

# THE EQUITY.

VOL. VII.

SHAWVILLE, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., AUGUST 29, 1889.

No. 11.

## Professional, Hotel and Business Cards.

**C. W. Haentschel, M. D.,**  
GRADUATE of McGill University, Montreal, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, Licentiate of College of Physicians and Surgeons of Quebec, Licentiate of the Montreal General Hospital and previously resident accoucheur at the Montreal Maternity Hospital. Office, Bristol, Que., Dr. McKinley's old stand.

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## LOCAL NEWS

Remember the Harvest home festival on the 4th of Sept.  
Cheap headstones and Monuments at Somerville & Co's, Shawville, Que.

Mr. H. Matheson, has adorned his residence with a sheet iron roof.

The Almonte Driving Park Association will hold their fall races on September 18th and 19th. Good prices will be offered.

It is proposed to play a cricket match next Wednesday (the occasion of the Harvest Home) married men vs. single men.

A bus load of the lady portion of St. Paul's choir went for St. Luke's, Bristol, on Monday, to assist with the music at the service in connection with the Lordship's visit to that church.

The stalk of oats mentioned in last issue was grown by George Hodgins of Thorne, and not John Hodgins, as inadvertently stated.

Shawville can now boast of a neat little barber shop, and run by a tradesman who understands his business. The new shop was opened this week.

Mr. Wm. Somerville has been awarded the job of making the contemplated improvements in the agricultural exhibition hall.

The Almonte Gazette says that the crops are so heavy in the vicinity of Almonte that farmers are compelled to thresh out in order to get barn room.

The Pembroke Observer says an apple has been grown in Mr. O'Neill's garden in that town measuring eleven and three quarters inches around the body, and eleven inches around by the stalk.

Messrs. J. & G. Bryson, recently completed the sale of a valuable timber limit to Messrs. Hale & Booth, of Ottawa. The limit is situated on the Petewawa river and the price obtained was \$4,500 per square mile, or a bulk sum of \$90,000.

We have heard of several remarkable yields of potatoes this season, but we think that related to us by Mr. George Hodgins, sr., of this village, is entitled to the cake so far. A few days ago he raised two hills one of which contained 40 and the other 44 well grown potatoes, all fit for table use. The product of the two hills could not all be contained in a wooden pail. Next.

Miss Liddie Hodgins leaves this week for Hull where she has an engagement to teach for the current year. The "slab city" certainly cannot lay claim to that title of attractions which will assure her a pleasant residence there; but with Miss B's happy faculty of adapting herself to circumstances, we doubt not she will succeed in completing the cycle without any very annoying experiences, and perhaps some away with a recollection of incidents of her sojourn there that will long remain fresh on the pages of memory's book.

Mr. W. B. McAllister's dam, on the Muskrat, nearly two miles from Pembroke, was destroyed by dynamite—applied by some party unknown—some time ago. It is an old story. The complaint has been made that the dam causes the water to injure the low lands along Muskrat. It has been blown up three times in two or three years, and will now be rebuilt.

Thought there was a "Man in It"

An amusing incident is related as one of the results of the late Vinton picnic. It seems one of the hot air balloons which were sent off at the close of the second day's performance, took a southerly course and alighted a few miles from the picnic ground near the habitation of a "lone woman." The lady observed the balloon fall but somehow her attention was diverted from it for a short time, during which a little chap living at Mr. John Stevenson's, who had also seen the descent, came and carried it off. By and by the lady thought she would peek at the place where the balloon had fallen, and lo, it had mysteriously vanished! Concluding that the "man who was inside" had carried it off and was even then lurking somewhere in the vicinity with the object of making his unwelcome presence known later on, she determined to look up the house and vacate the premises for awhile, which determination she was on the point of acting on, when the true position of affairs was revealed to her.

An Express train for the P.P.J.

Being interrogated the other day as to the truth of the rumor that the company contemplated putting an express train on the road, a P.P.J.R. employee informed THE EQUITY that from present indications such a move would be necessary in the near future. It seems the Bristol Iron Mine Company have received an order from an American firm for ten thousand tons of ore. This ore must needs be shipped by the Pontiac railway. Roughly estimated at twelve tons to the car-load it will require over 800 cars to take it away, or at the rate of, say, seven car-loads per day, 114 days to move it from the mines. To attach this quantity of heavy freight to the present daily train, would it is thought interfere greatly with its running arrangements. It is therefore proposed to put on an extra freight train to run alternate days, and change the daily mixed now running to an express, which will necessitate an increase of speed on the present scheduled time, and give greater despatch to the carriage of express goods. The change if made, as seems imminent, will certainly be an appreciable one, and

we hope to see it put into effect at no distant day. By the proposed express, it is calculated our mails will reach here an hour earlier than under existing arrangements.

The Aylmer Times reports that Dr. C. M. Church, who has survived a dangerous illness is convalescing.

**Ottawa Markets.**  
The following are Monday's quotations on By Ward Market:—Butter, in pails 17 to 18cts.; print 22 to 25cts. Eggs per dozen 14 to 16cts. Mutton per lb. 7 to 8cts. Veal per lb. 5 to 7cts. Chickens per pair 30 to 40cts. Hens 50 to 60cts. Turkeys, 70 to 80cts. Potatoes per bag 35 to 40cts. Cabbages, 3 to 5cts each. Plums 40 to 50cts per pail. Crab apples 15 cts per gal. Blackberries 90 to 30cts per pail. Hay \$10 to \$11. Oats 35cts per bush.

**Foot Ball.**  
On Saturday last the Coulonge foot ball team came down to try their mettle with out boys, and, as they stated themselves to be a few "pointers" about the game, with which they were not very familiar, having been organized only about three weeks. The ball was started about half past four, and when half time was subsequently called Shawville had succeeded in taking one goal. Resuming play after ten minutes intermission the game went much more lively, and consequently was more exciting. Four goals were scored, one of which was taken by the visitors, at a moment when the defence was left solely to the goal keeper. The Coulonge team, with two exceptions are able bodied lads, and with a few weeks steady practice will prove formidable antagonists.

**Bristol Notes.**  
On Friday the 16th inst., a most enjoyable time was spent by the people of Elmside and friends on the shores of the noble Ottawa, at that particularly enchanting spot known as Norway Bay. The weather being quite propitious the entire company soon assembled under the waving boughs of our fair Canadian pines. The younger members of the party becoming somewhat restless, a game of "bob," was accordingly indulged in, and was heartily enjoyed by all. This was followed by numerous other games, which, by the joyous shouts of laughter that resounded among the trees, gave vent to the exhilarating spirits of the participants.

Your correspondent may here casually mention that the picnic was given in honor of Professor and Mrs. Beal, of Brockville, and Mrs. and the Misses Payne, of Ottawa, who are at present visiting friends at Elmside and vicinity. There were several other guests present, among whom I noticed the Misses McMartin, of Renfrew; Miss Pattison, of Portage du Fort; Miss Walker and Miss Moore of Pembroke.

A most bounteous spread, was provided by the ladies, to which ample justice was done. After this important part of the programme was got through with, the whole party, wended their way to the river's edge, where several boats were found in waiting, and a very pleasant hour was spent in sailing.

As twilight was now rapidly approaching, the picnickers began to think of returning home, so after singing a few choice selections of music, under the leadership of Professor Beal, good-byes were said and the company separated for their several homes, expressing themselves highly pleased with the day's enjoyment.

The farmers are very busy with the harvest, although the recent rains have kept them back a great deal.

I notice that Mr. Robt. McCredie's men are at work clapping-board and painting Mr. Hiram Richard's house, which adds greatly to its general appearance. I congratulate Mr. McCredie, on having such industrious workmen, as understood, they devote their leisure hours to the study of music, both vocal and instrumental.

Dame Rumor says that one of our most esteemed young men in the person of Mr. George Stewart, intends leaving for college shortly. We wish him all success.

Miss Jennie Stewart has returned from the city, where she has been spending the past few months. Her many friends are pleased to behold her genial smile once more.

Mr. Samsel Drummond, teacher, who has been spending his vacation with his brothers at Silver Creek, returned to his school, near the Carp, on Wednesday last. We hope his visit to Bristol has been a pleasant one.

Mr. Robt. Campbell, the Elmside Merchant, who has been ailing for the past few days, is now convalescent.

Mr. Edward Graham boarded the train for the capital this morning. Some contract on hand, doubtless.

Mr. Andrew Grant, forest ranger, is now enjoying a few holidays; I presume the time is very profitably spent however, as the little grey pony is seen going up the road at a much slower gait than usual.

Mr. A. W. McKechnie is busy shipping cheese of late. A W's reputation as a cheese-maker is second to none.

You may hear from me again.

VEEA.

## More Teachers.

We have been furnished the following additional names of candidates from the Shawville Academy who successfully passed the teachers' examinations held at Aylmer and P. D. Fort some time ago:—Elementary diploma—Mr. E. W. Hodgins, Misses Emily Farrell, Olive Smith, Lucy McDowell and M. J. Corrigan. The latter attended the exams. at Portage du Fort. THE EQUITY is pleased to extend its congratulations. [The foregoing was inadvertently omitted last week.

## Rails Sold.

A large quantity of rails belonging to the Pontiac Railway company and G. Valley R. Co., have been sold to the C.P.R. and were shipped to Calgary last week. These rails have been lying at Hull and Aylmer for a considerable time past, and were intended for the completion of the P.P.J. and to commence construction of the Gatineau Valley road. The fact of their being sold would indicate that the company do not intend resuming construction this year.

## Personal.

Miss McCullough of Ottawa, is visiting at Mr. Jas. Hodgins'.

Mr. James McEwan, of Waba, Ont., was in town on Thursday last.

Mr. John Bryson, M.P., was in town last Thursday, attending a meeting of the directors of the Agricultural Society.

Mr. H. Newham of Upper Thorne Centre, also Mr. J. F. Moore of Thorne, both merchants of the places named, were in town on Monday last.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, of North Osnaw accompanied by his youthful nephew, son of Mr. John O'Donnell left by train last week for Aylmer Ottawa and the West.

Miss Easdale of Ottawa was a guest at Mr. H. Hobbs' this week. Subsequently she went to Thorne to visit relatives.

Rev. Mr. Lampan, of Ottawa, a retired clergyman of the Church of England, sojourned a day or two here this week, while on a tour of the several places of interest in the county.

## The Bishop's Visit.

Very large congregations assembled at St. Paul's church on Sunday last at the three services which were held on the occasion of the Bishop's visit to this place. The morning service commenced at ten o'clock, at which the seating accommodation of the church proved inadequate to the number who sought admission. The confirmation service took the place of the regular morning service, and the Communion service followed. Twenty persons—ten young women and ten young men—received the rite of confirmation.

A service for the several Sunday schools of the parish was held at three in the afternoon at which the children were addressed by Rev. Mr. Roberts of Thorne and His Lordship. A distribution of prizes was afterwards made.

Probably the most interesting, because unusual, service of the day took place in the evening, at 7 o'clock, at which Mr. Robert Smart, of Clarendon Front and George E. Brownlee, of Radford were appointed to the office of lay readers. A special service, in leaflet form, was printed for the occasion.

His Lordship preached at both morning and evening services.

In addition to the pastor, Revs. Messrs. Lampan, of Ottawa; Mills, of Bristol; Roberts, of Thorne and Allen of Portage assisted in the services.

## Shipping Cattle.

Mr. McLellan, cattle dealer of Perth, was here for some days past buying cattle, and left for Montreal on Tuesday morning with a carload, comprising 21 head together with a few sheep. Mr. McLellan has been piloted through the county by Mr. M. Walsh, our well-known and popular liveyman, and in addition to the load shipped, on Tuesday has made several other purchases in the surrounding country. On Monday he bought what he considers a "beauty" from Mr. Harper Lothian of Bristol. The animal is a five year old heifer and was raised by Mr. Edward Graham of Bristol. Mr. McL. says it is the finest beast he has seen anywhere in the county—as straight as an arrow on the back and not a rib visible. He estimates her weight at 1200 pounds. The prices paid for four year old steers and cows range from \$20 to \$25. This is much better than what an American buyer named Davis, who shipped a drove at Haley's a few days ago, claims to have paid. In conversation with a citizen of our town, he declared that the average price paid by him did not exceed \$16! It seems the secret of Mr. Davis' low price lies in the fact that he takes advantage of the absence of the head of the household and does his bargaining with the women folk.

Mr. Walsh who for some weeks has been purchasing sheep for Mr. McLellan informs us that he has bought 700, to be delivered during the month of October, and that they expect to ship a large number of cattle before the season closes. Strange to say he finds farmers in general well stocked with cattle. Most of the cattle taken down by Mr. McLellan on Tuesday were brought in the day previous by farmers from the neighborhood. The animals were all in fair condition, and thus exhibited a pleasing contrast to last year's export.

Mr. Richard Chamberlin of Aylmer, died on Friday the 16th inst., aged 66 years.

The Rev. M. H. Scott has declined the call from the Presbyterian congregation of Bristol.

**Shoen Notes.**  
Aug. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hogan, of Pembroke, were here last week on a visit. Mr. Wm. McEwan, formerly of Pembroke but now of Ottawa was here on a visit and left amid the weeping and lamentations of some of our young ladies; if what we hear be true, he is soon to take a stride in the matrimonial direction. The young ladies of Shoen must be very amiable as well as handsome, when we see so many young men coming to seek a partner for life in such a distant part of the country. Wonders, however, will never cease!

Great preparations are being made for the mammoth picnic to take place on the grounds of Mr. Edward Carlin on the 12th prox., and a grand time is expected. The committee are going to make it surpass any picnic ever held on the Upper Ottawa. There is going to be a very strong election contest for a gold watch between M. Breman, of North Bay, Joseph Burke of Pembroke, and P. Desjardines of Allumette Island, and it is expected to be a hot contest, as they are all good candidates, and each man will use his best endeavors to win. There will also be an election for a lady's gold watch between Miss Ida Poupore, daughter of W. J. Poupore, Esq., M. P., of Clibchester, and Mr. William Duff of Pembroke. As both ladies are very popular it is hard to say who will be the successful candidate.

The weather is very unsettled as yet. Rain fell in torrents on Wednesday and did considerable damage to grain, both standing and lying. Fears are entertained if the weather doesn't soon change that people will not be able to save the abundant harvest.

It has not been a good week for our fishermen. No word of any marlin monster so far.

**Minutes of Co. Pontiac Ag. Socy. No. 1.**  
Aug. 22nd 1889.  
Minutes of meeting held this day, present, the President, Vice-President, Directors Elliott, Hobbs, Kynour, Graham.

The principal business of the meeting was devoted to the consideration of the contemplated additions and alterations to the building when it was resolved that the same should consist of the following, namely:

The flooring of the basement of the Hall; The erection of stairs outside on the North end of Building with a platform 5 x 12 for access to the upper part, with railings on each side and down the centre. A railing to be made around basement and upper floors with divisions in centre of each.

Secretary's office to be removed from its present position, and another erected on some suitable place outside. Size 10 x 12, with half inch mansard roof, and appropriate desk, drawers, locks and keys.

A water closet for use of ladies, to be built in a suitable place.

The contract was given to Mr. Wm. Somerville which he has undertaken to complete before the 15th Sept. next for the sum of \$500 inclusive of all lumber, nails and other requisite material, and of good quality timber. On completion of the work the same to be subject to the inspection of a Committee composed of Messrs. Hobbs, Thomas and Kynour.

In case of failure of contractor in the performance of the work at the time indicated, the board shall be at liberty to proceed to have the same performed by others.

The contractor having signed contract, the board proceeded to filling up judges appointments in lieu of others who had declined to act.

A resolution was passed to invite tenders for renting the Dining Hall, on the day of the Exhibition, which shall be deposited with the Secretary at any time before 10th September next, under closed envelope. Two insertions in THE EQUITY of notice to the above effect. The Committee to attend at the Russell House, Shawville, on the 10th to examine tenders and adjudge thereon, the lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted, and the meeting adjourns.

(Certified, G. M. JUNGSON,  
Sec. Treas.

**Bryson Notes.**  
These are the days of golden weather, when so many visitors are enjoying the balmy air of Bryson.

Mr. and Mrs. McFarlane, of Ottawa and Miss McFarlane, of Aylmer, are home on a visit.—Miss Porter, of Ottawa, is the guest of Miss Tilly McFarlane.—Mr. James Carmichael, B.A. escaped from the midst of law books and divorce cases, for a ten days visit to his "Island Home."

Mr. Alex. Gordon and sister have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. John Thomson, for a month.—Mr. and Miss Pennie, and Mr. Beatty, of Ottawa, are the guests of Mr. Ritchie.—Mr. Tom McVeigh, jr., is still with us. Tom is in flourishing health and seems loth to depart from his many friends.—Mr. Bennie, our former teacher, spent Saturday and Sunday with Bryson friends.—Miss Arnold, our new teacher, has already made a good impression with her pupils and friends here.—Mrs. LeRoy is home again after a seven weeks holiday at Murray Bay. Mrs. and Miss Stevenson, of Ottawa, returned with her.

Bishop Bond conducted service here last Thursday. A number were confirmed.

Mr. John Paul has quite recovered from his late illness.

The late Mrs. Cameron, of Clarendon, was buried on 21th, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Moore, of Bryson, daughters of the deceased, have the sympathy of their many friends.

No less than 5 buildings are in course of erection or improvement here.

A number of our Brysonians took part in the concert at Portage on the 20th.

We have a "shebang" at the east end of our village, the outside of which is not very formidable in appearance, but the sturdy occupant and the degrading "stuff" dealt out wholesale to weak and silly men are so extremely formidable, that neither the authorities nor the W.C.T.U. have courage to stop the illegal and disgusting traffic carried on. Are there not enough men of honor and regard for law in Bryson, to wipe out of existence this contaminating spot?

More anon.

SOFTES.

PASSING NOTES.

The Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill are having a tolerably warm time in Birmingham, where the former has held sway for many years.

M. Trioupias, the Grecian Prime Minister, is apparently some such man as Boulanger. He is, according to reports, anxious to stir up a fuss in Crete, and would like to establish control of the island.

Last year a fearful accident occurred in Canada in connection with a balloonist's feat at an exhibition. It was not the balloonist's fault, and was not down on the bills, but even in the regular performance itself there was enough risk to make it a foolhardy attempt.

The annual consumption of beer in the British Islands is over twenty-two gallons per head, and of wines and liquors about five quarts per head. While this consumption represents a good deal of moderate drinking, it cannot be denied that it has also produced a large amount of drunkenness.

Statistics recently published by the New York "Independent" show that the growth of the Churches in the United States during the past year was very great. The increase in the total number of communicants of all Churches was 887,000, of church buildings 3,882, and of ministers 3,865.

The prospect of the mail route and the Australian trade being diverted from San Francisco to British Columbia continues to cause intense uneasiness out there. The San Francisco "Examiner" thinks that the steamship line ought to improve the service, for, it says, "so long as the Canadian Pacific will carry passengers from Yokohama to London for \$800 and give them a less sea voyage by two days, and carry them in a most luxurious style from Vancouver to the Atlantic sea-board, and vice versa, without change of cars, landing them in Liverpool a day and a half earlier than by the American routes, the British line will unquestionably control the traffic."

The new French law of nationality may give rise to trouble. It provides that those whose fathers were French at the time of their birth are French citizens, whether born in France or abroad, and that they can only cease to be such by securing the formal consent of the French Government to their naturalization abroad.

The next distinguished visitor to this country will be Lord Brassey, who has so far interested himself in Canadian colonization as to become president of a colonization company having 26,000 acres in the Q'Appelle Valley. One good feature about Lord Brassey's Dominion enterprise is the fact that it was too large. Companies cannot settle vast tracts with success, as many Canadians who have interested themselves in experiments of the kind know to their sorrow.

The New York "Tribune" asserts that the Canadian journals, in their excitement over the seizure and escape of the Black Diamond, lose sight of the threatened extinction of the fur-seal species by unrestricted fishing and hunting. This is not so, nor have Canadian journals discussed the matter in such a way as to justify such an assertion.

The Medical Health Officer in Montreal, who proposes to examine into the causes of the excessive infant mortality in that city, believes he will be able to show that many young children die through the weakness of their mothers—women who instead of spending their youth in healthful occupations have been consigned to factory life.

"EVER OF THEE," A SONG'S HISTORY.

Perhaps the most popular song ever written was "Ever of Thee." It is not untrue to state that no song ever had such a sale, and certainly no publisher ever reaped so much profit from a song as did Mr. Turner from the publication of "Ever of Thee." But there is a romance attaching to it which until now has not been written.

It happened in this way: On a cold day in the January of 1850 the door of Mr. Turner's music shop in the Poultry, London, was nervously opened, and a most unclean, ragged specimen of humanity dragged himself in. He looked as though he hadn't been washed for months. His beard was unkempt, and dirty, and matted. For boots he wore some folds of filthy rags, and in all he was a specimen of the most degraded class of that community.

One of the clerks said to him: "You get out of here." The two ladies who happened to be in the shop noticed his woe-begone look, and were about to offer him some money when a Mr. T— (a clerk in the establishment), seeing the poor fellow shivering with the cold and apparently hungry, pitying him, and brought him into the workshop so that he might have a "warm up" by the stove. A few minutes after Mr. Turner, the proprietor, came in, and, seeing the ragged individual, asked what he wanted and "Who allowed him in?"

"I did," said Mr. T—. "The poor fellow looked so cold and miserable I couldn't send him out in this piercing wind without giving him a warm, and, besides, he says he had some business with you."

"Business with me?" "Yes, sir; I have a song I should like you to listen to."

Turner eyed him from head to foot, and then laughed outright. The miserable-looking object at the stove began to grow uneasy and begged to be allowed to play the air of his song, which he then unearthed from his rags and handed to the music publisher. Turner looked at it and said:

"Who wrote this?" "I did, sir," came from the rags. "You! Well, I'll have it played over, and if it's any good I'll give you something for it."

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'd prefer to play it for myself." "What! you play? Well, bring him up to the piano-room when he gets warm and we'll humor him."

In a few minutes the bundle of rags was seated at the concert grand piano, and "Ever of Thee" was played for the first time by its composer, James Lawson.

His listeners were electrified when they heard this dilapidated-looking tramp make the piano almost speak. His touch was simply marvelous, and his very soul seemed to be at his finger tips. When he had finished he turned to his little audience and said:

"I'd like to sing for you, but I have a terrible cold. I haven't been in bed for five nights. I'm hungry, sir, and I feel I could not do it justice."

Turner was almost dumb with amazement. The air would take; he knew it would be a success, and he decided that this man had a history which, perhaps, might advertise the song. So he determined to cultivate him, and in flattery (as he thought) pressed him to sing just one "stanza."

Lawson protested but finally agreed, and if Turner was amazed when he heard him play he was positively enraptured when that hungry voice—hungry with love, hungry physically—poured out in the sweetest of tenors the first stanza of the song in which his soul lived. It was the story of lost love, but he cherished it, and as he sang it was easy to see that he lived and breathed only for that love.

"Ever of Thee" has never been so sung since. But that trial verse made its success, and to the experienced publisher, Mr. Turner, it was decidedly apparent that he had secured a great song.

Addressing Mr. T—, he said: "Mr. T—, take this man along; get him a bath, a shave, some decent clothes; in fact, fix him up like a gentleman, and bring him here, and we shall see about this song."

T— took him along. He took him to a bath, and while the unclean was being made clean he bought for him a shirt, a pair of shoes, some socks, collars, cuffs, and underwear. Then he had him shaved. Then they hid to a clothier's, and, having removed the rags, Lawson was quickly clad in fine raiment. The change was beginning to tell. Already the tramp seemed to be the guide and treasurer. He was a splendid-looking fellow and had quite a distinguished appearance. But the hat was still there, and a mirror-like chimney pot was purchased to complete the make-up. T— laughed when all was finished.

He was in his working clothes, and this unfortunate looked like a duke. The good clothes fitted him, and they suited him and

his appearance much too well to continue the assumption that Mr. Lawson was a tramp. He was a gentleman all over, and he looked it. T— said to him: "Mr. Lawson, I wish you would go into the shop before me. They won't know you, and it will be such a joke."

"I don't mind that, Mr. T—, but won't you let me have a drink?" T— refused to stand the drink; he told Mr. Lawson that if he wanted a dinner he could have it, but drink he could not have. Finally the two went into the Ship and Turtle dining room, and over a chocolate and sirloin steak, the author of "Ever of Thee" told the following story:

"I was once rich, Mr. T—. You know what I am now. You were astonished to hear me play the piano so well. That little song has been the only companion from which I gained any comfort for the past twelve months. It brought back to me the days when I was rich, loved, looked up to and happy. Of course it has its sad side for me, but the memory of what it recalls is the dearest thing in my existence."

T— interrupted him at this point and indicated that it was growing late. "Please bear with me," rejoined his companion. "Let me tell you how and why I composed the little song. Two years ago I met a girl in Brighton. If God ever allowed one of his angels to come on earth she was that one. I adored her. She seemed to return the affection. I escorted her everywhere, was at her beck and call morning, noon, and night, and it was currently believed that Miss Blank and I were engaged. I had to return to London on business, and when I went back to Brighton she was gone."

"Three months after I met her at a ball. She had just finished a waltz with a tall, good-looking man, and was promenading the hall on his arm. She recognized me. But when I said: 'How do you do, Miss Blank?' she quickly rejoined: 'I'm well, Mr. Lawson, but I am surprised to hear you call me Miss Blank. When you left Brighton so suddenly I thought I should never see you again. You left no address—never called again, and—well, I am married.'"

"To whom?" I gasped. "To Mr. Fritz," she replied, pointing at the same time to the gentleman with whom she had been dancing.

"That ended my life. My Marie, my dream, was gone. I left the hall, went to a low gambling place, and in drink and gambling endeavored to kill my grief. It lasted but a little time, for in four months I was penniless."

"Then came my trial. The men who played with me shunned me. My friends shut their doors, and a few days later my last sovereign was gone. I was utterly stranded, homeless, and unhappy as it would be possible to make a human being. For night I slept in the cabmen's coffee houses; then I was considered a nuisance and some doormat served me for a bed. I pawned every trinket, decent suit of clothes—everything, and finally I spent three months in a work-house under an assumed name."

"It was there the presence of Marie haunted me again. One day—Christmas day—as we were at dinner. Several rich people came to distribute among us such gifts as tobacco, warm clothing, etc. I was hungry and didn't look at the visitors, when suddenly a voice I knew said to me: 'My good man, which would you prefer, some warm clothing or some pipes and tobacco?' I looked up. It was Marie. I rushed from the table out into the fields, and there I was found, hours after, insensible."

"In my bed, there in that work-house hospital, I wrote the words of the song you heard me sing to-day. Then I got well, and, sick of life, I left the place and became night watchman at some new buildings they were putting up in Aldersgate street. While there the music of my song came to me. I got a scrap of manuscript music paper and jotted it down, and for a time was happy. My old friends often passed me at night, jolly and careless, little dreaming that James Lawson was the poor night watchman who answered their indolent questions."

"Often, when all was still, I poured out my soul in this little song, and after a while the gamins used to come and listen to me. It pleased them. To me it brought back the memory of a dead love and a ruined life. But you are tiring of my story. There is little more to tell."

"I could not endure the solitary meditation of my past. I again began to drink. I lost my situation, and as a last resort I thought that perhaps my little song was worth a few shillings and brought it to Mr. Turner."

"At this the poor fellow burst into tears. When he was himself again they went out, and a few minutes afterward Mr. Turner, addressing Lawson, said: 'Mr. Lawson, here is 10 shillings. It will be enough to get your supper and a decent room to-night. To-morrow morning I want you to call here and I shall give you

a good position in my warehouse. As for your song I want you to remember this: If you will keep sober I will pay you a good royalty, but if you spend this 10 shillings in drink not another penny will you get.'

Lawson left the shop and did not make his appearance for five days. Then he was in a condition almost as bad as when he first entered it. His vest was gone; his boots were exchanged for old ones; his hat was—well, it was an apology for a hat. His coat (an old one) was buttoned tight around his collarless neck, and his hair was unkempt and face unshaven—as unclean as it was five days ago. Mr. Turner looked at him. He did not even speak to him. The smell of bad rum sufficiently told him all he wished to know. He took a half-crown from his pocket, handed it to Lawson, and turned on his heel. Addressing Mr. T— he said: "If this comes here again, put him out."

The composer of "Ever of Thee" immediately left the shop, and heaven only knows what his fate has been. Certain it is that he never called at Turner's again. Men, women, and children of every color and clime sing the song of the tramp, Lawson. And the composer and his sad life are forgotten and unrecognized in the dear old song, "Ever of Thee."—[English Paper.

A VICTIM OF DESPOTISM.

Wanted to Shake the Hand of the President, but Got a Still Colder Shake.

Long after the hour of midnight on Friday an individual with an air of assertive dignity and an unsteady gait might have been seen climbing the hill to Mr. Blaine's Bar Harbour cottage.

After making a circuit of the house he finally found what seemed to be an entrance, and rang a bell at what happened to be the kitchen door.

He rang twice, then knocked and then rang again. "Who's there?" a voice with saw teeth on it finally said.

"I'm here, b' thunder! Me, Bill Bugg of Buggville."

"What do you want?" "I want to grasp the hand of the President of the United States."

"Well, you can't. Get out!" "Who can't? Who got out? Not me, Bill Bugg of Buggville! No, sir. I'm a hero of the war, and an entitled to recognition by the Chief Magistrate of a grateful country. I gave my heart's blood to my native land and the President of the United States. I bared my breast to the enemy's bullets that the Union might be preserved."

"Go 'long, confound you!"—"And that Ben Harrison might get a salary of fifty thousand a year—and I want to see him!"

"You can't!" "Can't see who? Who is it I want to see? Is it the haughty descendant of a line of kings? Is it a throned monarch? Or is it the chosen servant of the people? Is this the abode of royalty or is it the lodging place of a citizen of a republic?"

"Get out or I'll call the dog!" "No, sir, it isn't the Sultan of all the Turkeys that I want to see. The man whose hand I want to shake is plain Benjamin Z. Harrison, a citizen of the United States, who has only one vote, like myself, and wears no crown but the good will of the people."

No answer. Thump, thump! "Say!" Silence.

"El there! Is this a self-governed commonwealth, or are we ruled by an Asiatic despot?" No answer.

"I say! Gimme a piece of pie and never mind about shakin' hands with the Oriental potentate."

Deep, double-bass growls, from Margaret Blaine's English mastiff. A rattling of chain. A sudden rustling in the bushes. A jump over a fence. A gallop down hill.

The hush of night once more falls over Stanwood Cottage.—[Arizona Kicker.

Hot Water for Sprains.

Hot water is the best thing that can be used to heal a sprain or bruise. The wounded part should be placed in water as hot as can be borne for fifteen or twenty minutes, and in all ordinary cases the pain will gradually disappear. Hot water applied by means of cloths is a sovereign remedy for neuralgia or pleurisy pains. For burns or scalds apply cloths well saturated with cool alum water, keeping the injured parts covered from the air.

Vanity fair says this: "The grave scandal which has occurred in one of the most fashionable and proudest families in Ireland is at present being investigated by a famous detective. The affair will, it is said, end in the husband's filing a petition for a divorce."

PIG-STICKING IN INDIA.

The Wild Bear Furnishes Lively Sport for Both Man and Horse.

Our horses, spears, and equipage would go to the spot in the afternoon and we ourselves would enter out in the evening on our ponies, says a writer in "Murray's Magazine." We had a standing diversion for the road. We would find a peacock a mile or so from his village and intercept him. Then began a most exciting chase at full gallop; by flights of diminishing length he would keep ahead till he tired, then he would run at a great pace till finally caught by the leading horseman, who, precipitating himself from his pony, would seize the tall which paid the penalty of a feather or two as a trophy. Arrived at the rendezvous we would find everything ready, beds prepared and dinner laid under the trees, and our horses picketed close by and too excited (knowing what it all means) to touch their food. After dinner Baldeo appears and reports most favorably. The pigs' habitat is an island. This sounds queer to a river and they feel safer behind a river. At night they swim across and forage inland for their food, returning to the island by the first streak of dawn. Our plan of campaign with them was as follows: The beaters wait till about midnight when the pigs have crossed the river, and then line the bank and light fires, and so bar the pigs' return. Some move uneasily about in the open, but most betake themselves to a good patch of cover about a mile and a half inland. The hunters are now aroused by a "reville" sounded on an inverted tin wash basin, and after a hasty toilet and cup of tea are in the saddle and ready for action. A line is formed with beaters and horsemen and proceeds across the open country toward the cover. Perhaps one or two of the unsavory ones who have not taken to cover are accounted for at this stage of the proceedings. In any case a mob is made for a patch of cover, and while the line of beaters goes round to the back of it the horsemen dismount and conceal themselves in front of it. A signal is given and with a mighty roar the best begins. Our hearts palpitate with excitement as the stirring sound reaches us. From where we are hidden we command the sharp outline of the cover's limit and scan it with eager eyes. After sundry false alarms, caused by deer and jackals, at last a boar breaks in real earnest—a splendid fellow. He comes from the cover with a crash and glances round with flashing eyes and foaming tusks. Our hearts stand still as we gaze at him in breathless excitement. Will he take to the open or double back? That is the all-important question. He is of two minds—doubtful whether to choose the cover, with its howling throng, or to face the unknown dangers of the open. He trots forward a little and thinks again and listens. We mark his grand proportions and long for the word to mount.

As he looks at last like going we sneak down to our horses. To mount is difficult, with the horse and man in equal agitation. We manage it somehow and grasp the spear. Now we see that the die is cast and that the boar has decided on the open. He sets his head toward the river and canters off. Now the word is given, "Ride!" Then we all wheel off to get between the boar and cover, and having managed this we settle down to ride our best. The boar now learns his new danger. What is this unwonted clattering behind him? None ever dared before to hurry him. Can anything make him run? But this is something new—men and horses in swift pursuit. He must try his unwonted paces. He does not hurry till we are getting rather near and we see him looking out of the corner of his wicked eye and see the gleam of his white tusks.

The inexperienced think he is caught. Not so. He now lays himself out to do his best, and a sudden spurt shows that he has the legs of us for the next half-mile at least. We are now all doing our best and going racing speed. But the race cannot last; we have now come a mile or so and he begins to tire. Each now strains his utmost to obtain the coveted first spear; but the case is not always to the swift; the leading horseman gets up to him and prepares to deliver his thrust when the boar gives a jink, sharp as a hare, and throws the rider out by twenty yards. This lets another in, who, with better fortune, draws first blood.—[Chicago Mail.

No Cheques Cashed or Money Loaned.

"You have probably observed in your travels," said the hotel clerk to a New York Sun man, "the sign hung out at the cashier's desk in all the leading hotels: 'No money loaned or cheques cashed here!' Those signs are hung out to protect the hotel from dead-beats, and they serve the purpose to certain extent. We make a mistake now and then, as was the case here a couple of weeks ago. An old odder came along with an old-fashioned satchel, and he looked so hard up and rusty that I gave him the poorest room in the house and asked for a deposit of \$5. He made it and I gave him no further attention. At the end of the week he came up to settle his bill, and when I gave him the figures he pulled out a cheque book and filled up a cheque for the amount.

"Can't take it," I said, as I shoved it back.

"Why?" "Got beat too often." "But it's good." "Maybe."

"Well, I have no currency and must pay you by cheque; very few people refuse them."

"Look here, old fellow," I replied, my mad coming up, "if you think to beat this house you will get left! Either come down with the bill or you'll go to gaol!"

"He tore up the cheque, filled in another for \$200,000 on a Chicago National bank, and handed it over with the remark: 'Please step over to the bank and ask them to assure themselves that this would be honoured in Chicago.'

"I went over to a national bank, and inside of an hour Chicago had answered that a cheque signed by the old man for \$500,000 was as good as gold. I had made a mistake in sizing my man up."

"But who was he?" "He is familiarly known as 'Old Hutch,' king of the wheat ring."



What can the Wild Waves Have Been Saying?

Messenger (going through Western railway train)—Want dinner at Sorog's Corners? Starving passenger—Indeed I do. Messenger—One dollar, please. Passenger—What do you want pay in advance for? Messenger—Sometimes the train is late and don't stop.—

## A CAMP OF DEATH.

Who Wrote the Letter?—A Mystery of the Plains.

I was sent to Fort Laramie, in Wyoming Territory, early in the summer of 1865, having accepted the position of Government scout, and I held that position all through the troubles of the next four years. It may be inferred, therefore, that I had my full share of close calls and narrow escapes. As soon as fresh troops arrived at that and other forts, and the work of subduing the Indians began in earnest, every red skin who could handle a gun was put into the field. Indeed, boys no more than 12 years of age, armed with bows and arrows, had the opportunity to show their mettle, and I knew of several fights in which the younger squaws took part. It was a case of do or die with the Indian, and he sacrificed his pride and his legends that he might hold his own against the white soldiers. I carried dispatches between Julesburg and Laramie, and between Laramie and Fort Fetterman, and outside of this accompanied detached bodies on expeditions or scouting on my own account. There was never a day of rest, and never a day when one felt sure that he would live to see the sun go down.

### SOLDIERS WERE KILLED

within a mile of the gates of the fort, and the place was so constantly under surveillance that it was hardly possible to get in or out without being fired upon.

The strangest adventure of the whole war befell me in July, 1866, and there was a mystery connected with it which has not been solved to this day. I had been out with a detached command of 100 cavalry, which had scouted along the north fork of the Platte east from Laramie to the Copper Mountains. These mountains are the beginning of the Black Hills chain. On the east side of the mountains we turned to the north, rode for two days, and the cavalry then made a halt for a day and retired to Julesburg. The object was to cover as much territory as possible and give the Indians to understand that we were aggressive. I had to report to the commander of Fort Laramie, and instead of returning and ascending the Platte, I decided to try for a pass through the Copper Mountains, my fellow scouts having told me that several existed. I left the cavalry camp soon after dark, it being about twenty miles east of the mountains. We had been dogged by Indians for two days, and I made my start at night to throw them off the scent. I had a jet black horse, speedy and intelligent, and the risk was not so great, providing I did not run into a small band by accident.

For the first two miles out of camp I walked my horse, both of us watching and listening. His senses were sharper than mine, and

### ALL OF A SUDDEN

he came to a dead halt and pointed his nose to the west, like a dog flushing a bird. That meant danger. He had been trained down fine before I got him, and was to be depended on as much as I could speak. I was no sooner off his back than he lay down, and I had scarcely crouched beside him when three Indians, mounted on ponies and heading to the east, passed us to the right on a walk. The nearest one was not over ten feet away, and I plainly scented the tobacco from his pipe. The ground was broken, with masses of rock outcropping here and there, and it would have taken sharp eyes to detect us even at that short distance. I heard them mumble and mutter as they passed on, and not until ten minutes after the footsteps of the ponies died away in the distance did we rise and proceed. Had my horse been on the gallop, or had he been ten seconds later in discovering the red-skins, I might not have got away.

Half an hour after daylight, having met with no further adventure, I was at the base of the mountains, striking the range seventeen miles from its southern end, and at a place which has since been named Crook's Pass. I had little fear of finding Indians in the mountains, unless it was a body passing through the gap. As soon as I was secure from the prairie I made a fire, got ready my coffee, and rested for two hours. Then I set out to reach the other side of the range, where I would either stay by until night or push on for Laramie, according as the signs indicated. The pass for the first half mile was fair enough for a wagon. After that it was so woefully possible for a saddle horse to make his way. It was difficult to tell which was the main pass and which the branches, and when about half way over the mountain I came to a spot where I was completely stuck. The pass I had been following was now split into three, each one seeming to be the main pass, and, as there was nothing to guide me, I had to take one of them at a venture. If it was not the right one, I must return and take another. I went to the left, and

### AFTER GOING A FEW RODS,

found the pass or cut over grown with bushes, and badly choked up by a fall of rock. The cut was from twelve to twenty feet wide, twisting about like a creek, but gradually leading upward. The height of the bank on each side was from fifty to two hundred feet, and the mountain was so densely wooded that the path was in semi-darkness.

I got my horse over the obstructions which blocked the way and proceeded on for half a mile without finding any great change in the general character of the pass. Then it suddenly swerved to the left and debouched into a cove of about two acres in extent, which nature had so walled in that the most agile Indian would have been put to his trumps to find a spot where the wall could be scaled. It would have been more in keeping with nature and the surroundings had the cove been full of water, as small lakes of that kind are frequently found in the mountains, but it was not only solid earth, but so fertile that the sweet grass was knee high and there were flowers without number. Before setting foot on the grass I saw that this was the end of the pass I had followed, and that I must return. I decided to let the horse

return after I had turned him loose that I caught sight of what appeared to be six emigrant wagons standing against the further wall. It was not sure of their character until I had made half the distance, and it was only when I got close up that I discovered why they looked so queer. Their canvas tops had turned black and rotted away, and were now in rags and streaming out in the breeze. The woodwork of the wagons had turned gray, the tires of the wheels had rusted until the iron was almost eaten away, and

when I took hold of the hind wheel of one of the vehicles and gave it a shake the spokes fell and the wagon came crashing down and a cloud of dust.

There was something so gruesome and mysterious in my find that I wanted to run away. I should have been no more surprised to find a steamboat resting there. No emigrant had yet dared penetrate so

### FAR INTO THE INDIAN COUNTRY

in that direction, and it was far away from the overland trail to California. The presence of those wagons meant a tragedy, and I was loth to begin an investigation. I walked about the cove seeking to trace my courage and a few yards beyond the wagons I came upon a heap of bones which I knew to have belonged to horses or cattle. A bit further on a huge fireplace had been constructed of loose stones against the face of a cliff, and the smoke had blackened the wall for a distance of forty feet from the ground. There was no sign of the presence of any human being. It had been a long time since the last fire was built, as the grass was growing among the ashes and embers. The key to the mystery must be hidden in the wagons, and I returned to overhaul them. You can hardly realize the lonesome look of those vehicles. They were standing one behind the other as closely as they could be drawn, and the sight of them was proof that years had gone by since they were parked there. I should say that it would take at least ten years to bring about such decay as I saw in them. They were large and heavy, made of the best materials, and yet a shake would have brought any of them to the ground.

I began with the first wagon, and I can easily recall the contents of each. The first wagon was piled full of harnesses, or the remains of them. Time and decay had left little except the buckles, and they were badly rusted. I should say the heap contained the harnesses of at least a dozen teams. In the second wagon were a chest, two iron kettles, a jug, and a heap of mould which probably represented clothing. I hauled the chest out and kicked it apart, but the contents had gone to mould, except in the case of fifty Mexican silver dollars, which had probably been in a buckskin bag. The third wagon also held a chest,

### BUT I FOUND NOTHING

of value in it. I found in this wagon the rusted remains of several picks and shovels and heaps of mould which represented either clothing or provisions. The fourth wagon was empty. The fifth contained picks and shovels and a rough wooden box. From this box I rescued a small one made of tin, and I broke that open to find \$40 in State bank bills, a rude map evidently representing the Copper Mountains and neighborhood, and four five-dollar American gold pieces.

The fifth wagon had evidently been stored with provisions, but I found nothing but mould. In the sixth were three chests, two shovels, three picks, the barrel of a rifle, a rusty axe, and a keg which had held whiskey. In one of the three big boxes I found a silver tobacco box containing \$60 in Mexican gold and a note or description. It had been written on heavy paper and with good ink, but some of the words had faded entirely away and others had to be guessed. The following is the copy I made of it upon my return to Fort Laramie:

There will . . . about twenty, and in . . . you should take precautions . . . Have Captain Jim see that . . . powder and lead . . . three months or more . . . same general direction . . . about due north from . . . must act for . . . shall expect . . . from man I send.

The letter was unsigned, and so much of it was illegible that we could only guess at the general tenor. There had been a private expedition from Kansas years before. The party had sought shelter in the mountain valley. They had killed a portion if not all their live stock for food. Then the men had departed, but never one had returned to civilization to tell the tale. All may have been wiped out in the main pass or at the base of the mountain, or some may have died in the cove. Had the Indians ever found the wagons they would have plundered and burned them. The fact that they had not only deepened the mystery. I had notice of the discovery published far and wide in the West, and on two occasions guided parties to the cove that further examination might be made, but to this day the fate of those people is a mystery.

### Where "Red Tape" Prevails.

A paymaster in the United States navy gives an exchange the following account of the "red tape" that must be gone through in making purchases for a man-of-war:—Supposing that a paper of tacks was wanted on board a United States ship on a foreign station, the following is the routine actually required under general order No. 48:—Four requisitions are made out, which are signed as follows:—Officer making the requisition, four times, captain eight, paymaster eight, and admiral four. Bids are sent out to five merchants, which are signed by pay officer five times; merchants bidding, five; acceptance of bid, paymaster, one. Bids are then made out in quintuplicate and are signed by the captain five times; paymaster, ten; senior officer of the board of inspection, five; and persons receiving the money, five. A report is attached by the senior officer of the Board of Survey in duplicate, two signatures, and the officer who has made the requisition signs a receipt on the bill five times, when it is complete, with more than half a hundred signatures.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

I never think it necessary to refute calumnies; they are sparks, which if you do not blow them will go out themselves.

The circumstances of the seizure of the Alfred Adams nearly two years ago were very similar to those of the seizure of the Black Diamond. The seizure was made by the Richard Rush. The schooner was depolled of 1,386 skins, four kegs of gunpowder, 500 shells, three cases of caps and primers, nine breech-loading double-barrelled shotguns, one Winchester rifle and twelve Indian spears. The commander of the Rush very kindly gave the captain of the Adams a receipt for the goods and a certificate that the schooner was under seizure. Then he let the schooner go—without putting an able mariner on board—and told the captain to proceed to Sitka. The men on board the schooner were nearly all Indians. They had heard that the crews, and especially the Indians, previously taken to Sitka had been very badly treated. So they became mutinous and said they would not go to Sitka, and to avoid trouble the captain went to Victoria instead.

### England's Interests in America.

The mistake our forefathers made in not having the declaration of independence cover Canada as well as the land south of it, is becoming more apparent each day. There is but little hope of annexing Canada but there are abundant indications that the disputes between this country and that will continue and unpleasant complications often result. The triumph achieved by Washington and his co patriots should have meant the annulling of England's claim to any part of North America. The Monroe doctrine may yet have to be extended and put in force to cover Canada. "One and inseparable" might apply to the whole of North America. How ever, we may grant England room for a colony on this side of the Atlantic—that is, if she behaves herself and doesn't do too much talking.—Omaha Weekly World-Herald.

### How He Felt.

"I heard you kissed the prettiest girl in the room, at the party last night," observed an Austin youth to his companion.  
"Well, I did, for a fact. What of it?"  
"O, nothing; only I'd just like to know how you felt during the sweet osculation."  
"Felt like a beefsteak."  
"Like a beefsteak?"  
"Yes. Smothered in onions."

Persons who say they have seen sea serpents are exposed to the jibes and jeers of sceptical journalists, and so far no sea serpent has had the decency to come into port, appear before a Justice of the Peace and set all doubts at rest. The captain of the barque Nautilus, knowing this unamiable quality of sea serpents, took the precaution to shoot one dead, so that he might produce its body before a Court of competent jurisdiction. Willy, even in death, the animal sank to the bottom. And the journalists continue to jibe.

### A Cure or No Pay

is guaranteed to those who use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for catarrh in the head, or for bronchial or throat affections, or consumption (which is lung scrofula) if taken in time and given a fair trial. Money promptly returned if it does not cure.

Justice, as understood by the world, is a constant struggle against the laws of nature.

### A Life Preserver,

thrown to you in the sea of troubles that threatens to engulf you ladies in its danger-fraught waves, so to speak, and one that will float you over their threatening crests with perfect safety, is found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You make a dangerous mistake if you do not seize and make use of it, if you are afflicted with any of those distressing ailments peculiar to your sex, styled "female complaints," for it is a guaranteed cure for each and every ill of the kind. The only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

Madmen are always constant in love, which no man in his senses ever was.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

### To the St. Leon Mineral Water Co.

PENETANGUISHENE, August 1.

GENTLEMEN,—I use St. Leon Mineral Water three times daily. Find nothing better as a regulator and to promote good health and buoyant feelings. St. Leon is simply grand for the whole system.

H. H. THOMPSON, Mayor.

Testimonials as above come from all quarters down to the lowest despairing sufferers. After a free use of St. Leon Water all are changed, raised to heights of health past all former conception. Purchase St. Leon.

Utah has a colony composed of natives of the Hawaiian Islands.

### The Turtle Mountain Region.

Thousands of acres of choice free government land, now open for settlers in the Turtle Mountain Region of Dakota. Here was raised the wheat that took first premium at New Orleans Exposition. Rich soil, timber in mountains, good schools, churches, congenial society. For further information, maps, rates, etc., apply to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. P., M. & M. Ry., St. Paul, Minn., or J. M. Huckins, Can. Pass. Agt., Toronto.

The Emperor of China wants to visit America.

### The Book of Lubon.

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A. P. 464

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# THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, AUGUST 29, 1889.

The EQUITY staff purpose taking their annual holiday next week. There will in consequence be no issue of this journal. The office, however, will be open for the execution of job work, and the transaction of other business, particularly the receipt of subscriptions.

Hon. Wm. McDougall is credited with entertaining doubts as to the power of the Manitoba Legislature either to abolish separate schools or the official use of the French language.

*L'Electeur*, the leading Liberal organ of Quebec, has formally repudiated the *Globe*, the leading Liberal organ of Ontario, because of its anti-Jesuit declarations. Meanwhile both go on working up their respective factions of the one organization against the Dominion Government.

The conspiracy to capture Canada and make it a dependency of the United States has failed. Mr. Hiit made his base hit but failed to get to second. Mr. Butterworth has ceased to get free advertising even in Reform journals. Mr. Wiman has temporary withdrawn from public gaze. The *Toronto Mail* has taken down its commercial annexation sign. And the *Toronto Globe* is busy boxing the compass on the Jesuits' Estates Act, and proving that Sir John Macdonald is a bad man because two Grit Premiers prepared the Act in question. The *New York Sun* alone tries to squirt a little of Dr. Brown Seaward's elixir vital into the corpse of the fact and to persuade its readers that Canada may yet be captured.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Speaking of the Canadian Pacific China-Japan contract which was recently ratified by the Imperial Parliament, the *London Times* says:—"The Canadian Pacific railroad is a work for which the Canadians alone found the money. To grudge them the benefits arising from a government subsidy argues a peculiarly parochial spirit. They have placed within our reach a grand opportunity of binding together the eastern and western ends of the empire by a truly Imperial work. It would be utterly unworthy the Imperial ministers to decline to assume an interest in so great an undertaking, with all its strategic advantages. There is no reason why the Peninsular and Oriental company should be jealous. There is plenty of work for both in their own interests and in the interests of the Empire."

London, August 22.—The news of the fresh seizures in Behring sea has been received here with unpleasant surprise, the general belief having been that Lord Salisbury's remonstrance would prevent a repetition of the Black Diamond outrage. The *St. James Gazette* which supports the Government, to-night says that these seizures offer a fresh aggravation, and hints at strong measures being taken to check a repetition of them.

The *Globe*, which also supports the Government, devotes a long editorial to the subject, and says that if the United States desire to produce very strained relations with Great Britain they are achieving a large measure of success. The seizures are eminently unfriendly and provocative. They may, if persevered with, lead at any moment to a rupture of diplomatic relations between the two countries. The Washington Government, it says, should not trade too far on an assumption that John Bull will tamely submit to these constant indignities, and strongly suggests the submission of the Atlantic and Pacific disputes to an impartial tribunal of able diplomatists.

Those who care to keep an observant eye upon the signs of the times will note the various interesting phases of the Jesuit question, which have been brought clearly into view by the agitation. Now facts have come to the front, and fresh light has been thrown upon the origin of the legislation and its importation into Dominion politics. A casual remark here, a chance report there, have made manifest the part played by the Grit fomenters of disturbance. It is now persistently reported in Montreal that articles in *L'Etendard*, the clerical paper so bitterly opposed to the Dominion Government and allied closely to the Quebec Grit party, are inspired by two Jesuits. This, taken in conjunction with the recent revelation of an Ultramontane journal, that the chief newspaper fomentor of the agitation in Ontario was formerly a contributor to Ultramontane journals in Quebec, supplies valuable assistance in determining why the anti-Jesuit agitation is so assiduously worked by Grits solely against the Dominion Government.—*Empire*.

## The Manitoba School Question.

Winnipeg, 20th.—The *Sun* of Monday says: "It has been officially learned that Hon. Mr. Prendergast resigned his portfolio in the Greenway Cabinet last June, and it was arranged that it would take effect on August 30th, so that he will leave the building in about ten or eleven days. A reporter was told that Mr. Prendergast did know months ago that it was the intention of the Greenway Government to abolish the dual language system and wipe out the Separate Schools; and that such was his reason for resigning when he did. The fact of his resignation presented in June was painted to as positive proof of this. The question, although not officially passed upon in Council, was discussed time and again by Messrs. Greenway, Martin, Smart and McMillan, and a definite decision reached to nationalize the schools."

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- Gem Jars, Pints, Quarts and half Gallon,
- Also Jelly Tumblers.

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Is still going on and will continue during the month of August. They who wish to get good bargains should avail themselves of this opportunity before the time is past.

**Cotton Tennis Flannels**  
In pretty shades of plain and stripes of all widths at  
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PER YARD.

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Plaids, Checks and Stripes in Stripes in beautiful shades, selling at about half its value, which are already shrunken.

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A large lot of which have just been taken out of bond at sale prices.

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The new curtain material which so much resembles the art silks that they cannot be told apart, unless closely examined and selling for a mere trifle.

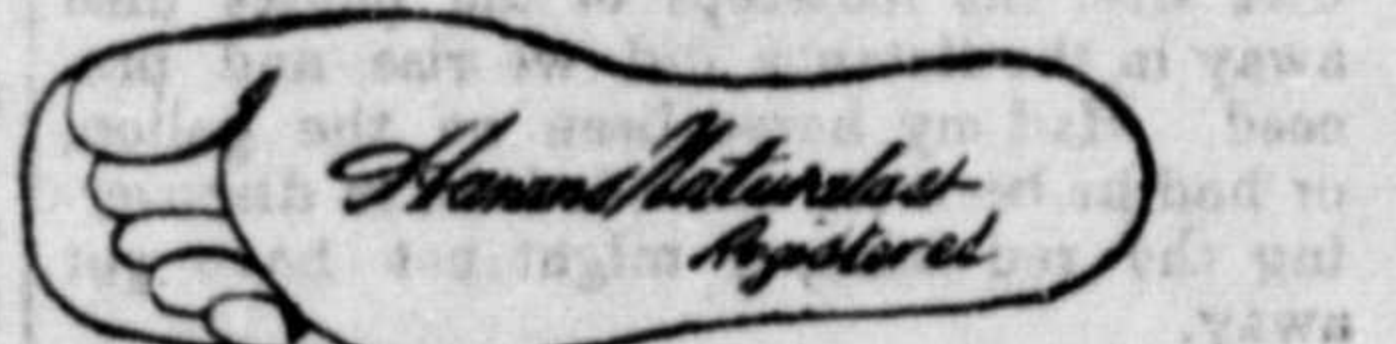
**Counterpanes,**  
A complete assortment of which can be had in all the sizes available. All qualities ranging in prices from 75 cts to \$6.50.

The above-mentioned are new Goods and all people interested in these lines should not let such bargains go by.

**Selling Out!**  
**C. ROSS & CO.,**  
94 AND 96 SPARKS, 24, 26, 28  
AND 30 METCALF ST.,  
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Can do anything in the way of  
**BOOTS**

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and Children.**

Ottawa, 18th March, 1889.

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H. EADES.  
Clarendon, March 11, 1889.

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THE undersigned offers for sale a Four year old CHESTNUT HILL mare Colt. For further particulars apply to  
G. H. WHITE,  
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embracing also a history of the floods in Williamsport, Lockhaven, Sunbury, and all the flooded districts in the State of Pennsylvania, also in Washington, D. C., New York, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, all of which caused the total loss of over 11,000 lives and the destruction of over \$40,000,000 worth of property;

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75 cent all-over Muslins reduced to 50 cents.  
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WE HAVE STILL LEFT A GOOD SELECTION OF

Women's, Misses' and Children's Hose. Women's Misses' and Children's Gloves.  
They are moving off fast at our prices.

### Our stock o Boots and Shoes

was never larger or better assorted than now. Many of them have been bought at sacrifice prices and will be sold at the same.

**REMEMBER** it is not only in buying from us that you make money, but also in selling to us. We will give you the highest price for your Eggs, and besides, all goods bought from us in exchange will be given at the lowest cash price.

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FENCE WIRE,  
BINDER TWINE.

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Full Lines in Groceries and Boots and Shoes.  
**J. H. SHAW.**

SHAWVILLE, June 25th.

## SASH AND DOOR FACTORY, SHAWVILLE, QUE.

In returning thanks to the public generally for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon us, we would state that we have on hand a large stock of

SASHES, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, NEUL POSTS, BANNISTERS,  
HAND RAILINGS, and everything required in WOOD FINISHING.

SCROLL SAWING IN EVERY VARIETY and DESIGN.

Lumber dressed at reasonable rates. All kinds of Custom Work Solicited.

### NOTICE.

Sometime ago we added to our Factory a Patterson GRINDER for reducing oats to provender. This will be found a great convenience to the farming community. Any quantity of grain ground on the shortest notice.

House Building a Specialty.

**ROBT. McCREDIE & SONS.**  
PROPRIETORS

Shawville, Oct. 15 1888.

## Pyke's Shirts

ARE THE BEST. TRY THEM.

99 SPARKS STREET, - - - - - OTTAWA, ONT.

Ottawa, June 25th, 1887.

LIVERY STABLES,  
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WALSH & HOBBS, Props.

THE undersigned having a large supply of first class rigs and horses on hand are in a position to supply the public demand at any time during the day or night. Our rates will be found reasonable. The Commercial trade solicited. We make it a point to employ none but the best of drivers.

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Intending purchasers would do well to examine my stock and compare prices, before purchasing elsewhere.

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Goods received on consignment. Quotations given on enquiry.  
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JUST READ THIS.

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Prices to suit every one.

HATS, SHIRTS, TIES, UNDERWEAR, HOISERY.

BE SURE AND CALL WHEN IN TOWN.

# A DEAD MAN'S VENGEANCE

## CHAPTER X.

The White Sulphur Springs had bored Gerald Ravelow severely for a number of past weeks. He saw in a hundred of the pretty girls that haunted lawns and piazzas of the hotels a resemblance to Brenda, vague yet irritating. He avoided all chances of being presented to any of these damsels and soon won, in consequence, the name of woman-hater. This put him into a still more unpleasant humor, from which his only refuge was found in taking very long horseback rides among the breezy Virginian hills. Mean while his mother's health had improved but slightly, although her malady was fraught with no symptoms of danger. Learning by accident that a New York physician of note chanced to be at a small hotel about ten miles distant, Gerald persuaded his mother to accompany him thither. They retained their former apartments at the hotel which they now temporarily left and to which they proposed returning in at least three days from their time of departure. As matters arranged themselves, however, the new quarters proved charming, the new doctor a very agreeable man and the new project a most unforeseen success. His mother seem so much brighter and stronger that Gerald determined to give up his apartments at their former hotel and remain for an indefinite space in the spot whither he had drifted. With this purpose he sent for whatever letters might have arrived at their recent abode directed either to himself or Mrs. Ravelow. Several letters had arrived and were duly sent. Among them was a telegram from Brenda Bond, telling of her brother's death.

Gerald was horribly shocked. For the first time since boyhood his mother saw him weep. He bitterly reproached himself for having seen his friend so seldom of late. He pitied Brenda with all a lover's exorbitant power to pity, and finally he told his mother that it would be imperative for him to leave on the next Northern train.

"Of course, my son," she acquiesced, "I would not have you remain away from the funeral for worlds—that is, if there is any possible chance of your reaching it in time."

Gerald did his best. But the journey was long and Brenda's telegram had been cruelly delayed. When he arrived at Shadyshore the funeral ceremony had been over about three hours. Brenda, clad in the deepest mourning, met him with a sob and a cry.

"My poor girl!" he said, and took her in his arms. A servant had just glided from the drawing room, leaving them alone. Gerald's lips found their way to hers and the kiss that followed was one of betrothal, as both silently understood.

"I have so much to tell you," faltered Brenda, looking about her with nervous glances. "But there will always be the thought that she is listening." "It is such a lovely afternoon. Let us walk out under the fir trees."

Their walk lasted until nearly dusk. Finally, with a blinding headache caused by grief and excitement, Brenda redirected her steps toward the house. "And you tell me," said Gerald, as he walked ruminatively at her side, "that Dr. Southgate declared your brother died of heart disease?"

"Yes. He wrote that on the certificate; I saw the two words myself."

"But you yourself think—"

"Oh, I think nothing, because I've not a vestige of proof!"

Gerald was silent for some little time. He would have liked to tell Brenda the reason her brother had caused her to place that paper in his coffin, but remembrance of his oath forbade. After once having made the midnight visit to Louis' tomb, he would be privileged to speak of it, but before doing so the terms of that curious, whimsical compact precluded all reference to his intended act.

"You, too, seem mystified by his having bid me to conceal that paper inside his coffin," said Brenda. "You cannot guess, can you, Gerald, what it contains?"

"No, I cannot," replied Gerald, glad to answer so discreetly. "Unless," he went on, "a list of accusations against his wife is to be found there." "Oh, I have thought of that," said Brenda, "but surely he would not have—"

"These words died on her lips, for just then while they were ascending the piazza steps, Natalie came forward from the inner hall. Her mourning did not become her as it did Brenda, and besides the extreme pallor of her face there was a certain wildness noticeable in her odd hued eyes."

## CHAPTER XI.

She drooped her gaze before Gerald's direct one. A significant silence now ensued, which Brenda suddenly broke. She put out her hand to Gerald. "Goodby," she murmured, "I am worn out for to-day: I must lie down. You will come to-morrow."

"To-morrow—surely," he said, pressing her hand. She at once glided past her sister-in-law and disappeared into the hall. Gerald waited a moment for Natalie to speak; then, seeing that she looked both embarrassed and agitated, he said:—

"I was very sorry not to have seen the last of poor Louis."

Natalie seemed furtively to gnaw her under lip. Then she threw back her delicate head with a little blending of scorn and sadness. "Oh, if you had but come here a few hours sooner, Mr. Ravelow," she exclaimed. "I believe that even you might have consented to side with me—yes, me, the wife of your friend—against the treatment I have been forced to receive from Brenda."

"What treatment?" asked Gerald. "I have heard that you wished to keep a physician from visiting your husband, even while you knew him in the agonies of death."

"I did not know it!" she burst out, clenching both her slim hands as they hung at her sides. "I never dreamed he was dying! How should I dream so? He had been ill and ailing—he had had such attacks before—and I wished some New York doctor of reputation to see him instead of some—some mere country ignoramus." Here she sank into one of the bamboo chairs that were scattered about the piazza, and looked at Gerald with a mixture of imperiousness and malice. "I have only this to tell you, Gerald Ravelow," she continued. "You may be as much in love with Brenda Bond as you please, but if my husband has left you an executor of his estate—and I dare say that he has—then I shall demand that a full settlement of it shall be made as speedily as possible, giving me the share to which I am entitled, for I wish to leave this country and escape from all further insolence at the

hands of his arrogant sister. Yes, I wish to go back to England—"

"With Archibald?" asked Gerald, making the two sharp words cut her unfinished sentence like the swift stroke of a knife.

She started terribly and then stared at him. "How do you know—that do you know?" she began to stammer.

He gave a brief, cold laugh. "Oh, I'm a good deal more ignorant than I should like to be," he answered, and then, feeling that to stay and talk with her like this might be to place within her power some hint of a certain secret it was both his duty and his desire jealously to guard for the present, he slightly tilted his hat, murmured "Good evening," and passed at a rapid pace down the piazza steps.

"To-morrow will be time enough for action," he thought, as he hurried across the twilight lawns. A dread which he could not dismiss, however, assailed him with regard to Brenda. Was it safe for her to pass another night at Shadyshore with the hatred of Natalie vigilant and assertive? But soon Gerald smiled at his own fears. Whatever evil this widow of Louis Bond might already have done, it was sure that she would put no future obstacle between herself and the possession of a noble fortune. Policy would be the potent motive to keep her from all immediate mischief.

For the first time in his life Gerald felt beset by a sense of "nerves." He would almost rather have lost a hand than violate his oath to the dead, but this oath had of late entered his memory with an altogether novel series of thrills.

## CHAPTER XII.

By eleven o'clock that evening he found himself in a most perturbed condition. His own home, so closely adjoining the larger estate of the Bonds, had been left in charge of an old couple whom his sudden appearance had greatly surprised. After doing what they could for his entertainment these two custodians had retired to bed at Gerald's urgent behest. The evening outside was full of soft breezes and scintillant starlight—summer darkness with just the last autumnal touch in it. To reach the Shadyshore vault would require a walk of not more than ten or fifteen minutes. Gerald had secured the key, having long ago placed it in a certain drawer which he had now but to open for the purpose of laying his hands on what they sought. He had supplied himself with two or three candles and a box of matches. All was ready.

His heart beat queerly as he began his little journey across lots and by dark clusters of lonely foliage. The ghostly character of his undertaking was not its only drawback. He seemed to see, again and again, before he reached the vault, forms dart out upon him with vetoing gestures, accusative eyes. And how could he explain his trespassing presence in case any such arrest should occur?

But in reality he gained the vault quite unobserved. It was built of solid granite in the side of a slight hill. He listened for a moment, and then descended the small flight of steps leading inward to a large metal door. Then he inserted his key in the lock. It fitted perfectly, and quite soon afterward he had passed within the interior of the vault, leaving the metal door behind him just enough ajar to admit a certain quantity of air, yet not enough so to attract the notice of any possible passer.

He now stood in pitchy darkness. A heavy smell as of fresh cut flowers at once oppressed him. He had ceased to feel trepidation; his old magnificent courage and coolness had come back to him. Slowly he struck a match and lighted one of his tapers. As the flame struggled from intense dimness into comparative brightness the solemn, stone wrought chamber became clearly visible. It contained but three coffins, each laid in a separate niche. One was that of Louis Bond's mother, one that of his father, and one was his own. The last lay heaped over with wreaths and crosses. All the niches were large, and in a manner took from the usual grimness of such receptacles by being uncramped and commodious of aspect.

Gerald had brought a small sconce for his candle, and now set both on the edge of the empty niche, just above the casket of his friend. He waited for some time in awed silence. To open the coffin was an act from which he shrank most reluctantly. And yet his sacred oath compelled him to perform this act. There was only the usual lock to be pried asunder, and for this purpose he had brought with him a capable instrument.

Presently he banished his repulsion. "How can there be the least deterioration," he thought, "when I am only following out Louis' own earnest wishes! Besides the vow he once exacted from me there is a new stimulus in Brenda's account of that hidden paper."

And yet to spend three mortal hours in this dismal vault! he began already to feel that his nerve power, strong and trust-worthy as it was, could scarcely endure so drastic an ordeal. Still, he must make the effort. Looking at his watch he slotted time that only fifteen minutes of the allotted time had already passed. And yet they had seemed far more than an hour!

One stout wrench with his chisel and the coffin was pried apart. He soon looked upon the calm, waxen face of Louis. How like, and yet how completely soulless and irresponsible! What hope of any vital, resurrectional sign could possibly be drawn from this pallor and apathy?

He leaned closer above the still features, familiar, yet utterly changed. He forgot the concealed paper of which Brenda had told him, while he parted from the dead man's breast and chin the thick masses of flowers which lay there. But he remembered, and with a piercing force of recollection, what he had bound himself of old to use every manly effort in desiring and yearning after.

Some of the flowers fell over upon the stone flooring of the vault—loose camellias and white roses, with, perhaps, a few glossy leaves of either. He meant to stoop and pick them up, when suddenly a strange and horrible thing occurred. The light went out, and it seemed to him that as it did so a sharp metallic sound rang through the dead, abrupt darkness.

And then something struck him, with a light yet distinct contact, full on the breast. He lifted his hand, and caught a stiff square of glazed paper.

"The hidden letter!" flashed through his brain. "He has given it to me himself?"

For the first time in all his brave young life, Gerald Ravelow knew what it was to be dazed and half mad with terror.

He reeled backward in the dense darkness, clutching the letter. How he found his way out of the vault he never afterward remembered. Everything seemed to him a blank until he found himself on the grounds of his own estate, with well known trees and paths gleaming dim all about him and the tacit, inscrutable stars glittering down upon him from the mighty concave of the midnight heaven.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Brenda wondered for three or four hours the next morning why Gerald did not keep his promise and appear. Natalie passed her once or twice in the halls with a pale, supercilious face. Repeatedly Brenda went out on the piazza and looked with longing eyes towards Gerald's home, whose roofs were just faintly seen above masses of greenery.

At last, to her surprise, she saw him coming up the lawn from the outer road, with a man on either side of him. She slipped into the house again and watched the approaching figures from one of the drawing room windows.

While she did so Natalie entered the room. "I see Gerald Ravelow coming here," she broke out, her voice high and querulous, "with two men in his company. Who are they?"

"I have no idea," answered Brenda, turning from the window. "Why should I have?"

Natalie gave a slight laugh that was like a sneer made into sound. Just then steps were heard on the piazza. Moved by a sudden impulse Brenda flung open the blinds of the window near which she had been standing.

"This way, Gerald," she said. Gerald entered soon afterward alone, but Brenda saw that his two companions waited just outside.

The young man put out his hand toward Brenda, while he fixed a hard and cold stare at Natalie.

"I have a paper," he said, "written a day or two before his death, by your late husband. In that paper he accuses you of trying to poison him. He detected you, but said nothing. He preferred to die by your hand, since he had loved you so well that to live on would have been a horror. I quote almost his exact words. And there is no doubt about the authenticity of this paper that he left. Brenda here received it from him and placed it secretly within his breast after he had been laid in his coffin. I found it there. In it he also states that not long ago he forced from you a certain confession regarding a man named Archibald Clay, and that he has reason to believe you hide at the present time both a packet of letters from this man and one or more bottles of poison as well within a particular cabinet up stairs. I have secured a search warrant, and must therefore—"

At the words "search warrant" Natalie darted toward the door. Gerald followed her, after a swift sign through the wide piazza window. He sprang up stairs, knowing the house so well that the cabinet to which his friend's letter had allude and the apartment in which it stood were both well remembered by him.

But quick as he had been Natalie reached the cabinet before him. He saw her kneeling at one of its open drawers. The next instant he saw her lift something to her lips. Almost immediately after that she fell heavily backward. There had lain a swifter poison here in the cabinet than that stealthy one which had doubtless wrought her husband's death.

She was quite lifeless when they poked her up. Afterward, when rigid examinations were made as to her previous life, it seemed slight wonder that such a woman should have preferred to end by suicide the final collapse of her evil hopes. She had undoubtedly been the wife of a certain disreputable Englishman called "Captain" Clay, and one of whose aliases was "Leveridge," long before her marriage with poor, infatuated Louis Bond. From some of the letters from this man, found in the cabinet, it was only too evident that she had planned Louis' murder with his full knowledge, and that the two expected at some future day to enjoy the wealth which would thus vilely have been secured.

## CHAPTER XIV.

During the following autumn occurred Gerald's marriage with Brenda, greatly to the delight of Mrs. Ravelow, whose health had now regained its usual gentle state of invalidism. Some time before this event Brenda had visited the vault where her brother lay and had first ordered with her own hand what disarray had been caused by Gerald's weird visit and afterward quietly obtained aid for the restoration of the injured coffin.

But Gerald could never be induced to accompany her on either of the several little pilgrimages which her task involved. "No, Brenda," he would say, "There are memories connected with that place which will haunt me till I die. No need of making them more vivid than they are sure to be already."

But once Brenda said:—"Perhaps you are quite wrong in believing, Gerald, that anything supernatural really occurred that night. In my hurry and agitation, seizing a moment when she was not present, I thrust the paper within poor Louis' breast. It may be that I lodged it innocently, and that the movement of the coffin afterward displaced it still more. When, as you say, you departed the flowers that lay on the breast of Louis the paper may have been half concealed by these, while its whiteness corresponded to that of the flowers themselves, all being seen in a dim light. Hence, when the candle fell—"

"Fall?" interrupted Gerald. "Why do you state that it fell?"

Brenda smiled over so faintly. "Because you had set it, in its soot, at the edge of one of the stone niches. That it should fall would have been nothing remarkable. And when, as it seemed to you, the paper was almost put into your outstretched hand, this must merely have been the natural result of its having slid to the floor, like some of the flowers that I found there."

Gerald listened intently and then shook his head with an unwonted gravity.

"No, Brenda," he said; "nothing can ever shake my faith that the dead man miraculously made me an agent of his vengeance beyond the grave."

"Perhaps he did," answered Brenda. "I don't deny it. I'm not attempting to explain any deep spiritual truth; I'm only seeking to account for material facts. The last—who

knows?—may often be but the blind, obedient servants of the first."

"I dare say that is true," returned Gerald, musingly. But for many years afterwards he adhered to his own private opinions, nevertheless.

[THE END]

## SULLIVAN OUTDONE.

A Drunken Bear Cleans Out a New Jersey Bar-Room.

A cinnamon-colored bear of vast size is certainly the most useful, and were it not that he seems to be too short from nose to tail tip for his great height would also be the most ornamental, member of a gang of gypsies who have pitched their tents in a hollow behind the Erie railroad station at Belleville, N. J. The bear is an accomplished brute.

Yesterday, says the New York Evening Sun, he was performing in front of a liquor saloon, and after his leader had fallen before his fire, regained his feet, and taken up a collection, some one proposed to give the bear a drink. He drank four fingers of Jersey lightning with evident relish, smacked his huge lips and looked as if he would like to be treated again.

His desire was gratified—his owner, who makes a point of allowing his servitor to take anything that is offered to him, raising no objection. After the glass had been filled and emptied several times a subscription was made up and a bottle of whiskey was purchased. The bear drank it all, but added to what he had already consumed, it was too much for him. He was rolling drunk, and, like John L. Sullivan under the same conditions, the worst points of his character asserted themselves. He evinced a disposition to use his paws freely, and when the man at the other end of his leading rope tried to induce him to return to the encampment he showed plainly that he proposed to remain near the liquor saloon and fight it out on that line if it took him all summer.

To complicate matters still further somebody cut the cord by which the gypsy controlled him and he made a staggering charge for the door whence all the whiskey had been brought to him. He entered with a plunge and cleaned the occupants out of the bar-room without injuring one of them. They were all gone before his third growl had been uttered. Some went into the back yard, others through the front window, and a few up the stairs. Even bartender fled without waiting to ask the intruder what he would take, and tipping was stopped, temporarily at least, with a precipitancy that would have warmed the heart of a temperance advocate.

Then the bear went behind the bar, but whether to drink up the stock or merely to inspect the arrangements for dispensing creature comforts could not be ascertained, for when any one cautiously entered the saloon to see what was going on inside the cinnamon-colored savage drove him out with growls that sounded like curses. The gypsy was voluble with lamentations and the bar-keeper [more voluble with threats, but neither of them ventured to take any steps toward dispossessing the bear. A suggestion to call the constable was laughed to scorn, and half an hour passed before the bear, overcome by his potations, dropped into a drunken doze. Then the gypsy family fell upon him and secured him with ropes. His frenzy had vanished, and with returned docility he reeled back to the encampment. He seemed to be suffering from a splitting headache this morning.

## An Electric Plant.

There has been discovered in the forests of India, says Nature, a strange plant which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six meters a magnetic needle is affected by it and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hour of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night.

At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb and bends its head during a thunder-shower; it remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves and the needle is unaffected beside it.

One never by any chance sees a bird or insect alight on the electric plant; an instinct seems to warn them that they would find there sudden death. It is also important to remark that where it grows none of the magnetic metals are found—neither iron, nor cobalt, nor nickel—an undeniable proof that the electric force belongs exclusively to the plant. Light and heat, phosphorescence, magnetism, electricity, how many mysteries and botanical problems does this wondrous Indian plant conceal within its leaf and flower!

"Amy Robart," a hitherto unknown work of Victor Hugo, has been published. The inhabitants of Bay St. Louis, in the Southern States, are grumbling because they are compelled to take postage stamps from the hands of a colored postmaster. Yet it is probable that most of them are quite willing to eat the pastry which black hands have kneaded.

The Only One.—A correspondent sends as the following from the advertisements in the Christian World: "Cultured, earnest, godly young man desires a pastorate; vivid preacher; musical voice; brilliant organizer; tall, and of good appearance; blameless life; very highest references; beloved by all; salary, £120." Fancy! this prize to be obtained for only £120! and the sum is his own valuation of himself! So that modesty is to be added to his merits, which, of course, would be taken for granted by anyone reading the above advertisement.

The sentences imposed upon the miners who have been tried in Breslau for serious breach of the peace during the recent strikes in Silesia were terribly heavy, though their offenses had been unusually serious. The Court sentenced Henkel, the ringleader, to seven years' penal servitude, to be followed by seven years' deprivation of all rights. Sentences varying from eighteen months' hard labor to five years' penal servitude were passed upon nine of the accused, while thirty-six others were condemned to terms of imprisonment ranging from twelve months to four years. The prisoners are mostly youths of 16 to 20 years of age, only twelve of them being above 21.

## In the Library.

Look, there they stand, grim row on row Gaunt quarto, portly folio, The sands of time are slipping slow To us who view them. Here is a vellum dark with crime, And there are books of lore and rhyme,— Shall we not find a sprig of thyme If we glance through them?

The bindings old, the covers worn, The pages tattered, soiled and torn; They look like maidens all forlorn, Upon the shelves here: There is a pathos in the place, Like tears upon a gray-beard's face; You shall not find the sportive trace Of merry elves here.

I see the calm smile of a saint, Such as Angelico might paint, Beam forth on me beneath these quaint Moth-eaten covers; And here upon the title-page There is no name of pious sage, But two names linked,—and, I'll engage, A pair of lovers.

Together they would sit and pore The sacred volume o'er and o'er, And reverently would adore The face they viewed there; They loved the quiet twilight nooks, The sweet seclusion of the books; Did he read well her woman's looks, And was she woe's there?

These walls that are so gray and old Then gleamed in crimson and in gold; Like Christmas chimneys the echoes rolled Of girlish laughter; And for a season all was well, Did dark Fate work a potent spell On gallant swain and damsel?— And what came after?

Ah, then, what then? We cannot say; Their life was motley, grave and gay, And troubles met them on their way, To vex and grieve them; Long, long have past their joy and pain, Their days of sunshine or of rain; They've lived for us in youth again, But now—we'll leave them.

## Nell's Fairy Tale.

The fairy tale was ended, the wicked Queen had fled; The Prince had saved the Princess and cut off the monster's head; The people all were joyful, and the Princess and the Prince Were married and—so ran the tale—"lived happy ever since."

Nell closed the book of fairy tales and mused: "I wonder why There are no fairies nowadays? I only wish that I Could be a fairy princess like the Princess Goldenhair."

Here Nell dropped off to sleep, and then she started in her chair, When of its own accord, the book popped open, and behold!

Out crept a wee elf-princess all arrayed in cloth of gold; She sighed a little tired sigh and then Nell heard her say, In a tiny tired little voice, that sounded far away:

"Oh, dear! how very nice it is for once to get outside. You've no idea how flat it is, my dear, until you've tried, To be shut up in a story-book with Dragons, Queens, and Kings, And always have to do and say the same old senseless things: You think it would be very fine, but really it's no joke!

I'd rather be a girl like you!" Then little Nell awoke. "Poor Princess Goldenhair," said she, "unhappy little elf, I'm rather glad, upon the whole, that I am just myself!"

ST. NICHOLAS.

A country boy by the old stone wall, That keeps the meadow and road apart, Stands handsome and manly and strong and tall;

And sturdy is he as the maple tree That's by his side. For Sam is young And his honest heart is as light and free As the bird that sings in the summer skies. He looks far off o'er the distant hills, While a soft light shines in his hazel eyes;

And leaning there by the meadow wall, He gives this sweet, familiar call: "Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

Now to manhood grown, and the bells sound sweet As the cows come slowly from out the wood; And he leaves the wall and hurries to meet The mild-eyed creatures, for they all know

The hand that strokes them as the pass Along the road where the daisies grow. And each one stands by the cow-yard bars Seeming well content with the strong brown hand That milks them there 'neath the summer stars;

And Sam's eyes look love as he sings again The well-remembered, sweet refrain, "Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

'Twas a day in June, such as poets love. There by his side a fair girl stands, And the flying clouds in the sky above Seem to play at forfeits with the sun, How well Sam knows that a lover's heart Throbs 'neath his coat, and that every one

Of the clover blossoms in the field Is breathing to him an old love song, And that every bud a joy can yield. So the maiden there by the broken wall Takes up and sings the old-time call "Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

Once more Sam stands by the meadow bars With his wife besides him, and her arms Enfold a dear form, whose baby prate Is sweeter to them than the brook's gay song

As it flows away at the foot of the hill Happy they wait, for they knew ere long The cows will come from the meadow side. So Sam caresses his little son, While the young wife looks with joy and pride;

And a piping voice o'er the old stone wall Just breathes in baby notes the call, "Ho boss! ho boss! ho boss!"

ALBERT H. HARDY

Mrs. Oliphant is writing a book about Edinburgh.

BRIEF DESPACHES.

Principal ... in Winnipeg. Natural gas has been struck in paying quantities about seven miles east of Port Colborne. Mortgages on 2,000 estates owned by the Russian nobility have been foreclosed, and the estates will be sold at auction by the end of the year. Lieut.-Col. Thomas Bacon, who was in command of the Canadian team at Wimbledon, has arrived home with the Kolapore cup. Mrs. W. Shannon presented the Prentice Boys of Kingston, last week with an ancient cannon, said to have been used at the siege of Derry. A number of the relics found in the old Indian fort which was recently explored have been deposited in the museum of the Canadian Institute, Toronto. The annual meeting of the Executive Health Officers of Ontario was held at Brockville, where many interesting papers on sanitary subjects were read and discussed. Mr. Webster, Dominion Government immigration agent at Kingston, who has been recently in Dakota, reports great failure of crops through drought in that State and much distress in consequence. Dr. Brodcur, the Montreal physician, is experimenting with the Brown Sequard elixir. It is understood that the Holy Office proposes making the regulations governing mixed marriages much stricter in Canada. Mr. J. C. Attkens, who has been making a tour of the North-West Provinces, thinks that the total crop will be about nine million bushels. La Minerva denounces the Liberals of Manitoba for their proposed crusade against the Separate schools and dual language in Manitoba. An octagon cave has been discovered on the farm of Mr. Lusker, near Bath, Ont., in which is a spring of mineral water said to be similar to the celebrated deep well at Owego. Edward McLaughlin, against whom a verdict of manslaughter was returned for shooting R. Ferguson at Madawaska, surrendered himself, and is now in Pembroke goal. A writ has been issued against Mr. W. F. Johnston, superintendent of the Massey Manufacturing Company, charging him with the seduction of Miss Emma Taylor, of Toronto. The trial of Marshall C. Twitchell, the young man charged with burglariously entering Mrs. Martin's house in Kingston under peculiar circumstances, has been fixed for September 16. It is again rumoured in Kingston that smelting furnaces will be established by the Rathbun Co., Deseronto. The strike of laborers in London is spreading, and the Socialists are assuming control of the movement. A prominent Ottawa politician believes that the general elections will not take place until the end of the parliamentary term in 1892. It is believed that owing to the postponement of the Australian Intercolonial Conference Mr. J. C. Abbott's mission to Australia will be dropped. The annual regatta of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was sailed last week, under the auspices of the Lake Yacht Racing Association. There was a strong south-west wind blowing and a heavy sea on. The death is announced in Montreal of Frank Goulette, probably the oldest railway employe in the Dominion, he having commenced railway work as a switchman in 1836 on the Champlain road, the first in Canada. Mrs. Webster, whose husband was killed at the Temple building elevator in Montreal some time ago, has taken an action for \$11,000 damages against the Methodist Church of Canada and the trustees of the St. James' street congregation, who are the owners of the building. In the case of young Twitchell, of Kingston, charged with burglary, Dr. William A. Hammond, of Washington, the well-known authority on nervous diseases, gives it as his opinion that Twitchell was suffering from epilepsy when he committed the act, and that he was entirely irresponsible.

The Petroleum Supply.

Professor John F. Carroll, assistant geologist for the State of Pennsylvania, is quoted as saying that the supply of petroleum was last year 5,000,000 barrels less than the demand, and that the shortage is bound to become more pronounced, in consequence of the falling condition of the different oil fields. A few years ago stocks were piling up at the rate of 2,000,000 barrels a month, or almost that, whereas they are now being decreased by something like 1,000,000 barrels a month. There are now, it is true, about 12,000,000 barrels of petroleum in tanks in the Ohio field, but this is because Ohio oil has not been used extensively as an illuminant. But the Ohio field, Professor Carroll believes, will not prove to be so extensive or productive as many suppose. No field thus far known, or likely to be ever known hereafter, will equal the yield of the Bradford, which has produced 50,000,000 barrels of oil, and at one time yielded as high as 105,000 barrels every twenty-four hours. Its production is now down to 18,000 to 20,000 barrels a day, and the pool is being drained to the dregs. Possibly there are some pools of 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 barrels in some of the old fields, and in new territory not yet opened up, but the prospects that such is the case are growing less every day. Kentucky may become something of an oil producer, though nothing great, for the oil-bearing sands underlie a portion of that State, and lap over into Tennessee. Texas has some oil, but the experiments undertaken in that State by Professor Carroll for others convinced him that petroleum does not exist in paying quantities. When a Toronto citizen neglects to pay his taxes he is punished only by the reproachful glance of the Collector and finally by the presence of the Bailiff. But in North Carolina the man ambitious to collect taxes is made of sterner stuff. A man who refused to pay his taxes was taken in hand by the Collector and hammered for three minutes, at the end of which time he withdrew his statement that the tax was a robbery, and paid the amount.—Ex.

POOR WHITES OF THE SOUTH.

Oddities of Life Among the Crackers and Tar-heelers. Nature seems to have dealt hardly with them, says "Good Health," for the drinking water, especially in the lowlands, is very poor. It is frequently obtained at a depth of only a few feet, necessarily receiving considerable surface drainage. The principal articles of diet are corn-bread and pork. The bread is usually made of Indian meal and water, and is good "solid" material. If anything in the shape of vegetables is cooked, it is always completely saturated with pork fat. Coffee, as black and strong as the parched berry can make it, completes the menu from one year's end to another. Tobacco-using is a very large part of their personal and social existence. I have known ministers to administer baptism to candidates with small brushes protruding from their mouths. One would suppose the medical fraternity would raise a voice of warning on some of these points, but they do not. On the contrary, they often advise the use of tobacco, and the use of an abundance of fat pork also. The average rural practitioner is fully twenty five years behind the times. Quinine and calomel are his orthodoxy. In some places leeching and bleeding are still regarded as efficient remedies. There are two very significant facts that are observable in these sections—(1) almost the entire absence in some localities of old people, and (2) the large number of children taken away by providence (?). In one neighborhood we heard of a family of six adult children and learned that it was commented upon for miles around. We visited the father of this family and found that a good supply of fruit trees grew on his little farm. Strange to say many of the people regard fruit as unwholesome and will make little or no use of it when it grows indigenous around them.

Pictures by Telegraph.

Auto-telegraphy has been known for fully ten years. But this will carry out the auto-telegraphic idea to the fullest extent. You can write as much as you please—thousands of words if you like, as newspaper men and others frequently have to do—and this machine will chew it up—that is, transmit it—as fast as you write. Indeed, the writing can be done on a continuous roll and when a score of lines are written, the top of the roll can be fed to the machine while the writer continues filling up the rest, and without tearing the roll. It can be regulated so as to keep pace exactly with the speed of the writer; and by the time he has finished, the machine will be on its last lap and will end its task almost immediately. The newspaper or other office receiving the matter will thus have it in the writer's own handwriting and within a few moments after it has passed out of his hands.

"But how is it proposed to transmit pictures?" "By the same method. The paper to be used will be washed with a weak solution of chloride of calcium, which will make it a conductor. The ink will be the non-conductor, or insulator. The pictures will have to be reproduced with pen and ink at the point of sending, and with this as the only delay, they can be transmitted without difficulty, every line and a shadow being reproduced with extreme fidelity." "Have you tested the machine?" "I have, and found it work like a charm. So long as the clock-work keeps running it can not get out of order. This machine is designed especially for the use of the daily press, and will enable our newspapers to produce

ACCURATE AND EXCELLENT PICTURES

of events in the issue immediately following instead of as now, waiting a day or two for the artist. You can readily understand how such an instrument could be applied on a leased wire, where voluminous press reports have to be sent daily or nightly. Every reporter could then be his own operator. The delay in filling dispatches would be obviated, and the slow-going Morse transmission superseded. Besides, another, which all electricians will appreciate is that the broader surface presented magnifies the electric ratio so greatly that even at a time when ordinary telegraphic instruments are unavailable on account of storm or for other causes, the machine will unfailingly give a connection strong enough to do the work required."

"What will the instruments cost when completed?" "I can not tell yet, but they will be within the reach of every enterprising newspaper, you may be sure."

The pictures transmitted by Mr. Ginochio's machine, though faint, are sufficiently distinct for all purposes. The minutest detail is reproduced with the fidelity of a photograph. Of course only pictures that have first been drawn upon the prepared paper can be transmitted. The time consumed does not exceed many seconds. A grinding noise, like the slow running down of a clock, is heard in the machine while in operation. With a few touches at the hands of a competent draughtsman, the pictures are ready to be sent to the engraver or electrotypist. If properly prepared in the first instance before transmission, Mr. Ginochio says, they will not require retouching at all, as the machine will record electrically every mark upon the paper.

Mr. Ginochio, the inventor, is an Italian by birth. His father was a man of considerable rank in the household of the first Napoleon, and was with the "Little Corporal" through many of his troubles. The son, who came to this country when a child is a veteran of the civil war. He has many electrical and other patents now in different parts of the country.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Circumstantial Evidence

The murder of Colonel Jones of Cincinnati furnished a curious commentary on the value of circumstantial evidence. During the search for Mr. Jones, before it was known that he had been killed, six men stated that they had seen him alive on the street at the very hour when (as was subsequently learned) he was lying dead in his barn. These men were reputable citizens, one of them being a clergyman. They were all very positive in their assertions, and doubtless would have told the same stories if they had been under oath. Yet every one of them was mistaken. The mental conviction which can make memory play such pranks is difficult to understand. Happily, no harm was done, for the murderer made a full confession before he knew of the avenue of escape thus opened to him. But the occurrences show that sworn testimony, even from the best of people, is not always absolutely trustworthy.—[Rechercher Democrat.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

The days of martyrdom for opinion's sake are over; but even when it was at its height the joy of the belief, the faith and the trust which the truth inspired, rose triumphant over all the pains and sorrows which the reality of man could devise. And that joy remains to all who care for truth. To those who search for her and find her, and treasure her when found, she will prove a friend who will never disappoint and a joy which none can take away.

The selfishness of the busy or preoccupied man shows itself in his habit of subordinating everything to the exigencies of his own work and gradually making them an excuse for having his own way in relation to matters wholly unconnected with it. He falls into the way of believing that it is a matter of necessity for him to arrange his holidays, his amusements, his hospitalities, and his social intercourse in general with exclusive reference to his own professional convenience. Thus in time he becomes, if not a really selfish man, at least a very good copy of one.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret or conviction as of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal. The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and, since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to indulge in the odious habit. A patient listener, however, is not always to be had—and good counsel is thrown away upon those who are absorbed in their own reflections.

Cost of Government.

At a time when the question of the Royal grant in the United Kingdom is directing an unusual amount of attention to the cost of administering the affairs of the Mother Country, it may not be out of place to glance at the expense of Government amongst other nations.

The following figures in round numbers will give an idea of the cost of Government in the United States, though, of course, the enormous expenditure during the Presidential elections every four years is necessarily not included, the estimate of a prominent politician on the other side recently placing it, however, at a sum exceeding twenty millions of dollars.

The President's salary, and other expenses provided.....\$ 75,000 Vice-President's salary..... 8,000 66 Senators, \$5,000 per annum..... 330,000 293 Representatives in Congress..... 1,465,000 Travelling allowances for Senators and Representatives..... 75,000 Allowance for Stationery, etc..... 44,000 Salaries of State Governors..... 168,000 Salaries of members of State and Territorial Legislatures..... 1,250,000

Total.....\$3,415,000 The total minimum cost of Government in France, including the President's salary and allowances of \$180,000 per annum, and the salaries paid to Senators and Deputies, is upwards of two millions of dollars—while the income of the Imperial family of Russia is estimated at a net amount of ten millions. The civil list in Germany amounts to.....\$3,075,000 Austria amounts to.....3,875,000 Italy.....3,250,000 Spain.....2,000,000 These items are in addition to receipts from large estates.

On the other hand the cost of monarchy in Great Britain is comparatively small. When one thinks of the evident necessity that exists for a great nation and a world-wide Empire to have an executive supported in suitable splendor, the stand recently taken by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone cannot but be regarded as being the correct and patriotic view of a much discussed question, and the wonderful popularity of the Royal family at the present time will revive interest in a speech delivered by the veteran Liberal leader many years ago in which he gave utterance to the following:

"The existence of an ancient and deep-rooted monarchy constitutes one, at least, among the best and most effectual guarantees of the happiness and welfare of the people."

The figures given below will illustrate the cost of monarchy in the United Kingdom: I. The civil list, voted annually.....\$1,925,000 II. Annual grants to other members of the Royal family.....855,000 III. Viceroy of Ireland.....100,000

Total.....\$2,880,000 Deduct the amount of revenue from the Crown estates, handed by the Queen for her life to the nation on her accession.....1,900,000

Annual cost to taxpayers.....\$ 980,000 There would thus seem to be little ground for the exaggerated stories we have heard of late, chiefly through American sources, as to the immense income and savings of the Queen, and we can gather one more reason from these statistics for the adherence of the British people all over the world to their system of a limited monarchy.

It Wasn't There.

I was out on the south veranda half an hour before breakfast when a young lady and her mother came out and hailed a news-boy and bought a Philadelphia paper.

"Suppose it isn't in here?" queried the girl as she opened the paper.

"Oh, it's sure to be," replied the mother. "Didn't father write out the notice himself and send it to the office?"

"But it's not here—not a word of it!" shrieked the young lady as she hastily scanned the Atlantic City personals.

"What! Doesn't it say that the handsome and accomplished daughter of Judge Waxem, of 950 Shoaksjackson avenue, left for the seashore last evening to be gone a month, and that she will be the bright star around which Atlantic City society will revolve for the next few weeks?"

"Not a line—not a word. I am totally ignored." "It looks like a conspiracy, my child; but wait. Get me a telegraph blank and I'll raise your father out of his boots and see whether he has any influence over the mendacious press of Philadelphia."—[Detroit Free Press.

BRITISH NEWS.

A white kangaroo, the first ever known, is on exhibition at the London Aquarium.

The vintage of this year, in both France and Germany, promises to rival that of 1868.

The total number of bodies registered as buried in cemeteries used by London is 1, 276,875.

The rumor is that Princess Victoria of Wales will marry Viscount Chelsea, the eldest son of Lord Cadogan.

The Queen's sole emblem of royalty at her grand-daughter's wedding was a small diamond crown, worn over the cap.

Evening shoes and open-work stockings have been worn by English women in the afternoon during the entire summer.

The penny in the slot of the Southeastern Railway carriages will now provide a traveller with an electric light in the lamp fastened at the side.

An unequal number of women are expected to take part in the coming grouse season. The feminine shots have increased enormously.

English lunches are growing so in volume and importance that the question is raised whether the present form of dinner is not threatened, and the old-fashioned supper promised in return.

A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed almost as fast as a newspaper, and without dependence on sun or light. They are said to be of the first quality. That of course would make photographs much cheaper.

Since the introduction of masted ships some sort of a gymnasium has been recognized as a necessity for providing the seamen with the proper amount of exercise, formerly found in the work aloft. Each war ship will now have the needed arrangements.

The week before last was, perhaps, the first occasion in the history of the stage on which a clergyman appeared before the curtain in clerical attire to respond to the call for the author. He was the Rev. H. Cresswell, and the piece was called, "In Danger."

The London season just over was the gayest ever known. On an average there were said to be about seven "good" parties going on each night for three months. None of these, it was estimated, would have cost less than £200 apiece—many, of course, costing several times that.

London seems to be rather crowding out Paris as the great purveyor to feminine taste for finery. The daughter of a great Spanish Hidalgo has gone to London for her trousseau. That will, be particularly strong in petticoats, which countless numbers will be in silks, lace, insertion, and ribbons, and the other underwear will be equal in style and quality.

Dr. Wace, the Principal of King's College, said in the course of a recent speech that although the study of dead languages might be very valuable "in developing intellectual faculties and sympathies, he could not see why the same degree of mental intelligence could not be promoted by the study of modern languages, and particularly by the study of English classics."

A young man, aged 21, committed suicide at Leeds after writing this letter: "I am going to commit suicide on Friday morning, as I want to be buried on bank holiday (Monday), so that I shall disappoint my cousin Annie, who is to be married on that day, so there will be a funeral instead of a wedding. I hope you will attend my funeral. I will meet you in heaven."

A verdict of death from tight lacing comes from a Birmingham jury, expressed as a verdict of "Death from pressure round the waist." The subject was a servant girl who died after a fright, and her death was attributed by the medical witnesses to the fact that she was laced too tightly to enable her to stand any sudden emotion. She was a notorious tight lacer, not only at the waist. Her collar fitted so closely that it was impossible to loosen it at the critical moment. Under her corsets she wore a tightly buckled belt.

Pigeon flying is growing to be an absorbing amusement in England, particularly among the Birmingham laborers. The spread of the sport has developed quite a new branch of railway traffic. It is the practice of flyers to send their birds in baskets, addressed to the station master at a particular station, with the request that he release them, mark on a label the time that they were released, and return the basket. This request is regularly granted. The officials rather like the work. In cloudy weather porters have been known to feed birds for three days before setting them free.

John Bright's comparison of his oratory with Mr. Gladstone's is said to have been expressed to the late Allen Thorndike Rice: "Joseph Chamberlain was flattering John Bright on his style, and the latter deprecated the praise. 'I have no style,' said Mr. Bright, 'but Mr. Gladstone has. I sail along from headland to headland; but Mr. Gladstone carefully follows the coast line, and wherever he finds a navigable inlet he invariably follows it to its source, returning again to resume his exploration of the coast and to strike the headlands that I have rounded for.'"

A letter intended for Ruskin has just ended some remarkable travels. It was posted in Leith on Nov. 21, 1887, with this address: "The Learned Mr. Ruskin, the Famous Author, England." Then from Edinburgh it was forwarded to Kendal, and there Mr. Ruskin had never been heard of. The Kendal Postmaster tried London, and there it was thought that Mr. Ruskin lived at Rye Lane, Peckham. From office to office the letter went in the southeast and south districts of London, but all to no purpose, and it then occurred to the Post Office that Ruskin might be a neighbor of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but from Birmingham it went to Carlisle. From there it was again sent to Edinburgh, and this time a happy thought occurred. The Edinburgh Postmaster wrote on it: "Christ Church College, Oxford," and the postal authorities there knew the correct address to Brantwood.

A Decapitated Infant.

Toronto, Aug. 29.—Shortly after 2 o'clock the other afternoon Policeman Flynn discovered floating in the bay, near the waterworks, the decapitated body of a three months, old female infant. The corpse was considerably decomposed, but showed evidence of having lost its head by the weight of a large stone, which had evidently been attached to the neck for the purpose of keeping the body out of sight. A patrol wagon was summoned, and the remains conveyed to the morgue.

WHAT MAKES THE GULF STREAM?

Theories of an Observer Who Says the Moon Controls its Current.

"I was anchored for three months over the true source of the Gulf Stream, and what I learned of the nature of that mysterious and erratic current during that time knocks all the accepted theories as to its origin in the head." Thus spoke recently Mr. W. S. Howard, a gentleman who had sailed the Atlantic ocean for many years.

"I was attached, to the steamship Blake for three years," continued Mr. Howard, "and during that time we definitely fixed the source of the Gulf Stream. We spent two years in tracing up the Gulf Stream and studying its peculiarities, and while we are still in the dark as to the primary cause of this great ocean river, we have definitely fixed upon the spot where it originates. Formerly it was believed that the Gulf Stream was simply the continuation of the Mississippi River, the immense volume of water flowing out of which cleaved its way through old ocean, and preserving its own distinctive characteristics as to temperature and color, finally was lost and assimilated by the waters of the

FROZEN NORTHERN SEAS.

Others held to the opinion that the Gulf Stream was formed and controlled by the trade winds.

"Our observations and investigations furnished us with conclusive proof that neither of these elements has anything to do with it. One curious fact was established, however. We found that the moon affected the Gulf Stream and that the current was controlled absolutely and arbitrarily by that body.

"The true source or beginning of the Gulf Stream, established by careful scientific observation extending over a period of two years, is at a point between Fowey Rocks, Florida, and the Gun Cay, on the coast of the Bahamas. At this place, in 498 fathoms of water, we anchored, and for months devoted ourselves to a careful study of the great ocean river.

"Let me tell you something about the peculiarities that we noticed. To begin with, the current of the Gulf Stream at the point where we were anchored, and which we unanimously agreed upon as its true source, varies daily in velocity. The difference in the flow was at times as much as two and a half knots per hour. The greatest velocity noted was generally about nine hours before the upper transit of the moon. The variations were most excessive on the eastern side of the straits, and least on the western side. The average daily currents vary during the month, the strongest current coming a day or two after the greatest declination of the moon.

"The axis or true point of beginning of the Gulf Stream (determined by fixing the position of the strongest surface flow) is eleven and a half miles east of the Fowey Rocks Light-house.

THE STRONGEST SURFACE CURRENT

found here was five and a quarter knots, and the average three and six-tenths knots. We used two meters in our observations, one for the surface current and one for the sub surface stream. The wind has no effect upon the velocity of the stream, and does not change the axis of the current. The surface current, it was noticed, has a much higher velocity than the sub-surface. During our observations we occupied twenty-six different stations, being anchored at each for several days at a time. We took 1,557 current observations with the meter, and 1,807 current observations with the pole during this time."

"And what deductions did you make?" "These only: that neither the Mississippi River nor the trade winds were in any way responsible for the Gulf Stream; that it was affected by the changes of the moon; and that this particular point, 11½ miles east of Fowey Rocks Light-house, was its true axis or source."

"What theories have you in reference to the probable first cause of the stream?" "Hundreds. It is a great field for speculation. Just imagine, if you can, what would have been the result if we could have donned submarine armor and dived to the bottom in 498 fathoms of water. We made soundings, but they revealed to us nothing. The bottom was a sandy coral foundation; fish and other submarine creatures lived and departed themselves in the depths, and all the time that surging, resistless current boiled about us, defying inquiry as to its true origin.

"It might be, for aught any one could say to the contrary, the mouth of a great river, with its source deep down in the bowels of the earth, among

THOSE EVERLASTING FIRES.

that scientists tell us continually are burning there. The superheated water rushing to the surface of the ocean at that depth with a power that cannot be estimated would be apt to displace the chilled and heavier water of the ocean, and, with an initial velocity of nearly six miles an hour, would certainly clear for itself a pathway through the ocean until chilled and rendered inert by the frozen waters of the Arctic seas.

"Again, it may be that we were anchored over an immense and ever-active volcano which was in no way crippled by the constant influx of the cold ocean water into its yawning crater continually, with a power that human thought cannot measure, hurl back the heated waves, and this repulsion, going on day after day and year after year for a period of time that has not yet been fixed by observation or education, has increased the volume of the at first puny geyser until now it has become a fixed and well founded current differing in color and temperature from the water that surrounds it, and with a sweep and stretch that extended over hundred of miles. You can theorize all day over the matter, and perhaps be as far from the truth as ever. The observations made by the Blake settled several disputed points:

"First—that the winds and the Mississippi River have nothing to do with the formation of the Gulf Stream. "Secondly—that a point eleven and a half miles east of Fowey Rocks Light-house Florida, in the Caribbean Sea, is its true axis or source. "Thirdly—that the velocity of the current is controlled by the declination of the moon."

Princess Louise's gloves showed that she had no serious idea of resigning her character of royalty when she became Lady Fife. Her evening gloves are all kid, twelve buttons, kid being always worn by the royal women, and used by the other ladies of the court. Her morning gloves were eight-button suede.

Editor of THE EQUITY.  
 Sir,—Will you give me three or four lines to thank J. Peipore, Esq., for the gift of a volume of Report of Geological Survey with maps belonging to it; also to J. Bryson, Esq., M. P., for obtaining for me, from Parliament Library, the loan of Muller's Sanskrit Grammar. Yours truly,  
 H. T. GOSSELIN.  
 Aug. 23rd, 1889.

**Card to the Public.**

As I have been censured a good deal lately, for the weight of my bread, I beg to say to a discerning public, it has been my aim ever since I commenced business, to furnish my customers with a superior quality of bread; and they know how well I have succeeded. The process I follow, of necessity produces a speedier evaporation of moisture, and corresponding loss in weight; but it is the only process by which such bread as mine can be produced, I can change my process at any time if my customers wish it, and secure larger profits; but my traducers, I know would be the first to complain. Heavier weight would simply mean more moisture, and bread equal to that of other bakers; but not such as my customers have learned to relish. I have also varied my weights, so as to correspond with the very frequent changes in the prices of flour, but have always given full value for the price charged. I have sometimes given over value, never under, to the best of my knowledge. The weight of the bread has varied a few ounces more or less, but the price charged being the same, but my customers have always had full value for their money, according to the price of flour. I am perfectly willing the public should know all these facts, as I have nothing to hide or conceal. I am willing that any honest man should watch me throughout the whole of my business, and that from now till doomsday. I know nothing about law as it regards the bakers trade; but I think I do know what is just and right. And what more can a honest man desire beyond his money's worth, and a superior article? I do not vary my weights, nor have I ever said I did so, in order to meet pecuniary difficulties. And I thank God, that while my enemies may hurt my feelings, blast my character, and ruin my business, that cannot take from me the blessing of a clean and clear conscience. Live and let live.

JAMES KNOX, Baker.

A Victoria, B. C., despatch says: "The salmon pack of British Columbia to date is 376,000 cases, being 127,000 above the largest pack of any previous year. Of this amount the northern canneries contribute a hundred thousand cases, the remainder being from Fraser River. The fish are still running freely on the latter, and some canneries will pack full salmon. It is estimated that the year's pack will reach 420,000 cases. This has all been sold from \$5.50 to \$5.60, and calculating at \$6 per case, makes a total value over two million and a half dollars. The Fraser canneries have from ten to thirty thousand cases each."

**Another Clue.**

Chicago, 20th.—The police, it is said, have learned that on the night of the murder of Dr. Cronin, a pair of horses belonging to O'Sullivan, the iceman, now in jail were attached to one of his ice wagons, and driven rapidly by three excited men in the vicinity in which the murder was committed; that the horses were driven in front of a saloon in Lakeview at about 9 o'clock; that they were covered with foam, and that the men in the wagon went in and had a drink. It had been supposed that these horses remained in the barn all the night of the murder. Neither of the men in the wagon is in gaol.

**A Tremendous Project.**

Ogdensburg, August 10.—It has just been learned that one of Ogdensburg's most prominent bankers has become interested in the phosphate and mica mines over which Mr. W. E. Brown, late of Ottawa, is said to have control. Plans for rebuilding are now ready and the old mill will be torn down within a week or so. The plan of the new building is to put stores on the ground floor in front and the factory in the back. The building is to cover half a block. One of the newly formed syndicates left last evening for Germany to procure extra capital. The paid up capital is to be \$500,000 and it is intended to invest \$1,000,000 in the Ottawa Valley Phosphate mines. It has been decided to buy up all the phosphate mines in the Canadian markets, if they can be secured at reasonable figures. Mr. Brown is becoming prominent in social, political and financial circles here.

**Behring Sea Dispute.**

The New York Commercial Bulletin says:—"Events have shown how little cause there was for any apprehension of serious consequences following the seizure of the Black Diamond in Behring sea. As we predicted then, the affair will quite likely prove a blessing. The facts in the case have been presented to the Canadian Department of Customs, and by it forwarded to the Imperial Government with a recommendation for the speedy settlement of the question of the claim of the United States to the sole control of Behring sea. The English Government can hardly fail to heed the wish of Canada in this matter, and will undoubtedly make overtures soon for negotiations looking to the complete settlement of the whole question. The United States and Britain have such an important interest in common with reference to this matter, namely, the preservation of the seal fisheries, that there ought to be no difficulty in reaching a satisfactory basis of agreement. Our Government, moreover, can hardly expect to sustain its position (if it really has assumed the position) of exclusive jurisdiction over half of Behring sea. That claim is untenable and will probably be recognized as such. This will facilitate still more harmonious outcome of the negotiations."

**LOCAL & GENERAL.**

**Grand Social.**

A grand social is to come off at Thos. Stephens' Hall, Otter Lake on the evening of the 24th of Sept. Admission 25c. Proceeds in aid of Presbyterian church of Leslie.

Several communications and including some local items came too late to be inserted this week.

**Quyon Notes.**

The Song Service, in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, was very entertaining. The choir selections harmonised very nicely with the reading, and were well rendered. The congregation was large. Next Sunday evening Mr. Bell will preach a funeral sermon over the late Mr. Fritchard, of Bellefleur. All are invited.

Mayor McLean's new residence is fast approaching completion, and will be a very attractive home.

A. P. Van Lewen, Esq., of the firm of Roney & Van, Merchant Tailors, Kingston, Ont., and lady are spending a few days in the village, the guests of Rev. Mr. Bell.

Our hardware store is decidedly improved in appearance—inside and out. Purchasers would do well to give "George" a call. He is a jolly good fellow.—Com.

**Hotel Arrivals.**

GUESTS WHO ARE REGISTERED AT THE RUSSELL DURING THE PAST EIGHT DAYS.

Thursday, Aug. 20th.—C. H. Urohart, Ottawa; J. Taylor, N. Gower; F. A. Frack, Lisbon Centre, N. Y.

Wednesday, 21st.—N. M. Lingham, Perth; C. H. Urohart, Ottawa.

Saturday, 24th.—D. McCuaig, Felix Bertrand, J. Bertrand, B. Bertrand, D. Bertrand, J. Germain, T. Hunter, A. McBride, J. A. Proudfoot, T. A. Proudfoot, A. McCuaig, D. Geronx, Port Coulonge.

Monday 26th.—N. H. Newham, Upper Thorne Centre; J. S. Publow, Brockville; N. Gosling, Montreal; N. McNeill, Toronto; F. Moore, Thorne Centre; A. Grant, Bristol; P. B. Coyne, P. D. Fort; Miss Boyd, Manotick.

The Quyon boys were defeated at base ball on the 17th by the Pastimes of Arraprior.

A party of our local sports went out to the Ottawa river one day last week to fish and succeeded in capturing something over thirty catfish and "mud-pouts."

It is stated that a large quantity of very wet oats were drawn in last week. If this is the case, the too eager husbandmen will have plenty of must and light weight for their trouble, or we mistake very much.

The drilling at Stewarton gas well near Ottawa is now down over 800 feet. The drill is descending at the rate of 40 feet per day, through a 400 foot bed of black shale. At first some difficulty was experienced with the machinery, but that has been overcome and now the drilling is going on smoothly.

The body of Mr. Robert Conn, son of Mr. Samuel Conn, of Fitzroy, who was killed at Gladstone, Mich., on the 12th inst., has been brought home for burial. The accident by which he met his death is briefly reported as follows: It seems that after dinner Robert was standing in front of his boarding place in company with some others conversing, when a man about 300 yards distant fired a shot from a rifle at a squirrel. The ball went wide of the mark intended, and after passing through the hat of a companion entered the head of Mr. Conn, causing his death almost instantly.

**A Deaf Mute's Wedding.**

Renfrew, August 17.—An interesting marriage took place Wednesday night at the residence of Mr. James Russell, of Horton, father of the bride. The groom was Mr. W. H. Garland, of Goulbourn, a wealthy farmer, and the bride Miss Janet Russell. Both groom and bride lost the sense of hearing when quite young, and are deaf mutes. It was beautiful to see the ease and grace with which they went through the marriage service, thus illustrating the very great blessing that education is to those who cannot speak and hear.

**When to Shoot and Fish.**

For the information of those who may not be conversant with the law governing the killing of game or fish, we give below the game laws for this province, as they are to be found in the Statutes.

It is forbidden to hunt, kill or take:

Deer, between 1st January and 1st October of each year.

Moose and Caribou, between the 1st of February and the 1st of September.

But no Moose shall be hunted, killed or taken prior to 1st October, 1890.

Hares—Between 1st February and 1st November.

Fur-bearing Animals—Between 1st April and 1st November.

Partridge, Snipe, Woodcock—Between 1st February and 1st September.

Wild duck—Between 15th April and 1st September.

No person not domiciled in Quebec or Ontario can hunt in the Province without a license.

The hunting of Deer with dogs is prohibited.

No person, during one season's hunting prior to 1st October, 1890, shall kill or take more than three Caribou and four Deer, and after that date, more than two Moose, three Deer and two Caribou.

It is forbidden to disturb or take the eggs of the birds above mentioned, or of the Wild Goose or Swan.

It is unlawful to hunt, kill or take Duck, Snipe, or Woodcock, or to keep exposed decoys, lures, etc., between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise.

Snakes, Springs, Caves, Nets, Traps, etc., are prohibited in the case of Fur-bearing Animals, Hares and Partridges, and may be taken or destroyed by any person.

Penalty, \$2 to \$10.

It is forbidden to fish, or to have in possession:

Salmon (angling)—Between 15th August and 1st February.

Speckled Trout—Between 1st October and 1st January.

Large Grey Trout—Between 15th October and 1st December.

Pickered (Dore)—Between 15th April and 15th May.

Bass and Moskinonge—Between 15th April and 15th June.

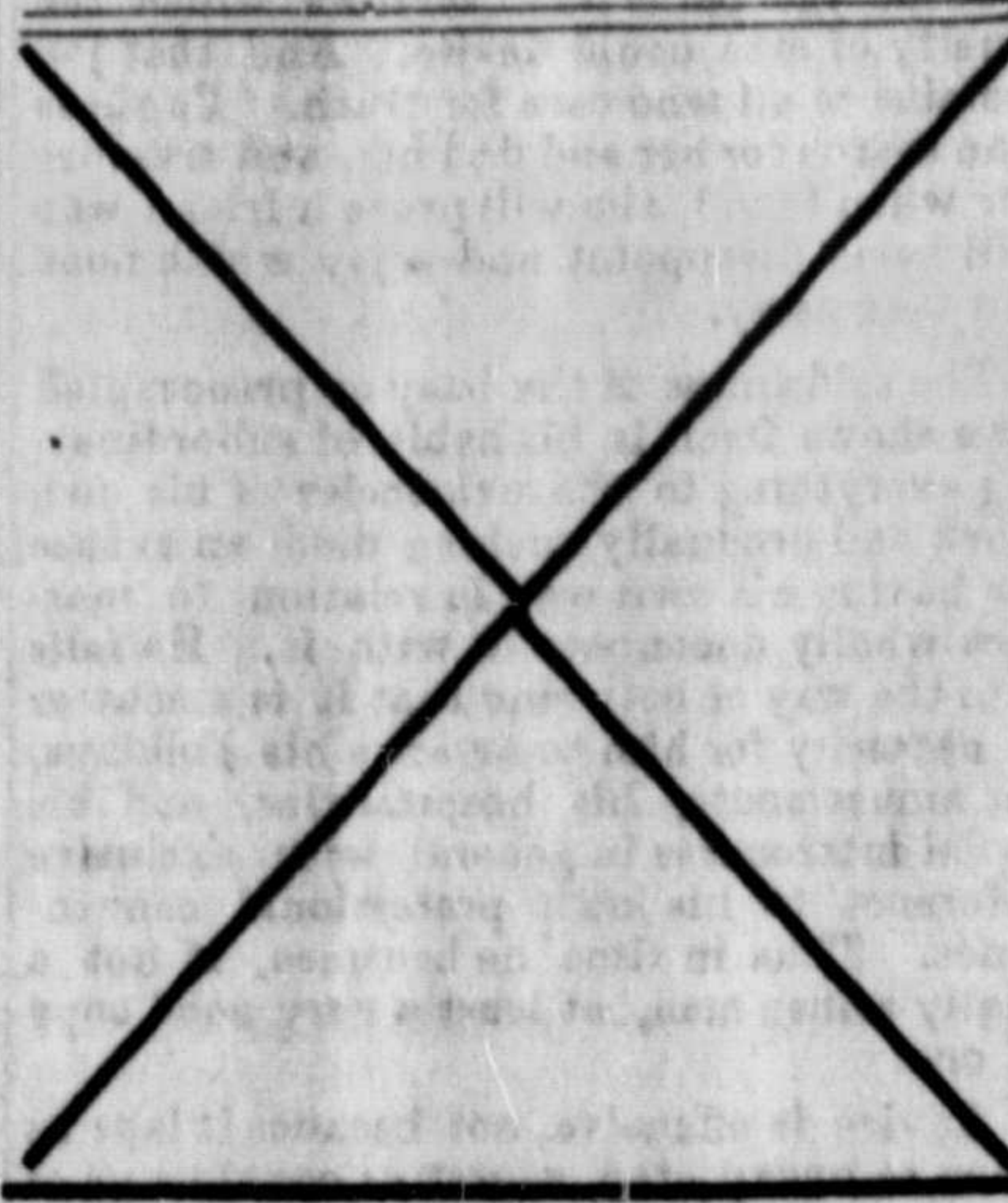
White Fish—Between 10th Nov. and 1st December.

Angling by hand (with hook and line) is the only means permitted to be used for taking fish in the waters of the lakes and rivers under the control of the Province.

No person, who is not domiciled in the Province, can fish without a permit from the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Penalty, \$5 to \$20.

**HODGINS' COLUMN.**



**THE GENERAL OUTLOOK!**

Outside of the farmer there is no class of men who take as much interest in the growing crops as the merchants, as they depend almost as solely on the prosperity of the farmer as the latter does on his farm.

The general prospects for a bountiful harvest are most promising, as the grain crop is now acknowledged by all to be more than an average.

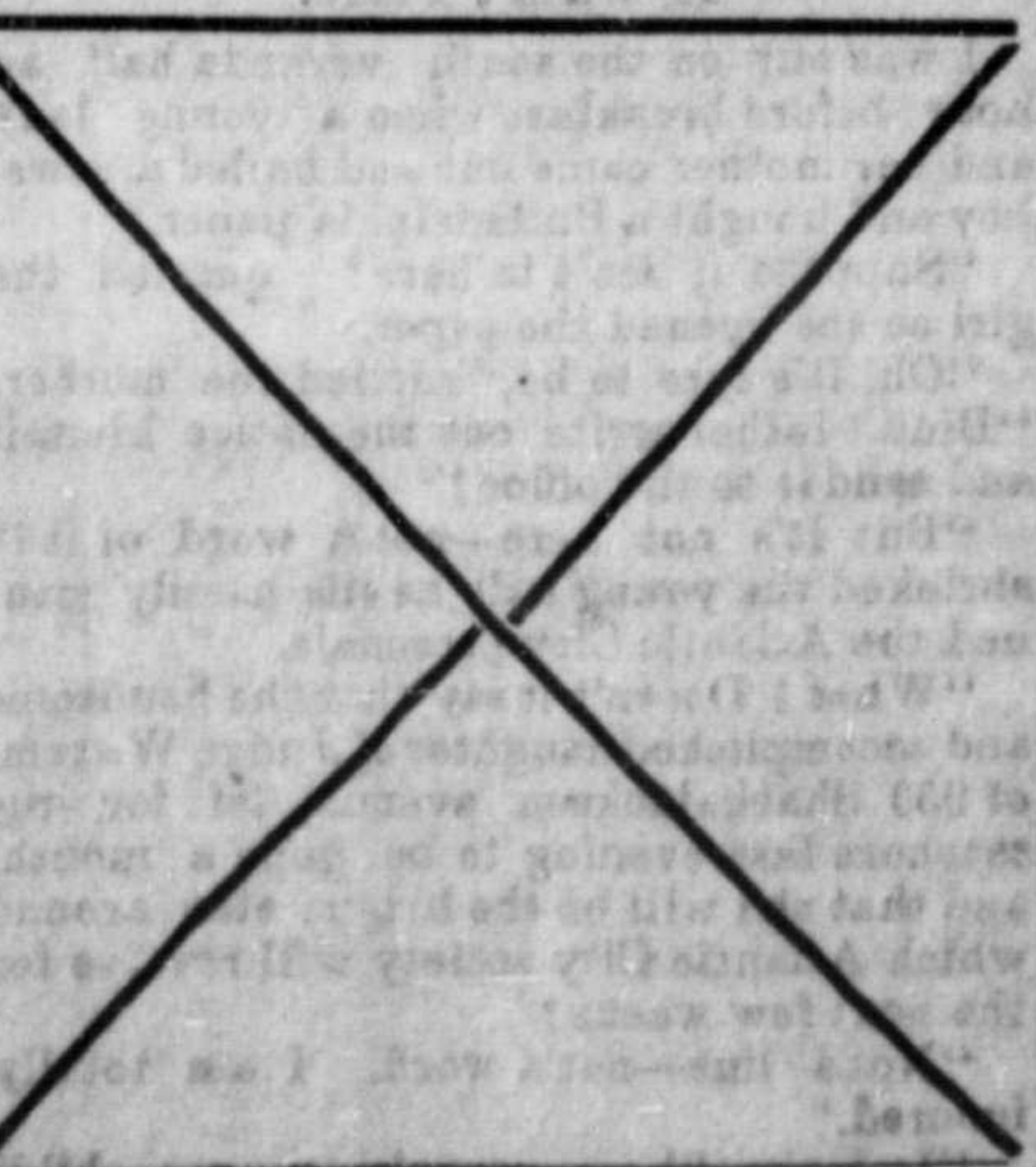
With these expectations in view, we are laying in a more complete stock of General Merchandise for our fall trade than ever before. We are also marking our goods at lower prices, in anticipation of doing more through the cash and ready-pay system than has been done during the past two years.

In consideration of the foregoing facts, we now invite the public to call and examine our stock and prices before going elsewhere. We would call special attention to our stock of Dry Goods, and Boots and Shoes, which will be found fresh and of latest manufacture.

Below be submit our trade prices for general farm produce:—

- BUTTER, 14 to 15 cents.
- EGGS, 12 cents.
- FLOUR, \$5.40 to \$5.50.
- LARD, 10 to 11 cents.
- WOOL, 20 cents per lb.
- PORK, 8 to 10 per lb.

Come and See Us!



**JAMES HODGINS & SON, SHAWVILLE.**

The season's cut among the mills on the Chaudiere will approach 700,000,000 feet.

Crude petroleum has been found in the cellar of the building occupied by the Rev. Mr. Mucklestone, on Wellington Street, Ottawa.

Mr George Gooderham of Toronto has sold his big whiskey distillery to an English syndicate for \$8,000,000. In company with Mr. G. T. Blackstock, solicitor for the concern, Mr. Gooderham has left for England to sign the papers and get the money.

Winchester, Ont., boasts of a resident who is said to be 118 years of age. His name is James Page, and he was an able seaman with Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar.

One Tremblay, a Montreal saloon-keeper, was condemned by the Recorder to pay \$100 damage, and in default three months in gaol, for persisting in selling liquor to a man named Kitching, whom he knew to be addicted to drinking to excess, after having been legally notified not to do so.

**MARRIED.**

At Mattawa on the 7th instant, Mr. John W. Deegan of that town to Miss Mary Robitaille of Clarendon.

At the Manse, Forester's Falls, by the Rev. M. D. M. Blakeley, on Wednesday, 31st July Mr. Thomas Paul, of Litchfield, to Miss Ida Margaret Letts, of Calumet Island.

**DIED.**

On Monday the 19th of Aug. Janet, wife of Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Clarendon, aged 55 years.

To All Whom it May Concern.  
**NOTICE.**

ALL overdue Notes payable to me must be collected by the First of October next. If not settled by that date, they will be handed over to a lawyer for collection.

ANDREW SMITH,  
 238 Cambridge St.,  
 Ottawa.  
 Aug. 22, 1889.

Monuments and Headstones re-set and lettered, and cleaned in the graveyards by Somerville & Co., Shawville.

A keg of first class machine oil for sale at this office—cheap.

**Co. Pontiac Agricultural Society No. 1. NOTICE.**

CLOSED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned for renting the Dining Hall in the Exhibition Grounds on the day of the Exhibition. Tenders must be lodged with the Secretary on or before the 5th of September next, stating amount of rent offered. The Directors do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.  
 G. M. JUDGEON,  
 Secy-Treas.

Farm, Aug. 23, 1890.

**SAMUEL RIVAIS, Fashionable Hairdresser, SEAWVILLE, QUEB.**

Opens business in his new shop on Monday next, Aug. 26th.

The public may rely on getting a first-class job.

A Call Solicited.  
 Shawville, Aug. 22, 1889.

**TIME IS MONEY.**

SAVE TIME AND MONEY BY having your

Watches, Clocks,

AND—  
**Jewellery**

Put in good repair at a reasonable price.

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