest additions to the North American squadron.

A Vancouver, B.C., syndicate has purchased a rich gold mine accidentally discovered in Cayuse Creek, in Lillooct district by a half breed.

A young Englishman, just arrived at Montreal, shot himself dead on the mountain. He registered at the Windsor as T. B. Cortwright, England.

Lieut.-Col. Lake has returned from England, where he went on business connected with the recent contracts for arms made by the Dominion Government.

There are numerous desertions from the ranks of the Royal Artillery stationed at Halifax. It is believed the men are being induced to desert by the high pay in the United States for good artillerymen.

One of the Wentworth County Councillors proposed to use the lawn in front of the court house at Hamilton for a free market to enable the farmers to escape paying fees. The motion was treated as a joke.

It is stated in Halifax that the North Atlantic squadron is soon to be strengthened by the sending of a new British warship from England. The squadron is to be strengthened proportionately with that of the United States.

Mrs. Edwin Henry King, formerly of Montreal, who died in April in Monte Carlo, bequeathed £20,000 to the Montreal General hospital, £10,000 to the McGill University, and £5,000 to the Ladies' Benevolent Society of Montreal.

The Dominion Government has passed an order-in-Council appointing a commission to consider the project of an International Exposition for Montreal. If the commission reports favorably it is understood that the Government will grant substantial assistance to the scheme.

The Ontario Government has secured for Toronto Desarge's painting of the Charge of the Light Brigade, which for years hung in the Victoria Cross gallery in the Crystal palace at Sydenham. The central figure is the late Col. Dunn, V.C., a Torontonian by birth, of the 100th Canadian Regiment.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sir Hercules Robinson and other South African officials have arrived in England.

Lady Henry Somerset has been elected president of the British Woman's Temperance Association.

England is suffering from a very severe drought. In six weeks the rainfall in London has only been two-tenths of an inch.

The King of the Belgians is expected shortly in London, to negotiate a loan for the construction of the New Congo railway.

The Behring Sea Convention, in session in London, will appoint a commission to decide upon the individual Canadian claims.

The popularity of the Prince of Wales is attested by the general rejoicing of all classes and conditions of people over his Derby triumph.

The sale of Shakespeare relics from the collection belonging to the Hart family took place in London last week, and the articles generally went for a small sum.

The Birmingham Post asserts that Lord Rosebery's present tour abroad is a prelude to his resignation of the leadership of the Liberal party on account of ill-health.

It is stated on good authority in Berlin that the Dreibund will continue to morally support England in Egypt if, after the coronation fetes, Russia joins France to harass Great Britain.

Over 134 branches have been added to the British Woman's Temperance Association in England, Scotland and Wales during the past year. The association is in annual session in London.

The alleged revival of Fenianism is creating some excitement in London. The Scotland Yard detectives say they are only waiting for the opportune moment to proceed against certain men for conspiracy.

The Dublin police have made an extraordinary discovery of military rifles, bayonets, and a large quantity of ammunition. All the articles are out of date, and appear to have been hidden for a long time.

Certain diplomatic correspondence regarded by the British Government as of a confidential character has been printed in the Italian green-book, and Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, referred caustically to the Italian breach of faith.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, Imperial Home Secretary, in the House of Commons, stated that he could find no reason for the exercise of further clemency in the case of Mrs. Maybrick, found guilty of the murder of her husband.

In dealing with the cattle diseases bill in the British Commons, amendments in favor of Canadian cattle were opposed by the Government, and it was stated that in spite of denials from this country Canadian herds were tainted with pleuro-pneumonia.

Mr. Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York World, now in London, was presented on Friday with an address by the leading representatives of the English peace and arbitration societies, thanking him for his efforts on behalf of good feeling between Great Britain and the United States.

UNITED STATES.

Buffalo is to have Sunday band concerts in the park.

The United States Church Army, a body like the Salvation Army, has been founded in New York city.

Mr. H. S. Roper, inventor of a steam bicycle, fell off the machine at Cambridge, Mass., and was killed.

Miss Helen M. Gould of New York, has sent $100,000 for the relief of sufferers by the St. Louis tornado.

The total number of fatalities caused by the cyclone in St. Louis and East St. Louis, is now placed at 490.

The suicide of Henry E. Champlin, in Colchester, Conn., is the third suicide in a single family in that town within a year.

An eight-year-old son of Henry Acklam, of Racine, Wis., was torn to pieces by two bulldogs while returning from school on Thursday afternoon.

W. H. T. Durrant, the convicted San Francisco murderer, has made application for a new trial in a document covering 1,000 typewritten pages.

G. F. Stephens and Wm. Horan, prominent Single Tax advocates in New York, have been arrested for speaking in the streets of Dover, Delaware.

Prior to the great St. Louis tornado there were sixty-four house boats on the river near the city, all of which were lost, with probably three hundred occupants.

The Niagara Falls Power Co. have contracted for additions to their premises and plant to cost $3,000,000 for the purpose of furnishing power to Buffalo.

At Columbus, Ga., two negroes were hanged to a tree in the middle of Broad street, the main business thoroughfare, and riddled with bullets by an infuriated mob.

The United States receipts for the month of May were $24,643,717, and the expenditure $28,426,5922, leaving a deficit for the month of $3,782,875, and for the eleven months of the fiscal year of $26,928,874.

Arrangements are being made for the celebration on an elaborate scale on July 15, at Fort Ontario, Oswego, and Fort Niagara, of the contennial of the evacuation of those places by the British troops.

There is a lock-out at the works of the Illinois steel works, Chicago, and nearly 1,500 men are thrown out of employment. The men claim the colour line was the cause of the lock-out, although officers of the company do not admit it.

Miss Jane Adams, founder of the Hull house of Chicago, says that the wickedness of Chicago is nothing in comparison with the insidiousness of vice to be found in London and in the larger Continental cities.

At San Francisco Miss Mayne Worrall of Chester Lodge, Gilston road, London, a highly connected young lady of 22 years of age, who was making a tour of the world unattended, died suddenly in her room at the Palace Hotel. Indications point to strychnine poisoning.

Our reports this week from the New York commercial agencies show little if any change. As crops promise well and old stocks are large, it is likely the low prices now realized for farm products will continue. Factories are mostly on short time, and the purchasing power of the people is thus seriously curtailed. But the tone among the commercial community is reported as excellent, and it is assumed confidently that business will improve as soon as the conventions are over. The boot and shoe industry is the only one just now which can be fairly called active, and employment in this line is good though orders are diminishing. Financial complications and political agitation are seriously affecting trade all over the United States.

GENERAL.

Herr Roplfs, the African explorer, is dead at Berlin.

Leaders of the cholera riot at Cairo have been shot.

The Czarina is ill, prostrated by the Moscow catastrophe.

It is reported that 1,500 bandits have burned the town of Autrirabe, in Madagascar.

Carl Ladstrohm, a widely known Swedist naturalist, will visit the wilds of Patagonia this year.

Princess Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, is still in Italy, but is expected in London towards the end of the month.

The London Standard correspondent estimates the number of killed at Moscow at 3,600, besides 1,200 injured.

Li-Hung Chang took with him a letter of credit for expenses incurred at the Czar's coronation amounting to $400,000.

It is positively asserted that 3,873 persons perished in the Moscow disaster, and that 4,000 persons were injured.

A national Committee has been formed in Athens to assist the Cretans who are in rebellion against Turkish rule.

A despatch from East Africa says that the French Niger expedition has been totally routed, and many of its members were killed by poisoned arrows.

A dinner was given in Moscow on Thursday night by Sir Nicholas O'Conor, the British Ambassador, to the Czar and Czarina. Covers were laid for fifty guests.

The committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has unanimously approved the bill making Madagascar a French colony.

It is reported that Kurds have massacred several French, British and German engineers who were employed on the railway between Smyrna and Kassala.

A despatch from Buluwayo says that Major Baden-Powell, with two columns of whites, attacked the Matabeles six miles from Buluwayo, killing 180 of them.

A despatch from Apia, Samoa, says that an attempt is being made by Germany to assist the present pretender Tamasese and thus have a puppet upon the throne.

More than a hundred Russians in Berlin have been ordered to leave the city within three days. No explanation of the order is given except that they are obnoxious foreigners.

It is said that Signor Crispi will undergo a surgical operation soon at Naples, as the cataracts in his eyes are spreading.

The village of Krienholz, in the Bernese Oberland, has been partially destroyed by landslips and the subsidence of the ground.

Twenty persons were probably fatally injured in a panic caused by the falling of a staircase at a circus performance at Antwerp.

The gravity which the Turkish Government attaches to the Cretan situation is shown by the fact that thirty-five battalions of troops have been ordered to the Island of Crete.

A despatch from Athens says that the Turks, after leaving Vamos, Island of Crete, burned and sacked the villages of Duleana and Tsivira. The insurgents retired to the mountains, and proclaimed the union of Crete with Greece.

It is stated that a confidential note has been addressed to the Belgian Government, announcing that ex-Empress Eugenie has summoned a great meeting of French Monarchists to take place in Brussels during the coming month of August.

A detachment of Turkish troops, 85 in number, which had returned to the recently besieged town of Vamos for the purpose of moving war material, were attacked by the Cretans and cut pieces, only two succeeding in making their escape.

The Hawaiian Government have refused permission to Mr. Volney F. Ashford of Belleville, Ont., to return to Honolulu. He appealed to the British Government, and it is understood that he will be taken to the island in a British man-of-war, and landed, despite the Hawaiian protest.

ANARCHISTS AT BARCELONA.

Several Persons Killed by the Explosion of a Bomb in a Religious Procession—Arrests.

A despatch from Barcelona, says:—The Anarchists have resumed their activity in this city, and much fear is entertained that they will inaugurate another reign of terror similar to that which prevailed in 1892 and 1893, when there were many explosions here, in Madrid and other Spanish cities. At 9 o'clock on Sunday night a bomb was exploded while a religious procession was taking place, and several persons were killed. The outrage has caused great excitement. The authorities held a meeting subsequent to the explosion, and resolved to take energetic measures to discover the authors of the crime and to prevent further outrages. This is the second outrage or attempted outrage within a few days. During a religious procession on the feast of Corpus Christi a bomb was found in a dust heap near the cathedral. It was evidently the intention of those who placed the bomb where it was found to kill or maim some of those taking part in the procession. A number of Anarchists have been arrested, but as yet there is no positive proof that any of them caused the explosion.

Six persons were killed by the explosion and twenty-four wounded. It is not known what explosive the bomb contained. The Captain-General of the Province of Barcelona acted as standard-bearer in the procession, while the civil Governor and the city Alcalde held the streamers of the banner It is thought that the designers of the outrage contemplated killing these officials. At a late hour on Sunday night the police had not discovered any clue to the actual authors of the crime.

The procession was in connection with the Corpus Christi festival. The bomb was thrown when the processionists were entering the Church of Santa Maria, and the people were panic-stricken by the explosion and its effects. Those already in the church made a wild rush to get outside, while many of those on the outside scattered and fled in every direction. While some of the priests present did everything in their power to allay the excitement others administered the last rites of the church to those injured who seemed likely to die. Quite a large crowd was witnessing the procession, and the man who threw the deadly missile effected his escape in the excitement. It is reported that some people who were standing close to him have furnished the police with a description of him, and hopes are entertained that he will soon be captured.

THE MOSCOW DISASTER.

The Prefect of Police Chiefly to Blame for the Catastrophe—He Refused Military Assistance to Control the Crowd.

A despatch from Moscow says:—Eyewitnesses of the terrible and fatal crush on the Khodijnskoje plain last Saturday agree that M. Vlossovsky, Prefect of Police, is chiefly to blame for the disaster. He huffily refused military offers of troops to control the crowd, declaring that he knew his own business, and that there was no need of any fear of an accident. The popular feeling against Vlossovsky is intense, and his name has become a curse among the populace, who, armed with bottles and stones, would have lynched him the same day upon his arriving at the plain if he had not had his route lined with troops, and himself strongly escorted. It appears during the crush a number of Cossacks, finding themselves surrounded, freely used their whips upon the crowd in order to force their way out. Three were torn from their saddles and were killed. Two gendarmes were also killed, and this led to the flight of the others. A number of moujiks were drowned in vats of beer provided for the feast, in which they plunged in order to secure the liquor.

Sawdust is utilized as fuel in Germany. It is heated until the resinous ingredients become sticky, and is then pressed into bricks.

CANNOT FISH IN OUR WATERS.

Consequently Many American Tugs Have to Lie Idle.

According to reports received at the Fisheries Department at Ottawa, the two Dominion cruisers on the great lakes are doing effective work in preventing poaching by United States fishery boats. It is ascertained that the United States fishermen on Lake Erie are this year adopting new methods of buoying their gangs of nets by using invisible buoys or floats rendering it necessary for the cruiser Petrel, which is patrolling that lake, to use grappling gear. For two or three weeks past the Petrel's men have been laboriously grappling for nets which it is alleged have been illegally placed in the Canadian waters of Lake Erie, but the United States poachers have taken warning. Early in May, before the Petrel arrived on the fishing grounds, some poaching appears to have been done in our waters, a tug from Erie City, Penn., taking from the Canadian side seven or eight tons of herring. For some weeks past the United States tugs have been laid up, doing nothing, as when their operations are confined to the American portions of the lake their catches are so small that it does not pay. United States fishermen openly state that unless they can take fish on the Canadian side it is no use fishing, as they lose money. The Fisheries Department with its cruisers is thus rendering good service to our fishermen in thus effectually preventing the depletion of fish in Canadian waters by United States poachers.

SOUTH AFRICA.

President Kruger Talks About His Little Dogs and the Big Dog He Is After—Prisoners Released To-Day.

Mr. J. E. Robinson, the South African millionaire, who is now in London, received a despatch on Thursday from Praetoria, saying that John Hays Hammond, the American mining engineer, Col. Francis Rhodes, brother of Cecil Rhodes; George Farrar and Lionel Phillips, the four leaders in the Johannesberg Reform Committee, whose sentence to death was commuted to fifteen years' imprisonment, were to be released from custody next day.

A despatch to the Times from Cape Town says that President Kruger, replying to the thanks of the released reformers, made this characteristic statement:—"If my little dogs are naughty I must whip them, but I am always sorry to do so. The next time I must get hold of a big dog. My little dogs bark, but a big one bites." This reference to Cecil Rhodes and the reformers shows accurately, The Times correspondent says, the feeling of the Boers on the subject.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Prime Minister and Treasurer of Cape Colony, presented the budget to the House of Assembly. It shows a surplus for the year of £1,250,000. One hundred thousand pounds will be employed in strengthening the defences of the colony unless the money should be needed to suppress the rinderpest that is creating havoc among domestic cattle in parts of South Africa. The estimated surplus of the coming year is £828,000.

FLOCKING TO THE EL DORADO.

Tales of Quickly Made Fortunes Send Thousands to South Africa.

The influx of immigrants into South Africa is continuing at such a rapid rate that the Cape Times fears that before many months have passed they will once more be face to face with the unemployed difficult. Not even the unexampled progress of Johannesburg can possibly keep pace with the weekly arrivals. Sooner or later there will be a serious glut in the labor market and a heavy fall in the remuneration of labor.

Already, it seems the tendency of wages, outside the class of artisans, is in the downward direction. First-class men will, of course, always command good pay in South Africa, because their ranks are by no means extensively recruited from the flood of new arrivals. But the outlook for third-rate men is by no means favorable. Our contemporary hears, for instance, of tolerably efficient clerks of the mechanical order who are scrapping along on the miserable pittance of 5 shillings a day, which is a good deal less than one would call "a living wage" at the Cape.

WHEN IS A WOMAN OLD?

This is the latest question which an inquiring spirit has addressed to all the leading actresses in Germany. Some of the answers are worth bearing in mind. Frau Butze is of the opinion: "A woman is only old when she tries by force to become young again." Rosa Berten says: "A woman is old when she begins to ask herself, 'When is a woman old?'" Jenny Gross keeps to the safe saying: "A woman is as old as she looks." Marie Pospischil considers that "As long as a woman believes in youth she appears young, even when she is not really so." Marie Reisenhofer declares emigmatically: "Woman is old when she begins to love reason and finds no love in return." Clara Ziegler, the celebrated tragedienne, is more genial and consoling in some respects. According to her: "When is a woman old?" "The conceited, never; the unhappy, too soon; and the wise at the right time."

JUSTICE TO ALL.

Simple integrity, simple fairness, simple justice to rich and poor alike, giving to each one his rightful dues, striving neither to oversell nor to underbuy goods or labor, incurring no debts but admit of being promptly met, and lurring no one else to do so—in short, carrying out in daily life the principle of honesty and fairness, is the very best and most efficient means of benefitting the community, and the only foundation on which to build a benevolence worthy of the name.

It is estimated that there are 60,000,000 bushels of corn in the north half of Iowa, representing a value of $11,000,000.

A CRAZY MAN'S DEED

Steamboat Engineer Stager Attempts to Blow 250 Passengers Into Eternity, But All Escaped.

A despatch from Berlin says: There was a terrible panic on Wednesday on an excursion steamer on Gremmener Lake. There were 250 pupils of the Public schools on board the steamer. When the centre of the lake had been reached the engineer of the steamboat, a man named Stager, appeared on deck.

"Teachers and children," he said, "say your last prayer, as I intend to blow up the steamer." He would do it, he declared, to revenge himself on the boat's master. A frightful panic prevailed, and members of the crew threw themselves on Stager and bound him with ropes.

An investigation showed that the villain had so fixed the engin that an explosion was imminent.

Boats were immediately lowered and the screaming children hurried into them. Many of the children leaped into the water. Boats arrived from shore and everyone was rescued. Within a minute after the last person was taken off, the steamer exploded. Stager made a full confession. He is not thought to be insane.

THE ELEVATOR FELL.

A Terrible Accident in a Printing House at Baltimore—Thirteen Employes Seriously Injured.

A despatch from Baltimore says:—The passenger elevator of the Friedenwald Printing Co. fell from the fourth floor to the basement with an awful crash on Wednesday morning. Fourteen men and women were in the car as it went down the shaft. The elevator conductor had a miraculous escape, coming out uninjured. The other 13 persons were terribly injured, broken legs and arms being the fate of many. Two of the injured are in a dying condition. Thomas Knapp, aged 68, had a rib broken and both feet crushed; Mary Jackson, aged 40 had both legs broken and spine injured. They will probably die. The victims were conveyed to the Maryland University Hospital, many of them being unconscious; others shrieked like mad. The injured were all employes of the printing company, and were going to their workrooms on the top floor to begin their day's labor.

A DECISIVE VICTORY.

British Troops in the Soudan Surprise the Enemy, Cut Off Their Retreat, and Capture Their Camp.

A despatch from London says:—The Marquis of Landsdowne, Secretary of State for War, has received a telegram from Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, saying:—"We surprised the enemy at dawn at Firket. They resisted gallantly, holding the hills and the village, but were completely defeated and their retreat cut off. We captured their camp and all their camels, horses and provisions. Our casualties were slight. The troops behaved excellently."

A despatch from Akasheh, the advance post occupied by the Egyptian troops in the Soudan, states that 1,000 dervishes were killed in the fighting at and around Firket, including their commander, Emir Hammuda. The British loss was 70 killed and 82 wounded.

A VERDICT AGAINST A DOCTOR.

A Long Island City, N.Y., jury on Wednesday gave a verdict for the plaintiff in a suit involving the same principle as the slander case in which an English jury gave Mrs. Arthur Kitson a verdict of $60,000 against Dr. Wm. Playfair, the London physician. In the Long Island City case the plaintiff was Mrs. Ida C. Sorcerson, and the defendant was Dr. Seigbert Balaban, of Brooklyn. Mrs. Sorcerson asked for $10,000 damages on the ground that the doctor had injured the memory of her nineteen-year-old daughter, Clara Olivis Nelson, who died a few months ago, by telling his wife a professional secret. The secret became whispered about the village of Evergreens in some way. An autopsy showed that the conclusion at which the doctor had arrived regarding the young girl was not warranted. The jury was out three-quarters of an hour, and returned a verdict in favor of Mrs. Sorcerson, for $50,000. The case will be appealed.

PROVERBS ABOUT THE CZAR.

The crown of the Czar does not protect him against headache.

The Czar, too, dies when his hour comes.

The Czar's lungs can not put out the sun.

One has to bow before the Czar, even if the Czar be blind,

The Czar might be the cousin of God, but he is not his brother.

The Czar can shake the terrestrial globe, but can not make it deviate from its axis.

The Czar has long arms, but they do not reach to heaven.

A fat Czar is not heavier for death to carry than a lean beggar.

If the Czar be a rhymester, let the poets beware.

When the Czar dies the moujik would not change places with him.

Whoever needs the Czar's favor must not disdain the good-will of his valet.

When the Czar wishes to cut leather straps, the peasants must furnish their hide.

When the Czar takes snuff, the people sneeze.

He whom the Czarina hates is despised by her lady-in-waiting, hated by her tire-woman, and sent to the devil by her chambermaid.

A POOR OCCUPATION.

De man dat ain' got nuffin' ter do but kill time, said Uncle Eben, gin'rally was'es er lot ob fus' class ammernition bringin' down some mighty n 'count game.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

Baby, christened Christabel after the late Lady Clanyarde, was nearly a twelvemonth old, and had arrived, in the opinion of mother and nurse, at the most interesting epoch of babyhood. Her tender cooings, her joyous chucklings, her pretty cluck-clucking noises, as of anxious maternal hens calling their offspring, her inarticulate language of broken syllables, which only maternal love could interpret, were an inexhaustible fountain of delight. She was the blithest and happiest of babies, and every object in creation with which she became newly acquainted was a source of rapture to her. The flowers, the birds, the insect life of that balmy pine forest, filled her with delight. The soft blue eyes sparkled with pleasure, the rose-bud lips babbled her wordless wonder, the little feet danced with ecstasy.

"Oh," cried the delighted mother, "if she would always be just like this, my plaything and my darling! Of course I shall love her just as dearly when she is older—a long-armed lanky girl in a brown holland pinafore, always inking her fingers and getting into trouble about her lessons—like my sisters and me when we were in the school-room; but she can never be so pretty or so sweet again, can she, Martha?"

"Lor', mum, she'll always be a love," replied the devoted nurse; "and as for her arms being long and her fingers inky, you won't love her a bit less—and I'm sure I hope she won't be worried with too many lessons, for I do think great folks' children are to be pitied, half their time cooped up in school-rooms, or stretched out on blackboards, or strumming on the piano, while poor children are running wild in the fields."

'Oh, Martha, how shocking," cried Mrs. Sinclair, pretending to be horrified, "to think that one of my favorite pupils should underrate the value of education!"

"Oh, no, indeed, ma'am, I have no such thought. I have often felt what a blessing it is to be able to read a good book and write a decent letter. But I never can think that life was meant to be all education."

"Life is all education, Martha," answered her mistress with a sigh, "but not the education of grammar and dictionaries. The world is our school, and time our school-master. No Martha, my Christabel shall not be harassed with too much learning. We won't try to make her a paragon. Her life shall be all happiness and freedom, and she shall grow up without the knowledge of care or evil, except the sorrows of others, and those she shall heal; and she shall marry the man she loves, whether he is rich or poor, for I am sure my sweet one would never love a bad man."

"I don't say that, ma'am," reiterated Martha; "looks are so deceiving. I'm sure there was my own cousin, on my father's side, Susan Tadgers, married the handsomest young man in Marchbrook village, and before they'd been two years married he took to drinking, and was so neglectful of himself you wouldn't have known him; and now she's gone back to her friends; and his whiskers, that he used to take such a pride in, are all brown and shaggy, like a stray Scotch terrier."

The day after that somewhat unpleasant tete-a-tete between husband and wife, Gilbert Sinclair announced his intention of going back to England for the Leger.

"I have never missed a Leger," he said, as if attendance at that race were a pious duty, like the Commination service on Ash-Wednesday, "and I shouldn't like to miss this race."

"Hadn't we better go home at once, then, Gilbert? I am quite ready to return."

"Nonsense. I've taken this place till the 20th of October, and shall have to pay pretty stiffly for it. I shall come back directly after the Doncaster."

"But it will be a fatiguing journey for you."

"I'd just as soon be sitting in a railway train as anywhere else."

"Does Mr. Wyatt go back with you?"

"No; Wyatt stays at Baden for the next week or so. He pretends to be here for the sake of the water, goes very little to the Kursaal, and lives quietly like a careful old bachelor who wished to mend a damaged constitution, but I should rather think he had some deeper game than water-drinking."

Gilbert departed, and Constance was alone with her child. The weather was delightful—cloudless skies, balmy days blissful weather for the grape gatherers on the vineclad slopes that sheltered one side of this quaint old village of Schoenesthal. A river wound through the valley, a deep and rapid stream narrowing in this cleft of hills, and utilized by some saw-mills in the outskirts of the village whence at certain seasons rafts of timber were floated down the Rhine.

A romantic road following the course of this river was one of Mrs. Sinclair's favorite drives. There were picturesque old villages and romantic ruins to be explored, and many lovely spots to be shown to baby, who, although inarticulate, was supposed to be appreciative.

Upon the first day of Gilbert's absence Martha Briggs came home from her afternoon promenade with baby, looking flushed and tired, and complaining of sore throat. Constance was quick to take alarm. The poor girl was going to have a fever, perhaps, and must instantly be separated from baby. There was no medical man nearer than Baden, so Mrs. Sinclair sent the groom off at once to that town. She told him to inquire for the best English doctor in the place, or if there were no English practitioner at Baden, for the best German doctor. The moment she had given these directions, however, it struck her that the man who was not remarkable for intelligence out of his stable, was likely to lose time in making his inquiries, and perhaps get misdirected at last.

"Mr. Wyatt is at Baden," she thought; "I dare say he would act kindly in such an extremity as this, though I have no opinion of his sincerity in a general way. Stop, Dawson," she said to the groom, "I'll give you a note for Mr. Wyatt, who is staying at the Badenscher Hof. He will direct you to the doctor. You will drive to Baden in the pony-carriage, and, if possible, bring the doctor back with you."

Baby was transferred to the care of Melanie Duport, who seemed full of sympathy and kindliness for her fellow-servant, a sympathy which Martha Briggs's surly British temper disdained. Mrs. Sinclair had Martha's bed moved from the nursery into her own dressing-room, where she would be able herself to take care of the invalid. Melaine was ordered to keep strictly to her nursery, and on no account to enter Martha's room.

"But if Martha has a fever, and madame nurses her, this little angel may catch the fever from madame," suggested Melaine.

"If Martha's illness is contagious I shall not nurse her," answered Constance. "I can get a nursing sister from one of the convents. But I like to have the poor girl near me, that, at the worst, she may know she is not deserted."

"Ah, but madame is too good! What happiness to serve so kind a mistress!"

Mr. Wyatt showed himself most benevolently anxious to be useful on receipt of Mrs. Sinclair's note. He made all necessary inquiries at the office of the hotel, and having found out the name of the best doctor in Baden, took the trouble to accompany the groom to the medical man's house and waited until Mr. Paulton, the English surgeon, was seated in the pony-carriage.

"I shall be anxious to know if Mrs. Sinclair's nurse is seriously ill," said Mr. Wyatt, while the groom was taking his seat. "I shall take the liberty to call and inquire in the course of the evening."

"Delighted to give you any information," replied Mr. Paulton, graciously; "I'll send you a line if you like. Where are you staying?"

"At the Badenscher."

"You shall know how the young woman is directly I get back."

"A thousand thanks."

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Sinclair's precaution had been in no wise futile. Mr. Paulton pronounced that Martha's symptoms pointed only too plainly to some kind of fever—possibly scarlet fever—possibly typhoid. In case there could not be too much care taken to guard against contagion. The villa was airy and spacious, and Mrs. Sinclair's dressing-room at some distance from the nursery. There would be no necessity, therefore, Mr. Paulton said, for the removal of the child to another house. He would send a nursing sister from Baden—an experienced woman—to whose care the sick-room might be safely confided.

The sister came—a middle-aged woman—in the somber garb of her order, but with a pleasant, cheerful face, that well became her snow-white headgear. She showed herself kind and dexterous in nursing the sick girl, but before she had been three days in the house, Martha, who was now in a raging fever, took a dislike to the nurse, and raved wildly about this black-robed figure at her bed-side. In vain did the sister endeavor to reassure her. To the girl's wandering wits that foreign tongue seemed like the gibberish of some unholy goblin. She shrieked for help, and Mrs. Sinclair ran in from the adjoining room to see what was amiss. Martha was calmed and comforted immediately by the sight of her mistress; and from that time Constance devoted herself to the sick-room, and shared the nurse's watch.

This meant separation from Christabel, and that was a hard trial for the mother, who had never yet lived a day apart from her child; but Constance bore this faithful for the sake of the faithful girl—too thankful that her darling had escaped the fever which had so strangely stricken thr nurse. The weather continued glorious, and baby seemed quite happy with Melaine, who roamed about with her charge all day, or went for long drives in the pony-carriage under the care of the faithful Dawson, who was a pattern of sobriety and steadiness, and incapable of flirtation.

Mr. Wyatt rove over from Baden every other day to inquire about the nurse's progress—an inquiry which he might just as easily have made of the doctor in Baden—and this exhibition of good feeling on his part induced Constance to think that she had been mistaken in her estimate of his character.

"The Gospel says 'Judge not,'" she thought, "and yet we are always sitting in judgment upon one another. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Wyatt is as kind-hearted as his admirers think him, and I have done wrong in being prejudiced against him. He was Cyprian's friend too, and always speaks of him with particular affection.

Constance remembered that scene in the morning-room at Davenant. It was one of those unpleasant memories which do not grow fainter with the passage of years. She had been inclined to suspect James Wyatt of a malicious intention in his sudden announcement of Sir Cyprian's death—the wish to let her husband see how strong a hold her first love still had upon her heart. He, who had been Cyprian Davenent's friend and confidant, was likely to have known something of that early attachment, or at least to have formed a shrewd guess at the truth.

"Perhaps I have suspected him wrongly in that affair," Constance thought, now that she was disposed to think more kindly of Mr. Wyatt. "His mention of Sir Cyprian might have been purely accidental."

Four or five times in every day Melanie Duport brought the baby Christabel to the grass-plot under the window of Mrs. Sinclair's bedroom, and there were tender greetings between mother and child, baby struggling in nurse's grasp and holding up her chubby arms as if she would fain have embraced her mother even at that distance. These interviews were a sorry substitute for the long happy hours of closest companionship which mother and child had enjoyed at Schoenesthal, but Constance bore the trial bravely. The patient was going on wonderfully well,, Mr. Paulton said; the violence of the fever was considerably abated. It had proved a light attack of scarlet fever, and not typhoid, as the doctor had feared it might have proved. In a week the patient would most likely be on the high-road of recovery, and then Mrs. Sinclair could leave her entirely to the sister's care, since poor Martha was now restored to her right mind, and was quite reconciled to that trustworthy attendant.

"And then," said Mr. Paulton, "I shall send you to Baden for a few days, before you go back to baby, and you must have put aside all clothes that you have worn in the sickroom, and I think we shall escape all risk of infection."

This was a good hearing. Constance languished for the happy hour when she should be able to clasp that rosy babling child to her breast once more. Mademoiselle Duport had been a marvel of goodness throughout this anxious time.

"I shall never forget how good and thoughtful you have been, Melanie," said Constance, from her window, as the French girl stood in the garden below, holding baby up to be adored before setting out for her morning ramble.

"But it is a pleasure to serve madame," shrieked Melanie, in her shrill treble.

"Monsieur returns this evening," said Constance, who had just received a hurried scrawl from Gilbert, naming the hour of his arrival; "you must take care that Christabel looks the prettiest."

"Ah, but she is always ravishingly pretty. If she were only a boy, monsieur would idolize her."

"Where are you going this morning, Melanie?"

"To the ruined castle on the hill."

"Do you think that is a safe place for baby?"

"What could there be safer? What peril can madame foresee?"

"No," said Constance, with a sigh. "I suppose she is as safe there as anywhere else, but I am always uneasy when she is away from me."

"But madame's love for this little one is a passion!"

Melanie departed with her charge, and Constance went back to the sick-room to attend to her patient while the sister enjoyed a few hours of comfortable sleep.

One o'clock was Christabel's dinner-time, and Christabel's dinner was a business of no small importance in the mother's mind. One o'clock came, and there was no sign of Melanie and her charge, a curious thing, as Melanie was methodical and punctual to a praiseworthy degree, and was provided with a neat little silver watch to keep her acquainted with the time.

Two o'clock struck, and still no Melanie. Constance began to grow uneasy and sent scouts to look for the nurse and child. But when three o'clock came and baby had not yet appeared, Constance became seriously alarmed, and put on her hat hastily, and went out to search for the missing nurse. She would not listen to the servants who had just returned from their fruitless quest, and who begged her to let them go in fresh directions while she waited the result at home.

"No," she said, "I could not rest. I must go myself. Send to the police, any one, the proper authorities. Tell them my child is lost. Let them send in every direction. You have been to the ruins?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And there was no one there? You could hear nothing?"

"No, ma'am," answered Dawson the groom; "the place was quite lonesome. There was nothing but grasshoppers chirping."

"The river!" thought Constance, white with horror; "the ruins are only a little way from the river."

She ran along the romantic pathway which followed the river-bank for about half a mile, and there ascended the steep hill on the slope of which stood the battered old shell which had once been a feudal castle, with dungeons beneath its stately halls, and a deep and secret well for the safe putting away of troublesome enemies. Very peaceful looked the old ruins on this balmy September day, in the mellow afternoon sunshine, solitary, silent, deserted. There was no trace of nurse or child in the grassy court or on the crumbling old rampart. Yes, just where the rampart looked down upon the river, just at that point where the short sunburned grass sloped deepest, Constance Sinclair found a token of her child's presence, a toy dog, white, fleecy, and deliciously untrue to nature—an animal whose shapeless beauty had been the baby Christabel's delight.

Constance gave a little cry of joy.

"They have been here, they are somewhere near," she thought, and then, suddenly, in the sweet summer stillness the peril of this particular spot struck her—that steep descent—the sunburned sward, slippery as glass—the deep, swift current below—the utter loneliness of the scene—no help at hand.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "the river, the river!"

She looked round her with wild, beseeching eyes, as if she would have asked all nature to help her in this great agony. There was no one within sight. The nearest house was a cottage on the bank of the river, about a hundred yards from the bottom of the slope. A narrow foot-path at the other end of the rampart led to the bank, and by this path Constance hurried down to make inquiries at the cottage.

The door was standing open, and there was a noise of several voices within. Some one was lying on a bed in a corner, and a group of peasant women were round her ejaculating compassionately.

"Das arme madchen. Ach, Himmel! Was gibt es?" and a good deal more of a spasmodic and sympathetic nature. A woman's garments, dripping wet, were hanging in front of the stove, beside which sat an elderly vine-dresser with stolid countenance smoking his pipe.

Constance Sinclair put the woman aside and made her way to the bed. It was Melanie who lay there wrapped in a blanket, sobbing hysterically.

"Melanie, where is my child?"

The girl shrieked and turned her face to the wall.

"She risked her life to save it," said the man in German. "The current is very rapid under the old Schloss. She plunged in after the baby. I found her in the water, clinging to the branch of a willow. If I had been a little later she would have been drowned."

"And the child—my child?"

"Ach, mein Gott!" exclaimed the man, with a shrug. "No one has seen the poor child. No one knows."

"My child is drowned!"

"Liebe Frau," said one of the women, "the current is strong. The little one was at play on the rampart. Its foot slipped, and it rolled down the hill into the water. This good girl ran down after it, and jumped into the water. My husband found her there. She tried to save the child, she could do no more. But the current was too strong. Dear lady, be comforted. The good God will help you."

"No, God is cruel," cried Constance. "I will never serve Him or believe in Him any more."

And with this blasphemy, wrung from her tortured heart, a great wave of blood seemed to rush over Constance Sinclair's brain, and she fell senseless on the stone floor.

(To be Continued.)

LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

Russian Legend Relating to Their Wanderings Up and Down the Earth.

It may not be inappropriate to recall an old legend extant among the orthodox Jews of Russia regarding this subject, and which confirms the report of the explorer, says the Jewish Sentiment.

Years and years ago, so the story runs, an exiled Jew on the bleak wilds of northern Siberia, in an effort to reach an overhanging branch of a tree, placed his foot upon a log floating on the water. No sooner had his foot touched the log when it seemed inspired with life and moved rapidly off, bearing the exile away toward the vast ice fields, which were plainly visible and plentiful toward the north. Rapidly the current swept the log northward, bearing with it the unfortunate Jew, who was so benumbed with fear and cold that he was unable to formulate a plan of escape from his perilous position.

For three consecutive days and nights the prisoner clung to the log, passing through towering fields of ice-bergs and dashing under arches cut by the current through the sky-scraping fields of ice. Out into beautiful sunshine our traveller eventually emerged. The grass was green and the trees were garbed in the splendour of nature, and birds made merry music on every branch. People great in numbers, were congregated on either bank of the stream, all dressed in holiday raiment of the finest texture, but similar in character to the clothing worn by our ancestors 2,000 years ago. The current of the stream ceased to flow, the log drifted to the bank, and the almost famished and thoroughly

FRIGHTENED TRAVELLER

repeated for the thousandth time the Hebrew words, "shama—Israel," and in uncertain manner dismounted from the log.

The inhabitants crowded about, and speaking in Hebrew (with which language he was thoroughly conversant) learned of his need of food and rest, and supplied those wants, after which they enquired whence he came, and whither he was going. Numerous enquiries were made regarding the people who lived beyond their circumscribed world, who in reciprocity informed him of themselves and their mode of living, which had in nowise changed since the advent of the Christian era.

They worked and worshipped, even as did the Jew in ancient times when Palestine was a garden and Jerusalem the centre of civilization. The traveller learned that these people were the lost tribes of Israel, who had migrated to this goodly country, led by the descendant of Aaron—named Joseph—who had passed away without leaving any descendants. With them they had brought many of the vessels and much of the paraphernalia of Solomon's temple, and patterned their house of worship after this famous temple of Jerusalem.

The traveller was told that the stream's current was active six days in the week, and on the seventh became quiet and did not move, but as he was a member of a different tribe to themselves, he would not be allowed to remain within the country. So he was placed in a boat which was pushed out into the current, and was borne by a circuitous route back to Siberia. Afterwards he was pardoned, returned to Russia, and told his adventure.

THE DISCOVERY OF QUININE.

Production of the Present Day and Methods of Use.

In a company of prominent physicians each was asked to write the six remedies that he would take on board ship for a voyage around the world if his life were to depend on the number who should return alive.

The first entry was "opium" unanimously indorsed. At the second entry the vote was tie between "mercury" and "quinine," and now that the bichloride of mercury has been found to be the most efficient of microbe killers probably that would have second place unanimously and the third would be unhesitatingly given to the various extracts of the bark of the several varieties of the cinchona, of which the most familiar is quinine, a name derived from that used by the Peruvian Indians, who called the trees kina. The old-fashioned method of administration was by macerating the "quills" of bark in wine and the great tonic in the early part of this century was "bark and wine," and as in these later days it has been demonstrated to be directly fatal to the bacillus malaria we can easily understand what a boon it was to the "settlers" in the undrained and "fever-and-ague" regions of this country when new. At last, by the advance of chemical skill, the secret of extracting its alkaloids was found, and of these no less than thirteen are known and used, and some of them produce a valuable medicine at a less cost than quinine itself.

In 1854 the Dutch government undertook to raise the trees in the island of Java and now they have most prosperous plantations, but the most extensive and successful of what may be called intelligently conducted plantations are to be found on the slopes of the Himalayas and in British Burmah. In South America the bark is obtained by first stripping the trunk, then felling the tree, but under English botanists in India a way is found of partially stripping the trunk and then surrounding it with moss, causing fresh bark to be produced. The botanists have even found a way of making the bark fuller of the desirable alkaloids.

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

AN ELEPHANT FIGHT IN THE NEPAL JUNGLE OF INDIA.

Bijli, the Maharajah's Tame Champion Pachyderm, Conquers a Big and Fierce Wild Bull Elephant—Ten Tons of Animal Crash Together in a Charge.

A big elephant weighs nearly five tons. When one big elephant goes charging into another's ribs there is usually about 20,000 pounds of elephant sprawling on the ground, and the most magnificent fight in the world.

In Nepal, one of the provinces of India, ruled over by a dependent Maharajah, the elephant is royal game, and the annual hunts are state affairs. In Nepal they catch the wild elephants by surrounding them with tame ones. Some of the big tame bulls are famous fighters, and these they turn on the big wild ones if they show fight, as they usually do. Then follow the most exciting battles a "sporting man" could ask to see. Imagine what it must be when the contestants sometimes break down great forest trees that stand in their way.

A writer in the English Badminton magazine was recently the guest of the Maharajah of Nepal on a great elephant hunt, and he describes one of these giant battles. He tells how they overtook a very powerful male with a wicked eye and no tusks. He had lost his other eye and both tusks in previous battles.

MUNGAL AND WAZEER FLUNK.

First the Maharajah's men brought up a tame elephant named "Mungal Pershad" and sent him against the enemy. Mungal began by bunting his opponent in a vigorous enough manner, because an eight or nine-thousand pound elephant can hardly help being vigorous, but he did not seem really to have very much heart in the business.

However, Mungal succeeded in getting the other fellow thoroughly mad, and then was simple enough to leave his flank exposed. The wild elephant instantly charged and gave Mungal a bunt that made his ribs crack and almost carried him over. The boy on his back was sent flying, but escaped by falling in some long grass, where the wild elephant did not see him.

Mungal ran away after that, and another warrior elephant called "Wazeer Pershad" appeared on the scene. Wazeer made for the wild one's blind side, and it looked as if he was going to score a knockout the first thing, but the enemy suddenly realized what was going on and wheeled round. This was too provoking to Wazeer, who was so disappointed that he fled trumpeting in alarm, his tail and trunk high in air.

By this time the odds were immensely on the stranger, and it looked as if no tame elephant present was in his class. Then the crowd began to shout for "Bijli Pershad," which, being interpreted, means the lightning. Bijli was the ace of trumps on the Maharajah's elephant ranch, and to him all the others were as nine spots. Besides, Bijli was "musth," which means that he was in a very irritable state of mind. Therefore, when Bijli was sent for every one looked forward to a hot round or two, and nobody was disappointed.

BIJLI APPEARS.

The elephants formed into line and saluted as the champion came on to the scene. Then, as the eyewitness of the fight tells it:

"As Bijli and the wild elephant came face to face they mutually seemed to recognize a worthy antagonist, for with uplifted trunks they rushed at each other over about 150 yards of ground. The concussion was tremendous, and seemed like that of two ships in collision. It was followed by real manoeuvring, by pushing, wrestling and struggling. It was a battle of Titans, and would alone have been worth coming any distance to see. In the middle of the fight I noticed Bijli raise his trunk on high and bring it down with mighty strength upon the wild elephant's head, and I tried to realize what would have been the result of such a blow upon the human frame.

"At last the wild elephant turned tail and began to retire in surly slowness, Bijli the while following him up, pushing him from behind and occasionally placing his forelegs on his back belaboring him right and left. The foe began presently to show signs of exhaustion, and Bijli was withdrawn lest he should kill him. But he was not as worn out as we believed, and again began to move away at a rapid walk, foiling all attempts of the other elephants to stop him, or of the mahouts to throw nooses around his hind legs. Presently it became evident that he was regaining both his breath and his courage, and he began soon to attack any one who approached too near. Bijli was therefore recalled and permitted to administer a push or two by way of reminder and again taken to one side.

THE STRANGER TAKES TO COVER.

"Still, however, the wild elephant was not captured. He crossed a small nullah and took up a strong position behind a thick tree, which was covered with thorny jungle creepers. To approach him here was a matter both of difficulty and peril, and again Bijli was brought to the front. The intelligent fellow advanced very slowly, as if meditating on his scheme of attack, until he got a smell of his enemy through the undergrowth. Then with a tremendous rush he charged through the tree as if it were mere brushwood, regarding the boughs, thorns and creepers as no more than cobwebs. His mahout and boy were swept off his back, but held like monkeys on to his tail and crupper, and when clear of the tree hauled themselves 'on deck' again

BIJLI WINS.

"The fierce struggle of the giants began afresh, but at length the monarch of the forest exposed his flank, and Bijli, taking immediate advantage of this mistake, charged him with tremendous force and literally hurled him against the trunk of a great tree. The double blow, after so prolonged a struggle, was more than the wild elephant could stand, and all further fight was knocked out of him."

Then they gently herded the weary wild elephant into a neighboring stream bed, and while he was in the water tied ropes round his legs and he was a captive. Bijli got a rub down and pecks of tender bamboo sprouts, which, it seems elephants in India prefer to champagne.

NOMINATION.

Nomination day at Bryson on Tuesday last witnessed a very large turn-out of the electors, especially from the adjoining municipalities. Some affirm that it was the largest crowd of people that has assembled at the *chef lieu* for many years past. All told there were probably in the neighborhood of two thousand strangers in the village when the hour of noon arrived. A goodly proportion of this number no doubt came together to see the final outcome of the third or independent party movement, regarding which there had been so much talk, so much speculation and so much uncertainty for several weeks past; and the interest was in a measure rendered keener, when it was not definitely known what action would be taken until the final moments of the time allotted in which to receive nominations had dragged out their weary length. The prospect of the Rev. Jas. A. MacFarlane entering the field at the eleventh hour as the independent candidate, although regarded as rather improbable, did not take definite shape until, as already stated, lapse of time set all doubts at rest.

Eventually when the declaration was made that the names of Dr. Gaboury and Mr. Poupore, only, were before the people, there was an abatement of the suspense that had prevailed for some hours, and at the same time there was a general movement in the direction of Dr. Gaboury's residence, from the gallery of which it was arranged the speeches should be delivered.

The ball was opened by the Liberal candidate, who made an address somewhat more lengthy than that gentleman has been accustomed to deliver since the campaign opened. He declared that he was in accord with the Liberal trade policy of free trade as in England, and also with Laurier's school policy of conciliation. He pronounced the N. P. a humbug, and attacked the franchise act as an unfair measure, and charged that it was operated to discriminate against his friends. He condemned the Government for corruption in the administration of affairs, failing, however, to point out in what respect. After some allusion to the bonus question, and asserting that it had been made use of to gain votes, the doctor retired amid much applause from his supporters.

Mr. Poupore on coming forward was received with cheers. He stated that it was not the first nor the second time that he had addressed the electors from the same platform. After complimenting Dr. Gaboury on the able character of his speech, and remarking that he himself did not wish to give offence to any man in the course of his address, Mr. Poupore went on to deal with the bonus question, and denied responsibility for the costs that have been incurred in connection with the matter. He contended that he had refused to sign the debentures for the reason that he could not get a guarantee from the railway company, that the pledges made to the people before the bonus was voted, would be carried out, and the County Council had disapproved of his action and put him out of the wardenship. Had they supported him in the stand he took on that matter, the people would have no bonus to pay to day. Speaking of the Manitoba school question, he said he was in accord with the party which had respect for the constitution of our country, and whose policy was to protect the rights of every class of citizen—be he Catholic or Protestant—and render common justice to all. He charged the Liberal party for being wholly responsible for the question ever coming into the arena of Federal politics,—their object being to stir up race prejudice and ride into power on that question as the Liberals of Quebec had done in 1886 over the body of Riel. Next taking up the trade question, the speaker explained what Free Trade as in England—the avowed policy of Laurier—meant, and how unsuited and unsatisfactory it would be to the wants of the Canadian people. He contended that under the National Policy, the people of Canada were less taxed than any country in the world, and comparing the condition of the Canadian farmer with the farmers of the United States, showed that the former were obtaining very much better prices for their products than were obtained on the other side of the line. He also quoted figures to show that the savings of the wage earners of Canada were nearly four times greater now, under the National Policy than in 1878 when the Liberals were in power. This he considered was abundant evidence that the country was not bankrupt, as his opponents were trying hard to make out.

Mr. D. R. Barry following spoke at considerable length, vainly endeavoring to confute Mr. Poupore's statements, and making some wild and erroneous assertions to support the contention that the N. P. discriminated against the farmer and in favor of the manufacturer. He also made a vile attack on Sir Charles Tupper, condemned the franchise act, accused the Government of all manner of sins of omission and commission, and finally concluded his speech with a burst of eloquence which even surprised himself.

Mr. H. M. McLean followed, speaking from the stand-point of a farmer, and claimed that the business in which he was engaged was identified with the farmers' interests. He quoted a list of products, such as would be raised by an ordinary farmer, and showed the extent to which the farmer was protected on these commodities. He adduced an array of facts to prove that the N. P. was the best policy of the Canadians, and then took up the bonus question, explaining his attitude in regard thereto at the last election, and showed that no attempt to deceive the people had been made by him. He had opposed the bonus case being taken before the Privy Council, and had done considerable in bringing about the arrangement that was afterwards made with Mr. Ross. Mr. McLean wound up a rattling good speech by appealing to his hearers to support the Conservative candidate and the National policy.

Mr. McCuaig was the next speaker, and delivered one of his characteristically bitter tirades against Mr. Poupore, the Government, and everything associated with it. Mr. McCuaig's too apparent vindictiveness and the recklessness of his remarks took away from his speech whatever of point there was in it, consequently the effect upon those who listened was simply *nil*.

In marked contrast was the able, patriotic, and moderately toned address of Mr. G. H. Brabazon, the speaker who followed. Mr. Brabazon dealt with the bungling and incapacity which marked the administration of affairs under the Mackenzie Government, instancing the steel rails job, the Fort St. Francis lock job, and the waste of money that had been made in a futile attempt to construct the C. P. Railway through a barren region where it could never be of any benefit to the country, and the only thing that remained to mark that incompetent effort was the stretches of telegraph wire which could not rot.

Mr. P. O'Reilly, the man who a few weeks ago made the political advertising hit, was the next speaker, and had the cool cheek to make a personal attack on Mr. Poupore, which he afterwards had reason to regret, when the Conservative candidate turned his attention to him for a moment or two during his closing remarks.

Mr. Henault, speaking in English and French, supported the Conservative candidate, and Mr. Gillies spoke a word or two in favor of Dr. Gaboury, asking the electors to vote for the Doctor as they had done for him. Dr. Gaboury again addressed the electors in French, and Mr. Poupore made the closing speech of the day, dealing with the unmanly and untrue accusations that had been made about himself, and challenged his traducers to bring forward one tittle of evidence in support of their charges.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman and cheers for the candidates.

The Grit force was present in pretty full strength, and encouraged by the band of "rooters" among them, grew pretty demonstrative at times, and tried to make it appear that they owned the earth; but this did not effect the equanimity of the great body of Conservatives present, who recognized in the demonstration nothing to be particularly alarmed at.

Gentlemen's lustre coats in black and grey at G. Fred Hodgins.'

☞ The Shawville Marble and Granite Works, Alex. McDonald, proprietor turns out a superior class of work in Monuments, Headstones, etc. Prices reasonable.

Relief in 6 Hours—Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages, in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. For sale at Dr. H. H KNOX'S Drug Store, Shawville.

"Has the Quebec minority sep. schools? is is a question some papers are discussing. The answer is yes and no. Sometimes it has and sometimes it has not. Sometimes it has the public schools, and the Roman Catholics the dissentient institutions. It depends on the local majority. The Quebec school law gives exactly the same privileges to one faith that it does to the other.

United States consuls and consular agents in Canada report that, with lower dutes there would be a large exportation to Canada of United States farm products. It would be the same with the United States manufactures. This may be the reason why so many United States papers openly express their hope for Mr. Laurier's success in the coming elections. They certainly are not animated by a desire for the welfare of Canadian farmers, or manufacturers, or workingmen.

BORN

At Arnprior on June 6th the wife of Mr. Walter Hodgins of a daughter.

At 8th line Bristol, on Tuesday the 9th inst, the wife of Mr. James W. Tubman of a son.

At Creemorne, Thorne, on Saturday the 6th June the wife of Mr. Abram Sheppard of a son.

At Portage du Fort on Tuesday the 2nd inst., the wife of Mr. G. H. Brabazon of a son.

STRAYED.

STRAYED on to the premises of the undersigned, on June 8th, a 1-yr. old Steer and a 1-yr. old Bull; color, both black and white. Owner can have same by paying expenses incurred. JAMES T. CALDWELL, Shawville.

STRAYED.

STRAYED on to the premises of the undersigned on Tuesday evening, June 9th, eight head of Cattle; two 2-year old heifers and 1 steer; and 5 1-year old, 3 red and two black. Owner can have same by paying all expenses incurred. JAMES SMITH. Shawville, June 10th, '96.

STRAYED,

STRAYED from the premises of the undersigned, lot No. 1, 4th concession, Clarendon, on the 29th May, 6 head of year old cattle, (3 dark ones, 2 light red ones, and a spotted one). Information as to their whereabouts would be thankfully received at THE EQUITY office or at the domicile of the undersigned.

JAMES McLAREN.

THE BALLOT PAPER.

Below is the form of ballot paper which will be used in the election now pending. Electors will consult their best interests by making their mark in the circular white space opposite Mr. Poupore's name as indicated.

BALLOT PAPER.

Election for the electoral district of Pontiac, 1896.

GABOURY. Tancrede C. Gaboury, of the village of Bryson, county of Pontiac physician.	
POUPORE. William Joseph Poupore, of the town of Morrisburg, province of Ontario, gentleman.	X

- - CONCERT - -

In the Town Hall of Calumet Island,

On Wednesday, June 24th. 1896.

PROGRAMME :

Beautiful Drama, "The Two Sisters."
A Comic Dialogue. — Choruses and Songs.
Violin Solos by a Lady Artist. This part alone of the programme will repay you for your trouble.
Comic Songs by Mr. Hall of Ottawa. Those who heard him in Bryson last March are sure to come back. If you did not hear him, don't miss this opportunity of listening to this popular artist.

Good Stabling for 40 teams. Refreshments on the Grounds.
Tickets for adults, 35c. and 25c. Children 15c.

IN AID OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

PIC-NIC! PIC-NIC!

—AT—

CALUMET IS.,

—ON—

JUNE 30 & JULY 1, '96.

PROGRAMME :

Open Air Concert, consisting of: 1, Selections on the Voilin by an Ottawa artist. 2, Speeches; 5 speakers at least to be present. 3, Choruses, Solos, etc. 4, Instrumental music by Shawville Brass Band.

Sports: 1, Lacrosse Match between two strong teams. 2, Running Races on the Pic-nic grounds. 3, at 6 o'clock p.m., Mr. Joseph Ferrier will walk ½ mile on the water as he did at our last pic-nic on June 25, 1895. At 6.30 Canoe Races. 5, Acrobatic feats by A1 Acrobat.

Railway Arrangements.

Round trip from Waltham to Campbell's Bay, 40 cents. From Mellon's and Fort Coulonge, 30 cents. From Vinton, 20 cents. Tickets good for two days.
Special train from Aylmer on the 30th. Arrival at Campbell's Bay at 10.30, a.m.
Special train from Waltham at 11.30 a.m., arriving at Campbell's Bay at 12.30.

Proceeds in aid of St. Ann Church. Tables, refreshments, the same as last year. Free ferry for passengers on special train. Free coach for all from ferry to pic-nic grounds.

SHAWVILLE SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

McCredie & Hodgins, - - Proprietors.

Sashes, Doors, Mouldings, Blinds, etc., etc., manufactured.

All kinds of Plaining and Matching executed.

Building Contracts taken and Estimates Furnished.

LUMBER ALWAYS ON HAND. Telephone communication.

Robt. McCredie. R. G. Hodgins

Engine and Boiler For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale a first class 35 horse power engine and boiler complete—lately in use in the Portage du Fort Roller Mills. For further particulars apply to

G. H. BRABAZON.
Portage du Fort, May 18th, '96.

NORWAY BAY FERRY.

Time Table:

Leave Norway Bay at 8 a. m., connect with train going east at 9 21. Leave Sand Point on arrival of train.

Leave Norway Bay at 12.15, in time to connect with trains going east at 1.26 p. m., and west at 3.33 p.m. Leave Sand Point on arrival of trains.

Leave Norway Bay at 5 p. m., in time to connect with train going west at 6.42 p. m.

Stabling furnished if Required,

JOHN McARA.

NOTICE!

I desire to inform the public that I am no longer connected with the Portage du Fort Roller Mills, but, as I have a considerable stock on hand, I have opened

Flour and Feed Store

in the premises on Mill Street, lately occupied by Mr. A. C. McNab, where I shall be most happy to supply that useful article—the choicest brand of Flour.....

at Bottom Prices.

I also wish to thank my friends who patronized the mill during my tenancy, and hope I may have the pleasure and advantage of continuing to do business with them.

G. H. BRABAZON.

Portage du Fort, May 18, 1896.

EVERYBODY TALKS

of the neat-fitting, well made Garments turned out at the establishment of

J. S. LANE,

Fashionable Tailor,

Shawville.

No need of going to the city for a first class job, when it can be got right at home, and at a much lower figure.

A trial will convince that what we say is true.

J. S. LANE,

Shop over G. F. Hodgins' Store.

REMOVED!

The undersigned gives notice that he has removed his blacksmith shop from Morrison's stand to the premises of R. J. Black, Main St, (near the Academy) where he is prepared to execute anything in his line in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

Any kind of Wheeled Conveyance, either of home or foreign manufacture, furnished on reasonably short notice.

Now is the time to leave your order.

Special attention given to HORSE-SHOEING.

☞ Prices for all lines of work reduced below anything heretofore offered.

A Call Solicited.

JOHN LESTER,
SHAWVILLE.