

# The Canadian Gleaner

NO. 1583

HUNTINGDON, Q., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1894.

A DOLLAR A YEAR  
No Credit

## Chateaugay Advertiser.

Advertisements for this column, notices of marriages or deaths, and items of local news, if handed in to James Anderson, Ormstown, not later than Wednesday noon, will be attended to.

### Important to Farmers and Milkmen.

TWO carloads Blackstrap Molasses for sale at the G.T.R. depot, for fattening horses and cattle, and also is a great milk producer.  
83 McCLENAGHAN & GEBBIE.

### SPECIAL CHEAP SALE.

ALL lines greatly reduced to make room for Spring Goods to arrive. A full and complete line of

#### Gents' Furnishings

Men's, Ladies, and Children's Boots and Shoes and Moccasins.

Ladies' Corsets.

Furs of every description.

All these lines marked away down during the month of February.

N.B.—Our Tailoring department is still to the fore. Men's Suits, Overcoats, Ladies' Mantles and Riding habits, etc., got up in the very latest styles and on short notice.

**John Ligget**  
Merchant Tailor,  
Ormstown, Que.

## J. B. WALSH

General Merchant  
ORMSTOWN, Que.

### DO YOU DRINK TEA?

If so, give us a call, and be convinced that you can

Buy Teas from us Cheaper than Elsewhere.

Ask for a sample of our leaders.  
3lbs for \$1 4lbs for \$1.

We also have Teas at 25, 28, 30, 33 and 45 cents, and have the agency for Tetley's Ceylon Teas. The finest Black Teas grown.

### NEW DRESS GOODS Arriving Daily

And which we can offer at reasonable figures.

Highest market prices paid for all kinds of Grain.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. WALSH.

### Hard Times but Low Prices

WE have just one shipment of spring goods, consisting of

Bleached Cotton	Grey Cotton	Dress Goods	Tweeds	Cottonade	Flannelette	Ginghams	Prints
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In these goods we give extra low prices.  
Prints—6, 6½, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12c.  
Flannelettes—7, 8, 9, 10 and 12c.  
Ginghams—8, 9, 10, 11 and 12c.  
Cottonades—15, 18, 20, 25 and 30c.  
Bleached Cotton—8, 9, 10 and 12c.  
Grey Cotton—6, 7, 8 and 9c.  
Ticking—12½, 15 and 20c.  
Ladies' buttoned Boots—\$1.25, \$2, \$2.50, and \$2.75.  
Ladies' walking Shoes—90c, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$2.

We buy our TEA in large lots and can save you 5c on every pound. Try our pure ground COFFEE.

Five gallons Head-light Oil, \$1.

Wood, wool, Butter, Tallow, Dried Apples taken in exchange.

**MARSHALL, PRINGLE & CO.**

The Palladium states that two state officials visited Malone and examined the creamery of Woodbury Wentworth, which has been engaged in winter-butter making. The officials subjected 15 samples of milk to the Babcock test, and found that the poorest contained three and nine-tenths per cent. of butter fat and the best five and eight-tenths per cent. The average was an excellent one, as is evident from the fact that the creamery is now making a pound of butter from every 17 pounds of milk purchased. The average for the entire season was a pound to each 22 6-10 pounds of milk, and the total output since May has been 1700 sixty-pound tubs, which has been sold at an average price of 24c per pound. A centrifugal separator of the largest size is in use in the creamery, and it does its work so thoroughly that Mr Rees found in the skim milk only one pound of butter-fat to 1500 pounds of milk.

## HUNTINGDON.

—The entertainment given by the scholars of Miss Nolan and Miss McLean on Friday evening was successful beyond expectation. Every seat in Moir hall was filled while the program differed and was superior to anything of the kind previously presented here. The entertainment was entirely in the hands of the scholars and they did themselves credit, for it was varied and well prepared, and had only one fault, it had too many numbers, it being after 11 before it was concluded. To single out the best feature of the program would be to challenge objection, for tastes differ. The fan drill was pretty and cleverly executed. A dozen young ladies, whose costumes formed the red, white, and blue, were deftly put through a variety of movements by Miss Ames. That struck us as the prettiest scene and most cleverly carried out item on the program, while others preferred the spectacle of a company of soldiers in camp, who sang Tenting tonight, which was realistic and striking. Our literary club was an assemblage to discuss the merits of The Deserted Village, which they did in an amusing manner with Ina Rowat as president. The charade ended in an effective group. In the Bridal Wine Cup, Miss Robina Smellie bore the leading part, and did it remarkably well. The dialogue by Thos. Gamble and O. McCallum was the best of the evening and was loudly cheered, as was the snow brigade. In the singing of the Festal Day Miss L. Meade, who took the solo, showed she had a rich voice, which will improve. Her reading of Dora did her credit. The only one beside the scholars who took part was the son of the county's representative in the local house, who was set down for two songs, but being encored gave four. That excellent judge in musical matters, the Hemmingford correspondent of the Gleaner, described Mr Stephens' voice as a baritone of sweetness and power. The expectations raised were satisfied, and Mr Stephens met with a reception that must have gratified him. His selections were sailor songs, and the one that told of the fugitive slave that got on board a British vessel was given with unusual expression. To refer to the other numbers would occupy too much space, and we would simply note that the Marsaillaise was sang in French by 3 Canadians who were assisted in the chorus by a band of the scholars. The accompaniments were played by Misses McGregor, Will, and Clipsham. The chairman was one of the scholars, J. C. Moore, who did his part well. The net proceeds were \$86, which will amply suffice for supplying the desired prizes.

—During Mr Clipsham's absence preaching anniversary sermons in the Townships, his pulpit was filled on Sunday by the Rev R. Milliken of Brandon Hills, Man., who deeply impressed his hearers. In the forenoon service he made feeling reference to the death of Dr Douglas.

—We would caution persons who have received letters from a pretended company in the States offering certain barrels of coal or machine oil at a low rate, that had been shipped to a party in this section whose financial standing had given way. The offer is fraudulent and simply a device of rogues to get money.

—On Sunday, in St Andrew's, Dr Muir informed his hearers that the Rev D. W. Morison would preach on the 18th and cite the congregation to appear at a meeting of the presbytery to be held at Montreal on the 20th to consider his resignation, about which there is some misunderstanding. A petition to the presbytery in favor of Dr Muir remaining as their pastor is being signed.

—The organ factory started again on Monday to finish the work that was on hand when the company failed, and will be kept going for a month, giving employment, however, to only a few of the hands. The foundry is kept going as usual and is doing an average amount of business. The inspectors of the Somerville and organ estates met last evening and agreed on measures to wind up both with the least possible delay.

—The dairymen's convention, which meets here tomorrow (Friday) is an assured success, for the chief speakers have sent word they will be on hand. Prof. Dean is head of the dairy department in Guelph college and Prof. Dillon is assistant to Prof. Robertson in the same department at Ottawa. Hon Mr Beaubien, minister of agriculture, has accepted the invitation to be present.

—Captain Hugh McKinnon died in St Anicet on Tuesday morning. While the 50th battalion were land-

ing near Port Lewis, on their return from helping to keep the peace in Montreal on the 12th July, 1877, by the premature firing of a rifle Mr McKinnon, then captain of the Dundee company, lost an arm. The deplorable accident ruined his prospects in life and led to complications of disease that ended in his comparatively early death. A year or so ago the government, for the second time, at the intercession of Mr Sriver, M. P., made him a small donation for being wounded while on duty.

—Monday was cloudy with a raw east wind that told of an impending storm. During the night there was a gale with a light fall of snow—nothing to speak of. West and south of this the storm, of which the edge only passed here, was of great violence. All the Western States suffered severely, both from the wind and the heavy snowfall, and numbers of settlers on the prairies were frozen to death. The storm passed to the Atlantic along the central States, causing a snowfall of 12 inches in New York. Canada escaped, with the exception of the southern part of Ontario.

—Mr Ellsworth on opening the registry office on Friday morning found it had been visited unlawfully during the night. The thief had unscrewed the outer window, then by raising the sash of the inside window gained entry. He took the small change kept in a drawer, between 3 and 4 dollars, the key of the side door, and left, without disturbing anything. The footprints showed the thief is a man and that he had used a small ladder.

—Huntingdon people will read this item with interest, as the pastor, Rev S. R. Brown, is a son of Saml. Brown of Hinclinbrook, and his wife is the eldest daughter of our townsman, W. W. Dalgliesh.

Winnipeg, Feb. 11.—Fire broke out this morning in the Methodist church at Regina while worship was being held. The pastor quickly dismissed the congregation, who made their exit in a very orderly manner. After an hour's hard fighting, the fire brigade succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The fire was caused by an over-heated flue. The loss is fully covered by insurance.

## THIS EVENING

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

Musical and Elocutionary

Under the direction of

**Mr FREDK. W. HOLLAND**

Will be given under the auspices of the HUNTINGDON CURLING CLUB

IN MOIR HALL

HUNTINGDON

On Thursday Evng., Feby. 15th.

Mrs J. C. COPPING, Guitar and Elocutionist; Miss CHRISTINA ALLAN, Mandolin and Soprano; Miss MARION ALLAN, Guitar and Mezzo Soprano; Mr FRED. W. HOLLAND, Instrumental & Vocal Soloist. Reserved seats 35c; genl. admission 25c T. B. PRINGLE, Secy.

## Frontier S.S. Association.

THE 28th convention will be held in the Methodist church at Lacolle on TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, 20th and 21st Feby. The first session will take place on the evening of Tuesday, and on Wednesday there will be three sessions. The Revs R. Stillwell, D. W. Morison, A. Rowat, T. B. Wilkinson, J. W. Clipsham, and John MacDougall, and Col. D. Torrance Fraser, and Messrs Meyer, J. W. Kilgour, and S. Muirhead will take part. Miss Bazin of Montreal will also be present.

A cordial invitation is extended to teachers and all interested in S.S. work to attend the convention. Those coming from a distance will be entertained by the people of Lacolle.

The 750 Collection of Songs and Solos will be used. Those who have copies with music should bring them.

A collection will be taken at each session of the convention.

TO RENT, a good, comfortable house on Lorne-street, containing 7 rooms and good large kitchen; also wood shed, stable and carriagehouse and small, well-cultivated garden. All in good repair. Possession 1st May. Mrs T. BURROWS.

## Important Notice to Farmers.

I HAVE made arrangements with R. J. LATIMER, Montreal, to open an Implement and Carriage Show room, which will be ready next week, with the finest assortment of disk, spade, spring and steel Harrows, Seeders, Rollers, Cultivators, Farm Wagons, with high and low wheels; top and open Buggies, Plows and Road Scrapers. Also all kinds of repairs. Prices to suit all. Call and see. D. A. ROSS

Huntingdon, Q.

## GREAT DISCOUNT SALE

During the Next Six Weeks

READYMADE CLOTHING.—Men's Frieze and Tweed Ulsters, Pea Jackets, Overcoats in Frieze, Tweed, Melton, Beaver and Worsted, at 20 per cent. dis. for cash only.

BOYS', YOUTHS' and CHILDREN'S Ulsters, Overcoats, Reefer Jackets, Suits, and odd Pants, 20 per cent. discount.

LADIES' JACKETS, Fur Capes, Muffs, and Caps. These goods are all of the very latest styles, but will give 25 per cent. discount.

BIG REDUCTION IN DRESS GOODS —Silk and Wool Henrietta, Black and Colored Serges, 15 per cent. discount.

ENGLISH, SCOTCH and CANADIAN TWEEDS, Blankets, Quilts, Jacket Cloth, Shawls, Flannels, Table Linen, Gloves and Hosiery, 10 per cent. discount.

BOOTS and SHOES, Felts and Rubbers, Moccasins, 10 per cent. discount.

## MORRISON BROS.

HUNTINGDON.

January, 1894.

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## Grand Trunk Railway.

TICKETS for all points North, South, East and West sold at the lowest rates. For particulars call or write to

ANDREW PHILPS,  
Ticket Agent,  
Grand Trunk Railway.

## HEAVY WINTER GOODS

Below Cost.

## MEDIUM WINTER GOODS

At Cost.

## ALL-YEAR-ROUND GOODS

At a small advance on Cost.

WE ARE BOUND to make room

for a tremendous

## SPRING STOCK

Soon to arrive.

## ALEX. McNAUGHTON & BRO.

Huntingdon, January, 1894.

## McDONALD & ROBB

VALLEYFIELD

Millers and Grain Dealers

Bran Flour  
Shorts Oatmeal  
Pea Meal Rolled Oats  
Barley Meal Buckwheat Flour  
Corn Meal  
Boiling and Seed Peas.

Write for quotations and samples

THE MISSES WALSH wish to inform the public that they have started Dressmaking in the house formerly occupied by Miss Murphy, on Chateaugay street. Please give us a trial. 83

LOST, between W. D. McCallum's L and upper bridge, on Saturday night, February 10th, a small grey robe. Finder will please return the same to A. Boyd, Huntingdon.

## Wanted to Rent Immediately

FOR three months, a good driving horse, without any bad habits. Will be well cared for. Terms must be easy. A. ROWAT.  
Athelstan, Feby. 12th, 1894.

## FOR SALE

PUNCHEONS and Barrels in good order. Just right for holding sap. Apply to MONTREAL COTTON CO., 83 Valleyfield, Que.

## HAVE YOUR

WATCHES

CLOCKS

JEWELRY

And

SPECTACLES

Repaired by

W. B. SAUNDERS

Opposite Post-Office.

## PRISCILLA PERKINS

PANCAKE FLOUR!

A WONDERFUL preparation, containing all the bone and muscle forming elements of CORN, BARLEY, RICE, RYE and WHEAT.

## Easily Prepared

Requires NO EGGS,  
NO SALT,  
NO YEAST.

## For Sale by All Dealers.

Wholesale, through your wholesale grocer or direct from

HOWE, McINTYRE CO.,

MONTREAL,

Dealers in choice Breakfast Cereals, Flour, Grain, etc.

## James M. Aird

1895 Notre Dame Street

Four doors west of McGill street.

Montreal.

## LUNCH ROOM

When in Montreal call for your lunch.

Aird's Cherry Cough Drops

(Registered)

Will cure colds and coughs.

Take a package home with you.

Wedding Cakes to order.

Besides making the town more orderly, and more prosperous generally, and its moral tone better, prohibition in Potsdam seems to pay directly even better than license. The last year that the latter policy prevailed there it paid \$775 in fees, while this year the fines collected for illegal selling amounts to \$800. Potsdam puts energy and resolution into its prosecutions, and with public opinion supporting them manages to make prohibition a reality instead of a mockery. Wherever such conditions can be obtained, there is no question that no-license is far preferable to legalizing the traffic.—Palladium.

# DIAMONDS BY THE TON

## Monte Cristo Find in Australia

The Story of a Miner Which, if True, Will Prove Him the Owner of the Biggest Findings on Earth—Report of a Commissioner.

Australia is a prodigious lucky bag, out of which somebody is always fishing up some surprise. There is scarcely a nodding who has not a board of red and blue and green stones which he cannot make up his mind to sell for the trifle offered by the jeweler. He means to go home some day, and then he will get a price for them. Meanwhile he carries them about in a little gold dust bag, sometimes getting wheedled out of one or two by a barmaid, or "going on the tangle" and losing the lot. Occasionally one sees in a breastpin or a ring a fine sapphire, vouched for as native; but the emeralds, rubies, spinels and almandines found are mostly of small size. All the world knows the magnificent opal from the White Cliffs and all the world will soon have an opportunity to admire the superb turquoise found at Herdri, in Victoria, says an Australian correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We have pearl fisheries; we have the biggest silver mine in the world and gold reefs so rich that a drive is sometimes described as a "jeweler's shop," but surely we have hit upon the gemstone treasure-house when we talk coolly of a mine with "a ton of diamonds in sight!" There have been such sentimental rumors of late concerning the diamond fields of Bingara, on the Horton, in New South Wales, that we had grown callously incredulous, and are the more astonished to find from the report of a special commissioner just returned to Sydney that these rumors were less than the truth. The diamondiferous tract is some thousands of acres in extent, and the mine, the Monte Cristo, already opened up, belongs to one man. He has been working it by himself, determined to prove it before taking the public into his confidence, and that is why we have heard so little of what was going on there. Before describing the field some account of his career is due to this Australian Conté of Monte Cristo.

### WAITING PATIENTLY FOR HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Mr. (Captain by mining courtesy) Rogers is a Cornishman, active and resolute, but now over 80 years of age. After opening up tin mines in Tava, Penang and elsewhere, he came to Victoria in the first flush of his gold fever and gained his colonial experience in several rushes. His practical shrewdness was early demonstrated. He argued that instead of following the alluvial gold should be traced to its matrix. Acting on this conviction in 1853 he opened in Wattle Gully, Forest Creek, the first quartz reef in Victoria, being jeered as a madman for expecting to find gold in a lode. His example was, however, quickly followed, and then came the difficulty of extracting the gold from the cruelly hard quartz. The captain claims to have erected the first quartz crushing battery in Australia. By the by, home people can't imagine what a dazzling beautiful thing in the sun is pure white quartz crushed. The streets of Ballarat are metalled with it, and make one think of that little surprise the French king prepared for his mistress when he had the park avenues spread with salt.

Captain Rogers acted as manager to various mining companies, till in 1876 he was appointed expert to a Sydney syndicate. He was sent to report on Bingara as a gold field. It struck him the country was likely for gems, and he resolved to return at his leisure and prospect it. It was not for eight years that this "leisure" moment came, but he had not forgotten. He came all the way from Ballarat to the adjoining colony, and after two months' prospecting found a lead which averaged three carats to the load. Although at this time there was uncertainty as to the market value of Australian diamonds (so called), some speculators at once offered \$17,500 for his claim. It was probably this want of definite knowledge about the stone found here that induced Rogers to accept the offer—a proceeding he soon regretted, as the purchasers made a ring and took up every acre of diamondiferous country in the district.

Here again the Cornishman's innate shrewdness stood him in good stead. He alone knew the trend of the country and the dead work needed to develop it. He argued that some of these mining leases would inevitably be forfeited owing to non-compliance with labor conditions. So he waited. His foresight had not deceived him. As the leases fell through he lodged his application and secured them, always keeping his eye steadily on that big plumb, the Monte Cristo block. He waited five years before this last lease was obtained.

### FABULOUS RICHNESS OF THE FIND.

Then he went to work all alone, sometimes not seeing another human being for months. He sunk a shaft, timbered it, filled bags with the dirt below, climbed to the surface and hauled them up. He drove and crossed out on two levels, and sunk again through about fifty feet of very hard oxidized cement. How a man of his age could have done this work unaided is a marvel; but of this drive he washed fifteen loads for a yield of 2,189 diamonds, and proved the drift to be the commencement of a deep lead. After this he sunk an air shaft, which was destroyed by flood, and before he could get another one completed he succumbed to bad air and was laid up for six months. As soon as he was able to work again he followed up this drive with a tunnel 206 feet to test the extent of the drift, sunk a third shaft, and from this one opened up a shallow level so rich that he christened it the Bonanza.

So far, although sending parcels of gems to London, Captain Rogers has kept his own counsel, but now, having proved his property, he invited experts to visit it, and very much astonished they were. They found that this dauntless octogenarian had with his own hand accomplished the work of opening up a great mine, displaying such consummate judgment that the upper level offered room for 200 men to start blocking; that the drift had been traced to within 150 feet of its matrix (which crops out on an adjacent hill), and sufficient of the forty feet laid bare to yield a ton of diamonds! The whole of this drift is diamond-bearing; it is found to average 200 stones to a one-horse load of twenty-seven cubic feet, and in one part yields 2,500 stones of the load. This one lease is for twenty acres. The Monte Cristo mine itself is a veritable mountain of diamonds, pronounced by experts the richest mine ever known in

the world. The stones are declared in London, Amsterdam and New York equal to the best Brazilian gems, but of so adamantine a hardness that special machinery has had to be erected in London for cutting them. Its output must influence, if not govern the diamond market, which has already had to be nursed because of the influx of Cape stones. Should the matrix prove as rich as the surrounding country indicates, the mine will be worth a kingdom. The quite recent dispatch to England of twenty sample bags of wash dirt taken from all parts of the mine has strengthened the report that Captain Rogers has received overtures from a great house, believed to be the Rothschilds. His advanced age and partial blindness—which latter now compels him to have an assistant at the sorting table—are strong arguments in favor of realizing; but the plucky old fellow says if he were 20 years younger or had a son to take his place he would not accept \$10,000,000 for the property. In spite of this bit of bluff he will have to deal, and as money is still scarce here the Monte Cristo mine will probably become the property of capitalists.

### OTHER PRECIOUS STONES AND METALS.

The commissioner, from whose report we glean these particulars, says the wash, when seen underground, is of an uninteresting grayish color and all water-worn material. A dark green pebble, shaded like a kidney bean, runs through it like plums in pudding and wherever the pebbles are thick the diamonds are thick also. Like that in the diamond mines of India and Brazil, the wash dirt contains jaspers, quartz, agate, sandstone discolored by oxides, manganese, trimonite, conglomerate, quantities of small gems, rubies, garnets, sapphires, zircons, tourmaline and to pazes; also gold and platinum in sufficient quantities to contribute materially toward the working expenses. In passing through the drives the commissioner noticed in parts of the face of the lead disturbed "as if the rabbits had been scratching there."

"That's where the ladies have been," said the captain, who gallantly permits lady visitors (and you will not be surprised to hear he has a good many) to carry away souvenirs. The Bingara diamonds are white or yellow, but mostly white. Some red ones have been found, and one rare green one, which, unfortunately, some one took a fancy to. The largest as a rule, are about two carats, but one of eleven carats has been found. It is believed that large stones will be unearthed when the matrix is driven on. The price received up to the present is about \$7 per carat for white stones and about \$2 per carat for small and off-color diamonds. The excessive hardness of the Bingara stones, which increases the cost of cutting, affects their price. A curious characteristic of some of the diamonds is a cobweb formation in the stone, and twin diamonds have also been found. Warden Lawson, recently sent by the mines department to inspect the Monte Cristo, broke down sixty-five pounds of wash dirt, washed it in the presence of a party, and obtained from it sixty-five very nice stones. He broke down and sent unwashed a similar quantity of dirt to the Chicago exhibition, together with a number of diamonds. From the commissioner's account it is evident that Captain Rogers' methods of washing, sorting, etc., are primitive, and not adapted to deal economically with large bodies of the drift. He is just now inundated with visitors, and no doubt it is an interesting spot. A story is told of a learned professor who went to spend a day; on the ninth day he had to be dragged away.

### Return of a Long-Lost Son.

An English paper records the romantic return of a long-lost son to his mother which has occurred in Newcastle-on-Tyne. About 12 years ago a boy named Ralph Swales, five years of age, strayed from his parents, despite all their efforts, failed to recover him, and concluded that he had fallen into the river and been drowned. Years passed, the father died, and the mother moved to another part of the city. On Wednesday a strapping youth, in a uniform of the 5th Fusiliers, entered the house and stated that inquiries he had made led him to believe that she was his mother. The woman quickly and joyfully identified him by means of marks on his body. The man's account of his disappearance was that he had been found wandering by the police in a neighbouring borough, and sent to the workhouse, where he remained for some years. Subsequently he worked on a farm, then went to sea in a fishing smack, and finally enlisted. Hearing incidentally from a recruit that people bearing his own name had lost a son, he made inquiries, with the above result. To the mother's sorrow the son expects shortly to be sent to India. Mrs. Swales, however, has determined to petition the authorities, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to allow her son to remain in the district.

### With the Dear Girls.

Maude—"We must confess that Mabel is a very pretty girl."  
Gladys—"Yes, very. But her complexion might be better."  
Maude—"And her nose is just a little too retroussee."  
Gladys—"Of course it is. Don't you think her hair's kind of streaky?"  
Maude—"A little. But I object more to her mouth. It's a bit too wide."  
Gladys—"Like her ears."  
Maude—"And her eyes are such a funny color."  
Gladys—"Green mixed with amber—I know."  
Maude—"It's a pity she dresses like a fright."  
Gladys—"Yes, it makes her look so dowdy."  
Maude (with a sigh)—"But she's a very pretty girl."  
Gladys—"Yes, a very pretty girl."

### She Knew Him Not.

"Oh, we had the loveliest arrangement at our church society last week. Every woman contributed to the missionary cause \$1 which she earned herself by hard work."  
"How did you get yours?"  
"From my husband."  
"I shouldn't call that earning it yourself by hard work."  
"You don't know my husband."

The British Museum has twenty-five miles of books, and the largest collection of curiosities in the world.

## THE VOYAGE OF A FEVER BRIG.

Officers Died Off Until There was None but an 88-Year-Old Boy to Navigate Her.

The other night, says the Melbourne Argus, the British bark *Trafalgar* arrived in Hobson's Bay from Batavia in charge of the third officer, a youth of 18 years of age. The record of her passage is sufficiently sensational and thrilling to be taken from one of Clark Russell's romances.

The *Trafalgar*, which is owned by Mr. Alfred Brown of Glasgow, is a four-masted bark of 1,696 tons burden. In the beginning of the year she was despatched from Cardiff to Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of coals, the passage being made in the smart time of thirty-one days. After discharging, she proceeded to New York in ballast, and, having loaded with kerosene, she started for Batavia, under the command of Capt. Francis Edgar, a native of Edinburgh. Batavia was reached in the latter part of September. Here her troubles began. Three of the crew deserted. One was arrested and brought back to the ship, the second could not be found, while the third

### EVASION CAPTURE

by announcing himself to the Government as an absconder from a Dutch man-of-war lying in New York harbor at the time he signed articles. He was placed on the guard ship. Next, the second officer, who had joined the vessel at New York, thrashed one of the crew, and was compelled to lock himself in his cabin for safety till, fearful that the seamen would carry their threat into effect to "throw his carcass overboard to the sharks," he asked for and was reluctantly granted his discharge.

Orders were now issued that the crew were not to go on shore, for fear that they should be stricken down with the Java fever. Despite these precautions Capt. Edgar was the first to succumb to the fever, and his condition hourly becoming worse, the chief officer, Mr. Richard Roberts, rowed to the Dutch guard ship for medical assistance, but when he returned three hours later Capt. Edgar was dead. His remains were interred in the Batavia Cemetery on the following day, the steward and six of the crew taking part in the obsequies with, as it subsequently transpired, terribly deadly results. Most of the men soon after complained of being seriously ill, and as there was little hope of their complete recovery while inhaling the miasmatic vapors arising from the marshes in the vicinity of the city, it was determined that a start should be made for Australia. The command of the *Trafalgar* had now reverted to Mr. Richard Roberts, the chief officer. The journey was accordingly commenced under most discouraging circumstances on Oct. 29, the crew on the articles numbering twenty-three all told.

Just after the *Trafalgar* had got well clear of the island James Kelly, A. B., aged 36, a native of Cork, was seized with the fever, and although the steward, John Lee, and the deck officers, tried, with the aid of the restricted means at their command, to relieve his sufferings,

### HE SANK RAPIDLY

and died on Nov. 9, in latitude 17° 55' north, and longitude 101° 20' east. His body was buried at sea. Capt. Roberts was the next victim, and as if to render the navigation of the ship still more difficult, Mr. Samuel Norwood, now first officer designate, was compelled to lay up about the same time. He was almost prostrated by the fever, and beyond making an occasional entry in the log book, he was unable either to take his watch or to assist in directing the ship on her course. At 11 a.m. on Nov. 15, Joseph Full, the ship's carpenter, died from the fever, and on the afternoon of the same day Capt. Roberts lost possession of his reason, and succumbed to the dreadful disease shortly before midnight. The ship was then in lat. 22° 25' S. and lon. 103° 40' E. Full was over 50 years of age, while Capt. Roberts was comparatively young man and had been married just before leaving Cardiff. He has, it is stated, a brother and several other near relations living in Victoria.

The position of the vessel was now extremely critical. The death of Capt. Roberts and the prostration of Mr. Norwood had thrown the whole responsibility of working the ship upon Mr. William Shotton, who had only quite recently completed his indenture term of service, and had been promoted to the position of third officer mainly because of his practical and theoretical knowledge of navigation. Mr. Shotton

### ASSUMED COMMAND

until Mr. Norwood's condition should improve, of which there were some prospects, but he weakened rapidly, and at last his reason gave away and he died on Nov. 21 in lat. 23° 38' S. and long 93° 35' E. Hugh Kennedy, the sailmaker, was now the only person, irrespective of Mr. Shotton, who had the remotest idea of the duties of a supernumerary officer or had sufficient confidence to undertake the guidance of the bark while Mr. Shotton snatched a few hours' rest from his long and weary duties. William Kavanagh, one of the seamen, was transferred to the poop deck merely for the purpose of taking watch occasionally. His knowledge of navigation was of the most rudimentary character, and the task of sailing the ship to Melbourne seemed hopeless, but Mr. Shotton never lost heart.

Fortunately the winds experienced were not of very considerable force, and while there were no prospects of a hard blow, Mr. Shotton clapped as much sail as he could induce his inert and somewhat refractorily inclined crew to spread to the favoring breezes. In the Indian Ocean Daniel Sheehan, the cook, took ill, and on Dec. 7 he died in lat. 40° 3' S. and lon. 119° 45' E. He was the sixth and last victim of the passage. Mr. Shotton then attempted to induce the crew to clean and overhaul the ship and get her in good condition by the time she reached her destination. All his efforts were of no avail. Beyond assisting to sail the ship they would not lend a hand to do more than was absolutely necessary to secure the safe passage of the vessel to port. Some of the men were willing to fall in with Mr. Shotton's views, but as they were in a minority and had to take their watches regularly, their services were not available.

Cape Leuwin was rounded with light to fresh variable winds and smooth sea, and as that dreadful headland had been doubled without the loss of any of the canvas or spars, Mr. Shotton entertained hopes that he would have a speedy run along the coast,

and fall in with some passing ship, from which an officer might be obtained to assist in navigating the *Trafalgar*. No vessels, however, were sighted, and in order to verify his observations Mr. Shotton decided to make land and ascertain his position. Port Fairy was the first land seen, and the troubles of the crew, however, were not quite over yet. A day or two later the *Trafalgar* was overtaken by a fresh gale starting from the northwest and setting in the west. There was only one way, in Mr. Shotton's opinion, to weather the storm, and that was to run before it. Nearly all the hands were ordered on deck, sail was gradually shortened as the gale rose, and the ship

### SCUDDLED BEFORE THE STORM

for several hours under the two lower top-sails and the foresail. Before sail could be shortened the topsail and the main lower topsail were blown clean out of the bolt ropes. As soon as the ship stood in toward the sea fell the ship stood in toward the Victorian coast. Mr. Shotton picked up Split Point about 11 o'clock on Friday night. The red light was not shown on his chart, and as he was not certain of his position he put the ship about, and after sailing on the opposite tack for several hours he wore round again, and following up the coast line, he made the Heads on Saturday morning. Capt. Nicholson boarded the *Trafalgar* at about 1 o'clock, and under his directions she was safely piloted up the bay and anchored near the Gellibrand Lightship at 10 o'clock on Saturday night.

Dr. Maclean the port health officer, inspected the crew, and having satisfied himself that there was no danger of infection, he granted pratique conditionally that the water was thrown overboard, the tanks cleaned, and the sand ballast kept in the holds pending instructions from the Board of Health.

### Do Bees and Wasps Get Drunk?

I have just been reading something about this in a periodical, though it has taught me nothing I did not know before. The reply is "Of course they do." The fact is, they cannot well help it. Rotting fruit is the sweetest, and these they attack with great avidity; but many sweet, juicy fruits, while decaying, develop alcohol, and it is interesting and amusing to watch the scrambling and fighting of the wasps around these when thoroughly "boozed." Mr. Wasp has the good sense to crawl away into some quiet corner to sleep it off. But, like some human beings, when better he goes straight for the drink again. A sting from a drunken wasp is far more venomous than one from a sober wasp—a Good Templar wasp, let us call him. Ordinary bees, I am convinced, get drunk with the juice of some flowers, notably thistles, and don't come home till morning. You may find them on these thistles early in the summer morning. If you put a finger near them they hold up a fore leg beseechingly, as much as to say, "Oh, do go away, and let a fellow sleep. I'll be all right in an hour or two." This is an example of the queer side of nature, but it is all as true as the Gospel. It proves, I think, that man is not the only animal whom the demon drink can lead by the nose. I have known drunken dogs, especially a Newfoundland and a bull-terrier, who were never sober when they could get beer or gin, who went to public-houses of their own accord, because they knew people would stand treat for the fun of the thing, and who went home needing all the breadth of the pavement, if not the street. The Newfoundland, when half-seas over, would exhibit great affection. She would sit down beside one and insist upon shaking hands about three times a minute. By-and-by she would go to sleep on her broad back, and snore. Very human, isn't it?

### Wolfe and Quebec

A very interesting and carefully prepared article appeared recently in *The Week*, written by Mr. G. Sherwood of Huron College, London, Ont., on "How Wolfe took Quebec;" it is well worth perusal. Mr. Sherwood concludes as follows:—"The change from the old regime to the new was a blessing to an abused people. They were encouraged in every department of industry—their earnings were safe from official rapacity. The price of their produce was governed by the laws of supply and demand. Even the laws they preferred were granted them. Though vanquished, they were victors of the field. It may be wondered at that a people benefited so much by a change of government should ever show uneasiness under it of a desire to return to the old rule. But who dare state it is an anomaly to refuse to pay material prosperity the homage that is due only to the noblest historical associations. Great names and great deeds cast their glory over the history of New France. One of her warriors at least will never be forgotten. Her explorers penetrated mighty forests, disclosed great lakes and traced the course of lordly rivers. Over the broad continent their names everywhere mark their journeyings. But it was in missionary enterprise New France attained her highest glory. There was no forest so dense that missionaries did not penetrate—no tribe so remote as to be uncared for. The field of their labours was a vast one. Their feet trod the bleak Labrador coast and the rich prairies of the West; they imperilled their lives by the lovely Lake of Onondaga and where the many winds ruffle the bright surface of the Couchiching. It is these associations that inflame the minds of French Canadians and make them forget the tyranny and misery of the Old Regime."

### Nothing New Under the Sun.

Ancient Egypt, writes a correspondent of the *St. James Gazette*, is "looking up" in every way. Some of its contrivances appear to have been up to date. Actually, they had already, more than 2,000 years ago, what we call "a penny in the slot" for the extraction of something useful, pleasant or otherwise desirable. Hereon, the philosopher of Alexandria describes an automatic machine which he asserts to have been in the Egyptian temples already for a long time past, even before his time. By throwing a piece of money in the slot the worshippers received some water through a valve. The stature, or stand, the two-armed lever with its closing valve and the other details of the machine are all correctly described.

The cost of a first-class battleship, carrying 600 men, is about £1,000,000.

## LOST IN THE CASCADES.

### Harvey Smith's Terrible Experience.

A Popular Torontonian Has a Narrow Escape From a Death by Cold and Starvation.

A Toronto special says:—Word was received Monday morning of the harrowing experience of the eldest son of Hon. Frank Smith in the Cascade mountains near North Thompson River, N. W. T.

Mr. Smith, who was in the employ of the C. P. R. in British Columbia, and a party of gentlemen, one by name of Potter and two named Doherty, all from Toronto, went out deer shooting in the Cascade mountains ten days ago. Last Tuesday, the 23rd inst., the party separated, Mr. Smith going northward some distance.

The Cascades are a branch of the Rockies and are thickly wooded. About the middle of the afternoon a heavy snowstorm started, which grew more fierce and blinding as the evening came on.

### THE THREE FRIENDS.

Potter and the two Doherties, were together and they commenced to search for Smith with shouts and cries. They tried to signal him with rifle shots, and twice the report of the lost man's gun came reverberating through the lonely woods in reply. But the search was in vain till Friday.

The mountains are at that point quite unsettled by human beings, and there was but the remotest chance that Mr. Smith could have met with succor from human hands. The provisions he had with him were very light—a few mouthfuls of camp fare and a hunter's flask.

Ever since the loss of Mr. Smith on Tuesday last large searching parties were out looking for him, without hope of success. In the opinion of the Indian hunters he had died and was buried in the snow, and it was thought that his body would never be recovered.

### THE LOST FOUND.

Early Sunday afternoon, however, word was brought into Vancouver that the lost man had been found, famished and weak, but still alive.

The news was immediately telegraphed to his relatives, and was glad tidings, indeed, for them, for a telegram earlier in the day had been received announcing the probable death of the young man.

Mr. Harvey Smith is now about 35 years of age, and was in his father's office for some years. He managed the Toronto Street Railway Company for a time after Superintendent Franklin resigned. A few years ago he went to British Columbia in the service of the C. P. R. His sisters are Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mrs. John Foy and Mrs. Major Harrison. His brother, Austin Smith, is also in the North-west Territory.

### African Pigmies.

Herr Stuhlman, who has been with Emin Pasha, has given an account of the African pigmies, which contains some scientific details not well known. Their average height is about 4 feet, their heads round, noses flat, face very pragnathous, hair spiral, woolly, and brown; skin, light brown, with an indication of yellow; beard scanty, and body covered with a light down. Mentally, they are cruel and cunning, with keen senses and thieving propensities. Their language has numerous names, and is related to that of the Wambusa tribes. They wear no ornaments, and do not tattoo the skin, but occasionally bore two holes in the upper lip. They seem to have some religious notions, as they bury the dead in a particular position. They have also a form of marriage, and cannibalism is not general. Herr Stuhlman thinks those dwarfs are the remains of a peculiar people who once extended over all Africa, and even into Asia. They have childish characteristics, their skeletons are undeveloped, and, apparently, they are a case of arrested development. —[London Globe.]

### Know When and What to Pray.

At the weekly prayer meeting in the Methodist Episcopal church at Elwood, Ind., the other night the third person to offer up his tribute was a stranger who was seated near the door and whose petition to the throne of grace nearly paralyzed the good people who were present. He prayed as follows:

"Lord, thou knowest I am a stranger here. Thou knowest I do not live here, but reside in a neighboring town. Thou knowest I have relatives in another town whom I am on my way to see. Lord, thou knowest why I am here instead of there. Thou knowest why I can't get there. Lord, thou knowest just what I want. I want 40 cents. Amen."

As the last words were ended there was a commotion in the church. They all rose up and went down in their pocket-books, and the man soon had 40 cents and several more. His name could not be learned, but he lives at Lynn and was on his way to Center. His funds gave out when he reached there, and so he went to prayer meeting and startled the Christian brethren by asking the Lord for what he wanted.

### Where all Religions Figured.

The polyglot character of the Austrian army was abundantly shown the other day when the ancient custom of solemnly swearing in the recruits in the presence of the troops was revived, after having been discontinued since 1838. In Vienna alone the formula of oath to the colors had to be administered and read out in nine languages, to-wit, German, Hungarian, Croatian, Bohemian, Polish, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Serbian and Turkish, while the religious part of the ceremony was conducted by Roman Catholic and Greek orthodox priests, Protestant pastors, Jewish rabbis and Mohammedan ulema.

### Irish Courtneys.

A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and a lively Irishman dropping his hod of bricks caught the parasol.

"Faith, ma'am," said he, "if you were as strong as ma'am, you would not have got away from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first—the service or the compliment?" asked the lady, smilingly.

"Troth, ma'am," said Pat, again touching the place where stood the brim of what once was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for best."

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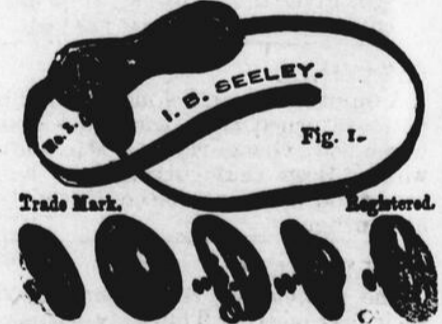
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Will attend all the Courts in the District of Beauharnois, and will be at the Central Hotel, Huntingdon, on the last Friday in every month, barring unforeseen circumstances.  
Telephone No. 2497.  
Claims for collection and correspondence can be addressed to CHARLES DEWICK, County Building, Huntingdon.

**J. C. BRUCE,**  
General Insurance Agent,  
Huntingdon, P. Q.  
Fire, Life, and Accident Insurance.

**NOTARIAL.**  
The undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he will be in attendance, in the office of R. Hyndman, Secy.-Treas. of the Municipal Council of the County of Huntingdon, in the County Building in the village of Huntingdon, EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND FRIDAY, non-judicial days excepted.  
I. I. CREVIER, N. P.

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Quotations for Flour, Oatmeal, Grain or Mill Feed on application.  
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Call at my Drug Store and be fitted on the spot and thus avoid the expense of travelling to the city.  
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Huntingdon, Que.

**MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY** of the County of Beauharnois, authorized by law to issue policies both on the mutual and single payment system as insurers may prefer.  
President: WILLIAM H. WALKER, Esq.  
Vice-President: JOHN SYMONS, Esq.  
Directors: FAROUH McLENNAN, AND OLIVER, JAMES SYMONS, JOHN WHITE, and JOHN YOUNIE, Esqs.  
The directors of the above company would draw attention of insurers to the following facts:  
During the past year the assets of the company have increased \$2396.00.  
No assessment has been made during the past ten years.  
For the past seven years, the cost of insurance on the mutual plan, upon stone and brick buildings, has been 16 1/2 cents per \$100 per annum, equal to \$5 per one thousand dollars for three years; and on wooden buildings, covered with shingles, has been 22.9 cents per \$100 per annum, equal to \$6.66 for one thousand dollars for three years. Can any other company beat this record?  
In the stock companies, the rate charged for three years, \$13.50 per one thousand dollars, being more than double the above.  
Parties desiring to insure are requested to apply to the General Agent, Mr. Philaps, ANRBY SOMERVILLE, Secretary.  
Huntingdon, 25th October.

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Huntingdon.

**PEOPLE YOU KNOW.**

**Something Interesting About Them.**  
The Empress of Austria, it is stated, not only smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, but during the course of the evening also smokes "terribly strong cigars."  
Mrs. Austen, the older and sole surviving sister of the late Cardinal Manning, died recently in London. Mrs. Austen was among those of the Cardinal's relatives who remained in the Church of England.

Mrs. Ballantyne, wife of Speaker Ballantyne, is ill in the Southern States, whither she went in search of health. His Honour, it is understood, will shortly remove her to New Mexico, where the climate is moderate.  
Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, ordained seven men to the ministry recently, two of whom are the greatest chiefs in the country and govern great provinces.

Great preparations are going on in England for the reception of the Khedive of Egypt. He will be accompanied by two of his Ministers, will reside in Buckingham Palace, will be the guest at a dinner at the Guildhall, and will be entertained with gala performances in Covent Garden.

Of the postesses now living the most gifted are Jean Ingelow and Christina Rossetti. Both these distinguished women are over sixty years of age. Neither is prolific in song. Miss Rossetti is understood to be much of an invalid, and is scarcely ever seen in society. She has, however, just issued a small volume of "verses."

The death of George Grant is reported at Bristol, Que., aged eighty-eight years. His mother and the mother of the late Sir John Macdonald were cousins. On one occasion Mr. Grant's father visited the Macdonald family at Kingston, and received from the father of the late Premier a musket, which George Grant, a son of deceased, still retains as a souvenir of bygone days.

Rev. Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Episcopal church, New York, and formerly of St. James' cathedral, Toronto, is an enthusiastic sportsman, and would walk ten miles any day to find a good hunting ground. On the subject of hunting he is eloquent. The Doctor is one of the finest wing shots in the country. A portrait of him has recently been painted by Mr. W. M. Hyde, in which he appears in a velvet shooting jacket.

In the very heart of the west end of London, in the aristocratic and elegant quarter of Mayfair, a new club has just been started, smart of the smartest, and with a dash of eccentricity which belongs to the last decade of an expiring century. It is a club of misses, and is called "The Five-Foot-Nine," not on account of its frontage to Piccadilly, or its distance from a fire-plug, but because the misses must be of that fascinating height.

Sir Thomas McLivraith, who is visiting Mr. Bowell at Ottawa, is a Scotchman by birth, being a native of Ayr, Scotland. He went to Australia when he was 19 years of age, and has grown up with his adopted country, Queensland. Over twenty years ago he, Sir Thomas, took a seat in the Cabinet of that colony, and since that epoch in his life has served three times as Premier, the last session being 1893, when he gave up the honourable position, as he wished to travel.

A tablet is being erected to the memory of the late Lieutenant-Governor Boyd of New Brunswick, in St. David's Presbyterian church in St. John, N. B. It is a beautiful piece of work of Italian marble, and is three feet high and two feet six inches wide, with dark blue fluted and gilded columns. The inscription, which is in black and gold tracing is as follows: "In memory of Hon. John Boyd Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, a member of this church. Born Sept. 28, 1826. Died Dec. 4, 1893."

The oldest minister in the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and probably the oldest minister of any Church in Canada, has passed away in the person of the Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Sydney, Cape Breton. He was born in 1803, and ordained in 1823. Probably next to him in age and seniority of service as a minister of the Christian Church of Canada may be counted Vicar-General Dawson, of Ottawa, who was born in 1810, and ordained in 1835.

Mr. Papineau's withdrawal from the Church of his fathers has elicited violent words from some quarters. La Liberté, of St. Scholastique, referring to the attacks, says:—"If we regret profoundly the abjuration of Mr. Papineau, we will never lavish on him insult and infamy. The Seigneur of Montebello is an honest man, a worker, a student, a convinced man. He knew what he was doing when he abjured, and he merits that he be always respected. A good and a Christian man is never a renegade."

One of the most ingenious expedients for overcoming the difficulties of sinking shafts for mining or other purposes in wet "measures" is the "freezing process." Supposing that the bottom of the shaft is so continuously flooded that the miners are unable to use their picks or in any way proceed with the excavation, pipes are run down from the surface to the flooded locality, and through these pipes is forced a powerful freezing mixture. The consequence is that the impeding water becomes solidified, and the workman can quarry his way through the ice, which now becomes a protection from the body of water beyond, and the sinking of the shaft can be continued.

**THESE MEN ARE HEROES,**

**YET UNKNOWN TO FAME.**

The Country Doctor and His Life of Ten—Bad Roads Dismay Him Not—His Drugs Store and His Medicines.  
There is in Ontario to-day a class of heroic men whose praises are not sung by poet and whose achievements will not be handed down the ages in the classic pages of enthusiastic historians. The whole vocabulary of woe has been exhausted in narrating the sufferings of early Canadian settlers; in moralizing upon the patient fortitude of the Jesuit fathers, their self-sacrificing work and cruel martyrdom, and later in writing magazine articles and books by the score upon the tribulation of the old-time Methodist circuit rider and his noble yet withal grievous work. Yet, although examples of individual hardship may stand out more prominently in the classes spoken of above it is indeed a question whether as a whole they suffered more or faced greater difficulties than that patient, painstaking, self-sacrificing body of men, known as country doctors.

Could a young physician, fresh from the city, starting in a rural district and awaiting patients accurately foresee what he is destined to go through in the next forty or fifty years if he succeeds in building up what is known as a large practice, it is a debatable point whether or not he would not take at once an overdose or chloral and end the whole business right on the spot. Certainly, whatever emolument in the way of money might also be foreseen would not begin to compensate him for the toil and trouble that fall to the lot of his profession.

The above statement may seem rather exaggerated to those who always associate the idea of a doctor with a high rig, white hands and large fees, but this article was primarily inspired by a conversation which the writer had with a country physician who lives not twenty-five miles out of Toronto. It was about a month ago, on the morning after that big blizzard had left our telephone wires in a state of total collapse and disarranged the whole street railway system. Said the doctor, "I have not had an average of four hours' sleep a day for over two months. You know what last night was like! Well, I got in at eleven o'clock after driving over thirty miles about the country during the day, and thought I would settle down to a night's rest. God knows I needed it! Just take a look at my eyes and I tell you

**MY BRAIN IS BEATING**  
inside like a trip hammer. Well, I hadn't been in bed ten minutes, just beginning to go to sleep, when along came a man with the information that one of my patients had taken a turn for the worse. That patient lived nine miles from my office and you can imagine what that blizzard did to the roads. Half crazed for want of sleep I turned out and drove that dreary road, dark as pitch and rough as they make them. I tell you honestly that I prayed to God that I might be pitched out into the ditch and break my neck. I didn't want to have a leg broken or anything like that. Sudden death would have suited me down to the toes, and you know I am not the man to bluff. I tell you that men in the city don't know anything about hardships. Of course I get a fair income from my practice, but what is the use of money when I can't get a chance to spend it? The life of a country doctor is the life of a dog, and I don't care two straws when mine comes to an end. And yet people expect me to be civil when I drive ten miles through a blinding snowstorm to attend them professionally."

This is the exact statement of the doctor and there was no mistaking his seriousness. His eyes were cavernous, and his whole appearance that of one who is little short of desperate. People who have never gone without sleep little know what irritation means. But when it is taken into account that enforced sleeplessness for half a dozen days and nights in succession will drive a strong-minded man

**TO THE VERGE OF INSANITY**  
it is easy to understand this particular doctor's desperation. For during the winter months a series of cases of grip, pneumonia and other affections peculiar to cold weather, occurring almost simultaneously, will keep a country physician on the move day and night. Hence it is that some country doctors take to drink, or dazed for want of rest, take an overdose of some sedative, or mistake the laudanum bottle for that containing the juice of the white wheat. Hardly a month passes without some accident of this kind, and while the death certificate reads "accidentally poisoned," the real cause of dissolution is overwork, worry and lack of sleep.

Yet notwithstanding the storm and the snow, the rough roads and the blackness of midnight, the aching head and the long and lonely drive, it is the particular and crowning glory of the country doctor that he seldom or never refuses to go on his errand of healing and mercy at the call of distress. Fancy it, ye whose hours of toil terminate at four or five o'clock, who sit and read the latest novel until ten o'clock and then luxuriously retire to unbroken slumber! And ye city physicians of large income, who, in answer to the midnight summons, first carefully inquire who the patient is, and if not on your regular list, send down the answer that you have ceased doing night work, but that doctor so and so around the corner will probably be willing to give his services.

Many and many a country physician has time and time again been awakened at two o'clock with the message that old Bill Smith's eldest child has got the croup again and is choking to death. Now, old Bill Smith's child has got croup every winter since it was born, and old Bill Smith's wealth consists only of children and a yellow dog. Old Bill Smith's bill, if made out, would look like an invoice of a wholesale warehouse, but it has never been made out for the good and sufficient reason that the doctor knows well that he would simply be adding to the cost of the drugs he has already supplied, the cost of the ink which he would waste in writing out the bill. Old Bill has never paid him a cent and never will because he

**NEVER HAS A CENT**  
and takes his pay for the services he renders to the farmers round about him in bags of flour and salt pork. How many of Toronto's business men would seriously blame the doctor if he refused to drive half a score of miles over muddy roads to dig the phlegm out of the throat of the offspring of old Bill

Smith, the man who never earned a half dollar in all his life? But the country doctor never hesitates. He is man enough to deny himself much needed rest to relieve rich or poor who may be suffering.

There is another aspect of the country physician's life that is essentially different from that of the city practitioner. In a sense he has more responsibility thrown upon him. In Toronto for instance if a doctor encounters a serious case where trained assistance is required at once, he can secure the services of half a dozen of his professional brethren in as many minutes. Then, too, the various hospitals, with all modern appliances and skilled nurses, stand with wide open doors for all extraordinary mishaps. Contrast with this the condition of the country doctor, who, perhaps miles away from any assistance, is forced to take measures of the utmost gravity alone, or with only such help as the rude intelligence of a farm community affords. As a compensation for this the country doctor often develops wonderful self control and skill, but one can not help thinking of the trying scenes through which some of them have been forced to pass in the discharge of their trying and responsible duties.

**THE DOCTOR AS DRUGGIST.**

Doctors who hang out their shingle at the cross-roads are obliged to mix their own medicines. A little back room is usually fitted up into a laboratory containing all the really necessary drugs, and as farmers sometimes call who do not wish the doctor to make a visit to their homes professionally, but describe symptoms and purchase medicine, some of the mixtures are said to be fearfully and wonderfully made. As the physician has only such vague symptoms to work on as "pain in the side," "a bad headache clear across over the ears," "looks like jaundice," etc., it follows that he must compound his medicine to suit a variety of diseases. So it is alleged that a cases such as these he simply seizes all the bottles not containing poison and incompatible and mixes up a dose good alike for farmer, hired man, or beast, and he charges for advice and for the medicine.

After such experiences as have here been set down who can wonder that the doctor becomes crusty as he grows older; that he seems to the country women to be a little hard hearted, and that the children for miles around can be conjured to cease crying by the mere mention of his dreaded name. His is the case of an intellectual man set to work out his destiny in ministering to the sufferings of a community where a culture is comparatively unknown. Hedged about as he is by ignorance he makes the best of his lot, and tries to get such enjoyment as he can when opportunity presents itself. It may seem small to the man of metropolitan views that the country doctor aspires to be reeve of the township, and chairman of every debating contest and bun struggle held in his immediate neighborhood, but sizing up his trials and tribulations, his devotion to his profession and his self-sacrifice, it must be admitted that he deserves the title of "hero" equally with those who regard not their own interests when the welfare of others is at stake.

**An African King.**

After Emin Pasha had learned of the fall of Khartoum and the conquest of the Sudan by the Mahdists, he gave up hope of being able to defend the Equatorial Province with the force at his disposal. To rescue the Egyptians who garrisoned the various posts was now his first duty, and he began to make his plans for a march to the sea. The only practical route appeared to lie through the kingdom of Unyoro, which bounds the Province on the southeast. Accordingly he sent his medical officer, Vita Hassan, with valuable presents of ivory and other things, to the king of the country to obtain permission for the passage of the troops through his dominions.

This African monarch, who was named Kabarega, though in outward appearance a mere savage, showed that he possessed some of the qualities of a successful ruler. Among the presents sent to him was a little box which had come from Mambettu, a country in the extreme western part of the province. When the king noticed that it was made of a single piece of wood, he was very much pleased with it, and asked the envoy whether he thought that his subjects were capable of imitating such work.

"I answered him," says Vita Hassan, "that the Wanyoro had no experience in such work, and that it would be very difficult for them to do it as well as the Mambettu, who were skilled in fashioning out of a block of wood the most varied and difficult objects. In a really artistic manner they are able to make dishes, plates, bowls, stands, and even Turkish jugs with their long and crooked necks."

"The Wanyoro, on the other hand, understand the preparation of skins. This is their speciality, as wool-working is that of the Mambettu. My words aroused the jealousy of Kabarega, and he counted on his fingers to five, and then said, 'On this day,' pointing to the fifth finger, 'come here again, and I will show you whether or no my people can make a box like this.'

"On the fifth day the Wanyoro had succeeded, under the most frightful threats of the king, in manufacturing a similar box of pride, Kabarega showed it to me with the words, 'What use is it being a king if I cannot get my subjects to make everything which I wish?'

"But what if you desire something which is beyond their ability or their knowledge?" "There is no need of that, for I have not lost my head; I shall never bid them fetch me the moon, but if it is a thing which is not beyond our power, I cannot permit, that they should give up at the first difficulty. "For a negro king this seemed to be very reasonable, and I bowed my assent."

**YOUNG FOLKS**

**WHY JACK DIDN'T WIN.**

"Hi! hi! All aboard! Come on, Ben! Let's get a ride home!" shouted Bob Brown as a rough sled with two big, sleek horses went past the schoolhouse just as school was out.  
The drive, 'Bimblech Morse, with his high coat collar turned up and his cap drawn close down over his ears, heard the oncoming crowd, and whipped up for a race.

Away sped the team, with Ben and Bob Brown, Joe Simpson and Harry Stoddard in full chase, little Jack Bridgman bringing up the rear, with his spelling-book leaves fluttering in the wind, and strapping his bright book-marks and cards of merits all along the way, like "soot" in "hare and hounds."  
Jack and Patty Tenny were striving for a prize in the spelling class, and they were just even. To-morrow was the last day, and Jack was just bound to get in one ahead.

The snow was deep, and great drifts rose on either side of the road. Ben tumbled down; Jack fell over him—then up and on again. Ben made a flying jump, landed on his elbows on the edge of the sled, ran panting a long way, then Joe and Bob pulled him in by the coat; but Jack dropped his precious spelling-book, and the team got a long way off.

The horses went faster and faster. Dogs ran out and barked. A little girl, wiping a great yellow earthen bowl held under one arm, waved her dish-cloth wildly out of the window, and a boy on the fence with a long row of snowballs pelted him with glee.  
But in spite of it all, Jack boarded the old sled just as 'Bimblech drew in his team at the store. Now 'Bimblech was never in a hurry. The boys knew there was no prospect of further riding, and one by one they buttoned up their little greatcoats to continue their way, when Ben queried curiously:

"What's in those barrels?"  
"Praps pork," suggested Joe.  
"Huh! 'Bimblech didn't have but one pig, and that fell through the head scapell last fall, and—"  
"O Ben! A pig climbing upon a scapell!" shouted Jack.

"He did, too! Kept a-climbing from the cowmows after—"  
"Like enough it's apples," interrupted Bob.  
"Or potatoes," added Harry.  
"Oh, I 'most know it's maple syrup!" cried Bob. "'Bimblech made a lot last spring. He's going to sell it to the store man, I guess."

"Maple syrup is awful good!" said Ben, longingly. "I wish we had just a little taste!"  
"Just a little taste!" echoed Bob and Harry and Joe.  
"Can't get at it, I don't believe," mused Jack, picking at the bung.  
They all took a turn wriggling at it, now and then glancing cautiously toward the store door.

"I'll tell you," said Jack. "My new knife is sharp as anything. I can just dig out a jentry piece."  
No one objected. Snip! Snip! The tiny chips flew out. The bung was hard. Jack cut his thumb, but it did not discourage him, and pretty quick a little golden-brown liquid started.

"'Tis maple syrup! 'Tis maple syrup!" shouted Ben, dancing around the old sled. "Cut a bigger hole, Jack!"  
Jack fell to work chipping a larger place. Out rolled the "syrup." He was eager to taste, and held his mouth up under the bung. Then such a dancing about the sled and shouting!

"Ow-w-w-weak! Whoo-oo-oo Spr-rr-rr!"  
The next moment the whittled bung flew out with a loud plunk! and a great stream gushed forth.  
"Oh, stop it, Jack! Stop it! 'Twill all run out! What will 'Bimblech say!" shouted Joe and Bob, scurrying off out of sight around a corner with Ben and Harry close at their heels.

The beautiful golden liquid was so-o-a-p! But Jack, with the fear of 'Bimblech before his eyes, clapped his bare hand over the hole and held on with a very wry face. But it would not be stayed. It still gushed through his fingers. He clapped over the other hand. Dear! dear! It was running all over the sled, and his nice new shoes, and pretty coat. There was a stinging wind and his hands were numb with the cold.

Jack waited ten minutes—half an hour! Would 'Bimblech never come! And when he did what would he do? Jack dared not think—nor let go. His mouth and throat burned. He felt awful sick and strange. How he wished he were at home eating his supper! Supper! Oh dear, no! He should not want any more supper for one spell, he was sure.

If only he hadn't touched those dreadful barrels. Kind Aunt Nabby had tried to cure him of meddling many a time.  
But the boys had wanted him to, and 'twas too bad of them to run away and leave him in such a plight. Naughty little Jack felt himself ill-used, and he wished he had run away, too. He never could endure it another minute! He was about to let go and get away somewhere when 'Bimblech came out.

He made Jack hang on till he whittled a new bung and then—well, he cuffed his ears soundly and sent him off.  
Poor Jack felt himself in disgrace all around. He crept off home only to take a great dose of castor oil, "to take the edge off the 'syrup," Aunt Nabby told him.  
But that wasn't all his punishment. He left his spelling-book on the old sled and missed in his spelling next day, so that Polly got the prize.

**CHRISTINE STEPHENS.**  
**Proving Her False.**  
Spoiled Boy—"Mrs. Nixblock says I'm the most spoiled boy in town."  
Mother—"She does, does she? I'd just have her know you are trained as much as her brats any day. Let me know next time she passes the house."  
Spoiled Boy (delighted)—"Yes'm."  
Mother—"Now don't forget, I want her to hear me spanking you."

In Bolivar, Mo., lives a philosophical parent who thus gives his consent to his daughter's marriage: "Mr. Clerk—here is a young man that wants to get married to my daughter; I give her to him as nothing else will do him let her light."

THE GLEANER is not sent after the subscription expires. Those who would secure every number should renew promptly at least a week before the expiring of their time.



## Canadian Gleaner

HUNTINGDON, Q., FEB. 15, 1894.

THE Dominion parliament has been summoned to meet on Thursday, 15th March. That it will not settle fairly down to work until after Easter is to be expected. The Liberal press is confident that the session will abruptly end in a dissolution, but those who calmly look at the situation from a non-partisan point of view are unable to see sufficient ground for such an event. Sir John Thompson has lost little by the by-elections since last session and therefore can still count on the confidence of two-thirds of the members. Otherwise his course has rather tended to strengthen than weaken his position. His success at Paris in the Bering sea arbitration has raised his standing and his politic course with regard to the Manitoba and Northwest school bills has improved his prospects with the Protestant wing of the Conservative party, without alienating the Catholics. The only rock on which he can possibly wreck the strongest administration Canada has had is on the tariff question. Should he ignore the stern resolution of the farmers to have a reduction of duties he will come to grief, but there is no prospect that he will so fly in the face of the electorate. In all probability he will cut the ground from beneath Laurier's feet by bringing in resolutions to amend the tariff to a degree that will temporarily quiet if they do not satisfy the farmers.

DISASTER has overtaken a detachment of French troops in northern Africa. For many years the French have been gradually extending their sway southward from Algeria. To do so they were in a measure compelled, for in beating back one enemy from their frontiers they provoked another farther back. Skirting the great desert of the Sahara, the French had come to occupy Timbuctoo, and from that town a small force had been despatched the last week in January to disperse a body of natives who were threatening trouble. During the night the French camp was taken by surprise, and nearly all in it put to death, including the commander, colonel Bourrier and 9 officers. One report gives the loss at 80, another at 260. Overjoyed at their success the natives had advanced on Timbuctoo, which was in danger of being captured, for it was held by only 300 French troops. Reinforcements are being hurried forward from Algeria, but the distance to be marched is so great, that a decisive action will have taken place before they can reach the seat of trouble. The French people are enthusiastically in favor of the government holding Timbuctoo and of conquering the surrounding territory.

GOVERNOR MCKINLEY has been nominated by the Republican clubs of Ohio as candidate for the presidency. In response the governor had some hard words for the Democrats and prophesied they would soon be put out of power, when "free trade domination will give way to a protection majority. The British policy will be dethroned and genuine Americanism enthroned." Mr McKinley may be a good man in his way but it is a poor way. The politician who seeks to get into office by arousing national hatred confesses his own lack of individual merit. Free trade is no more British than it is American. It is the law designed by Nature for governing intercourse between man and man.

SILVER touched the lowest price on record Friday, when it was offered in London at 29½ an ounce—say 57 cents. Within ten years silver has fallen exactly 50 per cent. As a standard of value it will soon be out of sight.

On Saturday afternoon Dr Douglas died at his home in Montreal, in his 68th year. Coming from Scotland when a boy, he obtained his education first as a physician and lastly as a minister by his own exertions, and furnished in his youth an example of self-help which commands alike respect and admiration. The struggles of his youth against ungenial circumstances were surpassed by those of his manhood. A malarial disease, contracted while a missionary in the West Indies, entailed to him a wrecked physique, culminating in loss of sight and paralysis of his limbs. Instead of sinking under ills that would cow 999 out of a 1000, he rose superior to them, pursued his studies, and accomplished an amount of ministerial labor that would have done credit to a clergyman in robust health. Stricken and maimed he strove to do his duty, and in forgetfulness of himself he attained his highest triumphs, for he became a power not only within the denomination he loved, but in the Dominion, for he grappled with public and political subjects as frankly and fearlessly as he did with those that fell within the purview of his calling. That his utterances on public affairs were always judicious or justified by facts cannot be said, but even when most open to criticism they had a good effect in stimulating thought and in helping to give a healthy tone to public opinion. He was pre-eminently a rhetorician, and the qualities that go to make the rhetorician are not those favorable to sound judgment or the balancing of opinions. He seized the salient points of any question that struck him, emphasized them, dilated upon them, and thrust them on his hearers with Titan force, while all that could be said on the other side was minimized if not ignored. He had an extraordinary magazine of epithets, and, particularly of late years, delighted in framing sentences that were miracles in their way of sonorous word-building and word-painting. That so powerful an imagination, so resistless a flow of ornate language, and such a remarkable gift of denunciation were consecrated to the highest objects was fortunate alike for himself and mankind. A bad man with his endowments of intellect and speech would have been a scourge. He appeared at his best in the pulpit. The measured, solemn roll of his wonderful voice commanded the attention of the most frivolous hearer, and the impression so won was improved upon by his prophet-like denunciations of sin, and his unspeakably tender pleadings to seek refuge from impending doom. His sermons abounded in passages poetical in conception and in expression but it was not the poetry of the idealist or of the idler, but of the man of power and action. In some regards he resembled the warlike race whose name he bore. Tender to the suppliant, defiant to the obstinate; true to those who agreed with him, defiant to those who held what he regarded as error; a knight with the spirit of chivalry for the unfortunate and the oppressed, and naught save blows of the heaviest kind for those whom his judgment condemned. The lance he wielded is buried with him, for he has left none behind him able to lift it. Even those who wish it had been used with greater discrimination, cannot deny it did good service in the cause of truth and right. What he did for Protestantism and the rights of Protestants in this province can never be forgotten.

FRANCE is indignant over what she considers the perfidy of Russia. Under the belief that the Czar was contemplating war on Germany, France went delirious with joy over the visit of the Russian fleet to her ports, taking it as assured that France and Russia were to be allies in the war for revenge. While puffed with this idea, comes the unexpected news that the emperor of Germany has had a private interview with a confidential minister of the Czar's, and agreed on a commercial treaty, by which the most liberal interchange of products known for many years has been provided for. At a dinner to celebrate the ratification of this treaty, the emperor in proposing the health of the Czar declared him to be,

like himself, "a prince of peace." While this has been going on at Berlin, a stern message has been received at Paris from St Petersburg, declaring that if the present duties on Russian grain are continued, there will be retaliatory duties on French products. By what stroke of policy the differences between Germany and Russia have been healed is unknown, but if they are in reality healed then the peace of Europe is assured for another year at least.

AN agitation to abolish the house of lords has been precipitated upon the electors of the old land. For this the lords are themselves to blame. In rejecting the home rule bill they did well, for they had the body of the people behind them, but when they proceeded to cut and carve two such popular measures as the bill providing for compensation from their masters to employees for injuries received while at work and the bill establishing parish municipal councils, they placed themselves in antagonism to the people. Mr Gladstone's complaint is, that two bills adopted by large majorities in the house of commons and ratified by public opinion, have been destroyed by amendments made in the house of lords. The demand is, that a body which so obstructs the public will should be removed. Had the lords passed the two bills in question, Mr Gladstone would have had to appeal to the electors solely on the home rule bill; as it is, he will appeal to them on the ground that the lords are obstructing the passage of legislation called for by the people of England and Scotland. The house of lords is not yet abolished and is not likely to be for some time, but its fatuous conduct has undoubtedly brought its doom nearer.

LAST week Mr Somerville complained of the statements contained in the Gleaner of the 1st February. This week Mr Corbett, speaking from his knowledge as book-keeper to Boyd & Co., holds that Mr Somerville had no cause for complaint and supplies figures in support of his view. When a case is before court, the statements of either party to the suit receive slight attention, because the public prefers to wait for the decision of the judge who hears all the evidence and examines all the documents. The books of Andrew Somerville are now in the hands of a curator and the books of Boyd & Co. will be next week. The curator can have no interest to distort the story these books tell, and is it not better, instead of hearing ex parte statements about accounts which are intricate and hard to understand, to wait until the curator makes his report? In the Gleaner of the 1st February we gave what we believed to be a correct statement of Boyd & Co.'s affairs. Last week Mr Somerville gave his version of it. Would it not be well now to wait for the decision of the official who can speak with full knowledge of the accounts of both sides? And a full and correct statement the creditors are entitled to have at the earliest day. Most of them are women and children who entrusted the money they depended upon for their sustenance to Mr Somerville's keeping and they are anxious to learn how and where it has been lost and what fragments of the wreck can be recovered.

THERE was a gathering of farmers and others interested at Toronto on Friday which resulted in the formation of the Ontario Good Roads association. The meeting was the result of a prolonged agitation in the press and at farmers' meetings. Andrew Pattullo, the well-known newspaper editor of Woodstock, was called to the chair, and argued that as long as the statute labor system prevailed there could not be good roads, and that the first step towards getting them would be to change to a money tax and give out the work by contract. He said—

For his law business, for his barn-building, for medical treatment, for his cheese-making, a farmer employs competent experts; for building his roads, over which he must drive his family and take his produce to market, he places his work in the hands of those who know nothing of the principles of road-building. A second defect is that all the work

of road-making and repair is usually done in about one week, and during the worst part of the season, when in many kinds of soil the ground is so dry as to make grading difficult or impossible. Statute labor is worth less than 50c a day, and is often worse than worthless because of the harm done by ignorant pathmasters.

Proceeding to prove that good roads cost less than bad ones, Mr Pattullo pointed out how,

In Ontario there are 350,000 working horses, and at \$4 per head loss of time through bad roads through the year—not a big rate—the total loss is enormous. Then there is the loss in injuries to horses and vehicles. Take the cheese industry. There are in Canada 2000 cheese factories, and the cost to each of hauling milk, whey and cheese is probably \$1000 each, or \$2,000,000 a year for all. Good roads would reduce this by one-fourth, or half a million more profits would accrue to the cheese industry.

He favored employing competent engineers to superintend the making of roads, and to begin with the leading roads. A farmer suggested that a remedy within the reach of all was the use of wide tires. Mr Campbell, a civil engineer, stated his experience in road-making to be that where gravel could be had within 3 miles of where it was to be used, the cost for a country road, 8 feet wide, was \$1126 per mile. Gravel was inferior to crushed stone, which cost \$1638 per mile. A composite road, with cobble-stone foundation, covered with gravel, cost \$1396 a mile. The side ditches should be 2½ feet deep, with a side slope of one foot horizontal to 1 vertical. Where machines were used the cost was, per mile, grading, \$125; ditching, \$211, rolling \$10. After the association had been organized, it was resolved to ask that county councils be empowered to issue debentures for the purpose of building thoroughfares in each county in a permanent way.

THE whisky dealers have started an organ, the Advocate, a copy of which is to hand. It is got up on the principle of a saloon sandwich, little scraps of reading between big advertisements, and all dry and stale. Like everything redolent of bottles and barrels it comes high—\$4 a year.

### ORMSTOWN.

Owing to the storm on the 30th of January, the C.E. meeting called for that evening, in this village, did not take place, but was held on Tuesday evening, 13th February. The Rev D. W. Morison presided. Representatives from the societies at Ormstown, Valleyfield, St Louis de Gonzague and Dewittville were present in large numbers. The Rev T. J. Wilkinson, in a brief address, explained the object of the gathering and pressed the claims and advantages of local C. E. unions. The following officers were elected: President, Rev J. E. Ducloux; vice-president, Mr D. M. Gilmore; secretary-treas., Miss Maria Sangster. The following were appointed a look-out committee: Miss Jeanie Morison, Miss Maggie Cummings, Miss Annie Sadler, Wm. Ogilvie, James Campbell, and Wm. McNaughton. The Revs J. E. Ducloux and J. Whillans were also present and gave short addresses. The executive met at the close and decided to hold the first meeting in Valleyfield on the afternoon and evening of March 23rd. This union also boasts of three junior societies at Dewittville, Riverfield and the Island school. Lunch was served by the Ormstown societies at the close, which was duly appreciated.

On Saturday while Walter Cavers was approaching his horse to harness it, the animal kicked him on the right breast, knocking him down, and bruising him severely.

### HEMINGFORD.

The forenoon of yesterday (Sunday) was stormy and unpleasant here, a high wind, which drifted what little snow lay loose on the surface of the ground into banks and heaps, prevailing until after midday. The attendance at all the village churches, was consequently, not large. The morning service at the Presbyterian church was conducted by the Revd Mr McCulloch of Mountain, Ont. Mr McCulloch's sermon was an excellent one—so plain, practical and impressive that it is a matter of regret that those who were privileged to be his hearers, were so few in number. In the evening a union service of the two societies of Christian Endeavor connected respectively with the Presbyterian and Methodist churches of the place, was held in the Presbyterian church, at which an address of rare interest and power was given to the members of the societies, by Mr McCulloch. The Revd Mr Howitt, pastor of the Methodist church, took an acceptable and effective part in the services of the evening. Both the societies in question continue to in-

crease in membership and to prosper in every way.

Commencing some three weeks ago, sixteen members of Capt Barr's company of the 6th Cavalry assemble weekly at the town hall for drill under the instruction of Lieut J. F. Scriver. The young men are regular and prompt in their attendance and are making commendable progress in sword drill and practice. The Havlock members of the troop meet at Covey Hill at weekly intervals and are drilled by Private Wadsworth.

I was much pleased to see by the last issue of the Canada Gazette that the 6th Cavalry rank high in the marking for discipline and drill among the cavalry regiments of the Dominion. They rank second in the list, their average being 108.75 as against 110.2-7, the rating of the 8th Hussars—a New Brunswick regiment. Capt Barr's company, No 3, stands at the head of the list among the companies of the 6th Cavalry—its average being 118—seven points in advance of No 2's average, viz., 111 points.

### HOWICK.

Owing partly to the snowstorm Friday afternoon, the audience was small that turned out to the entertainment given under the auspices of the Royal Templars. The program was not of the usual order, there being an absence of music, for which was substituted ventriloquism, character sketches, &c., by Mr Coombes, who is undoubtedly skillful in his art. His imitation of approaching and receding voices was well executed, and his acting of the English railway porter, as also Mr and Mrs Grumpy's colloquies and singing created much amusement. Mr Spicer, an enthusiastic R. T. of Montreal, gave a short address, depicting the evils of the drinking customs, and entertained the audience with two readings, which were loudly applauded.

The members of the lodge of Patrons of Industry of Fertile Creek, consisting of some twelve female and over twenty male members, gave an open entertainment in the school-house on Tuesday, which was highly appreciated by all present. This lodge has plenty of talent within itself to produce a good program at any time.

### ATHELSTAN.

The missionary meeting on Tuesday evening was largely attended, the church being full, many coming from a distance. Rev Dr Chiniquy's address was moderate in tone, and was devoted entirely to his own work. Rev John MacDougall spoke on foreign missions, and some of the difficulties the missionaries have to overcome in China. Both gentlemen were listened to attentively. The collection at the close of the meeting amounted to \$112.

### ST ANICET.

A thief entered the milk house of Alexandre Prieur, Quesnel concession, on Monday night and stole about forty or fifty pounds of pork. Mr Prieur now keeps the building locked and his gun loaded with buckshot so as to give the prowler a proper reception should he repeat his visit.

### CAZAVILLE.

A number of men belonging to this place returned week before last from Greenfield, Glengarry, as the snow was so deep that cutting logs and cordwood could not be continued to advantage.

### VALLEYFIELD.

The new elected town council held their first meeting Thursday evening. Coun Leger gave notice of motion that he would introduce a bylaw prohibiting the delivering of liquors by licensed grocers through the town. There is some doubt as to whether or not the motion will pass.

It is said that a new iron bridge is now under construction to replace the present swing bridge over the canal at Valleyfield. The bridge will be placed as soon as the weather permits the building of the abutments.

The amount gathered at the Catholic church bazaar was \$2600.

The Canada Atlantic ferry, which was used to cross cars before the bridge was built, has been sold to Mr Narcisse Paul of Sorel, who proposes using it as a market ferry between Montreal and Longueuil.

Mr and Mrs Louis Simpson leave next week for the sunny South. Mrs Simpson will remain some time in Savannah. Owing to press of business Mr Simpson will not be able to enjoy a lengthened holiday.

Since the world famous fight in Jacksonville, Valleyfield has developed a wonderful number of youthful aspirants for fame in boxing, and two or three times each week we hear of little mills that have taken place at street corners and along the dam. Saturday night, about half-past nine, a number of young pugilists distinguished themselves on the main street near the Hochelaga bank. The police swooped down on the scene and gathered in the loudest of the belligerents. Since then other arrests have been made and the magistrates will have something to say about it on Wednesday.

Mr Simpson has written the mayor

complaining that some of his help has been assaulted after night and asking for better police protection.

Saturday evening an alarm of fire was given from Felix Monnet's house, near head of canal. It proved to be only a chimney fire so the brigade had a run for nothing. Chief Miron says that some evil disposed persons tried to hinder the brigade by hitching the lines to the hames so the horse could not be controlled. As the culprits are suspected it may not be healthy to try the experiment another time.

#### HUNTINGDON CIRCUIT COURT OPENED ON Thursday; Judge Belanger presiding.

Hamilton et al. vs. Semple. The plaintiff in this case made a motion to answer the defendant's plea, notwithstanding that the delay had elapsed, alleging that they could not file it sooner because they had to have defendant's exhibit examined by experts, to ascertain whether it was a forgery or not. The plaintiffs produced the report of the experts with photographs of the alleged forged receipt. Motion granted and plaintiffs allowed to file their answer. D. McCormick, Q.C., for plaintiff; Murchison & Lefebvre for defendant.

Jackson vs. Bastien. Plaintiff seized a horse of the defendant, alleging that the latter had got illegal possession of it. After the institution of the action, the plaintiff removed to the States, when the defendant moved for security of costs, which the defendant failed to give. Action dismissed. A. E. Mitchell for plaintiff; D. McCormick, Q.C., for defendant.

Buckham vs. Edgar. Plaintiff sued the defendant for the value of a sleigh, alleged to have been smashed by his carelessness. Defendant considered discretion the better part of valor, and, acting on the advice of his legal adviser, settled the case out of court. A. E. Mitchell for plaintiff; D. McCormick, Q.C., for defendant.

Doherty et al. vs. Allard, and Allard opt. Plaintiff seized goods in the possession of the defendant, which the oppositor, who is a son of the defendant, claimed were his property. The pretensions of young Allard were maintained. Murchison & Lefebvre for plaintiff; D. McCormick, Q.C., for opt.

John H. Gilmore vs. Henry S. McCracken and McCracken opt. Plaintiff seized goods of the defendant, who filed an opposition, alleging a settlement of the judgment prior to the seizure. Judgment against McCracken with costs. A. E. Mitchell for plaintiff; D. McCormick, Q.C., for opt.

Rowe vs. Cowan, action about a note. James Cowan bought a horse and harness from defendant, and gave him a note of Joseph Rowe's for \$100. George Rowe was unable to collect the note, and now sued Cowan for price of what he sold him. The judge held that as the note was not payable to order or to bearer but made to Cowan personally it was not transferable. Judgment in favor of Rowe with costs, the note to be given back to Cowan.

Archibald McEachern, collector of inland revenue, vs. Thomas Lee of Cazaville. This was an action instituted by the government for selling liquor without license. A. McGoun appeared for the prosecution, and R. L. Murchison for the defence. The first witness called was

Daniel McDonald, blacksmith, Dundee: I do not drink, so do not know whether Lee sold intoxicating liquor. Have not tasted for 4 years.

Did he sell to anybody in your presence? I could not say what he sold. Did you see him sell something? Yes I saw him sell something. What did he sell?

I did not know what it was. I was not drinking liquor and I could not tell. I saw people taking stuff but I do not know what it was. I heard a man asking him for something to warm him up, and saw Lee give it to him.

You heard a person asking the defendant Lee for something to warm him up, and he (Lee) gave him something to drink?

Yes, but I do not know what it was. To whom did you see him give the drink?

I do not know his name. Would you know him if you saw him? Yes. I recognize Mr. Martin, now present in court, as the person.

Cross-examined: Martin came to Dundee wanting to go to Cazaville and I drove him. I left him at Lee's. Might have stayed half an hour in Lee's.

Octave Brodeur identified Martin as the man he drove two months ago. Did you see him buy any liquor from Lee?

Well, I saw something they put on the counter, but I could not say if it was liquor or not. It was served in glasses. Well, yes, I took a drink, but cannot say what it was.

Was it not old rye? Well, sir, I am trying to all I can, but as far as I can remember it looked more like red pepper.

Something very strong? Yes, something rather strong. And it was pretty stinging?

Well it seemed to me that it was made stinging enough. If it was liquor, it was something pretty strong?

Well, I do not know. I never took any liquor that way. When did you ever take such strong liquor before?

It was very strong. Do not remember who served the liquor or who handed me my glass. Could not say it was Lee. I drink very seldom. I drove Martin from Cazaville to St Anicet and back again next day.

Cross-examined: Martin I understood to be a buyer, wanting to get eggs and oats; he said he had machines to sell.

William Shannon Martin of Montreal: Am a private detective. Was at Lee's on the 17th and 18th November, and he sold me intoxicating liquor both days. On the first day I took whisky and Brodeur rye. Lee himself sold the

liquor and I paid for it. Had a glass of brandy in McDonald's presence. It was sold me by Lee.

Cross-examined: Am employed in Carpenter's detective agency. I represented myself as peddling nick-nacks, a potato-peeler, nutmeg grater, and the like. I tried to sell on my visit to St Anicet but found no buyers. I tried to sell to Lee. You may call me a paid informer if you like, but I was sent by Carpenter to obtain information as to infraction of the law. Am certain I did not tell Brodeur I was buying oats and eggs. Am paid by Mr Carpenter, and get \$8 a week. I got my instructions from Mr Fraser, and also was told by Mr McGoun what I had to do, namely to go to Cazaville and gather information to convict Lee of selling liquor. Have had no interview with Mr McGoun as to the evidence I should give. Do not know where I was baptized, but will find out on my return to Montreal and send word. Have lived in James T. Anderson of Valleyfield; thence went to Toronto, where I was clerk in a hatter's store. Came back to Valleyfield and clerked for J. W. Low & Co.

Re-examined: Carpenter's is a regular detective agency and frequently entrusted by the government with investigations of this kind. The business is conducted in a straightforward and honorable way.

Re-cross-examined as to his entering the premises of Lee at 4 in the morning when he seized the liquor there. Declared he used no force, that a man Pete was in the house in addition to the two women he saw. He entered the house under an authorization from A. B. Caza, J.P., and mayor of St Anicet.

Arched. McEachern after testifying to the truth of his declaration filed in this case, was cross-examined by Mr Murchison, and said Mr Elliot had always conducted actions like the present under the Taillon administration. Cannot tell why he is not conducting this action; I was not aware until after they were instituted that the actions now pending were taken in my name, and I have authorized no person to do so. I have an action pending against Lee, instituted last September, and still undecided. It has been dragging ever since September before Justices Whyte and Shanks. I was authorized by the mayor of St Anicet, Mr Caza, to take that action. He became responsible for all costs. Believed Lee had also been prosecuted before Loupret. Witness asking permission to make a statement said: The first case that I am interested in before the magistrate has been dragging on for a long time, and it was perfectly understood by Mr Elliot, myself and Mr Murchison, that no other action should be instituted until that one was decided, and I agreed to that your honor, that no other case should be instituted until this one was decided. That is all I have to say.

Daniel McDonald recalled for the defence, testified that Martin told him he was selling some little patent affairs and would like to buy a few hundred bushels of oats. Did not speak about eggs. It is not true that I paid for liquor in his presence.

Octave Brodeur recalled, deposed that Martin told him he had some kind of machine for sale and wanted to buy oats and eggs. He tried to buy eggs but got none.

Wm. Hassan, under objection of Mr McGoun, filed certain exhibits of preceding actions against Lee.

W. S. Martin recalled, stated he had bought 25 bushels of oats and 20 dozen eggs when on his visit to St Anicet. Preceding witnesses misrepresented what he said to them.

On Friday proof was led against Quessel, bar-keeper to Lee, of selling liquor. When 3 witnesses had been examined further proceedings were stopped by the defence firing a bomb-shell, in the form of a disavowal of the proceedings by Colonel McEachern. As this left the case without a plaintiff, nothing more could be done. Mr McGoun energetically opposed the acceptance of the disavowal, and the judge set 12th March for hearing reasons why it should be set aside. It was arranged to hear the Hall creek case on the 13th March.

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#### CHEESE FACTORY REPORTS.

##### GRAND MARAIS.

Milk received in	
May.....	5329
June.....	79928
July.....	83536
August.....	67290
September.....	46234
October.....	17547

Total No. lbs..... 299864

Cheese sold, 29599 lbs. Money paid to patrons, \$2285.79. Average per 100 lb milk, 76.23. Cheese factory opened 29th May and closed 20th October.

ED. MCGOWAN, Secretary.

##### BEAN RIVER.

Milk received in	
May.....	53190
June.....	207688
July.....	205421
August.....	175828
September.....	153349
October.....	89874
November.....	3573

Total No. lbs..... 888923

Cheese sold, 87513 lbs. Money paid to patrons, \$6868.43. Average per 100 lb milk, 77%. Cheese factory opened on the 15th May and closed on the 4th November. ED. MCGOWAN, Secretary.

The following will give an idea of how the P.P.A. works in political matters. Major Hiscott, the present member for Niagara, was waited on by a delegation of the P.P.A. and on signing the following pledge was accepted as their candidate: "I hereby pledge myself to the principles of the Canadian Protective association and bind myself to conform to the code of questions adopted by the executive board of the Grand Council, C.P.A., and will at all times do all in my power to advance the principles of the organization." Upon the following day he received the endorsement of the Conservative convention for the county.

#### NEWS BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

London, Feb. 12.—The gale which set in in Great Britain late Saturday night continued to gain in violence during yesterday, and in the afternoon the wind was blowing with hurricane force. Telegraphic communication has been greatly interfered with and details of the damage done are being received slowly. A peculiar feature of the storm was the destruction wrought among the churches and factories. Scores of dwellings were unroofed.

Paris, Feby. 12.—This evening, at 9 o'clock, while the usual instrumental concert was going on in the cafe of the hotel Terminus, a pale thin young man with a light pointed beard paid for a drink which he had taken at a table in the middle of the room and started to leave. When near the door he turned suddenly, drew a bomb from his coat and threw it towards a group of persons who had sat next to him. The bomb struck an electric light fixture, then fell on a marble table and exploded. The great hotel and station were rocked by the shock. The mirrors, windows and doors were blown to atoms. The ceiling and floors were rent and the walls were cracked. A dense, offensive smoke filled the cafe for a few minutes, and in the obscurity Breton escaped. When the smoke cleared away five persons were found wounded and 15 slightly injured. The bomb had been filled with bullets and rough pieces of iron, which had riddled the furniture and walls and inflicted most of the wounds. After leaving the cafe the bomb thrower started down the street on a run. Three policemen had just passed in an omnibus when the explosion occurred. They were going on duty and jumped to the street the moment they saw the fugitive. The young man turned on them as they called to him to stop and fired five shots. A policeman fell badly wounded in the side. The others continued the pursuit and, with some help, overpowered and arrested the bomb-thrower. They took him to the police station in the rue de Moscou, where after some hesitation he gave his name and age. "Yes, I am an Anarchist," he exclaimed, irately, in response to reiterated questions, "and the more of the Bourgeoisie I killed the better it would please me."

Paris, Feby. 12.—An Anarchist named Boisson, one of the many arrested during the recent police raids on Anarchist haunts, was placed on trial today and convicted of having explosives in his possession. The judge sentenced him to 4 months' imprisonment. Boisson stood in a defiant attitude while sentence was being pronounced upon him. As the judge concluded, the prisoner, who had a large piece of bread in his hand, drew back his arm and threw the bread at the judge. The missile struck the judge on the nose. As Boisson threw the bread he shouted, addressing his remarks to the court and attendants, "You are a crowd of pigs. We will blow you all up. Long live Anarchy." The act of the prisoner created great excitement in court, many of those present thinking the piece of bread was a bomb.

London, Feb. 13.—The 'Pall Mall Gazette' states this afternoon that a villainous Anarchist leaflet printed in London in French is being freely circulated. The leaflet referred to announces that its authors threaten to destroy the bourgeois unless their demands are conceded and imploring their comrades to execute justice upon their bourgeois enemies of all ages and of both sexes. Another leaflet, to which the Pall Mall Gazette especially calls attention, indicates aims against society in England. This leaflet is printed in English and urges the desirability of setting fire to London in a hundred places in order to monopolize the attention of the police while the Anarchists loot the city and riot reigns supreme. The Pall Mall Gazette adds that there is no reason why the same atrocities as were perpetrated by foreign Anarchists at Chicago should not occur here, so long as the British public tolerates Anarchists who daily and nightly are preaching wholesale murders.

The Scottish farmers and importers are again commencing to agitate for the removal of the restrictions imposed by the Board of Agriculture on the importation of Canadian cattle. They claim, and with justice, that although two or three animals were alleged to be affected with pleuro-pneumonia, they could not have been suffering from that disease. If the disease had been pleuro it must have been prevalent somewhere in Canada, but three years have elapsed since the first suspicious cases occurred, and no outbreak has been heard of in any part of the Dominion.

Quebec, February 5.—A special meeting of the general council of the bar was held in the court house on Saturday, at which the batonniers and delegates of all the sections in the province, except Ottawa, were present. The principal business disposed of was the revision of the tariff of fees for attorneys practicing before the different courts. The suggestions invited from the local bar of each

district were considered and the tariff very carefully examined. Material reductions were made in many of the fees, especially in actions not contested and suits for small amounts. The changes made in the tariff cannot fail to give satisfaction to the public. They must be approved by order of the lieutenant-governor-in-council and a day fixed for their coming into force.

Toronto, Feb. 9.—The 8th annual meeting of the Dominion Short Horn breeders association was held here today. The pedigrees on record number 43,813. The president in his address dwelt on the desirability of developing the milking strains of the breed by offering big prizes for dairy Shorthorns. Hon Mr Dryden spoke highly of the Shorthorns from his own large experience with them and declared that for milk the trial at the World's fair showed they took no back seat. It was resolved that a delegation be appointed to see if the U.S. government would not recognize the validity of Canadian registration for customs purposes. Daniel Brims of Athelstan was chosen vice-president for Quebec.

Three Rivers, Feb. 9.—J. R. Hooper was committed to stand his trial on the charge of having attempted to murder his wife by throwing her into the river at Louiseville. Bail was refused.

The town council for Regina has adopted the single tax system of Henry George. In explanation of this radical change they state that their belief is it will give a more equal distribution of the tax burden.

The Nova Scotia house of assembly has sent a memorial to the Queen asking for such amendment to the British North America act as will enable the Governor-General to abolish the legislative council, on the request of two-thirds of the members of the assembly.

Le Progres states that the directors and some of the shareholders of the new woolen factory at Beauharnois, left Bonaventure station, Montreal, on the 6th, by special train, to go to Beauharnois to inspect the factory recently built, and which will soon begin its work. The main building is 183 feet long and 82 feet wide, four storeys high, with a basement. In the basement are the pattern, machinery and furnace rooms. On the ground floor are looms fitted for weaving the heaviest woolsens, such as bed-covers, horse-blankets, and rugs. On the next storey are the spinning machines, on the second carding machines, the third is for the raw material and finished fabrics. A wing 100 feet long, and 50 feet wide, contains the fulling and dyeing rooms and beneath are the turbines which supply 300-horse power. This establishment was begun in 1886 on a small scale, but its development was such that enlargement was necessary, whence the origin of the company known as The Dominion Blanket and Fibre company. The directors and shareholders were well pleased with all the arrangements, and if capital, energy, and perseverance count for anything, the success of this company is assured. The officers are: Robert Mackay, president; E. A. Small, vice-president; E. A. Robert, manager. The directors are F. Fairman, G. L. Cains, A. H. Sims, and R. M. Liddell. Among the shareholders are D. Graham, S. Silverman, and G. Ross Robinson.

Recorder de Montigny was occupied yesterday afternoon in the hearing of a Salvation army disturbance case. The accused was named Nathaniel Sprackling. From the evidence adduced it appeared that Sprackling in October last attended one of the army's meetings at Point St Charles, during the course of which he repeatedly interrupted Capt. Gertie Gibbs with irreverent remarks, and otherwise caused a disturbance. A warrant was taken out, but the prisoner skipped out before it could be served. He arrived back in the city a few days ago, and was captured. The recorder fined him \$5 and costs, and remarked that he would impose a heavier fine in the future. The army had a perfect right to hold its meetings, and should be protected.—Montreal Herald, 13th.

The annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Montreal Cotton company was held on Tuesday in the company's office in Montreal; its mills are at Valleyfield. The reports of the year were submitted and were looked upon as among the best yet issued by the company. The profits for the year were \$174,628 being about 15 per cent. on the capital of \$1,200,000. A dividend of 8 per cent. was paid the shareholders, \$15,000 was taken off the building account, \$25,000 put aside for wear and tear of machinery and \$19,000 taken off for new flumes, making a total of \$59,000. There was carried forward to the surplus account, \$75,622. This account now stands at \$721,586, being over 60 per cent. on the capital stock. During the year the company paid \$211,616 in wages. The capital is \$1,400,000. The following were elected directors: A. F. Gault, Charles Garth, E. K. Greene, Jacques Grenier, R. L. Gault, S. H. Ewing and the Hon J. K. Ward. At a subsequent meeting of the newly

elect board, A. F. Gault was re-elected president, Chas. Garth, vice-president, and D. F. Smith, secretary-treasurer.

Montreal, Feb. 7.—The details of a brutal assault upon the late J. B. Cartwright, wine merchant, of St Paul street, in 1888, and who died over a year ago, have just been revived. Cartwright had gone out with one Wright, his coachman, and was found in a terrible state next morning on St Urbain street, and, as Wright was not heard of he course was suspected of being the guilty one. The blow, however, did not kill the wine merchant, who lived until five years after, when he died of apoplexy. The coachman made for the States, thence to Bermuda, where he enlisted in the British army. The other day Chief Hughes received a letter from an army officer in the East Indies, stating that a soldier named Wright, who was near death's door, had confessed to having struck down Cartwright, his employer, in this city, and, as the soldier believed he had killed his man, his conscience had never since been at peace. Lieut. Col. Hughes replied that Wright was not a murderer, and might die in peace.

The annual meeting of the Clydesdale horse association was held at Toronto on the 7th. There was a large attendance. The address of president Davies referred to the exhibit at the World's fair. Canada made a splendid showing in Clydesdales in size, style and every respect as regards the points that go to make a draught horse. In the judgment of the president the American breeders who had exhibited animals had put all their attention into producing animals having very fine feet and pasterns, while they overlooked, to a certain extent, the development of the body, which was an essential point in horses of this breed which were bred for draught and cart purposes only. The president stated that as Canada had too long been made the dumping-ground for second and third-class stock, he would strongly recommend that the breeders of the country in future use their very best judgment in importing really first-class stallions, in order to bring our stock up to the highest possible standard, and he would point out the necessity of asking the legislature to impose a tax on horses for stud purposes, in order to root out the useless and very undesirable specimens now too often offered on outside roads and by-ways at very low prices, thus demoralizing the country's reputation, which has hitherto held the premier position in America for Clydesdale horses. It was false economy to breed to inferior animals, as it cost no more to raise a good horse than a bad one, and the question of fee should never stand in the way of securing the services of the best horse obtainable, as the enhanced value of the progeny fully justified the higher outlay. The president also recommended the continuance of publishing the Canadian stud book. He thought that Canadian breeders had suffered greatly by the arbitrary action of the American association in forcing us to register Canadian animals in their stud book, completely ignoring the Canadian association. It was to be hoped that the agricultural authorities at Washington would recognize our stud book for customs purposes. The secretary's report stated there had been fewer entries during the past year, due largely to the action of the American government in not accepting Canadian pedigrees at the customs on crossing the frontier; consequently it had been decided by the board of directors not to print volume VIII for another year. Robt. Ness was appointed vice-president for Quebec. Robt. Miller said at last year's meeting a change had been made in regard to what constituted a Canadian Clydesdale horse, and he now intended, if possible, to have another change made whereby the old state of affairs would be restored. Accordingly he moved, seconded by Geo. Davidson, "That for exhibition purposes the term Canadian bred Clydesdales be applied to those eligible for registration in the Clydesdale Stud Book of Canada, but not tracing on the side of the dam to an imported mare." David McCrae and a number of others opposed the motion, but on being put to the meeting it was carried. Mr McCrae gave notice that at the next meeting he would move to have the resolution reversed.

The Irish Times reports further moonlighting in Clare. A few nights ago, near Fuckle, two bullocks were mutilated. At Cahirburley, near Bodyke, the house of a farmer named Scanlon was riddled with shot, the windows being broken. The cause of the offence is supposed to be his talking to a man occupying a holding about which there is a dispute.

Colon, February 8.—The United States corvette Kearsarge foundered on the night of February 2nd, off Roncadore reef. Everybody on board was saved. The Kearsarge was one of the historical vessels of the American navy. She it was who on Sunday, June 19th, 1864, fought and sunk the rebel privateer Alabama off Cherbourg, France.

Hon Edward Blake was banqueted by the New York council of the Irish National Federation Friday night at the Hoffman house, and made a speech, at the conclusion of which he asked for \$150,000 for the Home Rule fund. He sailed next day for England.

Duluth, Minn., Feby. 10.—United States special agent A. L. Stout returned yesterday from the new gold district along the international boundary in the vicinity of Rainy Lake. He says people are flocking to the district by every conceivable means of transportation. All the buildings in Rainy Lake City are crowded and hundreds of people are sleeping in tents and sheds with the temperature frequently at twenty and twenty-five degrees below zero. Rainy Lake City is one hundred miles from a railroad and is the centre of the gold discoveries on the Minnesota side of the line.

# A TROUBLESOME LADY.

## CHAPTER II.

Though fifty miles from a railroad, the valley of the Troublesome was well settled by ranchmen, and the little village of Parkville, a few miles from Oliver's cabin, was the meeting place for a large section of country. Here gathered miners from the distant peaks, prospectors, cow-boys and sheep-herders from ranches, with the drift around such a place, gamblers and men with no visible means of support. In the rough mob that congregated in the two saloons at Parkville Oliver often saw the Frenchman. He was generally intoxicated, always the wildest of the merry-makers. He met him and Louis riding late at night at a mad pace with other vagabonds invited from the town, and he heard of orgies at De Restaud's home that reeked of city slums. Oliver himself never ventured towards De Restaud's house: the road was a private one, and he had no wish to come in contact with the owner. Sometimes he pitied the young wife when he thought of her, but as the days wore on her image faded. He had never mentioned her but the once to Doctor John, yet he hoped before he went away from the Troublesome to see her again. He had promised to be her friend.

Mike had told him the story in the valley was that she had come to Colorado Springs with a consumptive mother, and that the Frenchman, who was more careful then, and boarded at the hotel with them, wormed himself into the mother's confidence to such an extent that on her death-bed she desired to leave her daughter in De Restaud's care and prevailed upon her to be married then. A sentimental little creature like the girl could not refuse; Oliver had an uncomfortable feeling that she would be too easily led. De Restaud had brought his wife to the lonely ranch after her mother's death, and had kept her a prisoner. He was madly jealous of her, his crazed brain imagining all sorts of things she never dreamed of doing. Then it was also thought that, as he had entire control of her money, he kept her away from her friends for fear they might question his guardianship.

Oliver was thinking of her one night two weeks after his strange visit. He was alone by the fire, for Doctor John had gone to see the sick wife of a ranchman; the doctor said he felt the errand hopeless, as the man had told his wife's condition, but if they thought he might help her would go. "He is a good old chap," Oliver said, aloud. The shepherd dog, thinking the compliment intended for him, gently thumped his tail on the floor. "There's his gown and cap: he'll make an old guy of himself because his old landlady made them for him. I wish I had told him more about the girl at the ranch; he might have suggested something. Perhaps she can't get letters to her old aunt. If half the stories I hear are true, she ought never to stay there. The man is crazy."

Mac whined uneasily, and went to the door, standing listening, his head down. "Watching for the doctor, Mac? He won't be back for hours yet. Hark!" The dog growled, then barked loudly. There was the sound of hurrying footsteps on the hard ground, and the door was opened without ceremony. In her yellow gown, bareheaded and dust-stained, her little dog held to her breast, De Restaud's wife staggered into the room, her face ghastly in its pallor, her eyes red with weeping, even the dog cowering with fright and pain.

"My God!" cried Oliver, leaping to his feet. "Is he out there?"

"No, no; I am alone."

"Child, how could you come here? how could you come?" he cried, vexedly. "Why, he would murder you, if he knew."

"Don't send me away!" she screamed, "oh, please, Mr. Oliver! I thought all the way you were kind and would help me. Look at the marks on my throat; he choked me; and there are welts on my arms, pain me dreadfully; and he—he kicked my dog. I think its leg is broken. Don't mind me. Look at Skye: is he badly hurt?"

Oliver took the shivering little beast in his arms.

"Only bruised," he said, gently; "but you—" He was sick with the horror of it! to strike that child! "You look so ill. Sit here in the big chair. Indeed you shall not go back; Doctor John and I will take care of that; and if he comes, you know," with that sweet smile of his, "your husband is a little man."

"I don't know what I did," she said, dazedly. "Maybe because I rode my pony down past here, and Louis told him, or Annette. He was drunk and ugly when he struck me and kicked Skye out of the way. Skye tried to bite him, and I interfered. Then I think I fainted, for I woke on my bed all hurt and bewildered. Annette came creeping in, sort of scared, and said he was sorry and had gone off to the village, but I pushed her out and locked the door. When he came back and they were playing cards I climbed down over the roof and ran here across the fields, not in the road,—a long, dreadful way. Now you seem as if you were sorry I came!" She reached down, lifted her dog to her lap, and hid her face in its coat.

"I only cared for your sake," he answered, softly. "When she bent her head he could see the cruel marks on her throat, and she still sobbed as she spoke. Was ever man so placed? He almost wished the coward who had struck her would come, that he could meet him; then reason told him he had no right to settle this woman's quarrel. He wished she were his sister; but did he in his heart? How girlish and fair she was in the freckle room! For a moment a fierce desire to keep her there, to defend her, swept over him. Then he said, almost coldly,—

"Will they not miss you, Mrs. de Restaud?"

"Not that!" she cried, pitiously. "Call me Minny. I don't want to hear his name! He never comes to my room when he has them there, you know, and he has told me never to open my door: so I am safe until morning. I prayed all the way you'd be here and alone. I knew you could tell me how to get to the railroad. I saw away across the hills your light, and how I ran then! I knew your dog would not hurt me, but I was afraid of cows; there were some lying down, and they got up as I ran past, and I screamed right out, I was so scared. I watched you sitting bare through the window, your dog at your feet. You looked so good and kind, I felt I could go right in and tell you; perhaps you had a sister who

died, or some one you loved; you would hate to think they should go back to that dreadful place, and you would think of me alone and friendless, and help me."

She went to him and clung to his arm, trembling and sobbing. "You will not send me back? You will not send me back?" "You know I will not; but what shall I do, if any one should see you here? Don't cry like that; I can't think what to do. Try to be brave."

She lifted her tear-wet face. "If you knew my life for two years, Mr. Oliver, you would think I had been brave. It is not fear that makes me cry now, only that you are kind and there is some one in the wide world who will help me."

"Now sit down again," he said, drawing the chair up for her. "Let us plan what to do. Where is your aunt now?"

"In Newcastle, Maine, my dear old home. She is my father's sister, and lives there all alone. She was out to visit me, but she and Henri quarrelled; she is a great big woman, and she slapped him—oh, I was so glad!—vindictively,—and he just went into fits about it, the insult to the family honor. She thought, though, because I was married I must make the best of things; she's a member of the Orthodox church back there, and they are very particular. I thought you could take me to the railroad and lend me the money to pay my fare; he has all my money, you know, and never gives me any,—for fear, I suppose, I would run away. But Aunt Hannah will pay you: she's awfully honest, but she wants her due to the last farthing; that's New England, you know."

She half smiled, and leaned back in the chair comfortably. The ridiculous dog was fast asleep after his trials. Oliver thought it not unlikely Mrs. de Restaud would take a nap too.

He went swiftly and woke up Mike and sent him for his horses and the buckboard. Mike looked out of the corner of his eye at the young woman; he knew who she was, for he was an observing youth, and he whistled softly to himself while he harnessed the mettlesome horses. Oliver saw the look, and felt the first cold water of the world's criticism.

"Now, the money question need not bother you at all," he said, coming back to her side. "You see, I'm a well-to-do old bachelor, with no demands upon me. When you get to Maine you send it back or not, just as you please. I owe you something for that supper, you know."

"That supper you had to gobble for fear of Henri? Wasn't it funny?"

"A case of boy and frogs: what was fun to you was death to me."

"You were not afraid a bit," she said, looking up with admiring eyes. "I have thought of you so much since that day, and I always pictured you afraid of nothing and doing all sorts of brave acts."

Oliver had a very uncomfortable feeling that he was decidedly afraid this moment of what the world would say. He could even fancy Doctor John's cool incredulous glance, and his "Craig, haven't you had lessons enough in the past?" and "It's a dangerous path, old boy."

"You are very kind to think of me at all," he said distantly. "And, now, haven't you a hat?"

"No, nor a shawl. I'll be a queer-looking traveller."

"That Turkish dressing-gown of the doctor's,—could that be used as an alternative?"

"It might, by a lunatic. Perhaps I could play that," she said hopefully.

"Leave that for me, Mrs. Minny," laughed Oliver: "Doctor John will think after this I need not play it. That cap of his,—he don't look human in it, but you might try."

"I have been looking at it. Does it do?" putting it coquettishly over her curls.

"Very becoming. You could be eccentric, you know, and prefer to make your own hats; for that has a home-made look. There, I believe he has a shawl. Doctor John is a regular old maid, luckily for us."

He brought her a thick gray shawl, which he draped over her shoulders. It quite covered her, and she looked very small and odd.

"You look like a child in its big sister's clothes," Oliver said, abruptly leaving her. He was not made of iron, and she kept looking at him with happy affectionate eyes. "Haven't you a shawl-pin?"

"How could I, when I had no shawl?" she laughed. "Do you think women are pin-cushions?"

He departed and rummaged around in his room; then he returned in triumph with a diamond scarf-pin.

"Some woman gave me that atrocity: it will do well for the shawl."

"I am glad to take it away because a woman gave it to you. I hate to think of anybody else liking you. Is Doctor John a young man?"

Oliver thought she was either an experienced flirt or the most innocent of young persons, but her liking was so honest and apparent he felt the better for it.

"No, Mrs. Minny: he is an old chap, like me."

"I do not think you old," with a tender glance. "Besides, I'm twenty myself."

He put on his overcoat in silence, and turned out the lamp. "Must the dog go?" he asked, resignedly.

"Of course. I would die without him."

Mike was waiting with the horses. "Where will I be either tellin' the doctor ye're gone, sor?" he asked, calmly as if a midnight elopement was not unusual.

"Tell him," said Oliver, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. de Restaud came to me for assistance to get to the railroad, and I took her there: there was nothing else to do. He must say nothing if De Restaud comes, and keep him from finding out, if possible, that I helped his wife. I trust to your Irish wit, Mike, to send him away from the cabin in the dark. If I can make it I will be back here by noon to-morrow."

"The greaser livin' foreman't the washer-tank have a good horse, sor," said Mike, as he cautiously released the horses' heads and they started down the road on a gallop.

The night was warm and pleasant; the chinook blew from far sun-warmed plains, and myriads of stars pierced the darkness. The road was fairly good, though seldom travelled, and lay mostly on an incline towards the plains. It took all Oliver's strength to hold the horses, shut in for a day or two and headed for Denver, where they keenly remembered the comforts of

outs and a city stable. Mrs. de Restaud as the buckboard swung around often touched him; she caught his arm once with a little cry as they plunged into a hollow; but he talked distantly of her journey, restraining any affectionate confidences on her part with references to the absent Aunt Hannah.

She would go to Colorado Springs; the train passed through there; she had a friend,—a poor woman—well, their washerwoman when she and mamma lived there that winter; and this washerwoman was really a nice lady, who could buy her some proper clothes.

"But the money!" she cried, in dismay. "Have you got any with you?"

They were going up a hill, the horses panting heavily. Oliver took a roll of bills and put them in her hand. As his fingers met hers, every nerve in his frame thrilled.

"This seems a great deal," she said, timidly. "Perhaps Aunt Hannah would not like to pay so much."

"You need not spend it all, Mrs. Minny, then; and, besides, the bills are small: that's what makes them seem so many. Now please put them carefully in your pocket, and don't let the dog chew them."

She laughed merrily. "Of course not, you goose! Oh, this ride is lovely! I never saw horses go so fast. Even if he should follow you you would not let him take me."

She clung to his arm then, but he freed himself gently.

"I have to drive, you know," he said, coldly. "He meant to do or to say nothing that the whole world should not know, but it was very hard to be distant, she seemed such a child. He felt she cowered away from him at his words, hurt and frightened, but he forced himself to be silent. At last she said, timidly,—

"I know you hate me, and I seem to realize all at once you are almost a stranger; and I have asked of you more than one should even require from an old, old friend."

"Please, Mrs. Minny, don't. I am silent because I'm thinking of your journey, if I should miss the train, if the washerwoman should be dead or moved,—for washerwomen are migratory,—if even Aunt Hannah should fail you."

"But the town will be there, and Mr. Perkins, the depot-master, is a neighbor; his wife takes care of Aunt Hannah's cat and parrot when she goes visiting."

"That, of course, alters things."

"The only thing I fear from Aunt Hannah," she said, dubiously, "is a long moral lecture about the duties of married women and their having chosen a path—she says parth; they do want there—and ought to walk in it. She wouldn't let me run away with her."

"Show her your bruises," Oliver said hoarsely.

"I will; for she told me if he struck me I could come to her; and sometimes, honestly, Mr. Oliver, I used to tease him so he would and I might have my chance."

Oliver whistled softly under his breath: he would not have liked Doctor John to hear that speech. "You must not tell her, he said, quickly, "about this ride and coming to my house."

"Why not? I would like her to know how good you were."

There was no need, but he lashed his horses angrily; then he said, curtly, "I am so sorry you cannot understand. Could you explain it satisfactorily to Mr. de Restaud?"

"How cross you are! and I know you look just as you did when I talked mean about him,—a sort of disgusted impatience. But he is not a reasonable being. Other people may be."

"Would you have gone to those amiable friends of his for assistance to get to the railroad?"

"Of course not. You know that."

"Well, how is the world to know that I am any better?"

"I suppose being a lawyer makes you so smart," she said, in a melancholy tone; she assured her dog in a whisper he was the only being who loved her, her only friend; that she was silly and frivolous, Aunt Hannah said, and seemed to be a great trouble to mere strangers of good dispositions. Oliver said never a word; a little smile curved his lips, but he did not turn his head. Soon she grew quiet, and her head dropped against his shoulder, the soft wind lifting her curls to blow across his cheek. The dog, ornamented with the doctor's cap, slept in her lap.

Across the level land before them crept the gray grimmer of the dawn. Rose-colored light flamed in the far east, reflecting on the new snow on distant mountain-peaks, Prairie-dogs hopped out of their holes and sat on their hind legs discussing local politics and happenings, the bill to abolish free rents for rattlesnakes, and the extirpation of horned owls. The Skye terrier disgustfully flung off the doctor's cap and barked angrily at the small dogs. Mrs. de Restaud lifted her head with a little start, blushed and slapped the Skye terrier: "Do be quiet, Skye,—I am afraid I tired you, Mr. Oliver."

He would have liked to say a sweet thing to her,—to most women he would,—but his role now was that of benevolent friend; so he only answered vaguely, "Not at all," as if he did not know to what she referred.

The horses dragged themselves wearily forward; it was six o'clock, and they had come fifty miles over a difficult road in less than seven hours. Two parallel lines of iron stretched far in the distance: the clumsy outline of a water-tank loomed up just ahead. The goal was reached, and away in the north a ribbon of smoke outlined on the sky proclaimed the coming train. Oliver lifted Mrs. de Restaud down. Skye rushed madly to the hole of a venturesome prairie dog who had taken up a residence near the tank and was out enjoying the morning air. The terrier found only a vanishing, and vented his annoyance at this and all the other vagrant dogs in shrill barks. His mistress was vastly amused; the strangeness of her undertaking had quite gone out of her head.

Oliver, in some concern, gave her advice regarding her journey; he was uncertain of his horses about the train, and had to stand by their heads: so Mrs. Minny frisked about with her dog, entirely confident her difficulties were over.

"You must send me word to Denver when you get to Maine," he said, "and be sure and make no acquaintances on the cars."

"One would think I was just out of boarding-school," he said, crossly. "I wish you would be reasonable and listen a moment. I shall tell the conductor you are one of a camping-party and

your mother is ill at Colorado Springs,—that you had to leave in such a hurry to catch the train you had no time to get ready. If I must tell wrong stories for you Mrs. Minny, please don't make me out in a lie the first thing."

"How good you are!" she said, softly. "I shall never forget what you have done for me. I shall say to myself, Minny you may be frivolous,—Aunt Hannah says so,—but one big hand,—but one big hand,—some man is your friend and always will be."

"Always, Mrs. Minny, to the end of my life."

The rush of the near train terrified his horses almost beyond control, and he was obliged to send her for the conductor when the train stopped for water. The obliging official showed no surprise at Oliver's ingenious story: he was used to camping-parties. He imparted the welcome news that the state-room was vacant,—she could have that,—and accepted two fine cigars.

"My daughter is unused to travelling alone," Oliver said, gravely: "so you will telegraph for a carriage to meet her at the Springs, and see that she gets out at the right place?"

The conductor would be very happy to oblige. Then the young lady asked meekly if a dog, a very little one, might also ride in the state-room.

"He might," said the official, "if hidden under a shawl; for if this precaution is not taken, on the next trip all the women in the train will be bringing along their dogs. And I guess it's time to get aboard."

"Good-by," said Oliver, holding out his hand.

Mrs. Minny poked up her dog; with it under one arm, she took Oliver's hand, reached up, and shamelessly kissed him, a ghost of a kiss touching his cheek.

"Good-by, papa," she called, running to the car, and from the step waved farewell until the train vanished in the distance.

Oliver, as he drove along the road by the track in search of the Mexican who had the good horse, was almost dazed. He could not forget that farewell. He was haunted by the presence of the little lady of the Troublesome. He had not returned the kiss,—well, there was no time,—but how thoughtless, in front of the train! and was there ever another woman like her? He had never seen one. Trying as she was all that long way, could any man have played the role of honest friend better? "Not even Doctor John," said Oliver.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A DARING EXPERIMENT.

### Morphine Taken With Impunity.

Dr. William Moor of New York, discovered that permanganate of potash was an absolute antidote for morphine poisoning. At a meeting of his brethren he propounded his theory, and proposed to prove it by taking what ordinarily would prove a fatal dose of morphine, and then cancel its effects by swallowing the antidote. The medical men present endeavored to dissuade him from so risky an experiment, pointing out that it could be quite as convincingly demonstrated on some of the lower animals. However correct the theory might be shown in a glass that permanganate of potash was capable of destroying the fatal properties of morphine, there was a possibility that the chemical contents of the stomach might interfere with its successful working and lead to fatal results.

Dr. Moor was not inclined to listen to the fears of his fellow-practitioners. They, on the other hand, desired to wash their hands of any responsibility, and passed a resolution to that effect, and refused to allow the chemist of the society to measure out the poison. Some of the gentlemen went so far as to personally implore Dr. Moor not to persist in his rash experiment, but he assured them that he had the utmost confidence that there was no danger.

He measured himself out three grains of morphine, three times as much as is necessary to produce death. The deadly drug was put in a spoonful of water and then swallowed. It was a most dramatic moment. Two of the spectators, unable to bear the tension of feeling, left the room, while the others looked on spellbound. Dr. Moor had his antidote ready. His theory is that for each grain of morphine a grain of the permanganate of potash is required to be taken. To make assurance doubly sure however, the daring experimentalist parrot of four grains. About thirty seconds elapsed between the two doses. The physicians regarded Dr. Moor with interest. He remained calm and cheerful. As time went on, the deadly languor that usually follows the taking of morphine did not ensue, and, as much to the surprise as to the relief of all, it was recognized that Dr. Moor had discovered an absolute antidote. The matter is attracting a great deal of attention among physicians.

## A DESTITUTE ENGLISHMAN.

He Could Not Live at Home After Being in Canada, so Returned Here, but is Out of Work.

A Vancouver despatch says:—Among the citizens of Vancouver there is little, if any, distress this winter, but the unemployed are flocking in daily from the Sound, and during the winter months there is nothing for them to do. One instance will illustrate a hundred. Your correspondent's attention was called to the destitute condition of a young Englishman named Baker. He replied: Can't get any work to do. Am an Englishman, strong, healthy, good education; have been employed as stenographer and typist in offices all my life. I read a pamphlet about farming in Canada, and it turned my head. I came to Canada and was engaged for a short time in an office in shorthand work. I resigned to seek employment on a farm. I didn't get it and was obliged to return home. Well, an Englishman who has once become accustomed to the freedom and newness of Canada cannot contentedly settle in England again. I soon returned, this time to San Francisco. I found thousands out of work there, and thousands coming. The more soup kitchens they started the more unemployed flocked into the city. I came to Victoria strapped and sold all my clothes but what I had on my back. From there I drifted to Vancouver. My money gave out, all but a few pence. I had been sleeping in buildings under construction and living on bread alone for five days, until the ladies of the Relief Committee found me."

## CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

An Englishman Would Rather Go to the Cape Any Time.

It has always struck me, writes Luke Sharp, in the Detroit Free Press, as rather funny, that while England collectively claims to rule the waves, all Englishmen individually hate to cross the channel. He thinks nothing of taking a voyage to the Cape, to India, to Australia, to America or any other part of the world, but every Englishman abhors the channel.

There are five methods of crossing the channel from England to the continent, and I name them, beginning with the shortest and ending with the longest. First, from Dover to Calais; second, from Folkestone to Boulogne; third, from Newhaven to Dieppe; fourth, from Dover to Ostend, and fifth, from Southampton to Havre or St. Malo.

The Dover-Calais route is often unreasonably long because of the wretched boats that sometimes make the crossing. This famous route is a standing exemplification of the greatest patience of Englishmen. It is the highest-priced route, and the one that has the worst boats. I crossed the other Sunday in a little tub that would not be allowed to act as a ferry boat on the Detroit river. Some of the boats crossing from Calais to Dover are not so bad, but in taking a ticket a man never knows whether he is to cross in a tub or in one of the better boats. The company has the monopoly and the patient public stand it. When one thinks of a Fall River line from New York to Fall River or Newport, and the comfort, elegance and luxury of the boats, as well as the cheapness of the fare from New York to Boston, one wonders at the patience of the Englishman who puts up with such wretched accommodation and pays such a high price for it.

The line between London and Paris ought to be one of the most valuable routes in the world, and doubtless it would be, if it were properly managed. As it is, the Dover-Calais route is a disgrace to civilization, and, in my opinion, the second worst of those crossing the channel.

The Boulogne and Folkestone route I should class as the best. The boats are good, and they practically consume but little more than is taken by going via Dover and Calais. Then, too, Boulogne is a picturesque town, while Calais is a flat, stale and unprofitable village, and not worth looking at.

The worst route of all is that between Newhaven and Dieppe. The steamers are reasonably large and powerful, but the first-class accommodation on them is beneath contempt. Half the night is consumed in making the crossing and no adequate accommodation is provided for even the first-class passenger. He is compelled to sleep on a series of shelves in one large cabin, unless he is willing to pay an exorbitant price for a stateroom holding four persons, and if one person alone occupies a stateroom he has to pay four prices for it. But the staterooms are few, and often when a man is willing to pay the exorbitant charge he is compelled to rest his weary head on the benches and greasy plush pillows provided in the main cabin.

The boats, too, have an uncomfortable habit of missing the tide and keeping the passengers out in the channel until the water is deep enough in the harbor to allow them to get in, and as this usually happens when a storm is on, the experience of lying to, in a rough sea in sight of port, is one of the most exasperating things that a man can be called upon to endure.

The Southampton route to Havre or St. Malo is really a most comfortable trip for one who does not mind a night voyage. The boats are the largest and most powerful on the channel. Two first-class cabins are provided, and those who wish it can get a comfortable sleeping bunk, similar to those in a Pullman car, where they can undress comfortably and get a good night's sleep, and this without any extra charge above first-class fare. Unfortunately, as a Paris route, the boats run only three times a week. If they ran every night I am convinced that this would be a most popular road to Paris, for the journey from London to Southampton is but two hours by good trains, and the journey from Havre to Paris is the shortest and most interesting, as it passes along the Seine through the most picturesque scenery of northern France. It is the route taken by French transatlantic travelers to reach Paris. Compared with the long and uninteresting route from Calais to Paris the route from Havre is much to be preferred.

The line of boats running from Dover to Ostend belongs to the Belgian government, and is the only line crossing the channel that is not English. The boats are splendid vessels, Clyde-built and powerful, and they do the journey in about four hours. The trouble with the Ostend boats, however, is that they are too big for the men who work them. The Belgian engineers, captains, and officers are apparently not the men to operate such fine steamers. More accidents occur on the Dover-Ostend line than on any other route crossing the channel, although some very serious disasters have happened on the French coast near Dieppe, as, for instance, when the fine steamer Victoria was lost through the negligence of the Frenchman who operated the fog signal on that iron-bound coast. The signalman went to bed, and the fog arose while he was asleep. His wife woke him when the fog came up, and he started a fire under the boiler, which supplied steam for the fog-whistle, but with the first foot of the horn the steamer Victoria went on the rocks, and a number of her passengers were drowned in attempting to reach the land.

For the American passengers coming by the Inman line, or the North German Lloy to Southampton, the route by Havre is the best to Paris. From London the best route is undoubtedly that by Folkestone and Boulogne.

## Her Part.

Perhaps there is no man who needs a good wife more than the editor of a newspaper. It is pleasant, therefore, to find the following in an exchange:

"Your husband is the editor of the Bugle I believe," said a neighbor who had dropped in for a friendly call.

"Yes."

"And as you have no family, and have considerable leisure on your hands, you assist him now and then in his editorial work, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes," answered the brisk little woman, hiding her berry-stained fingers under her apron, "I edit nearly all his inside matter."

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Dod's Mamma.

I've heard the prayers of many lands,  
In forest dim, on desert sands,  
And on the wild tumultuous ocean,  
When waves were rolling mountains high  
To hear the storm king's sudden cry,  
And flashing in a restless motion  
The lightning leaped across the sky.

I've heard quick prayers in battles dread,  
When many precious souls were sped  
In fatal gleam of sudden flashing,  
Through redning rift of angry blade  
Or rent by dolorful bullets in vado,  
Or shells demoniacal crashing,  
Through trembling wood and war-swept  
glade.

But sweetest of all prayers I've heard—  
Sweeter than song of spring glad bird,  
And purer than the soul of roses  
Eager to deck the brow of May,  
When life is young and hearts are gay,  
And such fond memory now discloses  
Unto the shining smile of day—

A little angel robed in white,  
Upon the threshold of the night,  
And by a mother fondly kneeling,  
With folded hands and drooping head,  
And low voice, curving lips of red,  
The stainless soul in thought revealing,  
And, lo, the loving message sped—  
"Dod, 'bess mamma!"

What purer prayer can rise above  
To realms of the immortal love  
That over all its watch is keeping,  
No matter where we wander, or  
Drift far from harbor and from shore  
Where those who love us wait in weeping,  
Or dream they hear our steps once more!

God grant that we who wall and die,  
E'er the swift moments come to fly,  
May children be again, in pleading  
To Him, who said: "Forbid them not,"  
And gathers them with gentle hooding  
To where all sorrow is forgot.

### The Care of Clothing.

Much of the wear and tear which uses up good clothing may be averted by constant care. Gowns should be brushed before hanging up in closets. It is best to have this done as soon as possible after taking them off, thoroughly removing the traces of street dust and mud from facings, seams, and gathers. The neat woman does not brush her gown in her own chamber, but takes it into the bath-room and brushes it beside an open window, or, better still, has it carried out of doors for the operation.

Disease germs may be carried home in clothing, and, were this not the case, it is a very untidy proceeding to put into one's wardrobe an article of dress which has not been thoroughly cleansed.

When the French woman takes off her bonnet she does not bundle it at once into a handbox, or throw it hastily on a shelf, or hang it up on a peg. Not she. Every little loop and bow is pulled out into shape, strings are gently caressed into smoothness, jets and sigrettes are straightened and fastened in position, and the bonnet receives the touch of the brush to remove dust, and then it is laid between folds of tissue-paper, and is ready for its next appearance, as fresh and new, to all intent, as when it left the milliner's hand.

Gloves are expensive articles, no matter how soiled the care bestowed upon them. But gloves will last a third longer than they usually do if pulled off the hand from the wrist down, and turned inside out, as is done when they are tried on in the shops; if laid by themselves, properly straightened, and not crumpled into a tight ball, and if mended at the instant a rip shows itself, a pair of gloves will retain their pristine freshness. It is good policy to have best and second-best gloves, and gloves for shopping and running about. In our chilly winters the last-mentioned should be a dog-skin, and sufficiently loose not to cramp the hand. Light gloves may be cleaned more than once to advantage.

Shoes with yawning gaps where buttons should be, at once convict the wearer of heedlessness. A large needle and stout thread will replace a button, and it requires only a moment's work, and the wearer will part with no portion of her self-respect if she does this as a matter of habit.—[Harper's Bazar.

### Wash Flannels.

Wash flannel dresses are invaluable in the nursery. They are warm and comfortable for the little ones and can be easily laundered if they are not too elaborately made. The gingham colors, check and stripes are still favorites in the fine Ceylon, a wash flannel. "Mintstick" stripes of red and white and fine plaids barred with pink and blue are established favorites. Blue is sometimes thought a fugitive color, but it is possible to obtain a clear, bright blue which will retain its color through a whole season if it be properly washed and dried in the shade. As soon as the baby begins to creep he is on the floor continually, just in line with the draughts of cold air from under the doors. A flannel dress will protect the little traveller from many a cold. The good old pattern of creeping apron does duty now, a double skirt of stout check, one band buttoned beneath the baby's skirt, the other outside, so as to completely protect the layers of dainty flannels and embroideries and lace-edged emblems in his skirts. "Bibs" are made of pique bordered with "baby torchon," or of soft quilted muslin with the edges corded.

### Things Worth Remembering.

Never leave your clothes line out over night, and see that your clothes-pins are gathered into a basket.

Have plenty of crash towels in the kitchen. Never let your white towels or napkins be used there.

A bit of isinglass dissolved in gin, or boiled in spirits of wine, makes a strong cement for broken china or glassware.

Vials which have been used for medicine should be put into cold ashes and water, boiled and allowed to cool before they are rinsed.

Have all the good bits of vegetables and meats collected after dinner and minced before they are set away that they may be in readiness to make a little savory mince-meat for supper or breakfast. Remove the skins from potatoes before they are cold.

A little salt sprinkled in starch while it is boiling will prevent it from sticking. Before using, add a small piece of tallow; stir thoroughly.

A good housekeeper never allows her carpet broom to be used for sweeping the outside stairs or yard. Keep a coarse broom for this purpose.

Keep an old blanket and sheet on pur-

pose for ironing. Have plenty of holders already made that your towels may not be burned out in such service.

Soap your dirtiest clothes, and soak them in warm water over night. Use hard soap to wash your clothes and soft soap to wash unpainted floors.

Keep a heavy stone on your pork to keep it down. In the summer this stone is an excellent place to keep fresh meat on when you are afraid of its spoiling.

When molasses is used in cooking it is an improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes away the unpleasant raw taste and makes it almost as good as sugar.

In winter set the handle of your pump as high as possible before you go to bed. Except in very cold weather this keeps the handle from freezing. When it is extremely cold, throw a piece of old carpet or a blanket over the pump.

### Breakfast Dishes.

The following receipts have been demonstrated by Miss Farmer in a recent lecture at the Boston Cooking school. Miss Farmer thinks that the making of a corn cake is something of a test of a cook's ability in plain family cookery as perfectly made breakfast corn cakes are not so common as one would suppose.

The rule given is: Sift three fourths cupful of corn meal, one and one fourth cupfuls of pastry flour, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one fourth cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt; add a scant cupful of milk, one egg well beaten and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Beat thoroughly and bake in a shallow pan 20 minutes. Mix the ingredients in the order given. Remember that a corn meal mixture requires a more generous measure of baking powder than is needed for flour alone.

The success of an omelet depends greatly upon the freshness of the eggs and always select the largest eggs for an omelet. An omelet pan is not essential, especially if a large omelet is to be made, a smooth frying pan will answer the purpose as well. A second essential to success is in beating the eggs; the yolks may be beaten until lemon colored and the whites stiff and dry although there is such a thing as beating them too much. The air which is beaten into the eggs and is expanded by the heat makes the omelet light. There is a great variety of omelets made by adding different materials to the eggs or folding it over something in the centre. To butter the pan rub the butter around the edges and let it run down to the centre using only sufficient to cook the omelet. For the bread omelet soak three-fourths cupful of fine stale bread crumbs in three-quarters of a cup of milk fifteen minutes. If at the end of that time all the milk has not been absorbed drain it out. Add a teaspoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of pepper, the yolks of five eggs until thick and lemon colored and last the whites of five eggs until they are stiff and dry or will fly from the egg-beater. Fold the beaten whites in carefully, not beat them in. Turn into a hot buttered omelet or frying pan and set on the stove to cook slowly on the under side then set the pan in the oven on the upper grate to dry on the top. Have a platter heated, fold the omelet and turn on to it. To fold an omelet incline the pan and putting the knife under one side lift the omelet gently, slowly turn it over, one half on the other, letting it take time to bend and not break.

At this lecture a white sauce was poured around the omelet and made by using one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one and one-half tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter and a scant half teaspoonful of salt. The omelet was also garnished with crisp broiled bacon.

Bacon is convenient for breakfast and should be sliced thin and the rind removed. To broil it put it in a wire broiler, the slices placed closely together. Put the broiler on a dripping pan and cook in the oven until crisp. This way of cooking bacon saves room on top of the stove and time in watching; the fat drops into the dripping pan leaving the bacon crisp which may be further drained on brown paper. Bacon is used as a garnish with liver and with beef steak.

An extremely delicate dish is a lemon soufflé but it should be served at once lest it fall. Beat the yolks of five eggs until thick then add gradually a cupful of powdered sugar which has been sifted and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Beat the whites of five eggs until dry and stiff and fold it into the other mixture. Turn into a buttered pudding dish, set it in a pan of hot water which comes at least half way up the side of the dish. Bake the soufflé thirty minutes. Wash the lemon before grating. Never allow a soufflé to wait before serving.

Pork tenderloins are not always easily obtained because the marketman does not always like to cut them out separately. They will weigh about a pound each, wipe them and put into a dripping pan seasoning the upper side with salt, pepper and powder de sage. After a time turn the tenderloins and season on the other side. Bake about forty-five minutes but be sure that the pork is thoroughly cooked.

Sweet potatoes are sometimes cooked with the pork by first paring them and parboiling them for 10 minutes. Drain, put in the pan with the meat and cook until tender, basting often. Put the potatoes on to parboil when the meat goes into the oven and they will be done at the same time. White potatoes when baked in the pan with meat are better for parboiling at first.

Salmon box is a convenient way of using cold boiled salmon or canned salmon. Boil a cup of rice by first washing it well in plenty of cold water, throwing it into three cups of boiling water seasoned with two level teaspoonfuls of salt. If it is new rice it will cook in less time than if old. Have a square or brick mold and line it with the warm rice; fill the centre with the salmon picked into flakes, seasoning it in layers with salt, pepper and a slight grating of nutmeg. Cover the top with a layer of rice, fasten on the top of the mold and steam for an hour. Turn the box on to a hot platter and pour an egg sauce for boiled salmon and other fish. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and pour on slowly one pint of hot water, and add one half teaspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper, two scant tablespoonfuls of butter, the yolks of two eggs and one teaspoonful of lemon juice.

A New York court had decided that street car passengers can be compelled to make their own change in paying fare.

## HEALTH.

### New Cures for Seasickness.

"Naupathia," which is medical Greek for seasickness, is as old as history, and ships' surgeons have gone through the materia medica and found only palliatives. The epigram of the Irishman has remained true that the passenger is "first afraid that the boat will go down; and then afraid that it won't." Now, however, medical sciences testing two new methods of dealing with the disorder. The first remedy is a hypodermic injection of atropine and strychnine dissolved in mint water. The other is the employment of the newly-compounded drug called chlorobrom. The application of these to seasickness dates back scarcely a year. They are being tried after a particularly searching study of the causes, nature, and symptoms of the disease.

The external symptoms of seasickness are well known. Paleness, increase of saliva, dizziness, headache, vertigo, nausea, prostration—such are the progressive steps. The internal progression is ably given as follows by Dr. Skinner, the leading specialist on naupathia:

"Movements, slight or considerable, and repeated displacements, collisions and stretching of various organs of the body, especially the abdominal organs, and unequal and alternate increase and lessening of the pressure exerted by the columns of blood upon the walls of the arteries and veins; reflex nervous acts, starting from the displaced and strained organs and from the walls of the blood vessels, and acting by inhibition upon the cardio-accelerator and vast-constrictor centres; paralysis of these centres; relaxation of the walls of vessels of medium calibre and diminution of the number of cardiac pulsations, whence results a lowering of the arterial blood pressure."

This lowering of pressure of blood in the arteries is followed by vertigo, nausea, and the main external signs. Impressed by the significance of such lowering, Dr. Skinner chose such drugs as would stimulate that pressure, and studied the question how they should most beneficially be administered. The drugs he took were atropine and strychnine, to be given simultaneously. The problem of their administration was difficult. Any drug given by the mouth would either be vomited up or would fail of absorption in a seaisick stomach. He ultimately tried subcutaneous injection. For adults he used from a half to one milligramme of atropine and one milligramme of strychnine dissolved in mint water. The following is the formula now used in many, or most, cases:

Atropin. sulphat., .002 gramme.  
Strychin. sulphat., .004 gramme.  
Aqua menth. pip., 4 grammes.

Using such poisons requires great attention on the part of the ship's surgeon, who, before employing an injection, should proportion the dose to the age, condition, and constitution of the patient.

These injections have in almost all cases been highly satisfactory. In many cases their results have been almost miraculous. Some patients who, on receiving injections, were in the most acute stages, suffering both from nausea and prostration, became able to promenade the deck and enjoy the voyage within two or three hours. Patients who have received injections at 9 o'clock at night have usually been totally free of the malady the following forenoon.

Simultaneously with the use of this injection began the trial of the new drug chlorobrom, which was the first used in insomnia. On trial in seasickness, chlorobrom was found the strongest of known palliatives in advanced cases and an almost certain cure in other cases. It acts by increasing arterial pressure and toning and soothing the nerves. Surgeons on the long voyages from England to New Zealand and Australia have found it to succeed in long standing cases, in which the old remedies had scarcely acted even as palliatives.

As the record of trials with these two remedies increases, their position will become better known. It is not exaggeration to say that they are the most engrossing subjects of study among marine medical students, and are among the most important topics of the whole medical fraternity.

In avoiding or delaying seasickness, a firm will not succumb to the temptation of assistance. A strong and lively interest in the voyage is of more value. A reclining position on a berth or a steamer chair is better than standing or sitting. A broad, tight cloth wound around the abdomen is particularly useful. A cup of strong coffee, swallowed at the very incipency of the ailment, at the first suspicion of an increase of saliva or of dizziness, will frequently stave off an attack. If taken five minutes later, the stomach may be too agitated to absorb it.

Sodium and potassium bromides, if taken some days before sailing, will occasionally act as preventives of all but the light features. Four grams of a day, in from two to four doses, make the proper amount. Morphine, antipyrine, quinine and chloral hydrate are also of some but uncertain value as preventives. Lemons and peppermint, are more or less useful as palliatives.

### Facts About Disease Germs.

Among the well-known diseases whose bacterial origin is already placed beyond reasonable doubt are erysipelas, tuberculous leprosy, diphtheria, tetanus, typhoid fever, croupous pneumonia, and influenza. The facts discovered regarding some of these during the past fifteen years are among the strangest of the "true fairy tales" of modern science. For example, the micrococcus of croupous pneumonia, as discovered by Dr. Sternberg, lurks in the mouth, and is harmless there, awaiting as it were an opportunity when a condition of lowered vitality of the system, as from exposure to cold, shall enable it to take up its active abode in the lungs, and begin a development whose results will be manifest in an inflammation of those organs. Again, it appears that at the bacillus of tetanus, or lockjaw, is abundant everywhere in the soil, and may rest on the surface of the human body or be taken into the stomach without producing injury. Even on the surface of an open wound it cannot develop, it being one of the bacteria that cannot grow in the presence of free oxygen. But if introduced into a deeper wound away from the air it may develop rapidly, and produce the painful and often fatal disease tetanus. This is explained the fact, always before a mystery, that even slight and seemingly insignificant puncture wounds are more likely to produce this disease than

are open lesions that otherwise are far more serious.

It is an interesting and highly suggestive fact, as showing the power of resistance of the human body under normal conditions, that a bacterium capable of producing such a disease as this may be so abundant all about us, and yet so infrequently find opportunity for malignant activity. But the same thing appears to be true in greater or less degree of all the other bacteria that may develop in the human body. Even when introduced into the body they are harmless unless they find the conditions there favorable to their development. Thus there are probably very few persons who have not at one time or another inhaled the bacillus of tuberculosis or its spores, but the lungs of only the relatively few furnish a favorable soil for its development. These susceptible persons develop the disease; the others are said to be immune as regards this particular bacillus. But susceptibility and immunity are relative terms, and a person whose tissues at one time resist the microbe may at another time succumb to it. The exact nature of the "inherent vitality" which we are accustomed to speak of as giving the tissues power to resist the micro-organisms we understand as little as our ancestors understood the real cause of the contagious diseases. Perhaps the microscope will help to enlighten us in this regard in the next half century.—[Harper's Weekly.

### SCIENCE NOTES.

Pathologists now incline to believe that certain cases of ulcer of the stomach are due to microbes.

Japan has one of the best engineering schools in the world, and is beginning to manufacture creditable electrical machinery.

The Pasteur Institute in Paris treated last November one hundred and twenty-nine persons, the great majority of whom were French.

A comparison of the cost of gas and electric lighting in seven German cities shows that the latter is from 25 to 75 per cent. higher.

It has heretofore been almost impossible to make large castings of aluminum, but the difficulty has now been so far overcome that pure aluminum bathtubs are now made in a single piece.

A man in Birmingham, Ala., has been arrested for manipulating an ingenious gambling device in which a current of electricity under the operator's control could be used to determine the way in which the dice should fall.

Underground photography has recently made such progress that mining engineers are now able to illustrate their reports with pictures showing the exact appearance of ledges, ore bodies, and other features of importance.

The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid, and allow it to act for one minute. On rinsing with water a greyish-white stain will be seen if the metal is iron; a black one, if it is steel.

Excavations in Oisean-le-Petit, France, have revealed the remains of a Gallo-Roman city, including a great temple, a theatre, and monuments. The city, which must have numbered about 30,000 inhabitants, seems to have been destroyed by an earthquake.

### False Teeth to a Prisoner.

A well known firm of bankers in London has just made a profitable investment. Some time ago a man who had defrauded them of a large sum of money was taken into custody, convicted and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. As may be imagined, the prison fare did not agree with one who had lived on the fat of the land. The change affected him in many ways, but he complained more particularly of the injury the food cost to his teeth. They were neither numerous nor in good condition when he was sentenced, and, as they rapidly became worse, he applied to the governor of the prison for a new set. Being told that the Government did not supply prisoners with artificial teeth, at the first opportunity he wrote to the banking firm in question, offering, if they would send him a new set, to tell them something to their advantage. Thereupon the bankers, thinking the offer might be a genuine one, sent the governor of the prison a cheque for £5 and asked him to provide the convict with a set of artificial teeth.

In due course the convict kept his promise and sent the bankers certain information, by means of which they were enabled to recover no less than £1,500 of which they had been defrauded. They naturally regarded this as the best investment they had ever made, but it proved even better than anticipated, for they have just received from the prison authorities a remittance for £1, the teeth having cost only £4.—[London Telegraph.

### An Official Guide for the Married.

In Belgium it is the custom to give certificates of marriage in the form of little books with paper covers. These books, which are often produced in the course of law proceedings, and are taken in evidence, are apt to become dirty and dog-eared. The Burgomaster of Brussels has therefore hit upon a new plan. Henceforward a charge will be made for the books, which will be neatly bound in morocco and gilt-edged. They will be something more than a mere certificate. A summary of Belgian law on the marriage state is given in them for the use of young couples, and among a mass of other miscellaneous information are directions for the feeding and care of infants. There are also places for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage, the authorities considerably affording space for twelve such entries. To poor persons the books will be issued free of charge. One of the Town Councillors was in favor of adding directions for obtaining a divorce, but his suggestion was not adopted.

### Heartless Relatives.

Mistress—"Did you learn how Mrs. Upton was?"  
Servant—"Please, mum, I pulled at the door-bell half an hour, and couldn't make anybody hear. I think the bell had been muffled."  
Mistress—"The idea! How is the poor invalid to know that all her friends are anxious about her, if her heartless relatives have muffled the door-bell!"

### Resignation.

Jack—"I heard that that girl you have been going to see so long is to be married next month."  
Tom (saddy)—"It's true, she is."  
Jack—"That's pretty tough on you, isn't it?"  
Tom (resignedly)—"I guess I can stand it."  
Jack—"Who is the happy man?"  
Tom—"I am."

## PIRATES OF THE DESERT.

### They Number 400,000 Souls and Their Encampments Spread Clear Across the Sahara.

#### A Caravan Route Destroyed, and a City Almost Depopulated.

Within the past few weeks white men, for the first time, have walked, undisturbed, among the mosques and market places of Timbuctoo. The French now hold the town by force of arms. They have already had a fight with the fierce Tuaregs, who have long been a potent element among the populace, and, indeed, had met them in that neighborhood before. Within the past four years French gunboats have twice anchored at Korioune on the Niger, the port of Timbuctoo, and nine miles from that city. Hundreds of Tuareg tents were scattered over the plain, and the French did not attempt to reach the town. They did not retreat up the river before having severe fights with the nomads, who blazed away from the banks, their flatlocks charged with gunpowder made in the town.

In stronger force the French have now been able to occupy Timbuctoo. They knew the enemy they would meet again when they should finally seize the most famous town in the western Soudan. Since the gunboat Mage returned from the neighborhood of Timbuctoo in 1890, the French have been planning to plant their flag in

#### THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

It is not likely that they have now taken the final steps without providing adequate means, not only to occupy the town, but also to establish themselves firmly in possession. The recent fight with the Tuaregs occurred on the river, south of Timbuctoo, and Lieut. Jaimes' survey of the river in 1890 shows that the Tuaregs then held the banks for about fifty miles above the town.

By agreement with England, France's sphere of influence extends over nearly all of the Sahara desert. Her soldiers at their Algerian outposts have long looked southward over the sandy plains. At last from the southern edge, they are looking north over the great waste that nominally belongs to France. The French now occupy both the northern and southern frontiers of their Saharan domain.

Timbuctoo to-day is only the shadow of its former self. The time was when the town did a large trade with the Mediterranean States. Sultan El Kal of Morocco, planted wooden posts clear across the desert to mark the best route for caravans between his dominions and Timbuctoo. The Tuaregs have ruined this caravan route and almost depopulated the town. These people are

#### THE MOST FORMIDABLE BRIGANDS

in the world. They are supposed to number about 400,000 souls, and they have spread their encampments across the central Sahara until they now extend from Ghadames in the north to Timbuctoo in the south. Outlawed by all men they make a phase of the African question with which civilization is beginning to deal. Dr. Lenz who saw them in Timbuctoo in 1880 says that their wild aspect, their faces half concealed by coverings, their big swords and lances never laid aside for an instant, their rough, loud voices, and their self-conscious bearing made a most disagreeable impression upon him. The conquering Fulani on the south and the invading Tuaregs on the north have more than once, in recent years, made Timbuctoo the prize of war. In 1890 Dr. Lenz reported that its population had dropped to 20,000 people. The French, returning from their first expedition in 1890, said the town did not contain over 3,500 souls.

It is still, however, the natural centre of commerce and the principal town of the upper Niger. With Timbuctoo in their hands, the French will control a thousand miles of navigation on the great West African river and may make the place a centre of large influence for the extension of their authority and trade.

Timbuctoo will no longer be one of the mysteries of Africa. Three white men have told us nearly all we know of it. They lived a while in the fanatical town, for the disguises they skillfully assumed were not penetrated.

#### THE TROPICAL SUN

and hot winds helped them for these agencies had turned their skins nearly black. The town was so utterly unknown, and the difficulties of reaching it were so great, that the first man to bring reliable and detailed information was discredited for years. Caille's book contains scores of pages about Timbuctoo, but many geographers in Europe were incredulous and said they did not believe he had ever seen the town. Caille died fourteen years before Barth proved that he had told the truth and had written a valuable book.

Forty-one years ago, when Barth lived there for seven months, a number of men famous for their attainments in Arabic learning and the history of the Soudan, had their homes in the town, Timbuctoo was rich in manuscripts of historical value. A number of them were translated by Barth, and it is not improbable that the French occupation will result in literary discoveries that will throw much light upon the history of a most important part of Africa.

One by one the towns that have been famous chiefly for their efforts to keep the Christian world without their walls, have been compelled to yield to the pressure of Western peoples who had long knocked vainly at their gates. Mecca is not yet a healthy place for the Caucasian, but if events of wide interest occurred there yesterday, the telegraph spreads the news all over the world to-day. Harar now has European merchants and a regular mail service. Scores of white men are to-day in Timbuctoo, and recently a white woman has been almost within sight of Lhassa. Barriers of exclusiveness are weakening everywhere, and are bound to give way before the onslaught of the Western nations

