20 Pages. **The Herald.** Pages 1 to 8.

90TH YEAR. No. 177. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897. PRICE ONE CENT.

The Weather will Clear This Evening and be Fine and Warm for To-Morrow.

Library of Parliament 31 Dec 1

LAURIER'S HAPPY AUDACITY.

It Has Induced England to Denounce the German and Belgium Treaties.

LONDON PRESS IS PLEASED.

First Fruits of the Victorian Jubilee are Now Being Realized Owing to Sir Wilfrid's Action.

Berlin, July 31.—The commercial treaty between Great Britain and the German zollverein, which has been in force since May 30, 1865, was denounced yesterday by Great Britain and ceases to be operative a year hence.

The Reichsanzeiger says that the supplementary conventions which were concluded when the treaty was extended to the German States joining the zollverein will expire with the main treaty next summer.

Brussels, July 31.—Le Soir publishes a special edition announcing that the British Government has denounced the commercial treaty with Belgium. This announcement has caused much excitement in commercial circles.

Berlin, July 31.—It had been believed here that the danger of Great Britain denouncing the commercial treaties with Germany and Belgium was past and, therefore, the news that the treaties had been denounced caused all the greater sensation, though it is believed that official circles had full knowledge of the matter, and that King Leopold of Belgium during his recent visit to Kiel, exchanged views with the Emperor. The event lends great interest to the attitude of the Government towards the agrarians, who will seize the chance to demand that a tariff war with England be waged, as they have already demanded with regard to the United States.

An article published in the Hamburgische Correspondent seems to indicate that the Government is not in favor of a war in the tariffs.

Various Berlin papers print comments upon the action of Great Britain in denouncing the treaties. The Freisinnige-Zeitung, the organ of Herr Richter, the Radical leader, expresses great surprise, but otherwise contents itself with indicating the bearings of the question, noting that in 1895 Germany's exports to England amounted to 19 per cent. of her total exports, while her imports from England amounted to 13½ per cent .of her imports.

TIMES COMPLIMENTS LAURIER.

London, July 31.—With reference to the denunciation of the commercial treaty, the Times this morning again compliments Canada and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian premier, on paving the way for a further consolidation of the Empire, and expresses the hope that the German friends of the Empire will not be angry enough to refuse to negotiate another treaty. If, unhappily, they should do so they may rest assured that the deprivation will be borne with fortitude. British exports to Germany were never large and have increased very little in the past forty years. Even if Germany should retaliate by increasing her duties Great Britain must regard it as a moderate price to pay for the advantages promised from the movement which Canada has initiated with so much happy audacity.

The Standard expresses similar views, and says: "I would be to the interest of both Germany and Belgium to meet us in a business-like spirit for the negotiation of fresh treaties."

FRUITS OF THE JUBILEE.

The Daily News calls it the first fruits of the jubilee, and congratulates the Government heartily. It says: 'This event alone would make the year memorable in the history of the Empire. Other remarkable demonstrations of the unity of the Empire are the offer of an ironclad by Cape Colony and the admission of colonial judges to the English Supreme Court. As for reprisals, Germany can do little more than she has done already. We are her best customer and, although the Germans may not love us, they are shrewd business men."

GREAT BRITAIN'S REASONS.

The reason for Great Britain's action in abrogating the treaty is the objection of her colonies to article 7, which reads as follows:

"The stipulations of the preceding articles, I. to VI., shall also be applied to the colonies and foreign possessions of Her Britannic Majesty. In those colonies and possessions the produce of the states of the zollverein shall not be subject to any higher or other import duties than the produce of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of any other country of the like kind, nor shall the exportation from those colonies or possessions to the zollverein be subject to any higher or other dutites than the exportation to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

This clause was modelled upon article XV. of the treaty with Belgium (1862) and provides that articles, the produce and manufacture of Belgium, shall not be subject in the British colonies to other or higher duties than those which are or may be imposed upon similar articles of British origin. This treaty is terminable one year after notice, but by article XXV. the high contracting powers reserve to themselves the right to introduce into the treaty by common consent any modifications which may not be at variance with its spirit or principles, and the utility of which may be shown by experience.

In the British House of Commons on July 30, 1894, Sir E. Gray said in reply to Sir A. Rollit: "The general effect of these stipulations in regard to import duties is understood to be as follows: (1) They do not prevent differential treatment by the United Kingdom in favor of the British colonies; (2) they do not prevent differential treatment by British colonies in favor of the United Kingdom; (3) they do not prevent differential treatment by British colonies in favor of each other."

The resolution passed at the Intercolonial Conference in the summer of 1894, requesting the abrogation or modification of the treaties, reads as follows:

1. "That provision should be made by Imperial legislation enabling the dependencies of the Empire to enter into agreements of commercial reciprocity, including power of making differential tariffs with Great Britain or with one another."

2. "That this conference is of opinion that any provision in existing treaties between Great Britain and any foreign power which prevent the self-governing dependencies of the Empire from entering into agreements of commercial reciprocity with each other or with Great Britain should be removed."

In acknowledgment of this resolution, Lord Ripon observed:

"The treaties aimed at by this resolution are the commercial treaties between this country and Germany and Belgium.

"It is to be observed that any advantage which might be granted by Great Britain to either Belgium or Germany in virtue of these particular stipulations must also be extended to various other countries under the ordinary most favored nation clause in existing treaties. If, however, article XV. of the Belgian treaty and article VII. of the Zollverein treaty were no longer in force, there are no stipulations of a similar character in any other treaty concluded by this country and now in force which would give rise to the same difficulties.

"It seems clear that under these treaties the British colonies cannot grant the produce of the United Kingdom any preferential treatment as to customs treaties without such treatment being extended also to Belgium and Germany, and through them to other countries which have ordinary most favored nation clauses with Great Britain."

The following are the countries which have also "most favored nation" treaties with Great Britain and will also lose the advantages with respect to trade in the British colonies now withdrawn from Germany and presumably from Belgium: Argentine Confederation, Austria-Hungary, Bolivia, Chili, Colombia, Corea, Costa Rica, Denmark, Dominican Republica, Liberia, Madagascar, Morocco, Muscat, Persia, Portugal, Russia, Sandwich Islands, Siam, South African Republic, Spain, Sweden and Norway, Swiss Confederation, Tunis, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

AN ENGLISH M.P

Discusses the Renunciation or the Treaties.

No Indication Up to a Short Time Ago British Government Would Take This Step.

"The promptness of the British Government in denouncing the German-Belgian treaties amounted to a surprise for me," said Mr. M. Oldroyd, a British member of Parliament, who is at the Windsor to-day. He said there was no indication that such a step would be taken when he left England on the 21st instant. "There is no doubt of the importance of the action taken by the Government. It would be difficult to say just now what disturbance it may cause between Germany and Belgium on the one side, and England on the other, so that its importance to trade will be a matter for development. Germany cannot gain anything by retaliation against England because England is one of her best customers. Germany's best plan would be to renew the general treaty with England and say nothing about the clause which was objectionable to the colonies. If Canada or any other colony makes special arrangements with England it cannot affect Germany in view of the fact that they would have access to the British market on an equal footing."

Mr. Oldroyd thought there would not be any fiscal advantage to England in denouncing the treaties as the increased trade with the colonies would not more than compensate for the loss of German trade. General trade in England is good except in the textiles. The new United States tariff will cause a cessation of the rush that has taken place in anticipation.

Mr. Oldroyd, who is the member for Dewsbury, Yorkshire, is accompanied by Mrs. Oldroyd. They are on a pleasure tour, and will cross the continent to Vancouver, returning by way of San Francisco. He says Sir Wilfrid Laurier, undoubtedly made a great impression by his speeches in England. He was the premier of the premiers.

THE TREATIES DENOUNCED.

The denunciation of the German and Belgian treaties is the natural and almost inevitable outcome of the Canadian Government's policy. When the preference clause was presented to Parliament there were two strings to the Government's bow; they were distinctly stated at the time, and they show that the course of subsequent events is exactly what the Liberals of Canada expected from the outset.

There was, in the first place, the contention that the treaties did not apply to Canada because Canada's tariff-making powers are unlimited; in the second place, and a part of this phase of the situation, it was argued that the Canadian tariff, being of a reciprocal character and not confined to Britain, did not contravene Germany's or Belgium's rights under their treaties.

These positions, either of which would be a justification for the new tariff, constituted what may be termed one string to the Government's bow. The acceptance of either would mean the success of the departure. It must be concluded, we think, that the weight which attaches to each of these positions was sufficient ground for the display by the Liberal Government at one and the same time of the constitutional tariff-making rights which no one in this country would consent to see diminished, and of that affection and loyalty which upon this first opportunity the Canadian Liberal party, so long slandered by their opponents, were ready and anxious to demonstrate.

The Government's second string was that the Imperial Government, without introducing the complications which might follow an attempt to press upon Germany and Belgium either of Canada's views, might still think it well to abrogate the treaties in return for the benefits which are plainly promised by the Canadian proposition.

We do not know what weight the arguments of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding and Sir Louis Davies, on the constitutional and legal aspects of Canada's action, may have had on the British authorities. Doubtless Imperial considerations were the main-spring of the Imperial Government's decision to denounce the treaties. The Canadian representatives could not urge, with the best of grace, the very arguments which of necessity must have had the greatest weight with the home authorities, and it was a fortunate thing that these arguments were impressed on the mind of the Government, with extraordinary force by the Jubilee celebrations. The Imperial spirit which was aroused in England by the late demonstrations made it plain to all men that the future of the Empire demands that every effort be made to strengthen the ties connecting the Mother Land and the colonies. Obviously Canada's offer of preferential trade relations was so great a step in the desired direction that at all hazards the advance must be met in the same spirit. But it it worth taking special note that Mr. Chamberlain's difficulties in so meeting it were not as great as Lord Ripon in 1895, when responding to the propositions of an inter-colonial conference. The conference practically coupled with its demand for the abrogation of the treaties, a proposal that Great Britain should impose a duty on food products from countries other than her own colonies. This it was, no doubt, that led Lord Ripon to say:—

"Her Majesty's Government consider that the advantages to be derived from such a step, (the denunciation of the treaties), should be very clearly shown to outweigh the disadvantages before it could properly be resorted to."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's proposition contains no embarrassing codicil. It is a frank proffer of preferential terms, and the Imperial Government has accepted it in the spirit in which it was made, and has promptly denounced the treaties which stood in the way of the acceptance of Canada's free-will offering.

Great Britain stands to lose some of the advantages accruing from the treaties, although it is possible that Germany and Belgium will consent to make new ones, with the objectionable clauses expunged. The Germans may dislike the spirit that prompted the denunciation, but being essentially a business people they will not allow their pique to stand in the way of a new treaty, if there are any benefits to be gained therefrom. The danger lies in the fact that as they have the freedom of the British markets they may not feel the necessity of concluding a new treaty. But of course they had the same freedom when these treaties were entered into.

The denunciation of the treaties is a fitting climax to the Jubilee. It marks the beginning of a new era. It is a notice served upon the nations of the world that Great Britain and her colonies, even at some apparent disadvantage to themselves, are forming a closer and stronger alliance. To Canada must be given the credit of initiating the movement which has had such gratifying results, and all Canadians will be proud that the "happy audacity" of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues has so quickly been justified by its fruits.

BERTHS FOR FRIENDS.

Late Government's Misuse of Post Office Department.

MAIL CLERKS LET OUT.

There Was No Work for Them to Do.

Montrealers Interested in a Ten Million Dollar Company which Has Applied for Incorporation.

Ottawa, July 31.—(Special.)—Twenty-eight of the temporary railway mail clerks in the employ of the Post Office Department have been dispensed with since Controller Armstrong organized the branch. To show how the late Government pensioned their party friends in the Government, not one of these twenty-eight have been replaced. It was not found necessary to make any new appointments. The names of four of these temporary railway mail clerks have been published here, and the information is added that two of them are married men. They were not dismissed because they were married men, but because there was nothing for them to do that could not be done with the present staff.

A $10,000,000 COMPANY.

The Hon. A. G. Blair and David Russell, both of St. John; H. S. Holt, president of the Montreal Gas Company; William Wainwright, of the G.T.R.; W. B. Stephens, William Strachan and A. H. Sims, of Montreal; William Farwell, Sherbrooke; R. H. Pope, M.P.; John Joyce, J. E. Aldred and F. A. Wyman, of Boston; E. R. Whitney, of Manchester, N.H., and William Mitchell, of Drummondville, Que., give notice of application for incorporation by letters patent as the Canadian Calcium Carbide Company (Limited), with an authorized capital of $10,000,000, with head office in Montreal.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

Judge Creasor, of Grey, Ont., has been appointed a surrogate judge in admiralty for Grey, Bruce and Simcoe.

Mr. Justice McGuire, of Prince Albert, has been appointed a commissioner to report on a charge against Sheriff Hughes of Saskatchewan.

Mr. T. C. Johnstone, of Regina, has been appointed a Commissioner to report on certain charges preferred against various officials at Regina.

The appointment of Frank L. Cartwright to be an inspector of the Mounted Police is gazetted. Also the appointments of B. M. Armstrong as Controller of the Railway Mail Service, N. R. Colter as Post-Office inspector for New Brunswick and R. M. Coulter as Deputy Postmaster General.

MILITARY MAP OF CANADA.

A new and important work which has never been undertaken in Canada before is now being carried out by the Minister of Militia. This is a military map of Canada which in the event of war with our territory as the basis of operations would be indispensable to our troops. It will show minutely the character of the country, the fordable streams, the bridges, the roads and lanes, the blacksmith shops, where grain is stored and all that character of information which a commander in taking troops across the country would desire to know. This work is being carried on by the undergraduates of the Royal Military College under the superintendence of competent experts.

JUBILEE STAMPS.

The limited supply of Jubilee stamps is rapidly becoming exhausted, and to meet the demands from all quarters for partial sets as souvenirs, the Post Office Department has decided to dispose of the available balance by forwarding to every accounting post office in Canada partial sets from one-half cent up to fifty cents or one dollar, the distribution amongst the offices being made in proportion to the volume of business of each office. This allotment will practically exhaust the rarer Jubilee stamps. Even the one cent stamp, of which there was an issue of eight million, will soon be sold out, more than seven-eighths of them has already been issued, whilst the eight, ten, fifteen and twenty cent stamps are now nearly all gone.

It was expected that the issues would have met all requirements for at least three months, but the strong indications are that it will not. As the number was limited in Parliament, and the plates are to be destroyed in a few days, Jubilee stamps will, in the near future, be a thing of the past. It is believed, however, that the number of partial sets to be offered to the public next Wednesday numbers 30,000, so that the stamp shark will not be able to get them all. About 9,000 complete sets have been sold so far.

THE ASYLUM

Government Advised to Call for New Plans.

Sisters at Longue Pointe Must Bear in Mind That They Owe Something to the Public.

"Timon," in an article on the Longue Pointe Asylum, writes in Le Signal:

"Some years ago a conflagration reduced to ashes the old asylum, and there were many losses of life, the old building not having been fire proof nor furnished with means of escape. A new building is now being erected, the Provincial Government guaranteeing to the sisters a considerable sum. When the sisters asked the aid granted they undertook to build according to all the rules of art, taking the American and European asylums as models.

"The new Government, after its arrival to power, asked to see the plans of the new asylum, and it would appear that the nuns refused, not only to one of the Ministers, permission to examine them, but even to have a copy made by one of the officers of the Department of Public Works. It is said also that the plans, which should have been prepared by a competent architect, have been prepared by a retired carpenter. At the outset many two story pavilions were to have been constructed, in order to facilitate the exit of the patients in case of fire; the plans have been modified; the pavilions will be of three storeys, and that for the sake of economy.

"The guarantee given by the Legislature allows the sisters to build this asylum almost without dibursing anything. Further, they receive each year a large amount from the Province, and they should not forget that they owe something to the public.

"If the facts that we have just stated are true, it is the duty of the Provincial Secretary to intervene immediately; and he can be certain of the support of all who think that this asylum must not be built for purposes of speculation, but in a manner to give all the comfort, all the care required by the unfortunates shut up there.

"If the Government desires to reassure the public it must immediately have new plans prepared by an architect, who will also be charged to superintend the work."

SMALLPOX.

THE DISEASE IS ALMOST STAMPED OUT.

Connors Released—He Only Had Chickenpox — Charbonneau and Irving Better.

In view of the inaction of the Board of Health when called on to consider the request of the Provincial Board of Health that the civic hospital should be prepared for the reception of smallpox patients, Acting-Mayor Sadler had an interview yesterday afternoon with Dr. Pelletier, secretary of the Provincial Board. The result of this was the receipt of the following letter by the civic health officer, containing instructions for his guidance in the absence of any from the Board of Health.

L. Laberge, Esq., M.D., Medical Health Officer, City Hall:

Dear Sir,—In view of the fact that the Health Committee failed to arrive at any decision this morning, as to the carrying out of the instructions received from the Provincial Board of Health, concerning the precautionary measures to be adopted in connection with the smallpox cases, I consider it my duty now to give you instructions which will guide you in the present emergency.

You will, therefore, remove at once all the diphtheria and fever patients you now have in the Civic Hospital to the Montreal General Hospital section and have the civic portion which is under your care prepared ready to receive any cases of smallpox which may occur. You will also make such other arrangements as are necessary to carry out the instructions received by you from the Provincial Board of Health.

I rely upon you to implicitly carry out my instructions within the shortest possible delay.

Yours truly,
GEO. H. SADLER,
Acting-Mayor.

Dr. Laberge this morning said he was unable to speak in regard to this letter, or say whether or not he had acted on the instructions contained in it.

The young lad Connors, who has been under surveillance for some days, was released yesterday afternoon. Dr. Laberge was all along satisfied that the case was one of chicken-pox, only, not smallpox as stated by some papers, and he felt that the moral requirements of the case had been sufficiently met by detaining the lad until yesterday.

Henri Charbonneau is in an advanced stage of convalescence, and will probably be able to come out in a couple of weeks. The pustules are rapidly disappearing, and the new skin forming. Dr. Laberge hears that Master Irving is also mending rapidly.

No new cases or suspected cases had been reported up to noon to-day.

OFF FOR LOURDES.

A Large Number of Canadian Pilgrims To Visit the Famous Shrine.

There was an animated scene on the Labrador last night, when the saloons of the steamer were filled with Montrealers who had come on board to wish good bye to the pilgrims leaving for Lourdes. The number of the latter was increased by the presence of three Reformist Brothers on their way to the mother house in the Vendee, and of three Canadian young ladies who are about to enter a religious community at Angers, France. The pilgrimage is under the direction of Mr. L. J. Rivet. Father Berard is chaplain. The trip will last two months. The pilgrims will visit Rome where they have been promised an audience with the Pope. The Labrador left at daybreak this morning.

WESTMOUNT'S PROSPERITY.

With the Valuation Over $9,250,000, She Does Not Want Annexation.

The Westmount assessors completed their revision of the assessment rolls of the town this morning, and at noon filed the results of their labors in the office of the Town Clerk. The valuation of the real estate shows an increase of $600,000 over that of last year, which was $8,673,890. This, as will be seen, brings the valuation well above nine and one-quarter millions of dollars, and will greatly increase the amount of taxes collectable. As property is increasing in value rapidly and there are numerous dwellings in course of construction, another very large increase is looked for at the next revision of the valuation rolls.

HOLY CROSS BROTHERS

La Minerve states that the item which appeared in an English morning paper yesterday regarding trouble among the clerics of the Holy Cross (Clerics Ste. Croix) is altogether without foundation. The most complete harmony, it says, reigns among the different members of the community, which is more powerful than ever.

BOOM IN FREIGHTS.

Grain Rates Double What They Were.

OTHER LINES UNCHANGED.

Shipping Men Enjoying a Most Successful Season.

The Same Conditions Obtain in New York, Where Rates Are Moving Up All the Time.

The Montreal market for ocean freight space has shown a distinct boom of late, with the result that inside of a comparatively short period rates on grain have just doubled.

This puts Montreal in line with many of the leading United States ports where rates have also advanced.

The rise in New York in fact is extending to all grades of ocean freight, but on the whole, interest centres—as it does here—largely on grain.

Early in the month the steamship people were carrying grain from Montreal at 1s 3d per quarter. Any quantity was taken at that figure, and the shippers who were bright enough to engage future space at the same price are now shaking hands with themselves.

The rate of grain space for Liverpool to-day is 2s 3d for prompt shipment, and London and Glasgow rates are just a little lower, possibly 3d.

The demand is all the steamship people could wish for, and they are getting any number of enquiries for future shipment, mainly in September and October.

Space for these two months is exceedingly firm, and some are even conservative about placing a figure upon it. It has been mentioned, however, that some active negotiations for space have resulted, in business, and it is the belief that room could be obtained for 2s 6d.

OTHER GRADES.

On the whole the upward tendency of grain freights has not materially affected other lines. The immense quantity of cheese which is going out is being carried at about the same price and there is no material change in butter freights. Rates on cattle are also the same, as the poor state of the markets on the other side warrants just about as low a rate as possible in order to induce shipments. Lumber rates are also about the same notwithstanding the big movement.

It is just about a year ago that Montreal freights began to advance and they kept right on going up as the season drew to a close.

The change now is naturally a very satisfactory one to the shipping people who are now looking forward to a season of prosperity.

FREIGHTS OUTSIDE.

What has caused the hardening of transportation rates to New York has been the big demand for American wheat and corn abroad. Advances in these lines have to some extent influenced rates in others and taking them altogether it is costing New York exporters about 25 to 40 per cent. more to send their stuff now than it did early in July and about 50 per cent. higher than two years ago.

A member of a prominent firm of shipping agents in New York was discussing the situation yesterday. He said:—

"We have the good fortune to have in this country the greatest aggregate of crops we have ever known, while abroad the yield has been poor.

"Peoule think that when there is a great wheat crop vessels will be loaded down carrying it out of the country but wheat is a small factor in the whole.

"Corn is a more important item, and barley is beginning to be so, although a few years ago we shipped almost none of it."

THE CONSECRATION.

Mgr. Begin Will Officiate and no Official Invitations Will be Issued.

Mgr. Begin, assisted by Archbishops Duhamel and Langevin, will officiate at the consecration of Mgr. Bruchesi on Sunday, August 8, in the Cathedral. Mgr. Emard will preach the sermon. The Cathedral on that day will be open to all the faithful; but pews already rented remain completely at the disposal of the lessees. The other pews, those which are marked "a louer," can be occupied by the first arrivals. The Cathedral, though large, is small enough, and it becomes impossible to arrange, in order of precedence, all who attend the ceremony. Consequently, to avoid all misunderstanding, no official invitation will be issued.

FRANCE HONORS LAURIER.

Sir Wilfrid a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

Paris, July 30.—Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been honored by the French Government, and hereafter may wear the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

This distinction was conferred upon him in connection with his visit to President Faure at Havre yesterday.

MR. SPETZIRIE.

A Bad Man From Chicago Who Visited the Montreal Italian Colony.

Antonio Noceto has gone home to Chicago a disappointed man. He arrived in the city a few days in search of Louis G. Spetzirie, who succeeded in getting $800 out of Noceto by false pretenses.

Spetzirie was an apparently wealthy merchant in the Italian quarter of Chicago, but it has since developed that he was a rascal in Italy, developed the same dishonest tactics in Chicago, and paying Montreal a brief visit left several sad hearts behind him though one man is overjoyed at narrowly escaping a loss of $500.

When Noceto reached Montreal he put his case in the hands of the Metropolitan Detective Agency, and Mr. Kellert quickly got his men at work. There was no need to hurry, however. They soon learned that Spetzirie had been here, but had left without giving his future address. While here he lived in grand style and appeared to have lots of money. One day he asked a brother Italian to cash a cheque on a Boston bank, but before doing so the Montrealer wired Boston and found that the man was unknown. Doubtless he intended to get away as soon as he got the money, but in any case he came to the conclusion that his Montreal race was run and he quickly fled. The enquiries of the detectives showed that he got a large quantity of money in small sums, and in addition got a good deal of jewellery on credit. Noceto has decided to make no further search and he left yesterday morning for Chicago.

SMALLER BRITAIN.

One Part of the Empire to Which the Imperial Spirit Has Not Spread.

Dr. J. M. Rohlehr, and wife, of Georgetown, British Guiana, are registered at the Balmoral Hotel, where a Herald reporter saw them this morning. Dr. Rohlehr is a member of the British Guiana Branch of the British Medical Association, and will attend the meetings here. His principal object in coming here, however, is to consult with the medical faculty of Bishop's College on a matter of great importance to himself and any other Canadian graduates who may go to British Guiana to practice. He has been practicing there since 1887, when he graduated from Bishop's, but his rights as a practitioner have never been fully accorded to him. An ordinance was passed in 1886 and went into force six months before Dr. Rohlehr graduated, prohibiting the recognition of foreign or colonial degrees and simply providing for persons who graduated in the United Kingdom. Although a graduate of a British colonial college Dr. Rohlehr was not able to get recognition and his petitions were not entertained. After practicing for three years under great difficulties, and subject to all sorts of restrictions, the citizens petitioned the Secretary of State, and this led to the issue of a special ordinance, dated August 14, 1890, enabling Dr. Rohlehr, to be registered as a medical practitioner. In spite of this he has been subjected to a great deal of injustice and unfair treatment. This is the doctor's first visit to Montreal since his graduation.

DIDN'T GET 'EM.

Bank of Montreal's Bid For Bonds Not Accepted.

The bid of 107.30 made by the Bank of Montreal for $100,000 New York schoolhouse bonds, was unsuccessful.

The whole bond issue of more than $10,000,000 went to Vermilye & Co., and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., whose bid was 105.912.

Late yesterday afternoon the award was made officially.

THE BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS.

The visitation of the Lord Bishop of Montreal to the rural deanery of Clarendon, will take place week after next, and His Lordship has fixed the following dates for visiting the various parishes:

August 8, Sunday, Hull, 11 a.m., Rural Dean Smith.
August 9, Monday, Aylmer, 10.30 a.m., Rev. R. F. Taylor.
August 10, Tuesday, Shawville, 10 a.m., Ven. Archdeacon Naylor, M.A.
August 11, Wednesday, Portage du Fort, 10.30 a.m., Rev. H. Plaisted, M.A.
August 12, Thursday, Clarke's 10.30 a.m., Rev. H. Plaisted, M.A.
August 13, Friday, Thorne, 10.30 a.m., Rev. J. L. Flanagan.
August 14, Saturday, Leslie, Mr. Poston, Church of England student.
August 15, Sunday, Bristol, 10.30 a.m., Rev. J. M. Coffin.
August 16, Monday, Quyon, 10.30 a.m., Rev. W. A. Eyles, B.A.
August 17, Tuesday, Chelsea, 3 p.m., Rev. A. A. Allan, M.A.
August 18, Wednesday, Wright, 3 p.m., Rev. W. G. Kaneen.
August 19, Thursday, Aylwin, 10.30 a.m., Rev. W. G. Kaneen.
August 20, Friday, Alleyne, 10.30 a.m., Rev. J. H. Bell.
August 22, Sunday, Peche, 10.30 a.m., Rev. C. Boyd, LL.D., address, North Wakefield, Que.

Letters may be addressed to the bishop to the 6th August, Hull, Que.; to the 12th August, Bristol, Que.; to the 17th August, Aylwin, Que.

ATTACKS ALD. SADLER.

La Presse attacks Ald. Sadler for refusing to call a meeting of the City Council on requisition of some aldermen Thursday. It characterizes his refusal as ridiculous and useless, and accuses him of seeking the applause of the English press. It holds that the question of the reorganization of the law department is urgent.

THE HERALD'S
Summer
Fiction
Supplement.

Best Short Stories of the Day.

CONTENTS TO-DAY.

The Necessary Resources.
(This Week's New Copyright Story.)
Anthony Hope.

The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick.
(Concluded from Last Week.)
Bret Harte.

Wakalona,—The Capture and the Rescue of the Princess of the Platte.
Cy. Warman.

A Run to Freetown.
George Griffith.

Bill the Plotter.
(Selected.)

The Late Eraclio Solis.
(Selected.)

A MONTREALER GOING TO ALASKA.

A Hochelaga Mechanic Will Shortly Start for the Yukon Gold Fields.

THE PLAIN TRUTH TOLD.

Inspector Strickland Denies Some of the Sensational Yarns which Have Been Put in Circulation.

"Off for Alaska are you Mr. Galloway-?" "Yes," replied a good-looking young man of two and twenty. "Tuesday I shake the dust and mud of Montreal from my feet, and, if all goes well, expect to be tramping in gold dust before many weeks are past." The man who spoke was Douglas Galloway, a machinist, who, for the past year has been working in the C. P. R. shops at Hochelaga. He is a shrewd and determined-looking young Scotchman hailing from Hawick, Roxburghshire. He came to Montreal about a year ago and after varying fortunes secured a job as fitter in Mr. Pitts' department of the C. P. R. shops. He joined the Mount Royal Lodge, International Association of Machinists, and soon became a great favorite with Master Machinist Fred Newman, Mr. T. Barley and the machinists in general.

Are you bound right for the Klondike? queried the reporter.

"Oh, no;" said the young man, twirling his budding moustache, "not, this summer at any rate. You know, my brother 'Jim,' is an engineer in the employ of the Treadmill Gold Mining Company on Douglas Island. He has been writing me to come out for a year or more, and so I have at last decided to go. He writes that the wages there are from $2.50 to $4 a day with board, and that is a big inducement to a man working in Montreal for a dollar and fraction, and boarding himself. Now, I don't expect a feather bed or roast chicken out there, but I am ready to take things as I find them. My brother says the winter is fearful and a man cannot get enough clothes on him, but I guess I will be able to stand the cold as well as the rest of them."

"What sort of a place is Douglas Island did you ask?" "Well, I believe it is a small island seven miles in width, about three miles from Juneau, and about 700 miles from Klondike. It belongs to the United States. The mines on it pay very well. Douglas Island City, is the name of the largest town, but it is rather a small city I am afraid. My brother writes that a hundred miners sleep in one house. There is plenty of work, however, and he has only been off two days in a year. Steamers, I believe, call here at all times of the year—at least I get letters from Jim the year round—and of course it is not such an outlandish place as the Yukon."

PEACEFUL AND LAW ABIDING.

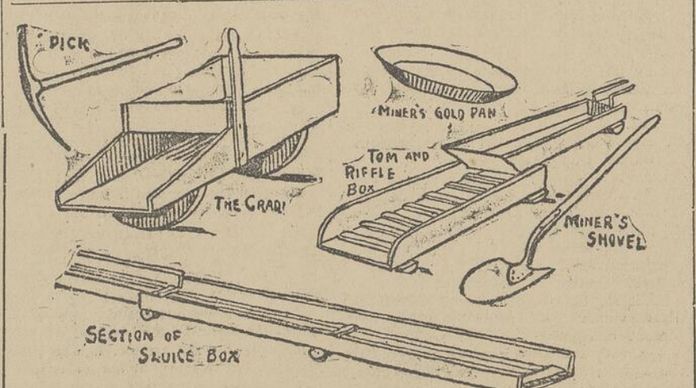
"The men of Douglas Island City are more peaceful and law abiding than the rough miners of the Juneau, but here as elsewhere, the casual ruction will rise and somebody gets hurt. Jim writes some stories of men getting their ears cut off, and shot, and stabbed in rows. Such things, however, are not of very frequent occurrence. It is generally too cold to use a gun. A number of United States gunboats patrol the islands hereabout during a part of the year, and manage to preserve pretty good order. One gunboat had a high old time chasing a fellow who had stabbed a man in a brawl, and it was not till after they had chased the man hundreds of miles along the coast that they caught him.

"Well, about the Yukon? Jim hasn't been up there, but he has written me something about the place. He says the miners there can only work two months during the whole year. In the early spring the miners in companies of four or five, start out with a dog team loaded with provisions. When they come to a lake or river they have to build a raft and ferry themselves across. Travelling is awfully tedious and dangerous. Arriving at the diggings they start prospecting. Sometimes they strike it rich; sometimes they don't. Occasionally a party gets short of provisions and then other parties share theirs with the unfortunates. Again, in some diggings a man of each party has to keep watch every night to prevent other parties from coming into their camp and robbing them of whatever gold they have secured. When the early winter returns, the miners set out for Juneau. Sometimes they come back rich; sometimes they don't; and sometimes whole companies get lost and are never heard of afterwards. Getting back to Juneau the successful miners 'blow in' their 'stuff,' and the unccessful "hang out" the ten months of winter as best they may. A few of the miners return to civilization with their gold, but, certainly, a very few. There are too many saloons and ways of getting clear of gold in Juneau.

SCURVY IS FREQUENT.

"Scurvy among the miners is frequent, and is more dreaded than the cold. A friend of my brother's struck it rich, but he got the scurvy and had to go to an hospital and spent all his money in getting cured.

"No, sir, I am not going to try the Yukon yet a while. I will try working by the day at Douglas Island for the summer and winter. Machinists get from $3 to $4 a day and board, which is better than the uncertainty of digging for gold in that land of the Frost-King. However, when I have saved up a little money and get to know something about the country, I intend to try my luck. There is nothing like trying, you know, and fortune may smile on me. But if she don't I won't be greatly disappointed. It is not with any very sanguine expectations of making a 'pot of gold' that I go out there, but simply with the expectations of earning by hard day's work a good round sum in a number of years.



WORKING OUTFIT FOR THE KLONDIKE MINER.

Alaska is not a land of milk and honey I know. I wouldn't advise any one to go out there who hadn't his mind made up for hard work and hardships of all kinds. Those Canadians who went to Brazil with the idea that all the Brazilians did was to sit under a tree eating cocoanuts and found that the despised Dagoes worked much harder than they had ever done, would not be the right kind of people to go to Alaska.

Hard work and hardship is what I expect. I entertain no hopes whatever of being back in Montreal in a year able to say 'I've just got back from the wild, woolly west and I've got a lot of gold bricks to sell.' Oh, no; but I do expect to do better than I have been doing in Montreal.

"On Tuesday I leave, alone, for Seattle, Washington. There I will take one of the Northern Pacific steamships, either the Queen or the Tope Ka, and proceed to Douglas Island. My brother will meet me at Douglas City Hotel, and in a week or so after arrival I hope to be hard at work."

"Well, good luck to you," said the reporter, as he parted with the only man in Montreal who has yet made up his mind to brave the hardships and dangers of cold and bare Alaska.

A QUEBEC KLONDIKE.

A Discovery of Gold Reported from the Magog District.

Magog, July 31.—(Special.)—There has been no end of excitement in Magog and district the past week owing to a very considerable find of gold at Hatley. It appears that there are mines, owned by an English company, on the shores of Lake Massawippi, and that some Montreal tourists, at present staying in the neighborhood, have been combining business with pleasure by washing for the precious metal in a small stream running through the company's property. One young man from Westmount has during the last three weeks, it is said, secured no less than $1,200 worth of gold. A number of experts have arrived on the scene, for it stands to reason that if the contiguous land is so rich, the mines must be well worth opening out and developing. Is this a local Klondike?

MR. OGILVIE'S REPORT.

Americans Think It Contains the Best Information Obtainable.

Chicago, July 30.—Many persons who had expected to sail for Alaska August 20 or 30, will be disappointed, for the North American Transportation and Trading Company has received word from Seattle of another postponement, fixing the date of departure at September 10.

This will make it so late, that extra precautions will have to be taken in case of a freeze-up before St. Michael's is reached, or should the river be frozen beyond navigation after this port is made.

An additional privilege will be accorded to passengers on the Portland, each being allowed 200 pounds of food supplies in excess of the 200 pounds of baggage which the terms of their contract with the transportation company permits them to carry.

Circulars have been printed by the company setting forth this fact, together with other information, necessary to those seeking passage to Alaska.

In case it should be found impossible to complete the voyage this fall, board will be provided the passengers on the boat at $2 a day until spring, when the trip up the river to Dawson City will be completed. Others may proceed over the ice, subsisting upon the 200 pounds of food they will be allowed to carry.

The craze to emigrate to Alaska increases rather than abates. Alaskan books, that have lain dust-covered upon the shelves of book store and library, are now in demand.

Since the boom struck Chicago every book relating to the country of the Klondike and the Yukon has been constantly absent from the shelves of the Chicago public library. The reference department is crowded daily with Alaskan information seekers, and the first volumes of encyclopaedias are more used than any others. Every magazine that has an article upon Alaska is eagerly taken possession of, as are also maps and charts of the country of cold and gold.

At some of the tables can be seen most of the time groups of men poring over these maps and carrying on animated conversations in low undertones about the new Eldorado.

Librarian F. H. Hild said this morning: "It is surprising to note how many persons have gotten up an interest in that far-away land. I went to the shelf the other day to get a book upon Alaska, and there was not one to be found.

"There is not a great deal of authentic information regarding the country printed in the United States. An Englishman was in here this morning who had a copy of a report of William Ogilvie, printed by the department of the interior of Canada, which contained much valuabe information. It contained half-tone photographic reproductions illustrating points of interest in the Klondike and seemed to be a very full report. I know of nothing gotten up by the United States Government that begins to compare with this, and have sent to Canada for copies.

"It looks as though Canada had been wide-awake in this matter and was going to reap most of the rewards. In laying down the boundary line between Canadian territory and that of the United States I notice she was sharp enough to take in the entire Klondike territory, and I should judge from the report she has been looking after her interests in this connection very sharply for a long time."

In the offices of the North American Transportation and Trading Company the crowds continue to congregate, asking all manner of questions. Occasionally persons from as far away as the New England and Atlantic states come into the offices seeking information.

A party consisting of John H. Barmour, and C. H. Harvey, both of Long Island City, and a Mr. Belden, of the Brooklyn Cycle Company, were among the visitors to the transportation company's offices.

They stated that New York and Brooklyn were considerably stirred up over the stories of fabulous fortunes made in a day, but that the further west they came the greater seemed the excitement.

None of the members of this party had had any experience in mining, but all were undertaking the journey upon a venture. They carry full equipment of chamois skin and heavy woollen underwear, sleeping bags and tents.

Their equipment cost them $150 apiece, and there are a number of articles which they have still to purchase at Seattle.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company is selling on an average of a dozen or fifteen tickets a day to persons desiring to go to Seattle, and take passage from there for Alaska.

THIS CAN BE BELIEVED.

Inspector Strickland Denies Some Strange Stories.

Winnipeg, Man., July 31.—Inspector Strickland, of the North-West Mounted Police, who has just returned from the Yukon, arrived from the west with Mrs. Strickland, They proceed east to-morrow.

To a reporter Mr. Strickland spoke at length of the country that is now causing such a sensation Regarding the best route to reach the Klondike, he said that he would advise a poor man to go by Dyea and the Chilcoot Pass. The season is now getting late and he would not advise anyone to start now, as no one would have time to pack the amount of provisions he would need over the summit. Before he could do it the river would be frozen up. Last year it froze at the first of October, but it does not generally freeze until the middle of October. It is hard to get into the country, and anyone who goes there must be prepared to go through some rough experiences. There is plenty of gold, but it is not lying around waiting for anyone to pick it up. It is gotten only by hard work.

Regarding misrepresentations about the country, Mr. Strickland said he had recently read an article signed Frank Moss, that had been used extensively in the papers. The writer clearly showed, he said, that he was never in the country. For instance, he said that 2,000 people had died in the Klondike last year, while up to last year there were not 2,000 people in the whole country. Moss made the statement that Klondike was a huge sink surrounded by mountains 3,000 feet high. This is not correct, as the country is just the same as any mountainous district. Another statement that there is a colony of Bohemian convicts there is totally untrue The country is a very law-abiding one. No nugget of the reputed size was found in the Klondike, and there is no such place as the one the writer of the article stated the nugget was found at. In many ways, Mr. Strickland said, the country is grossly misrepresented.

The Klondike is, undoubtedly, he said, the largest placer mining region in the world, and, at the same time, the richest. There are a great many people now going into the country and the claims were being taken rapidly, but there is yet any amount of room for everybody.

Concerning the length of time required to reach the country, Mr. Strickland said that anyone contemplating going from here should leave at the 1st of March, buy their provisions at the coast, and have enough dollars left over for incidental expenses along the route; freight the stuff to Dyea; pack it over the summit, and get down to the foot of the lake on the ice. Here lumber would be taken and boats built. By that time the ice would be out and the boats can float down the river, reaching Klondike about the 20th of May. On the way down the river there are two bad rapids, the White Horse and the Canyon, which "greenhorns" should portage.

"Here is a sample of gold from our country," said the inspector, as he drew a handful of nuggets from his pocket. The inspector will interview the authorities at Ottawa concerning the Mounted Police patrol in the mining region, and expects to return to the Yukon at once.

MONCTONIAN WRITES HOME.

Tellsan Interesting Story of His Yukon Experiences.

Moncton, N.B., July 30.—A letter received from Dr. P. J. B. LeBlanc, a Monctonian, who has reached Klondike. On January 9th he left Detroit with a friend for Seattle, where they took a boat for Juneau. From Juneau they went partly by boat and partly by dog trains. They had twenty-dogs and two horses and fifteen tons provisions. The weather was dreadful and the trip rugged and cold. They had to keep their faces constantly covered. They did not travel more than ten miles a day. On June 28th, after almost five months travel, they reached Klondike. Dr. LeBlanc says imagination cannot conceive the richness and beauty of the country. Shortly after his arrival he secured a claim and he speaks very encouragingly of his prospects. He says provisions are extremely high and in fact necessary articles to life are very costly. The wages of a miner are $15 a day and board costs $14 a week. The custom is that a man working a claim must provide board for his men. When leaving Detroit he took with him 500 pairs of snow spectacles, which he purchased for fourteen cents a pair and he was not a week in Klondike before he had disposed of them all at $2 a pair, quite a remunerative speculation. Dogs come high in the new gold region, but they must be had at any price. Dr. LeBlanc said that he sold a pair of dogs for $500. The fair sex are very scarce, but just previous to writing he learned that a number of young women had reached the gold fields, though he had not seen any of them. Medical practice, he says, is a profitable business. While crossing the mountains he states he made enough money by his practice to pay the expense of his transportation. From the fifteen tons of provisions they cleared upwards of $15,000. He says the climate is a very healthy one and he never felt better in his life.

RICHES IN STORE FOR O'BRIEN.

Former Mail Carrier Who Will Be a Klondike Millionaire.

San Francisco, July 30.—Tom O'Brien, a former mail carrier, is one of the successful exploiters of the Klondike mines. He returned from the interior of Alaska last March with information of the great wealth waiting for somebody in the creek beds of the Yukon territory, but people laughed at him.

He had $50,000 of his own which he was willing to invest, but could find no one to help him. He visited many of the big capitalists in this city and told them what he knew to be the truth, but the only response he got was a shake of the head. The capitalists did not believe in the country. He stayed a week in the city and then left it in disgust.

O'Brien then took his money with him and went to Ottawa. There the capitalists had better judgment and listened to his tale with eager ears. The Canadian government too, took him up and he obtained several important grants from it. He was given a town site right across the river from Dawson City. This site is better than that now occupied by Dawson and upon it will be built the future city of the gold regions. O'Brien has millions in this grant alone.

He was also given permission to take 2,000 gallons of whiskey into the country. He will now go back to Alaska with plenty of money in an enterprise that will make his own fortune and that of all those who are interested with him. O'Brien promises to become one of the millionaires of the age. Two years ago he had nothing.

STREWN WITH SKELETONS.

Mrs. Schwatka Predicts a Terrible Fate For Many Enthusiasts.

Benton Harbor, Mich., July 30.—The widow of Lieut. Schwatka, the great Arctic explorer, is here from Chicago. She has been in the Klondike region repeatedly with her husband, and is very emphatic in regard to the trials and hardships to be encountered there. She says the mountain passes are strewn with the skeletons of unfortunate miners who have been overtaken by cold and hunger. She says that a like fate awaits many of the enthusiasts who are now on their way to the gold regions. Mrs. Schwatka alleges that the rivers are flanked with cess pools and that deadly odors arise and fill the atmosphere with malaria germs. There is gold there, she says, but its acquirement will cost many lives.

LUCKY FRANK PHISCATOR.

The Michigan Man Who Came Out Rich.

New Carlisle, Ind., July 30.—Frank Phiscator, the Michigan man who returned to San Francisco with his pockets full of gold and millions staked out for the future, is just the sort of a boy that likes the life of the mountain and wilderness. His father died twenty-five years ago, and his mother passed away ten years ago. Frank "lit out" for the boundless west when he was ten years old. He longed for room to move about, and Michigan was overpopulated. He drifted to Yellowstone Park. He took to horseback riding naturally, and was soon engaged carying the mail over a sixty-mile route. He liked the work and enjoyed himself as he put away his salary. This sort of life gave him muscles as hard as rock and as strong as steel. He won health and fortune out of his work. About eighteen months ago he returned to his home in Michigan and amazed his town folk with his western ways and his display of wealth. It was said that he had then about $3,000. Phiscator was a thorough western man, and was not impressed with the angular propriety of the people in civilized communities. He had a way of calling dignified gentlemen of wealth and position by their first names, and when he was shown that this "du du" style was not appreciated as it is out in the mountains and on the coast he was disgusted. He left the east to go back to the mountains and prairies He bade good-by to everybody and said as he was going that he would never come back. About this time Phiscator heard about the mines in Alaska and he struck out for the Yukon. There he met with F. W. Cobb, a Harvard man who had been knocking about the west for two years, and who went to Alaska for gold. Cobb and Phiscator became partners. The Michigan man worked up the Klondike while Cobb followed Bonanza Creek until he struck the field to which he later gave the name of Eldorado. He turned back, found his partner, and the two staked out claims that are now said to be worth millions. Phiscator is 35. He is now in 'Frisco

GO BY WAY OF DYEA

Chicago, July 30.—Rev. Father Stippeck, who has been stationed at Circle City for years, arrived in Chicago a few days ago, and talking of the hardships of travel in Alaska yesterday he strongly advocated the Dyea route. He says those who go around by way of St. Michael's and up the Yukon will find the trip will take much longer than they expect. Father Stippeck will return to Alaska in a few days, taking with him five sisters. The trip will take from two to three months.

THE RUSH TO KLONDIKE.

If a man has an iron constitution, plenty of endurance, a cool head, and absolute freedom from domestic ties, together with about $1,000 in hard cash, he can probably make a fortune by getting to the Klondike gold fields as soon as practicable. This is the opinion of the veteran gold hunters. The average Canadian, however, is unable to avail himself of this apparent opportunity of a lifetime, for many reasons. Not a few of our citizens are considering the advisability of clubbing together to equip parties of reliable men to make the arduous journey to Alaska, and await results at home. But for the difficulty of obtaining the services of trustworthy men, no doubt this plan would attract more investors than it already has.

Obviously, a gold mining company having already in its service a corps of experienced and trustworthy prospectors is in a splendid position to make a successful expedition to the gold regions. The Montreal-London Gold and Silver Development Co., Limited, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in to-day's Herald, which was formed some months ago, and has among its directors and shareholders some of the most prominent business and profesional men of Canada, is in such a position to-day. Its operations in British Columbia and the Ontario gold regions have been highly successful in the short time since its formation, and without losing any time, or interfering with its regular work of explciting the other gold bearing regions of Canada, it is able to supply from its own staff a party of prospectors, ready and equipped to endure the rigours of the Alaskan climate, and what is equally necessary, possessed of the power acquired by experience only, of locating deposits of gold by the appearance of the earth's surface.

A large share of the millions of dollars worth of gold shortly yielded by the Klondike gold fields will undoubtedly be realized by the shareholders of exploration companies, such as that above mentioned.

Those who acquire shares in the Montreal-London Gold and Silver Development Company at the present figure will have an opportunity which comes but seldom of joining such a company at ground floor rates and of securing a stake in almost every part of Canada known to produce gold.

THE SUNSET MINE.

Mr. Howard C. Walters, the president and managing director of the Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate, Limited, has arrived in Rossland. He spent Wednesday and Thursday of this week in making a thorough examination of the "Sunset, No. 2," one of the three properties owned by the Syndicate, and Friday morning Mr. J. C. Drewry, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Syndicate, received the following telegram:

"Rossland, July 29th, 1897.

Sunset developing handsomely, three, shaft one, vein two, width [illegible] determined. Extends outside shafts [illegible] eral vein samples thirty to fifty-six [illegible] Average sample shipping ore dump [illegible] thirty-eight dollars gold. Vein two [illegible] one, very favorable. Vein one, [illegible] tinue tunnel in foot wall some thirty [illegible] farther for mechanical reasons, when [illegible] top large ore body, disclosed on [illegible] No equal showing at same stage [illegible] in Rossland district. Challenge [illegible] diction. Present conditions [illegible] until necessary development accomplished will place "Sunset No. 2" [illegible] Rossland mines. (Signed), HOWARD C. WALTERS."

Mr. Walters' report corroborates all [illegible] has been said of the "Sunset No. 2" [illegible] is a thoroughly experienced and practical miner, and knows what he is talking about. As the shafts being sunk on [illegible] numbers two and three veins are [illegible] feet wide, and as the ore in each [illegible] tends outside of the shafts, the [illegible] is claimed to be a great one. [illegible] dollar ore is considered pay ore in [illegible] Rossland camp. The "Sunset No. 2" [illegible] three strong, well-defined veins all carrying high grade pay ore, so that the [illegible] is very bright.

ONTARIO GOLD HUNTERS.

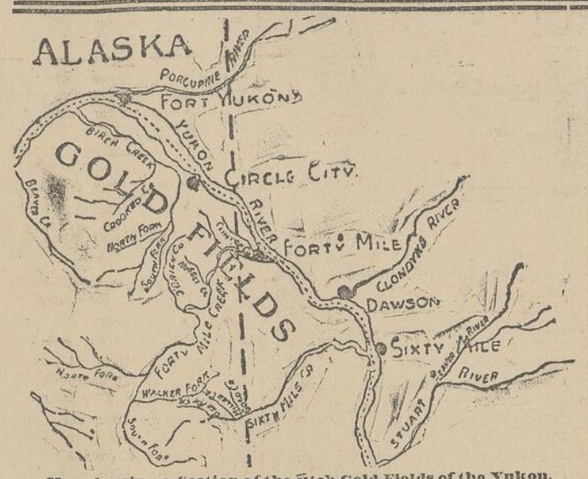
Toronto, July 30.—The Ontario Concession Company, which was [illegible] in England early this month for the purpose of carrying out the work of development agreed to be done by the [illegible] under the grant which the Ontario government made in February last, has at its work in earnest.

One of the directors, Mr. Jas. [illegible] accompanied by another gentleman, holds a large stake in the company. England three days after its formation and after interviewing persons in the city went straight on to the land granted by the grant.

They then visited two of the [illegible] mines in the district, the Sultana and the Mikado. An energetic policy will undoubtedly to be followed in the development of the license of occupation, for [illegible] day last, the 23rd inst., twenty days after leaving London, two managers, one for each district, were appointed after [illegible] viewing a number of gentlemen who were anxious to fill so important a position, and each commenced work on Monday the 26th inst., with about sixty men. Mr. Alan Sullivan, son of Bishop Sullivan, who has had a large and long experience in engineering matters, is to take charge of the A expedition, which is now being equipped and at work in the [illegible] known as the Rainy River district, Ontario, Mr. J. Russ Deacon, whose name is a household word in Rat Portage for the thoroughness and excellence of his work, has taken charge of the [illegible] dition, which is also equipped and at work in the Lake of the Woods [illegible] Both these gentlemen have agreed to devote the whole of their time to the concession, and will not leave it unturned to make profitable the [illegible] cluded in the grant.

Montreal Typographical Union [illegible] its annual picnic and games at [illegible] l'Isle Park on Saturday, Aug. 14.

Klondyke Gold Fields



Map showing a Section of the Rich Gold Fields of the Yukon.

This can be cut out and forwarded to the Brokers.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

The Montreal-London Gold and Silver Development Co., Ltd.

I HEREBY subscribe for.....

shares at 24 cents each, amounting to.....

.....dollars

and enclose.....dollars

being one-fourth of the amount, balance to be payable as stated.

.....Signature,

.....Address.

.....1897.

THE MONTREAL-LONDON GOLD AND SILVER DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

LIMITED.

Authorized Capital - - - - - - $1,200,000 in 5,000,000 Shares

PAR VALUE—24 CENTS (ONE SHILLING)

OFFICERS:

President.....W. STRACHAN, Esq. | Vice-Pres...Hon. A. A. THIBAUDEAU.

Consulting Engineer.....BERNARD MACDONALD, Esq., M.E., Butte, Montana.

DIRECTORS.

WM. STRACHAN, President Montreal Stock Yards Co.
Hon. A. A. THIBAUDEAU, Senator.
R. WILSON SMITH, Mayor of Montreal.
S. H. EWING, Vice-President Molsons' Bank,
W. J. WITHALL, Vice-President Quebec Bank,
F. L. BEIQUE, Q.C.,
T. G. RODDICK, M.D., M.P.,
ROBERT BICKERDIKE, ex-President Board of Trade,
ROBERT JAFFRAY, President Globe Printing Co.,
CLARENCE J. McGUAIG, Manager Montreal Investment and Freehold Co.

THE YUKON.

An exploring party, thoroughly equipped, in charge of a competent and reliable man, will be sent in to secure and work claims and concessions and obtain reliable data about the country.

With ample capital, a company can work to much greater advantage than an individual, and the profits should be proportionately larger.

The company have already secured valuable interests in British Columbia and the Lake of the Woods district, which are now being actively developed.

The Montreal-London occupies a unique position. There are no promoters shares, and none of the stock of the company has been sold at less than par value.

The company have secured the exclusive services of Mr. Bernard MacDonald, an expert of 23 years experience in the largest mining camps of Western America.

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS NOW OPEN.

The company invite subscriptions for a limited number of shares at par value, 24 cents, payable 6c per share with application, the balance in 3 instalments of 6c per share each, when called by the directors, with at least one month between calls.

Cheques and orders should be made payable to S. H. Ewing, Treasurer.

CLARENCE J. McGUAIG & CO., Brokers, 1759 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Telephone 923.

There is a popular misconception to the effect that corpulent people are healthy people. In a large percentage of cases this is a mistake. Corpulent people suffer from ill-health just as much, and sometimes more than thin people. Like thin people they suffer from illnesses and disorders that are caused by indigestion and torpidity of the liver.

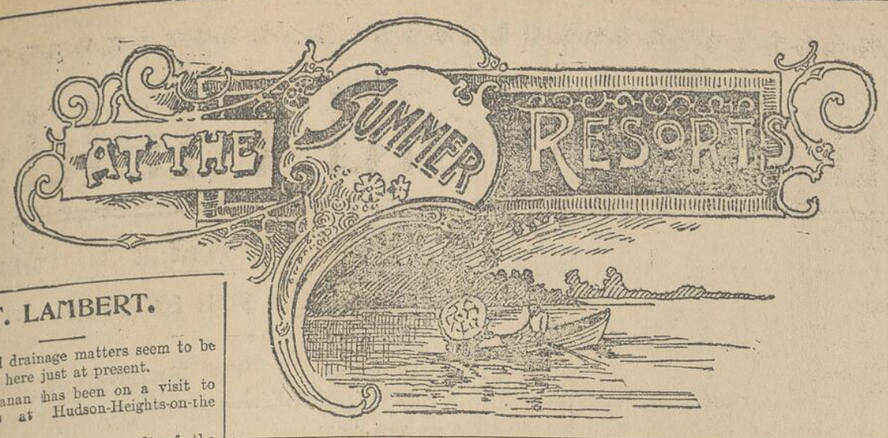


There is a sure and speedy remedy for ills of this description. It is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Thousands of corpulent people who need this medicine have failed to take it because of its world-wide reputation as a blood-maker and flesh-builder. They imagine because it has an established reputation for building up the flesh and strengthening emaciated people, that it will make corpulent people more corpulent. This is a misconception. The "Golden Medical Discovery" builds firm, healthy flesh but does not raise the weight above a natural normal figure. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make soft, flabby flesh. It builds solid, healthy flesh but tears down and excretes the weak, half-dead tissues that constitute corpulency. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It cures all blood and skin diseases. An honest dealer will not offer a worthless substitute for the sake of extra profit.

"I got a cancer on my tongue and had it cut out," writes Peter J. Kroeker, of Inman, McPherson Co., Kans. "I consulted fifteen different physicians without deriving any benefit. At last I turned to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I presisted in its use and my health is better than ever before. Formerly every accidental wound I received would fester and would not heal. Now, such lacerations heal themselves."

Cure — always. Gripe — never. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for constipation and biliousness. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. In obstinate cases use the "Discovery" in connection with the "Pellets." Druggists sell them.

Highly commended by ju... at World's Expositions and... purity by chemists Labatt's... don Ales and Stout.



ST. LAMBERT.

Water and drainage matters seem to be in statu quo here just at present.

Miss Buchanan has been on a visit to her relatives at Hudson-Heights-on-the Ottawa.

A lawn social for the benefit of the "Fresh Air Fund" was held yesterday afternoon here.

Mr. J. S. Leo, manager of the Montreal Optical Co., was here on Friday evening visiting friends.

The street lights are to be seen burning brightly at six o'clock every morning. What a waste of oil!

The Herald was eagerly sought for last Saturday, so much so that extra copies had to be sent out to supply the demand.

The members of the Boat Club have received a formal invitation to a dance at the Longueuil Boat Club House which takes place this evening.

Mr. A. C. Heath took his departure on Friday night last for his new home at London, Ont., having been ordered off sooner than was at first intended.

Switchman Sousi had a piece of piece of his ear taken off by a window at the depot baggage room here a few days ago. He, however, is attending to his duties as usual.

Constable Cobb, of the North-West Mounted Police was in the village on Tuesday evening, on a visit to Mr. James Beatty, and attracted considerable notice, his uniform being unknown here.

At Montreal South they propose to go in for drainage and for that purpose a public meeting was to be held last evening. They now have surface drainage, but desire to keep up with the march of time.

Warnings have ceased to be given to those riding "bikes" on the pathwalks, and the "special" instructed to do his duty in the matter. It is to be hoped a stop will now be put to the perniciuos habit.

The union picnic of the Protestant Sunday school, which was to have been held last Saturday at Iberville, had to be postponed on account of the weather, and it will now be held next Saturday, 7th August.

At a meeting of the School Commissioners early in the week, Mr. Walter Andrews was elected to fill the vacancy on the board, while at the same meeting Mr. W. B. Powell was elected chairman of the board for the current year.

Master Alex. Neve, son of Mr. R. J. Neve, of L'Orignal, Ont., has been on a visit this week to his cousin, Mrs. Clark. Master Neve is a noted swimmer, and although quite young has already saved several persons from drowning.

Bicyclists riding over the path-walks instead of on the roads, is still being practised, and it is time the "special's" warnings were put into force. He should go down Victoria Avenue in the evening and perhaps he could "pull" several of these independent gentlemen and teach them a lesson.

On Monday afternoon a lad six years old named Charles Giroux, was in his father's butcher shop, and while holding a piece of meat for his uncle to cut, the meat slipped, and the cleaver descending upon his fingers cut off two of them. The youngster who bore his wounds very bravely, was at once taken to the city to Notre Dame Hospital, where his hand was dressed. He is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

Mr. Fred S. Goodwin and Mrs. Goodwin, were here visiting old friends of Mr. Goodwin's on Friday evening last. Mr. Goodwin is a native of Montreal, and left that city forty-one years ago. He states he finds very many changes, but easily recognized some of the old-fashioned buildings still extant. He finds (old) Notre Dame Street just the same as it was in his day. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin left Sunday afternoon for Portland and Boston via. Quebec.

STANLEY ISLAND.

Algonquin Hotel arrivals include: W. Q. Turner, Mrs. Starr, Mrs. Gibbens, Miss Gertes Gibbens, Cornwall; Miss Murphy, Arthur Merrill, Mrs. Arthur Merrill, four children and nurse, Montreal; Miss Duval, Ottawa; George McGaokin, D. L. Streeter, Chicago; P. A. Matthews, and wife, A. S. Matthews and wife, Fort Covington; O. S. Matthews and wife, Mrs. Churchill, Morrisville, Vt.; W. Hirrech, T. M. Hall, Fort Covington; M. M. Smith, Mrs. J. A. Ruddick, King-M. Smith, Dundee; Mrs. J. A. Ruddick, Miss J. A. Ruddick, Kingston; George C. Hamilton, Minneapolis, Robert Jacob, W. Hostler and wife, John B. Caverhill, Mrs. John B. Caverhill, Master Thomas and wife, Miss Tessey and wife, Joseph Pont, Jos. Kellert, Mrs. Joseph Kellert, and two children, Donald McMaster, C. Stevenson, W. H. Cottengnam, Montreal; Joseph Pope, Ottawa; Joseph Monette, Roch Sauve, Leandre Gendron, Noe Leger, Philorome Billette and baby, Valleyfield; Jno W. Molson, Montreal; Geo. de Beaujeu, Coteau du Lac. Col. R. R. McLennan, W. Gibben, D. McDonald, John A. Chisholm. Cornwall; Miss Belle Gunn, Lancaster; Mr. Charles Sangster, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Richard Grange, Henry Grange, Fort Covington; Mr. T. Crowley, and lady, T. F. Laplante and lady, Hagonsbury, S. Vineberg, Miss Katie Anderson, W. G. Brown, Miss W. Horstler with five children, Mr. Justice Taschereau, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Callaghan, Montreal; T. A. Colin New York; T. J. Callaghan, James D. Finlay, Annie Finlay, Cornwall, William Finlay, Richard Finlay, Miss Finlay, Lawrence, Mass.

ST. LEON SPRINGS.

Rev. L. C. Therien of Montreal, is a guest at St. Leon Springs Hotel.

Mr. Fortier, M.P., St. Rose, is enjoying the waters at St. Leon Springs Hotel.

Harry O'Brien, late of The Crossman, Alexandria Bay, is chief clerk at St. Leon Springs Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Galbraith, of Montreal, are guests at St. Leon Springs Hotel for the season.

Mrs. Robertson and Miss Beglond of Cookshire, are staying at the St. Leon Springs Hotel.

Mrs. Captain Figate and Miss M. Lumsden, of Montreal, are registered at St. Leon Springs Hotel.

Hon. F. and Mrs. Herdt, of Quebec, arrived at St. Leon Springs Hotel to remain during the month of August.

A very interesting progressive euchre party was given Tuesday evening at St. Leon Springs Hotel, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones, of Montreal. Miss Gibson won the ladies first prize and Miss Edna O'Brien the second prize. After the refreshments were served, dancing was continued until 12 o'clock. Saturday evening agrand German wil be given in the parlor of the St. Leon under the direction of Prof. MacDonald of Montreal; the favors selected are very handsome and fifty guests are expected to take part.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

Arrivals at Lake Cottage for the week ending July 28 were: R. McLeod, Corkhill; A. D. Cameron, Brodie; H. C. Phillips, Cornwall; A. B. McPherson, Lillie McPherson, Lancaster; A. Allison, Janet Allison, Agnes Allison, Stardale; John Davidson, Mrs. J. Davidson, Maxville; H. Johnson, Montreal; James Thomson, Buckingham; Dr. McEwen, Sarah McSweyn, Annie McSweyn, Malcolm McSweyn, Dunvegan; George C. Ginn, Richmond; W. F. Thomson, Megantic; A. B. McDonald, C. A. McDonald, Hannah McDonald, Lancaster; S. N. Morrison, Mrs. S. N. Morrison, Vankleek Hill; M. Haggerty, Montreal; J. F. Cattanach, N. Lancaster; Norman McDonald, Tiverton; Miss McDonald, Dominionville; George S. Cross, Montreal; William J. Johnson, Cornwall Centre; Rev. Eber. Crummy, Vankleek Hill; J. E. Laflamme, Montreal; M. Gaffney, Ed. Hudson, Ottawa; A. E. Harvey, Montreal; W. P. McAlpine, Vankleek Hill; Mrs. McIntosh, Brainard, Minn.; Miss Harriet McLennan, H. J. McPherson, J. A. Grant, Dalkeith; P. S. Wingard, D. J. McLaughlin, Vankleek Hill; John A. McDonald, Chippewa Falls; David Matte, Vankleek Hill; Joseph Matte, Ottawa; R. A. E. Retkin, Lake Megantic; Mrs. P. J. McDonnell Miss McDonald, St. Andrews; Mrs. J. Aird, Montreal; C. E. George, Toronto; Mrs. P. Poppepelwell, Glen Robertson; D. P. Burke, Ottawa; J. McMillan, Brodie; D. McGregor, Hawkesbury; John McCrory, Montreal; D. McLeod, Port Arthur; Miss C. Gregg, Miss J. Butler, Miss D. Murphy, Vankleek Hill.

VALOIS.

Mr. C. Savignac passed his holiday in Valois.

Mr. J. Hudson, jr., was visiting his father last Sunday.

Mr. Darling, from Maisonneuve, enjoyed a good holiday at Valois.

Miss Paulett is returning from New York and will stay at Del Val.

Father H. Hudon, who is leaving Montreal for Fordham, visited his family here.

Dr. E. Valois is returning from Ste. Anne de Beaupre after a few days of vacation.

Mr. J. Mignault, civil engineer, will arrive on Wednesday with Mrs. Mignault and family at Del Val cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Pagnuelo are delighted with Valois, and are staying at Miss Joly's. They assisted at the office of the chapel where Mrs. Pagnuelo was heard in a beautiful solo last Sunday.

CAP L'AIGLE.

Mrs. George Thomson is summering here this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, of Montreal, are here for the rest of their holidays.

The Rev. Dr. Ross has left for Lachine, but is expected back again in a short time.

Mrs. J. L. Gilmour and family have taken up their residence here for several weeks.

Mrs. Murray Smith and family are spending their vacation here for a few weeks.

The Rev. F. M. Dewey, of Montreal, has rejoined his family for the remainder of his vacation.

Mr. J. M. Campbell, of Westmount, arrived here for his holidays, and has taken up residence at Cap l'Aigle Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Biggar, of Toronto, who have come here again for their vacation were made welcome by their friends.

The Rev. D. R. and Mrs. Drummond, of St. Thomas, Ont., are the guests of the Rev. A. J. Mowatt, Dudhope College, for a few weeks.

Residents are pleased to welcome Mrs. R. Wilkins and family, who have taken up residence here for the month of August.

Mr. Geo. Campbell, son of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Motreal, has returned to this place, after spending a very enjoyable time at Tadousac and Bic, where he was the guest of Mr. Sam. Archibald.

LONGUEUIL.

The bicycle races under the auspices of St. Jean Baptiste Club will be held to-day weather permitting.

The steamer Hosanna broke down on Tuesday, and she was unable to make her regular trips, but she was all right Wednesday morning.

The bicycle races announced for Saturday 24th, did not come off, to the great disappointment of many. The great storm of rain the night before, so spoiled the track that the committee in charge decided to postpone the meet till to-day when it is hoped more favorable weather will be had.

Trial races were held on Thursday evening, 22nd, at the Club House, in view of the trial regatta to be held on the following Saturday. The committee were very much encouraged by the eagerness with which the boys responded to the call for entries. The difficulty was not the lack of contestants, but arranging the handicaps, the committee being anxious to bring out the small boys as well as the larger, and it was a sight worth seeing the way these fellows tackled their work, giving good promise for the success of Saturday's regatta.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Guild of St. Mark's Episcopal Church was held on Thursday, 22nd, at the rectory to receive a report of the Garden Party held on July 8th, and other business. The meeting was not so large as usual, so many ladies being out of town, but the report was very satisfactory financially, and it was proposed to have another one at an early date, and for further discussion on this subject a special meeting was called for Thursday evening (the 29th) this week at the rectory.

The lawn tennis match between Westmount and Longueuil, was played on the grounds of the latter on Saturday, the honors of the day being taken by the former. The weather which looked so doubtful in the morning—cleared up most beautifully in the afternoon and the courts were in fair order, notwithstanding the rain the night before. The games were well contested all through but Westmount —or rather Cote St. Antoine as they insisted on being called—was too many for Longueuil. The latter will require to give more heed to practice, which is all that is required to show better results, for they have the material there, if they would only use it better. The following was the result. Singles—P. Mackenzie, beat H. B. Peiler, 6—2, 6—3; A. Macdonald beat S. F. P. Aldrich, 6—4, 6—2; C. W. Yarker, beat A. Saunderson, 6—2, 6—3; W. B. Hamilton, beat C. Harrod, 6—1, 7—3. Doubles —Mackenzie and Yarker beat Peiler and Aldrich, 6—0, 6—4; Hamilton and Macdonald beat Harrod and Saunderson, 6—1, 6—3.

The Longueuil trial regatta was a great success, and did great credit to all concerned. The committee evidently worked hard to make it a success and were much encouraged by the apparent revival of the sporting spirit manifested by the contestants. It was really a gala day for Longueuil, and reminded one of former times.

The day's proceedings were concluded by the usual hop in honor of the occasion, and was attended by a large number of people. Much interest was taken in the proceedings as it was announced that the prizes were to be distributed to the successful competitors. Mr. John Hamilton, the general president of the club, briefly announced the object of these trial regattas and the desire of the committee to encourage as much as possible the sporting spirit and the prizes were given as a memento to mark the event and encourage the boys to greater efforts for the good of the whole club. The prizes were very quietly and gracefully handed to the successful competitors by Mrs. F. Blaikie—wife of the vice-president. To add to the success of the evening, some friends of the club made a fine display of fireworks which was much appreciated. The ladies of the B.C.H. had ice cream on hand for those who cared for it and the dancing was well sustained. Mr. Grant again presided at the piano in the absence of Mr. Smith—who is on a holiday. Among those present were: Mr. John Hamilton, president and the Misses Hamilton, (3); Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Blaikie, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Harroer, the Misses Moffatt, Mrs. Carmicael, Mr. Arthur and the Misses Carmichael, Mr. James and Miss McClure, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Thompson, Mr. G. A. McColl, Mr. A. C. Hamilton, Mr. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. F. Matthews, Miss McColl, Miss Mountain, Miss Winnie Stephens, Miss Wurtelle, Miss Belle Davis, Mrs. Glassford and Miss Edith Glassford, Miss W. J. Carmichael, J. H. Marcou, H. C. Peiler, S. F. P. Aldrich, C. W. Yarker, E. Saunderson, P. Saunderson and A. Saunderson, W. B. Hamilton, W. A. Marcou, and Len Marcou, Messrs. Edwin and Joseph Hurtubise, George Gadsley, Don Russell and many others.

Very few of the present members of the Longueuil Boating Club know anything of its inception or of the various stages of its development. Strangers and visitors to the town often display interest in these matters and ask questions which have to remain unanswered. A few facts which we have gathered in this connection may therefore be acceptable. Some thirty years ago, contemporaneously with the confederation of the Canadian Provinces, the club came into existence. The late Capt. Lesperance became the first president, and for three or four years all went well. In the spring of 1869 a floating boat house, which consisted of a scow 12 x 50 feet, with a house erected upon it 20 x 50, 16 high, was completed at a cost of $664.91, and placed in the river. This floating club house was connected with the shore by booms to which members could make fast their boats. The club found itself financially crippled in 1870, partly owing to heavy expenditure and partly from the rivalry of the St. Lawrence Boating Club, which had sprung into existence in the village. Pursuant of a notice dated June 1st, 1871, a big meeting of all interested in boating was held in the Montarville Hotel on June 3rd, at which an amalgamation of the two separate clubs was successfully effected. The first president of the newly organized club was Dr. Charles Brewster, the well-known dentist. In this year the Longueuil Club reached the zenith of its success and undertook a regatta on a very extensive scale. The three famous four-oared crews known as the "Barton," the "Taylor-Winship" and the "Renforth" crews contested for supremacy together with a first prize of $1,000, a second of $250. The race was won by the first mentioned crew over a five mile course, with turn, in 33 min. and 10 sec. official time taken by Mr. F. Fenton, the then chief of police. For a number of years the boat club affairs flourished. One season races were held every Saturday afternoon during the summer, and for several years they were held fortnightly. "Boat meets" (illuminated) were frequently held to St. Helen's Island and "The Grove," Boucherville road, and moonlight excursions were often indulged in. In 1877 the organization of the Montreal Yacht Club drew so heavily upon the boat club's membership, by absorbing all those who were specially interested in sailing, that gradually the latter club dwindled to a mere shadow of its former self and the climax came in 1881 when on September 8th the committee decided to sell the club's property by auction. For the next four years the Boat Club lay dormant, but on March 30th, 1886, it was re-organized and during the past ten years has gradually grown to its present status of stability and prosperity. The club house at first used was a shanty obtained from the extinct Longueuil Tobogan Club and the site was that now occupied by Mr. J. E. Mullin's handsome residence. A new club house, unpretentiously built in sections, was opened in July, 1887, and enlarged the following year. In the spring of 1889 the club house was placed upon the fine site under "The Elms" above the wharves through the courtesy of the late William Notman, Esq. Application for incorporation under the Revised Statutes No. 5487 was made on May 10, 1892, and granted later in the season. In the fall of 1894 two lots (cadastral No. 155, sections 91-92) were purchased from the Grand Trunk Co., and before July 1st, 1895, the present handsome and capacious club house was completed and opened with a grand bazaar on July 4th, which continued for three days. The recent history of the Longueuil Boating Club is too well-known to need repetition. There is every prospect of a successful future in store for this popular organization.

THREE RIVERS.

Prof. Messenger is spending some time at the Methodist parsonage.

Rev. A. J. Logan will supply St. Andrew's Church during August.

Rev. J. R. MacLeod left this morning for Metis. Other members of the family have gone to the Townships.

Miss Gordon, Montreal, and Mrs. M. G. Crombie and Miss Ethel Crombie, Kingsbury, have been guests for some time at St. Andrew's manse.

ST. ANNE'S.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerry were out Saturday visiting friends.

Mr. Angus Hooper has returned to town after quite a long visit to the Hon. Senator Forget at Lenneville.

Col. Sweeny, of Westmount, is again here, he having moved out last Saturday week to his prettily situated cottage on Isle Perrot.

Mr. R. B. Angus has returned from England and is staying at his beautiful residence, "Pine Bluff," with the rest of his family.

Only one service is being held in the Protestant Church, and that in the morning during the next few weeks, on account of the heat.

Mr. Oliver Becket, who has been suffering from a severe illness during the summer, has had a relapse and is again confined to his room.

The Ste. Anne's boys did remarkably well last Saturday at the Vaudreuil regatta, but their prowess was marred by whoever made the protests. They have not heard yet the result of the investigation.

It would do anyone good to see the way the boys make the war canoe go. The organization of the new club was complete last Tuesday week and in Mr. Ernest Kent the club has a worthy secretary, and has cause for congratulation. It is to be hoped the club will have a successful year and so lay the foundation for future success.

CARILLON.

Miss E. McPherson, from Dixie, and Mr. T. Nash, of Como, have been lately visiting at Mr. R. W. Tyre's, Carillon Hill.

At "Bellevue" are Miss Srown, Miss Violet Desbarats, Dr. Douglas, Manager of the Red Star Line, Philadelphia; Miss Edith Kinsella, and Miss Kinsella, 82 Shuter Street; Mr. Pope, Miss and Miss Adelaide Von Eberts, Mrs. and Miss Tache, 962 Sherbrooke Street; Mr. Ernest Marceau, Montreal, and Mr. S. L. Shannon, Ottawa.

CACOUNA.

The last arrivals at the Mansion House include—From Montreal—Mr. and Mrs. B. Freedman, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Sullivan, children and maid; Mr. and Mrs. P. Mullin, Misses M. A. Mullin, Maggie Mullin, Emma Mullin, Lillian Mullin, Mr. W. Ross, Mr. J. H. Lemieux, Mrs. John McLean, Mrs. L. Fraser, Mr. F. Lapointe, Misses J. A. Garneau, and Annie Gorman. From Quebec—Mrs. Keroack, Miss B. Keroack, Master L. Keroack, Mr. G. Lefaivre, Mr. F. Gunn, Mr. W. Gunn, Hon. Boucher de la Bruere, Dr. L. N. Lemieux, Mr. L. Lussier, Mr. C. A. St. Antoine, Mrs. A. P. Larue. From Hull —Mr. C. Desmarais, Mr. G. Landry, Mr. Jos. Lemieux. From Eagenville, Ont.—Mrs. S. Howard, Miss M. F. Howard, Master J. H. Howard, C. S. Bertrand, Ile Verte.

PRESCOTT.

Few outside of townspeople are aware that Prescott is possessed of a small though one of the prettiest camping grounds to be found on the river St. Lawrence. The grounds which are known as Blakey's point are situated on the Canadian shore a few miles west of the town nearly opposite Garden Park, a summer resort on the American side. Just at the Point the shore curves gracefully out into the clear water of the St. Lawrence, giving the campers a magnificent view of the river for several miles in either direction. About seventy-five persons are now encamped at the point and this number will be greatly added to during the next few days. Any nice evening from twenty to thirty young people may be seen wheeling to the Point where they enjoy a few hours most pleasantly with thir friends. As in the past the campers expect next week to commence their series of weekly dances to which their friends are always made welcome. The music for the hops is kindly furnished by the Trilby Club Orchestra. Mr. Will H. Plumb who as the mainstay of the Point knows just when and what to do to make things most enjoyable for all the campers. The following are at present spending their time at the camp cottages: T. J Davy and family, Breezy Cottage; Geo. Rook and family, The Rookery; J. W. Plumb and family, Fairview; A. Keller and family, Fairview; J. Plumb and family, Riverview; Dr. J. W. Musgrove and family, Riverview; Thomas Coates and family, Riverview; W. F. Macpherson, and family, Riverview.

Tenters—1st camp—W. Whitney, J. Henderson, C. McInnis, P. Rowe.

2nd camp—W. Hepburn and M. Elliott.

3rd camp—Bud Wilkin and William Whitney.

4th camp—S. Boyd and Harry French.

5th camp—Harry Daniels and C. K. Henderson.

6th camp—C. Macpherson and R. Thompson.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

Arrivals at the Grand Hotel, for the week ending 29th July:—Miss Sutherland, St. Andrews, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cooke, Potsdam, N.Y.; W. T. Plaisant, St. John, N.B.; N. B. Roy, A. Brunet, Miss Lizzie Doyle, Portage du Fort, Que.; H. Beaumier, W. J. Robertson, D. McInnes, C. Robertson, Rev. P. Dussiere, R. A. Roberts, Vankleek Hill, Ont.; C. H. Watson, Toronto; Dr. Wm. J. Jones, Mrs. Andrew Patton, Miss Patton, A. Henderson, Prescott, Ont.; W. H. Bromley, Pembrook, Ont.; Mrs. F. McDougal, Jno. McDougal, Miss A. Bailey, Ed. Bailey, A. Lechair, D. A. J. McDougal, Ottawa; Miss A. McLean, Hiram Robinson, Mrs. Thos. Ross, Miss Waddell, Hawkesbury, Ont.; A. F. Macdonnel, Cornwall; Miss J. H. Munroe, Mrs. D. Lethian, Mrs. J. D. McIntosh, Miss B. McIntosh, Alexandria, Ont.; F. C. Brown, Barton Landing, Vt.; Justice J. T. St. Julien, Rev. A. A. Labelle, Aylmer, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. Amos, Campbell, Quebec; Mrs. W. B. Lawson, Master Arthur Lawson, Miss Nellie Ross, E. W. Forward, Chesterville, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Darling and child, Buffalo, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. E. Wells, C. S. Hall, Waterloo, Que.; N. T. Wells, Sweetsburg, Que.; Mrs. Nelson Mitchell, Mrs. Wm. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wallace, Mrs. Dr. D. K. Cowley, Miss Helen Cowley, Granby, Que.; Miss N. Rose, Morrisburg, Ont.; Rev. I. Champagne, Pointe Gatineau, Que.; Mrs. W. Leard, Miss Leard, St. Albans, Vt.; Miss E. M. Covey, West Brome, Que.; E. A. Roode, Halbert, Ont.; James Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Simpson, Miss E. Mitchell, Geo. T. Cross, Jno. W. Allan, R. A. Allan, J. S. Evans, Chas. M. Hart, Cornelius Honan, Jas. Carruthers, A. F. Read, P. Kearney, Thos. Reid, J. E. Perras, Dr. E. Hurtubuise, Mr. and Mrs. Z. Chapleau, Mlle. J. Marchand, D. McCormick, Mrs. C. Ludwig, Miss B. Ludwig, W. H. Hefney, J. P. Cooke, Hon. J. W. Allan, Montreal; J. R. Grace, Montreal; J. O'Connor, Farnham, Que.; Jno. Grace, Bouchette, Que.; P. Grace, Gracefield, Que.; Daniel Smith, Brownsburg, Que.; J. S. Shields, Derwin, Minn.; J. P. Grace, Montreal, Chas. A. Briggs, C. Ault, Montreal; D. McInnes, Vankleek Hill.

MURRAY BAY.

The following gentlemen will compose the Quebec Golf Club team which is to play against the Murray Bay Club to-day: Major Sheppard, Messrs. W. A. Griffith, H. S. Thomson, Lt.-Col. G. R. White, G. H. Thomson, J. Hamilton, A. Deschambault, E. B. Garneau, J. G. Garneau, Dr. Geo. H. Parke, A. Swift, Seymour B. Lanchot, and H. McGreevy.

DORVAL.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Kirk Greene are spending a few weeks at Tadousac.

Mrs. A. W. Morris is spending a few weeks at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Mr. H. M. Molson has gone to the Lower Provinces for a few weeks.

Mr. W. Doull and Mr. R. D. McGibbon arrived Tuesday morning from a trip to Tadousac.

Mr. and Mrs. Peers Davidson left Thursday morning for Toronto and other Western points.

Mr. F. E. Meredith is away on a pleasure trip to the Lower Province with some friends.

Mr. J. G. Savage and family have decided to remain at their Dorval residence winter and summer.

Mr. E. N. Heney and Mr. C. R. Hosmer have just arrived from the seaside with some friends from New York.

Several young men in Dorval are getting the gold craze. Very likely some of them will soon start for the gold fields.

The Forest and Stream Club is making preparations to accommodate the members and their friends during the boat races.

Mr. Hy. K. Wicksteed, manager of the Yacht Co., Dorval, left last evening for Cobourg, Ont., on a visit to his family.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hague are at the present time at Little Metis, and will likely remain at the seaside for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Paterson have taken a trip down to Cacouna and Tadousac also intending to reach Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Kennedy went down to Quebec and will be away a week or so. They intend visiting many eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gordon will leave in a day or two for a trip down to the Gulf, expecting to return in time for the yacht races.

Hon. Justice Ouimet arrived last Monday from his fishing tour at Grand River and the Lower Provinces. He greatly enjoyed the trip.

Mr. A. Jarvis, of Toronto, arrived at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club with his new boat, which will likely take part at the next trial races.

Quite a number of Dorval summer resorters went to Vaudreuil last Saturday to witness the regatta there and enjoyed the afternoon greatly.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Davis, with friends from the city, drove up to St. Anne's and sailed back home. They had a very pleasant afternoon on the lake.

Mrs. Duggan, mother of Capt. G. H. Duggan, went to Ste Anne's de Bellevue last Tuesday to spend the day visiting friends. Mrs. Duggan naturally takes great interest in whatever her son undertakes.

Last Saturday the steam yacht of Mr. G. W. Eadie whistled off brakes and started with quite a number of passengers on board following the races and boats around the course.

Mr. Dosithe Deslauriers, Dorval's new Mayor, is very much occupied just now about the construction of new sidewalks.

Last Saturday quite a party crossed over to the island to spend the afternon with G. W. Eadie and Mr. G. W. Hamilton.

This Saturday will be an exciting day for the sailors at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, as several new boats arrived from different Western points to take part in the trail races. The boat-builders will be very much interested in these races.

On Tuesday, Mr. R. D. McGibbon, Q.C., entertained quite a number of his city friends. The majority were judges and lawyers and a very pleasant afternoon was spent at Mr. McGibbon's farm cottage at the Sources near Strathmore; the 12.10 train to Dorval accommodated the party as far as Strathmore station.

Mrs. A. G. Ross had a narrow escape Tuesday afternoon while out with her bicycle; on being passed by some cabs her wheel struck on some obstruction throwing her on to the wheel of the passing cab, which was going at a pretty good speed at the time. Fortunately Mrs. Ross escaped with a slight shock and little damage to her wheel.

Great preparation is being made at the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for the races on the 14th of next month. Thousands of people are expected from all over to witness the first international races held in Canada. Everything is done to have the racing boats in proper shape. The G.N.W. Telegraph Co. will have their telegraph instruments put into the new clubhouse, where despatches will be sent to all points.

The discarded finery of a daughter should never constitute a mother's wardrobe. No one feels especially dignified in the dress of one whose old clothes she is wearing, and a mother should at all times preserve her dignity before her children. The mother who never loses her queenliness will never lose her crown.

..PERSONALS..

Mr. and Mrs. W. Euard are at St. Leon Springs.

Ald. Rainville, M.L.A., is at Old Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Kennedy are at Cacouna.

Mrs. Alex Strachan and family are at Cacouna.

Mrs. J. B. and Miss Williamson have left for Metis.

Mr. John Shaw and family are at Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. J. J. C. Ward and family have arrived at Metis.

Mr. D. W. Ross, jr., has left on a visit to Scranton, Pa.

Judge Doherty spent part of this week at Abenakis Springs.

Mrs. P. S. Doyle and family are now at River du Loup.

Mrs. H. R. Ives and family have left for Ogunquit Beach, Me.

Mr. Paul Wiallard is spending the season at Newport, R. I.

Miss Redpath is a passenger for England on the Labrador.

Mr. Wm. Skone, of Vancouver, is registered at the Windsor.

Mrs. G. T. Slater and family are summering at Sweetsburg.

Mrs. E. S. Pease and family are located at Cushing's Island, Me.

Dr. and Mrs. Garrett, of Kingston are guests at the Windsor.

Mr. D. T. Irish and family are spending the summer at Compton.

Mrs. E. N. St. Jean and Miss St. Jean are located at Cacouna.

Mr. D. Chauvassaiges, of Paris, is stopping at the Windsor.

Mrs. Robert Meighen and Miss Meighen are at St. Andrew's N.B.

Mrs. W. C. Finley is spending a few weeks at St. Leon Springs.

Mrs. D. O. Pease and family are at the St. Lawrence Hall, Cacouna.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Boucher are at Kamouraska for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Fellowes are again at River du Loup this season.

Mrs. Rene Masson is the guest of Mrs. Edward Masson at Terrebonne.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Badenach and family are summering at Sweetsburg.

Madame and the Misses Sauvalle are rusticating at St. Leon Springs.

Mr. D. McCormick, Q.C., is spending a few days at Caledonia Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Mullarky are spending their holiday at Old Orchard.

Mrs. John Turnbull and family have moved down to Dalhousie, N.B.

Mr. Percy Gault has returned from a holiday trip to Cushing's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Chisholm are spending the summer at Murray Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Barnard, are at Casco Bay, Me., for the summer.

Mrs. C. H. McFarlane and family are spendig the summer at St. Hypolite.

Ald. Kinsella and Master Kinsella are at Old Orchard Beach on a holiday trip.

Mrs. H. Vineberg and family are spending the summer months at Cacouna.

Mrs. W. M. Dobell and family are stopping at the Hotel Bellevue, River du Loup.

Mr. J. S. Shearer and family are spending the summer at St. Gabriel de Brandon.

Miss Bowen has returned to town from a visit to Mrs. J. H. Planche at Cookshire.

Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, vice-president of the C.P.R., went to Ottawa this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Blaiklock are at Long Island, Me., for a few weeks' vacation.

Miss Barabara Culkin, of Oswego, N.Y., is the guest of Miss McLaughlin, Coursol Street.

Miss Gertrude Cundill is the guest of Mrs. John Dunlop, having returned from Cacouna.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Cochrane, of Macleod, N.W.T., are stopping at the Windsor.

The Misses Gardner have left town and are making a stay of some weeks at New Glasgow.

Rev. C. C. Waller and Mrs. Waller, of Georgeville, sailed on the Labrador for England.

Dr. L. H. Davidson, Q.C., and Mrs. Davidson, are back from a trip to Newfoundland.

Miss Liffiton is on a visit to the Misses Askwith at Mikado Cottage, Rockliffe, Ottawa.

Miss Anna Fyshe and Master Max Fyshe left for England this morning on the Labrador.

The Misses Marchand have returned to St. John, after a sojourn of several weeks at Murray Bay.

Mrs. Graham C. Dunlop and family of Mackay Street, are spending a few weeks at Biddeford, Me.

Hon. G. A. Cox, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. G. A. Nantel arrived in the city yesterday from St. Agathe, and is registered at the Queens.

Captin W. H. and Mrs. Benyon have gone to Loon Lake, in the Adirondacks, for a few weeks.

The Misses Macfarlane are the guests of their sister, Mrs. John Beattie, at St. Patrick's, River du Loup.

Messrs. Henry J. Duck, W. H. Knowlton, C. H. Ritchie and Walter Cassels, of Toronto, are at the Windsor.

Mrs. M. Cochenthaler and Master Arthur Cochenthaler are guests at the Champlain House, Champlain, N.Y.

Major H. H. Lyman is expected home from Europe on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lyman are still in London.

Mrs. Low and the Misses Low have left town for Metis, where they will remain for the rest of the summmer.

Mrs. Reinhardt and family, of Pine Avenue, are among those who are spending the summer holidays at Little Metis.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Macdonald, and Masters Gordon and Colin Macdonald, of New York, are guests at the Windsor

Mr. Robert Meighen will leave for St. John, N.B. on Sunday night to be gone several days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Crothers, St. Thomas, Ont., are the guests of Mr. Geo. Burns, 4111 Dorchester Street.

Mr. Frederick Wilson-Smith has returned to town from Old Orchard Beach, where he spent a couple of weeks vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Silverman and Miss Silverman have left for Caledonia Springs, where they will remain for a few weeks.

Dr. A. D. Blackader has returned to town after a brief sojourn with his family who are established at Metis for the summer.

Mr. R. G. Reid and family have sailed on the steamer Coban for Newfoundland, where he is building the Newfoundland Railway.

Mrs. A. E. Mussen is spending the summer at Newcastle, on the New Hampshire Coast, and will be away until the end of August.

Mr. G. M. Kinghorn and Mrs. Kinghorn, Osborne Street, have left town for Tadousac, where they will remain for a few months.

Mr. W. E. Phillips, manager of the Theatre Francais, has gone to New York to engage his stock company for the coming season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bickerdike and the Misses Bickerdike have just returned from a delightful trip to the Saguenay and Lake St. John district.

Mr. Edwin B. Gough and Mrs. Gough are among the Montrealers who have recently arrived at the Point, River du Loup, where they will remain a few weeks.

Hon. R. R. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell, and Miss Muriel Dobell will sail from Quebec to-day on the SS. Labrador, for a three or four months' visit to Europe.

Mrs. Cantlie, Dorchester Street, has returned to town from a visit to Massena Springs, N.Y., where she was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Adami.

Rev. Dr. Clifford, of London, Eng., a noted Baptist preacher, who is on a tour around the world, visits this city and preaches in Olivet Church next month.

Mr. J. P. Mullarkey, managing director of the Montreal Belt Line Railway Co., accompanied by Mrs. Mullarkey, has left for a vacation at Old Orchard Beach, Maine

Mrs. Newnham, wife of the Bishop of Moosonee, is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. Henderson, widow of the late Principal Henderson, near Toronto.

The visiting governors to the Montreal General Hospital for the week commencing Monday next are Messrs. Wm. J. Morrice, Malcolm McIntyre, R. A. Becket and Dr. McPhail.

The Misses Scott are located at Dalhousie, N.B., for the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. P. Buchanan have returned to town from their wedding trip which was spent in Europe.

The Misses Johnston returned from Europe by the Lake Ontario after studying at Brussels. They were accompanied by their father, Mr. James Johnson, and have joined the rest of the family at Como.

Mrs. A. W. Ogilvie, Edgehill Avenue, who has spent the earlier part of the season at Caledonia Springs, has left for Cap a l'Aigle, to join her daughter, Mrs. McMurtry, who is spending the summer there with her family.

Dr. England and Mrs. England, nee Dr. Grace Ritchie, are spending their honeymoon on a pleasant tour in Germany. Upon their return to Montreal they will take up their residence at the Stanley, on Stanley Street, which will be ready for occupation shortly.

Hon. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, Australia, who arrived in the city yesterday on his way home from England left for Ottawa this morning by the C.P.R. Mr. Duncan Ewan Cameron, who accompanied the Premier, is a son of Sir Roderick Cameron, of New York, who carries on an extensive export trade with the city paid the s

MAGOG.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Fletcher are at the Park House.

Mr. A. E. Payne, of Toronto, is summering here.

Dr. and Mrs. Broadhurst are honeymooning in Magog.

Messrs. W.

The Herald.

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WEEKLY EDITION—A commercial and family newspaper. 75 cents per year.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL MONTREAL MCMXCIV

MONTREAL, JULY 31, 1897.

GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Readers of The Herald going out of town for the summer may have the paper sent to any address in Canada or the United States for twenty-five cents a month.

Leave order at office, or with any newsdealer.

NO CHATEAU BIGOT.

The iconoclast is abroad. He has destroyed the story of William Tell; he has made us fear that Joan of Arc was but a myth, and now—in the guise of that mild-mannered, deeply-read archaeologist of Quebec, M. Ernest Gagnon—he comes to raze Chateau Bigot to the ground—and with it half the charm of Kirby's story, and all the interest that has for years attached itself to that pile of stones in Charlesbourg, which all the world has considered represented the remains of the famous manor house of Beaumanoir

For one-and-twenty years M. Gagnon has been secretary of the Public Works Department of this Province. Before that he was organist at the Basilica in Quebec. He is a litterateur, an artist and a musician—and during the past score of years has managed to find leisure to write numerous books, to compose music for many songs—and to publish both books and music. His literary tastes incline in the direction of history, and even now he is engaged on a brochure which will tell the tale of the Quebec Court House of to-day, and of its predecessors, and which will find a publisher in the person of the Minister of Public Works, who will include it in his next annual report. M. Gagnon it is who has come to the conclusion that historical fidelity demands the destruction of the Chateau Bigot, although he would throw the responsibility for the sacreligious act on his friend, Abbe Casgrain. No doubt they are equally guilty, for M. Gagnon asserts that they both are satisfied that there was never such a Chateau, and consequently no Caroline, no stone, and no letter "C" carved upon the stone. These gentlemen have sought diligently in Canadian archives for any reference to a chateau owned by the Intendant Bigot, and found none. Abbe Casgrain has searched the musty records of the family of Levis, in France, and found no mention of such a house. How, then, came there so deep-rooted a tradition that there was a Chateau Bigot?

M. Gagnon's explanation is this: There is a record that a member of the family of the great Intendant Talon—presumably a nephew—sold a house built by Talon to a later Intendant—one Michel Begon, who was the Intendant of Nouvelle France in 1712. Begon, while a good servant of the king, was not a man to dwell long in the memory of the simple habitants. Bigot, with his tyranny, his exactions, his Friponne, was. M. Gagnon, therefore, thinks that a chateau, built by Talon, bought by Begon, and called for a time Chateau Begon, quickly came to be called Chateau Bigot, once the name of the last Intendant of feudal France filled all men's ears and was on all men's tongues.

This explanation appears to be reasonable. Talon, for his services to the king, was created by Louis XIV. Baron des Ilets, and granted a domain east of the St. Charles, embracing some small islands forming the delta of the St. Charles river. Later, his domain was enlarged to include what was afterwards for many years known as the County of Orsainville and he was made the Count d'Orsainville. It is altogether probable that Talon built himself a seignorial manor, and that this manor was what in later times became known as "Chateau Bigot." The fact that Talon's descendants sold a house of his to Begon is related in the memoirs of the Levis family.

Another gentleman who may be classed with the iconoclasts is Mr. Thomas O'Leary, assistant librarian of the Chateau de Ramezay, who was at one time a resident of Quebec, and takes a lively interest in all that pertains to its historic past. Mr. O'Leary agrees with Messrs. Casgrain and Gagnon in their opinion that Kirby's Chateau Bigot is apocryphal, and he goes the length of denying the historical accuracy of many of the incidents recorded in the chronicles of the Golden Dog. For instance, the murder of Philibert by Repentigney, while not a fable, was occasioned, it is said, by the billeting of soldiers on Philibert. That the latter designed and erected the sign of the Golden Dog, with its mysterious legend, as a menace to Bigot, is disproved by the fact that the sign existed in 1736, before Bigot's reign began. Mr. O'Leary has discovered in a painting of part of the old Lower Town a sign, over a building, which greatly resembles the Chien d'Or, and he deems it quite possible that the sign was carried up town, perhaps after the conquest, and used over a tavern. The house in which Angelique Meloise lived still stands. The elder Philibert bought or built a country house on the St. Foy road, which—strangely enough—was afterwards occupied by Bigot. It is now tenanted by Dr. Mackay. During the siege the ladies of Quebec resorted for safety to Beaumanoir, and for years afterwards a legend prevailed to the effect that they had buried their jewellery in the vicinity. In consequence the ground was dug over time and again. The Chateau, in the early part of this century, was the rendezvous of the "Beefsteak Club," and was afterwards known as "The Barns." Its final destruction is attributed to the torch of an incendiary, and all that now remains is a heap of blackened stones, in danger of speedy disappearance from the vegetation that year by year presses closer its green parallels.

The Moncton Transcript says: "The Montreal Star is the most striking example of political inconsistency which it is possible to find. In a recent issue it editorially said: 'Never did a political party so much deserve—never did a political party so much need a beating as the Conservative party deserved and needed one at the time of the last Federal elections.' Nevertheless the Star strongly supported the Tory party's return to power, and is to-day using every effort in the same direction. It should practice the precept set forth above and not content itself with mere verbal expression."

Speaking at Shawville, during the election campaign, Mr. Marchand said: "If I am called to power by the verdict of the people we will practice real economy. We will cut off the dead branches, discharge all useless employes, refuse all gratuities or bonuses, until we shall have established a real surplus." There is evidence that Mr. Marchand and his colleagues are fulfilling this pledge. The railway promoter and the subsidy-hunter are being courteously shown the door.

Le Monde (Conservative), says: "The Montreal Herald has with much justness and truth repelled the recent attacks of the fanatical press of Ontario against the French-Canadian race. Coming from an English paper, this assertion of our national honor should be precious to us, and the lesson given will, we hope, have all the more effect."

The Americans are not saying a word about their own tariff, but are aroused by the very thought of Canada trying to Dingleyize the gold fields.

WESTMOUNT HOSPITAL.

The Emergency Building Which Has Been Erected.

It is Completely Isolated, and the Equipment Throughout Will be Complete.

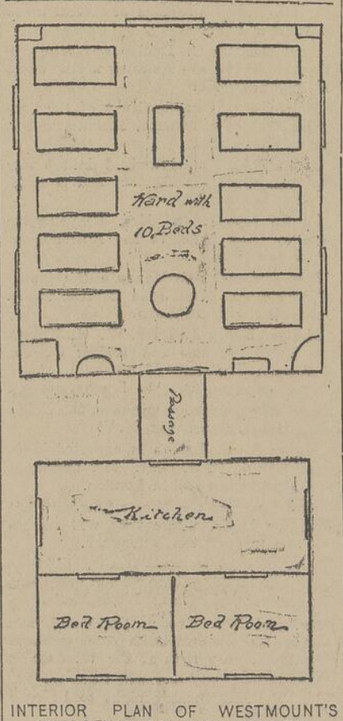
It is not often that proprietors go to the trouble and expense of erecting a building for a definite purpose and at the same time sincerely entertain the wish that the house will not be used when completed. Yet this may be truthfully said of the Westmount authorities, who are busily engaged in the erection of an emergency hospital. High up on the mountain side, about half a mile above Cote road, a clean wooden structure 40 by 20 feet is erected for the main hospital. Annexed to it by a 12 by 12 feet corridor are the kitchen and sleeping rooms for the nurses. The annex is about five feet lower than the main building, and connects by steps. Smoke from a tar-melting furnace curls in front of the new building, and the peaceful scene looks like an early settler's happy cabin, instead of a hospital for the insidious small-pox. The building is constructed of three-inch tongue and grooved planks, and will be completely lined with tar-paper. There are three windows on each side, and each is so arranged as to avoid the remotest possibility of draughts upon the cots for ten patients which are to be provided. The ceiling will be 12 feet high, and linen press, medicine cupboard and special closets will be furnished. Strong solutions of creosene will be prepared to immediately deaden every bit of refuse, and every possibility of the disease will be shut off. The location could not be more beautifully isolated, and the building is only obscurely discernible among many trees.

Dr. Hutchinson said last evening that a competent staff would be on hand, and the best attention money could procure or medical science contribute would be afforded. Everyone in the town joins in the hope that the new building on the mountain side will remain untenanted, and that Master Irving will be the beginning and the ending of the scare.

Mr. A. Robertson, road master, has supervised the construction, and deserves every credit for his expeditious efforts.



WESTMOUNT'S EMERGENCY ISOLATION HOSPITAL ON BELMONT AV.
In course of completion, and to be ready for patients on Monday or Tuesday.



INTERIOR PLAN OF WESTMOUNT'S EMERGENCY ISOLATION HOSPITAL.

LAPRAIRIE BOAT.

A PROJECT TO ALTER THE SERVICE TO MONTREAL,

So as to Increase the Number of Trips and Call at Point St. Charles.

Le Prix Courant says there is a project to modify the route of the steamboat service between Laprairie and Montreal. At present the farmers who use the boat, are obliged to come to Montreal the night betore the marlet opens, in order to be in time with their produce. The present service only allows four or five trips a day. The return trip, with cart, costs one dollar.

Mr. A. Racine, wholesale dealer, proposes not to abandon the Bonsecours wharf to which the steamer now comes, but to establish a double service and have the steamer Laprairie make alternate trips from Laprairie to Bonsecours wharf and Point St. Charles, thus serving the east and west ends of the city without any increased cost. Thus, Mr. Racine believes, instead of four or five, eight or ten trips between Montreal and Laprairie might be made daily. Farmers would be no longer obliged to set out from their homes the night before market day. Montrealers would have their vegetables fresher, and the improved service would also be a boon to summer residents. These are some of the advantages claimed for Mr. Racine's project.

NEW CLUB HOUSE

WILL SOON BE READY FOR POINT ATHLETES.

Methodists Choose Representatives on the Quarterly Board —Personal Items.

The work of remodelling the Point St. Charles A.A.A. Building will probably be started next week. The tenders have been given out, and as soon as the executive, which will meet on Monday evening, makes a decision, the contractors will start work. The partitions in the lower part of the building will be removed, and the several rooms will be turned into one large assembly hall. The second floor will be divided into reading and recreation rooms. On the top floor there will be billiard rooms and bowling alleys. Everything will be got ready before the return of cold weather, and the Point boys this winter will have a clubhouse of which they may be proud. Mr. Jenkins, the secretary, says that friends throughout the city have contributed royally towards the funds of the association. He wishes, however, that they had a little Klondike gold.

The Centenary Methodist Church congregation has elected the following representatives to its quarterly official board: H. Tatersall, F. Ewart, H. Clark, S. C. Mathews, I. F. Hayden, James Porteus and J. W. Hayden.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins returned to the Point yesterday from Old Orchard Beach, where they have been spending a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. Richard Anthony and family, of Winnipeg, are visiting Mr. Harry Pepler, 98 Congregation street. Mr. Anthony was formerly a resident of the Point. He has been in Winnipeg for about four years.

Chickering Pianos.—The artistic standard of the world. Have stood for seventy-two years without a peer. Played and endorsed by the world's most eminent musicians. Recipients of one hundred and twenty-nine first medals and awards from all parts of the world. Every piano guaranteed for five years. Send for illustrated catalogue to C. W. Lindsay, 2366 St. Catherine Street. Wholesale and retail agency for the Chickering and Heintzman & Co. Pianos for the Province of Quebec.

La Presse opposes the asphalting of Maisonneuve Street, between St. Catherine and Dorchester, on the ground that the season is too far advanced. It hints that the only object of the work is to please voters.

he asked a brother Itnaila9a,?fll?ffl flffl?l

"SHOOT THE RAPIDS."

All cars on Notre Dame street route running west connect for Lachine. Last cars for boats leave Post Office 7.30 a.m., 4.00 p.m., and on Sundays 3 p.m. only, Frequent car service to 11 p.m.

FEDERATED LABOR.

A New Montreal Trades Council Formed.

THE OFFICERS ELECTED.

Affiliated With American Federation of Labor.

Interesting Letter From President Gompers — A Strong Constitution Adopted.

The first regular meeting of the Montreal Federated Trades Council was held Thursday evening at their hall, 1631 Notre Dame Street. The chair was occupied by Organizer P. J. Ryan.

The following officers were elected:—President, J. Amy; vice-president, J. B. Mack; English recording secretary, John Cantwell; French recording secretary, J. Lamontagne; financial secretary, A. Ramsey; treasurer, A. O'Leary; sergeant-at-arms, O. Proulx. Executive Board—The officers.

The following communication from Samuel Gompers, president American Federation of Labor, was read:—

Washington, D.C., July 21.—Mr. J. Cantwell, secretary Federated Trades Council, Montreal, Canada:—

Dear Sir and brother:

The application from your central body for a certificate of affiliation came duly to hand. In compliance with this request we take pleasure in issuing the same. I desire to extend to your organization, as representing the labor movement in your city, a hearty welcome into the fold of the American Federation of Labor, and sincerely hope that the alliance thus formed will still further cement the ties already existing between your unions and those throughout our jurisdiction, in order that you may do still greater and more efficient work in behalf of the cause of the workers. I beg to assure you that we thoroughly reciprocate the fraternal spirit manifested and will hold ourselves in readiness at all times to assist your organization to the fullest extent of our ability.

I ask you to report to this office at regular intervals provided by the constitution and at such other times as anything may come under your observation of interest to our movement. Kindly notify us on receipt of your charter, and give the name of your organization in all communications to this office. The American Federationist will be forwarded monthly.

Fraternally Yours,
SAMUEL GOMPERS,
President A. F. of L.

Some time ago a preliminary meeting was held, at which it was decided to apply for a charter. After application had been made a vigorous protest was entered against granting it by a few labor men. The granting of a charter was held in abeyance, but the protest did not prevail, and now the Federated Trades Council is an accomplished fact, and is here to stay.

To obviate some of the difficulties that from time to time cropped up in the Central Trades and Labor Council, the F. T. C., adopted a constitution that eliminates all labor fakirs. Section 2 reads that none but those actively working at their respective trades can become a member, and he also must be a member in good standing in his own organization six months before becoming eligible as a delegate.

This is the first charter granted from the A. F. of L. to a Canadian body. There are unions represented through their international bodies, but not as locals.

SUMMER RESORTS

Continued from Page Three.

Mr. A. E. Payne, of Toronto, is staying with friends.

Mr. J F. Price is passing a few days with some friends.

Mr. M. Auger, of Ottawa, is passing a few weeks in Magog.

Mr. George Kilton, of Montreal, has been a guest at Edgemere.

Mr. Wm. Hill, of Montreal has been spending his vacation in Magog.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kendrick drove over here for the day last Sunday.

Messrs. C. H. Smith and G. E. Watchom arrived here on Saturday.

Messrs. D. Bryson and E. W. Charlton, of Montreal, are the latest arrivals.

Mr. J. A. Allison, of Ottawa, came down last Wednesday for a week's fishing.

Messrs. James G. Elliott and G. R. Marshall are down here for the month of August.

Mr. Charles Dorval and Miss Blanche Dorval returned from Montreal yesterday.

Mr. S. Banfill, of McGill College, Montreal, is on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Martin.

Captain Sinclair is thinking of building himself a summer residence on the Eastman Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Barnicott the expert amateur anglers have had a grand week's fishing.

Miss Fowler, of Montreal, a regular summer visitor for many years, is a guest at the Park House.

Mr. Charles E. Brodie, of Quebec, has been on a visit to his brother, Mr. A. D. Brodie.

Messrs. J. Cunningham and John Dunbar, of Montreal, have been enjoying a week's vacation at the Central House.

Miss R. K. Brown, of Montreal, accompanied by Mr. H. S. Spaulding has been staying at the Park House.

Mr. A. D. Brodie and his brother, Mr. Charles E. Brodie, of Quebec, have taken up their residence at the Park House.

Dr. and Mrs. Kirby, of England are spending their wedding tour on Lake Memphremagog in a house boat specially built for the purpose.

Mrs. Dalbey Morkill and her son Allan passed through Magog on Monday, en route for Georgeville, where they will spend the summer.

The weather has been rather cooler this week and the farmers have been very busy getting their hay in. The place is full of visitors.

Messrs. Miller, Proteau, J. P. Monier and C. Buell formed a party of pleasure seekers here last week. They made the Central House their headquarters.

Messrs. Lyman, McClintock and G. Locke, and Miss Bacon, of Montreal, have been the guests of Mrs. E. R. Johnson, of Sunnyside, during the past week.

Messrs. R. and J. Bellefeuille, of Lachine, together with their brother Mr. C. Bellefeuille, of Quebec, have been passing a few days with Mr. Bissette at the Central House.

The following Montrealers arrived during the week and are staying either in Magog or in the neighborhood:—Messrs. J. Brown, S. Jermain, Jos. Gertin, C. M. Mills, Geo. Browne, J. J. Crowley, J. P. Handcock, S. Oppenheimer, O. H. Lafevre, W. E. Hayes, A. Gauthier and R. S. McClintock.

Mrs. Corbett returned home on Tuesday. His Honor Judge Pringle, however, is still at the Park House. He intends remaining in Magog until the end of August.

Last Saturday, through error, Prof. A. H. Bullard, was referred to as being a fine performer on sixteen different musical instruments. As a matter of fact Mr. Bullard is master of twenty-eight instruments.

VALOIS BAY.

Mr. Thomas Wall has returned to the city.

Mr. W. B. Evans spent last Saturday at Lakeside.

Mr. Fred. Barlow wheeled out to Lakeside last Sunday.

Mr. Walter Stanley spent Saturday and Sunday in Lakeside.

Miss A. Bowie spent last Thursday with Mrs. T. L. Paton.

Mrs. Tucker was visiting at Mrs. Hanna's last Saturday.

The Misses Thompson of Ottawa, are visiting at Mrs. J. Paton's.

Miss Alice McIntosh was visiting Miss M. Montgomery last week.

Miss Gertie Barlow spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. McKenzie.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones have gone to St. Leon Springs for a few weeks.

Miss Maud Bowie is staying for a few days with her sister, Mrs. T. Paton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have gone to St. Leon Springs to spend a few weeks.

The Misses Souliere, who have been staying in Valois, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Pagnuelo have moved out to Valois for the remainder of the summer.

The boys are practising hard for the coming regattas and all wish them every success.

Mr. Lionel Smith who has been to St. Agathe on a fishing expedition returned last Monday.

Little more will be seen of the Viking as she has been sold to a gentleman in New York.

The children are practising for a concert and tableaus, which is to take place within the next few weeks.

Mr. Dudley Proudfoot, Boston, is spending his holidays in Valois. He is stopping at Mrs. Butterworth's.

The war canoe has been entered at Lachine regatta. There is no reason why it shouldn't win, as Valois has plenty of good paddlers.

Owing to the light breezes last Friday the weekly yacht race had to be sailed over on Tuesday evening, resulting in a win for the Iris, sailed by Mr. F. Barlow in class B, and the Waterwitch, sailed by Mr. Henry Paton in class A.

The fancy dress bicycle parade has been postponed until next Monday, owing to the heavy fall of rain we have had lately. A very large attendance is expected on Monday, as Miss Riley will be out to furnish music for a dance, which will take place after the parade.

Some excellent lime light views were given on Thursday by Messrs. Prowse & Saxton. Among other pictures there were some very good local hits, which brought forth loud applause. After, the boathouse was cleared for dancing and the ladies kindly furnished the music.

LACHINE.

Miss Mussen leaves this week for Metis.

Miss Balfour leaves this week for Metis.

Dr. Morphy and family left last week for Cacouna.

Miss Katie Brock is visiting her sister Mrs. J. P. Dawes.

Mr. Dumaresq is just home from a business trip to Toronto.

Mr. Stonewall Jackson was among the visitors at the clubhouse this week.

Mr. Lallemand, who is now residing at St. Jerome, spent Sunday last here.

Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, with a party of friends spent last Saturday at Vaudreuil.

Miss Ethel, and Magdalen Henry have returned home after visiting friends at the Back River.

Mrs. Arthur Boyer and Miss L. Boyer spent Tuesday last among their many friends here.

Mr. J. G. Brock and family have returned home after a pleasant camping expedition to Como.

Mrs. Pyke and Miss Helen Pyke have returned home after visiting friends in the States for several weeks.

Mr. John Magor arrived home Friday last after several months absence, having spent most of his time in England.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dawes, with a party of young friends spent part of last week cruising around in their steam yacht, the Windermere.

The Upper Lachine people are determined not to have any objectionable amusements around, so they have, with the aid of the Summerlea residents caused the merry-go-round to be removed.

KNOWLTON.

Among the recent arrivals at the Lennox Knowlton, are:—Mr. Roberts, Montreal; Mr. Wm. McF. Notman, Mrs. Notman, Masters Russell, Wilfrid and Keith Notman, and nurse, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Smith, Sherbrooke; Mr. and Mrs. W. Handcock, child and nurse; Mr. John M. Date, of Westmount; Miss Nellie G. Taylor, Lowell, Mass.; Mr. F. A. Baufill, East Farnham, and Mrs. G. Lawrence, Waterloo.

BOVRIL

is not only for the Invalid and the healthy, it greatly improves and adds piquancy to Hashes, Ragout of Game or Poultry, Meat Pies or Puddings, etc.,

IN THE

preparation of Soups, Sauces, Gravies, etc., it is of such special value that all who desire appetizing, nourishing Viands use Bovril in the

KITCHEN.

Sold by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

BOVRIL, Limited,
27 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

PABST MILWAUKEE

Not Sick Enough for Medicine—Not Yet!

How many men and women are there just now who are feeling wretched—who wake up tired after a poor night's rest, drag around all day weary and spiritless, unfit for their daily duties, and then at night retire to a restless, dream-haunted slumber. This state will surely lead to disease—it may be typhoid—it may be anything contagious thats going—but unless taken in time it means disease.

"PABST"

Malt Extract,

THE "BEST" TONIC

is just what is needed in these cases. It nourishes and strengthens, it stimulates the appetite and the digestion. It steadies and soothes the nerves. It brings sleep,—sweet, calm and dreamless sleep—and health and happiness quickly follow.

PHYSICIANS all over America prescribe "PABST" Malt Extract for cases of Exhaustion, Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases and for Nursing Mothers.

It's for Sale by Most Good Druggists in Montreal.

The Pabst Brewing Co.,
66 McGILL ST., Montreal.

PIANOS TO RENT.—New and second-hand pianos to rent with the privilege of purchase. Call at our warerooms and get our prices. C. W. LINDSAY, 2366 St. Catherine street.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Aids Digestion.

Some dealers try to palm off imitations to obtain a big profit. See that the trade mark name "Tutti Frutti" is on each 5c. package. Save coupons for latest books and prizes.

100 Men Wanted

FOR WORK ON TRACK,

WAGES $1.50 per day.

Apply C. P. R. Office, under train shed, Windsor St. Station.

PUBLIC APOLOGY.

I sincerely and humbly apologize to Mr. Reginald L. Ross for injurious and insulting conduct towards himself, and deeply regret having been the cause of annoyance to him and his family. C. E. Montizambert, Kingston, Ont., 27th July, 1897.

Notice to Consignees.

The Allans' S.S. State of California, R. P. Moore, master, from Liverpool, is entered at Customs. Consignees will please pass their entries without delay.

H. & A. ALLAN,
Agents.

AMUSEMENTS.

SOHMER PARK.

All this week, 3 and 8 p.m. New Attractions.

CAROLINE HULL, the greatest of all Triple-Voiced vocalists.

The Two Lamarts, comedians, acrobats and dancers, with their trick house.

The Three Mavellos, grotesque comedians.

Luciano, the serpent of the Spanish ring.

Deboe, the balancing wonder of the trapeze.

Marie Decca, violinist and vocalist.

Admission as usual 10 cents.

See the Radiascope views of the Queen's arrival from Windsor in London for the Jubilee.

LEPINE PARK, MONTREAL.



RACES POSTPONED
On Account of Bad Weather,
Friday & Saturday this week.
J. P. LEPINE, Proprietor.

BASEBALL.

Eastern League Championship Games.

Aug. 1 and 2—Montreal vs. Providence.
Aug. 3, 4, 5—Montreal vs. Springfield.
Games called at 3.45 p.m.

The game of August 1 played on the S.A.A.A. Grounds. All other games at the Montreal B.B. Grounds, St. Catherine St. and Atwater Av.

DON'T FORGET THE
28TH OF AUGUST
—TO—
QUEBEC $1.00 and St. Anne de Beaupre $1.25
After August 18th prices will be $1.50 and $1.75.
TICKETS LIMITED TO 600.

St. Patrick's Society

The Regular Monthly Meeting of the above Society will be held in the St. Patrick's Hall, 223 McGill Street, on Monday evening, 2nd August, 1897, at Eight O'Clock. By order,

S. CROSS, Rec. Sec.

Art Association
—PHILLIPS SQUARE—
GALLERIES OF PAINTINGS.
Open Daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
ADMISSION—25 Cents.

Canadian Royal Art Union.
Free Classes in Art
Open October 1,
PUPILS MAY REGISTER at once.
Daily Art Distributions.
4 o'clock each Afternoon.
12.30 on Saturday.
238 & 240 St. James St.

Exactly What the Doctor Orders
At
Macmillan's
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A. Frank Ibbotson, L.D.S.
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Office phone, 3889. Residence phone, [illegible]

Walker's
PURE CANDY
2206 St. Catherine Street
Second Door East of University,
202 ST. JAMES STREET,
and 239 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.
We make our Candy fresh daily as usual. SENT TO ANY ADDRESS.

Have you ever tried Our line of
Undressed Shirts at 50c
We guarantee them to be the best shirt the money ever put before the public.
BLAIS & LOVE,
133 St. Peter Street.

Mothers

Nestlé's Milk Food for infants has, during Years, grown in favor with both doctors and mothers throughout the world, and is now questionably not only the best substitute for mothers' milk, but the food which approaches the largest percentage of infants. It gives the strength and stamina to resist the [illegible] effects of hot weather, and has saved the lives of thousands of infants. To any mother who will send her address, and mentioning this paper, we will send samples and description of Nestlé's Food.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Que.

Nestles Food

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Speaks to a Paris Audience of the Descendants of France in Canada.

They Are Profoundly Attached, He Says, to British Institutions.

Le Temps, of Paris, publishes the following report of the recent banquet of the English Chamber of Commerce in Paris :—

The English Chamber of Commerce yesterday offered, at the Gallery of the Champs Elysees, a banquet in honor of three of the colonial prime ministers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canada; Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, Cape Colony, and the Right Hon. G. H. Reid, New South Wales.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, certainly the most remarkable figure of this reunion, was for the first time minister in the Liberal Cabinet of 1878. The general elections of 1878 having brought the Conservatives to power, Mr. Laurier found himself in the Opposition, of which he became the leader at the time of the retirement of the Hon. Edward Blake. The elections of this year (sic) have given him an enormous majority in the Province of Quebec, have brought the Liberals to power, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier has become Prime Minister of the Dominion. He is considered the best Canadian orator. His easy and ample eloquence, although very much under control, recalls greatly that of Jules Favre.

Mr. Harding, president of the English Chamber of Commerce, occupied the chair at the banquet, having on his right Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Reid, Mr. Gosselin, Mr. Austin Lee, Secretary of the English Embassy (the ambassador, Sir Edward Monson having sent his excuses), Mr. Picard, commissioner general of the exhibition of 1900; Mr. Jules Siegfried, ex-Minister of Commerce, and Mr. Paul Leroy Beaulieu. On the left sat Mesdames Laurier and Sprigg; in front of the other table of honor, Sir Gordon Sprigg and Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P. Among others present were Messrs. Hector Fabre, Canadian Commissioner General at Paris; Henry Blount, Honore Beaugrand, ex-Mayor of Montreal; Pilter, and in fact a number of notabilities of the English colony and representatives of the British press.

A series of toasts was drunk to the Queen, the president of the French Republic, the Prince of Wales and the Royal family, Greater Britain—that is to say the expansion of the British Empire, the exhibition of 1900, etc. These toasts were accompanied by "God Save the Queen," the "Marseillaise," followed by the traditional hip, hip, hip hurrah, of every patriotic English festival.

A brief speech from the president, Mr. Harding, opened a long series of speeches to which the great question of the Imperial federation of the British colonies gave a quite peculiar interest, and which were also on the part of the speakers, French and English, a manifestation of Franco-Britannic cordiality.

SIR WILFRID'S SPEECH.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier pronounced in pure French the following eloquent speech, amid unanimous applause.

"Since I am called to the honor of replying to this toast, I believe I am faithful to the idea which inspires it, such at least as I understand it and interpret it, in here interrupting the use of the English language, to use my maternal tongue, the tongue that I learned at the knees of my mother, which was brought to Canada more than three centuries ago now, by settlers come from France, and which their descendants have religiously, piously preserved, to transmit it themselves to their children and to the children of their children.

"Yes. If the British Empire has risen to the magnificent proportions that it presents to the world, and France, alone, I think, of all the nations of Europe, conscious of her own strength and of her greatness has known how to recognize and appreciate it, it has not risen, it has not supported itself, it could not support itself, except upon the large bases of liberty, of civil, political and religious liberty, of the liberty which can respect the creeds, the language, the institutions, the laws of all the diverse elements, which in all quarters of the globe, recognize the suzerainty of the Crown, worn to-day with so much brilliancy by Her Majesty, the Empress-Queen.

"We Canadians of French origin were separated from France in the last century not so much by the ever uncertain chance of war, as by the softness, the carelessness, the want of forethought of the King of France. When Louis XV. slumbered on his throne—on the throne which the first waves of the great tempest were already causing to shake, the great tempest which, some years later was to overwhelm the throne and the whole of society—it is not surprising that the loss of what his courtiers called a few acres of snow was for him but a trifling care; it is not surprising that he did nothing to aid those who in America were multiplying prodigies, equalled perhaps, but never surpassed, by French valor, to preserve for him, not a few acres of snow, but an empire nearly twice the size of Europe.

THE HONOR OF FRENCH ORIGIN.

"Separated from France we have never forgotten the honor of our origin; separated from France we have always ardently preserved her souvenir; separated from France, if we have lost our share of her glories, we have made a conquest always dear to French souls. Going through Paris yesterday, I seemed, more or less beforehand, to know its beauty. The beauty of Paris is celebrated throughout the entire world, by books, by paintings, by engravings, by all the means that literature and the arts place at the disposal of modern publicity. But, however prepared one may be by such means, the beauty of Paris astonishes those who feast their eyes upon it for the first time. Passing through this city, fair among all cities, I remarked on most of the public buildings the proud device which the armies of the Republic carried from one end of Europe to the other, Liberty, Equality Fraternity. Well, all that there is in that motto of worth, of greatness and of generosity, we have to-day in Canada; that is our conquest. Liberty; we have it, absolute, complete, more complete—pardon to my national pride the assertion that I make—more complete than no matter what country in the world; liberty for our religion with its forms of worship, its ceremonies, its prayers, its customs; liberty for our language, which is an official language like the English language; liberty for all those institutions which our ancestors brought from France and which we regard as a sacred heritage.

"Equality: We have it, and what other proof shall I give you than that in this country, the majority English in race and Protestant in religion, the last general elections have borne to power a man, French in race and Catholic in religion, who has always loudly asserted his race and his religion.

"Fraternity: We have it. There is among us no domination of race over race. We have learned to respect and to love those with whom formerly we fought, and to make ourselves respected and loved by them. Old hostilities have ceased; there is no longer rivalry; there is only emulation. And I must do this justice to my fellow countrymen of English origin that our national pride as descendants of France is by them understood, appreciated and admired, and that they have on that account only more respect for us. Of our old quarrels there remains to us, descendants of France, one relic which we preserve with a passionate love. It is a flag of France, not of the France of to-day, but of the ancient monarchy. There exists among us a tradition, carefully preserved, that this flag floated victoriously one whole day on the ramparts of Carillon, when the Marquis of Montcalm there repulsed the repeated assaults of the English army. This flag which recalls a French victory is borne solemnly by us in our religious ceremonies, in our patriotic processions, and never have our fellow countrymen of English origin dreamt of being offended at it or making it a subject for reproach. If that is not fraternity, gentlemen, what is fraternity?

HAVE PRESERVED THEIR RIGHTS.

"If, by becoming subjects of the English crown, we have known how to preserve our old rights and even to acquire new ones, on the other hand we have contracted obligations which, descendants of a knightly race, we know fully how to recognize, and which we hold it a point of honor to proclaim.

"For myself I hesitate not to declare, speaking here for my compatriots, as I believe I have the right, that on political grounds and out of gratitude, I am profoundly attached to British institutions. At the present moment our relations with the Mother Country suit us absolutely. We are content with our lot. We are in fact a nation, and virtually independent. It is manifest nevertheless that these relations could not permanently remain what they are. A day will come, in the future more or less near, when by the mere fact of our development as a people and of our numerical increase, the colonial tie, so slender, so light as it is, shall become heavy from the fact that it will no longer reply to our national aspirations. When that state of things shall arrive it is evident that the colonial tie will become fuller and closer or that it will be broken altogether. Its solution will be principally in the hands of England. It is possible that the solution may be in the great principle of imperial representation. The French colonies are represented in the legislative body. Our situation is very different. We have not only our local autonomy but the most complete legislative independence. If, as the price of Imperial representation, we had to renounce our autonomy, our legislative independence, we would not have it at any price. But if imperial representation is to be the solution, it could only come as the complement and not as the destruction of what exists to-day. Allow me now, gentlemen, to add that, if the dream of imperial representation is to be realized, I should regard as a glorious day the day when Canada would be represented on the historic floor of the Commons of England by a French-Canadian who would bring into that new atmosphere, with his frank loyalty to British institutions, the logic of mind, the warmth of sentiment, the lively imagination, the poetic conception of things, which in all times have characterized the genius of France.

A PERSONAL ALLUSION.

"May I now be permitted to make an allusion which is quite personal. I have allowed myself to say that here, in France, there are many who are astonished at this attachment which I feel, and which I do not conceal, for the Crown of England. That is called here 'loyalism.' For my part, be it said in passing, I love not this new expression, 'loyalism.' I like better to hold to the old French locution, 'loyalty' (loyauté). And certainly there is a thing that the history of France has taught me to regard as an attribute of the French race, it is loyalty, it is the memory of the heart. I remember, gentlemen, those beautiful verses which Victor Hugo has applied to himself as the inspiration of his life:

Fidele au double sang qu'ont verse (dans ma veine,
Mon pere vieux soldat, ma mere ven- (deenne.

"Faithful to the double strain poured into my veins by my old soldier father and my venerable mother."

"This double fidelity to ideas, to distinct aspirations is our glory in Canada. We are faithful to the great nation which has given us life; we are faithful to the great nation which has given us liberty."

PREMIER REID ENCHANTED.

Mr. Reid, Prime Minister of New South Wales, next spoke in a tone of bonhomie and cordiality which won the audience at once. He declared himself enchanted at having travelled twenty thousand miles to see Paris. As to the question of British Imperial federation, he showed himself more reserved in his loyalist declarations than the speaker who had preceded him. In principle he was a partizan of the political solidarity of the British empire and of freedom of trade between its members. He was of opinion always that the more slender the ties which bound the colonies to the Mother Country the less were they disposed to be strained and broken.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg succeeded Mr. Reid. He showed that the French race also occupied its place in South Africa, The French Huguenots, flying from religious persecution and settling in those countries had had numerous descendants. In them French types and names and the French language were to a certain extent preserved, and, from that circumstance, the sympathy with which France was regarded. Cape Colony also desired to take a brilliant part in the exhibition of 1900, at which she would have a superb display of her diamonds and ostrich feathers to be admired.

Sir J. Gordon Sprigg desired, he also said, to see the accomplishment of the dream of a Greater Britain, and all the groups of the English race united into but one people. The British constitution, the noblest, the loftiest, gave liberty to all nationalities and all races, and the sceptre of Victoria was light upon all.

Calling on his memory, he recalled that when he was in London, in 1848, the question was asked whether the throne of Victoria would not be shaken by the revolution which had just taken place in France. It was not; it was strengthened on the contrary by fifty years of a reign of justice and wisdom.

SOME PIQUANT OBSERVATIONS.

In the course of his eulogies of Paris, Sir Gordon Sprigg made some piquant observations. He was edified, he said, at the Bois de Boulogne, by the spectacle of the numerous families who went there to seek recreation on Sunday, avoiding the cafe and the "brasserie."

Mr. Picard replied to the toast by the vice-president of the English Chamber of Commerce in favor of the exhibition of 1900. He showed that the lofty aim and the practical plan of this universal festival of peace and civilization and fraternity, destined to glorify the end of this century, was to be its apotheosis before it entered into eternity.

In vast shops and gigantic stores would be placed by the side of the products the modes of production; by the side of the manufactured articles the modes of manufacture. It would be an immense museum which would display the leading inventions of the century, and which would constitute at the same time a tribute to our fathers and an example to their successors.

Mr. Picard spoke of the Homeric combats which he had passed through to obtain twelve hectares more; in order to meet the demands of the commissioners-general of the powers participating. It would be necessary to sacrifice the national one account of want of space. The speaker remarked that a too large extent of exhibition wearies visitors and that it is suitable to limit it by a selection of attractions. He concluded by drinking to the British Empire, and its triumph at the exhibition of 1900.

Mr. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu succeeded Mr. Picard. "Who would have believed, "he said in the time of Louis XV. and of Voltaire that a century and a half later a Prime Minister of Canada, which had then sixty thousand souls, and reckons to-day six millions, would hear at Paris a toast to France. He told of his emotion in listening to the Prime Ministers of the English colonies recall the French origins of their countries. He would wish that the relations of France with Canada were more developed, that French capital was more invested there, as it had been in South Africa, with too much eagerness perhaps.

COLONIAL POLICY OF FRANCE.

England should not take umbrage at the colonial policy of France. The globe was vast enough for both and it might be permitted to France to pursue her work in the hope of better preserving her colonies than she had done those conquered in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

France did not desire the fall of England, which would be chimerical, and that fall besides would leave an immense void. She recognized a superiority on the part of Great Britain, that of action, of energy and of continuity. Thence, at times, under the pen of her writers, some bitterness which took nothing away from a deep admiration of British genius.

"Further," said the distinguished economist, in conclusion, "it is better to aid than to devour each other," and he pledged the toast of the civilizing union of France and England.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, member of the English House of Commons, developed his favorite theory of "penny postage," that is to say the reduction to ten centimes of the postage of letters and the reduction of telegraphic tariffs, to develop international relations.

Mr. Jules Siegfried closed the proceedings by expressing his wishes for the development of Anglo-French trade. He addressed himself particularly to the ladies and asked them to become always better customers of the Parisian dressmakers, to increase, if possible, their grace and their beauty.

Used Up and Worn Out Men and Women

Renewed and Invigorated by Paine's Celery Compound.

With the coming of hot and sweltering weather we see around us—on the streets, in the office, in our homes and in the homes of others—men and women who are listless, tired, used up and worn out.

Look well on the faces of such mortals! They are hollow cheeked, emaciated, nervous, sallow, unsteady in gait, with sunken and heavy eyes. They are unfitted for business cares and home duties, and as a rule they help to make the world miserable and gloomy.

Such people stand in need of pure, red blood, renewed digestive vigor, with nervous system well and truly balanced.

Paine's Celery Compound supplies every element of true physical manhood and womanhood to the used up and worn out in body and brain; it gives buoyancy to the spirits, and power to withstand the enervating effects of the hot weather.

Will you remain in your present weak state and used up condition when you are positively assured that nature's medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, will make you what you should be—healthy and strong? You surely cannot treat with contempt the strong testimony given by thousands who have found new life through the best of all earth's medicines. The effects that one bottle will produce will convince you of its mighty power to strengthen and cure; it will induce you to speak of Paine's Celery Compound to other afflicted mortals.

Preventable misfortunes consist, chiefly, of manifold things, little to do, but immense things to have done.

The man who earns one dollar and spends two, and the man who earns two and spends one, stand on either side of the hair-line between ruin and safety.

Parents generally receive that measure of filial respect they deserve—not always, perhaps, but very generally.

Are You Nervous?
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

BATHS FOR WOMEN.

Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas Favors the Proposal.

SHOULD BE THREE OF THEM

A Marked Diminution in Crime Would Follow.

Rev. Dr. Benson and the President of the St. George's Society Also Express Their Approval.

Many prominent citizens and well-known leaders in charitable work continue to urge the necessity for the establishment of free public baths for women. Not one expression of dissent has yet been made, and the women of Montreal are unanimous in their demand that the matter receive prompt attention. The petition which has been circulated is being extensively signed, and more people are becoming interested every day.

MR. F. WOLFERSTAN THOMAS.

When asked to give his opinion as to the advisability of providing the baths, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas, manager of the Molson's Bank, and well-known for his connection with philanthropic movements of all kinds, said :—

"The hygienic necessity of bathing conveniences for males having been recognized by the provision made is the best argument for their extension to females. In most well ordered cities the obligation of providing public baths during the whole year for a small fee sufficient only to meet bare running expenses, and even without charge in some instances, is becoming general. The poorer and more congested districts of large cities are without that decent privacy which modest men and women require in taking a bath; for such as these the public baths are required. I am sanguine of belief that exemption from ordinary or contagious diseases would be largely ensured if our poorer citizens could enjoy the use of a bountiful supply of water which should be as free to them as the air they breathe. I am, too, a personal believer in the approximation of cleanliness and godliness, for no one can be self-respecting if he be begrimed with dirt and covered with rags or unwholesome garments. The city would be reimbursed for its expenditure by the diminution of drunkenness, brutality and petty thieving if baths were established. They should be in two, or better still, three localities, the east, west, and centre, so as to be easily available."

REV. DR. BENSON.

Rev. Dr. Manly Benson, pastor of Mountain Street Methodist Church, said :—

"I trust the efforts which are being made to secure the island baths for women on portions of certain days of each week will be successful. I feel quite certain that His Worship the Mayor and the aldermen of our fair city only need to have this matter brought to their attention. The city of Toronto has engaged a tug to take out barges loaded with boys across the bay, to a sand bar near the island, from which they can bathe in the cool waters of Ontario. I saw last week several hundred boys in the lake at one time, and a barge crowded with boys being towed across the bay to join those already in the water, while another barge was loaded with the lads who had had their evening dip and were ready to return. Two or three kind hearted policemen are detailed to care for the boys. By all means give old and young every facility possible in this direction during the summer."

MR. JOSEPH RICHARDS.

Mr. Joseph Richards, president St. George's Society, says :—

"I am very pleased that this matter of free public baths for women is being taken up. I have frequently been impressed with this necessity in my visits amongst the poor; in almost every respectable poor person's house, two essentials necessary for health and comfort are entirely wanting, viz., baths and privacy. This great want would be largely supplied by public baths, an essential to health and godliness not only for mothers, but their daughters also. I trust our worthy mayor and aldermen will see the desirability of prompt action in this matter, as I feel quite sure every right minded citizen will stand at their backs."

MISS BARRY.

Miss Barry ("Francoise"), whose writings are well-known, expressed herself as follows :—

"I think that the petition to His Worship the Mayor and the aldermen of the city of Montreal, in view of securing for women the same privileges as are now enjoyed by men in the public baths, is a most judicious one and I hope the corporation will grant this demand immediately. It should be the duty of the gentlemen of the Board of Health to second this petition with all their might; they know the necessity of public baths and what a boon those would be for the women, especially those who cannot leave the city during the summer for the sea side."

A WORKING GIRL'S VIEWS.

A working girl interested, speaking of the baths at Point St. Charles' said, "We know that the baths are used freely and much enjoyed by a large number of women and girls at the Point. But there is a certain class of girls—I allude to those employed in stores and factories—who cannot avail themselves of the privileges of the baths, the allotted hours not being convenient, as these girls are then engaged at their work."

This is undoubtedly true, and the only remedy at present seems to have the baths open at six o'clock in the morning, instead of nine o'clock, and so afford the girls the opportunity of taking a bath before breakfast, and before taking up the work of the day. This difficulty, however, will be overcome when we have, as we hope soon to have, public baths for women exclusively, and open every day of the week.

A DISTRICT VISITOR TALKS.

Mrs. Ohling, Bible woman of the W.C.T.U., was much pleased when she heard of the suggested free baths.

"In my district visiting among the poor," said Mrs. Ohling, "I have had ample and most convincing proof that should such baths be opened it will be a blessing indeed to the hundreds of poor women and girls living in Montreal. The majority of the homes of the poorer classes have no provision whatever made for bathing. It would be a great boon and I hope that we may get them."

"GALLOPHOBIA."

A Protest Against Colonel Buchan's Appointment.

Le Monde Claims the New Commandant at St. Johns is Not Well Disposed Towards French-Canadians.

Under the heading "Gallophobia," Le Monde says:

"Everybody knows that the Ottawa Liberal Government has just entrusted to Colonel Buchan the position occupied up to the present time at the military school of St. Johns, by the Count d'Orsonnens, whose praises have been too often sung to render their repetition necessary.

"What is not known is that this Mr. Buchan is not excessively well disposed towards those who speak French. This is what happened once.

"Many officers were at mess. Captain, since Major, Lessard, thought that he might speak French; but he was mistaken and placed under arrest. He appealed and General Herbert annulled the arrest and reprimanded Mr. Buchan.

"In an Ontario garrison these gallophobic sentiments might seem natural; but we are inclined to wonder that the Government should grant to such a man the command of a military school in an eminently French-Canadian centre, of which the contingent is largely composed of French-Canadian soldiers.

"For the rest, Colonel Buchan may have mended his ways. In that case he will be obliged to us for recalling a little story which will allow his subordinates to see the extent of the progress realized by their worthy commander."

WOMEN'S NATIONAL COUNCIL.

A New Scheme for Great Britain—The Work in Canada.

The scheme of establishing a National Council of Women for Great Britain and Ireland, in connection with the International Council of Women, of which Lady Aberdeen is president, seems at last likely to become an accomplished fact, says the London Chronicle. A well-attended meeting was held recently at the Women's Institute, Grosvenor Crescent, Lady Aberdeen presiding, and among those present were Lady Tweedmouth, Lady Battersea, the Countess of Warwick, Lady Henry Somerset, Mrs. Wynford Philipps, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Creighton, Madame Michaelis, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, and Mrs. Pearsall Smith.

Lady Aberdeen, in her opening address, said this council movement was one to embrace all societies and all workers. The International Council was formed in Washington in 1888, but remained a dead letter till after the meeting at Chicago in 1893, when a number of women went back to their different countries pledged to use their efforts to form national councils. These councils were based on two or three main principles. It was essential that they should not be committed to any one propaganda. The idea was to obtain an organization in which all societies in which women took a part could be represented. The bond was the desire to further the application of the golden rule in all relations of life which every society could strive to do according to its lights. Lady Aberdeen then went on to describe the successful work carried on by the National Council of Canada, which had led to the formation of twelve local councils. All the different churches and social and political parties and all classes were represented on these councils, which had done much to break down prejudices and widen the minds of workers. Two years ago they had entered into negotiations with the National Union of Women Workers to form a council for Great Britain. Difficulties had arisen, but of the desirability of the plan she had no doubt at all. (Cheers.)

Mrs. Russell Cooke moved a resolution that it was desirable that a national council be formed and that a provisional committee consisting of the executive of the Women Workers' Union and of the Women's Institute be appointed. Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson seconded.

Mrs. Creighton, president of the National Union of Women Workers, moved an amendment:—

That a committee be formed to consult with the National Union of Women Workers, and discover whether an arrangement can be made according to which the National Union shall act as the National Union for Great Britain and Ireland. Should this prove impossible, the committee to have the power to proceed to the formation of a new national council.

She has every hope that a compromise would be arrived at.

Lady Battersea seconded the amendment.

A discussion followed in which Mrs. Wynford Philipps, on behalf of the Women's Institute, cordially accepted Mrs. Creighton's amendment, and expressed the readiness of herself and her colleagues to work for the scheme in every way.

Mrs. Cooke then accepted the amendment, which was put and carried with one dissentient.

A resolution that the National Union be asked to invite representatives of the Women's Institute on to their executive was then carried, and, finally, a provisional committee was appointed consisting of four representatives of the National Union, four from the Women's Institute, four appointed by Lady Aberdeen, and the two ladies, Mrs. Eva McLaren and Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, who originally commenced the movement in this country.

A vote of thanks to Lady Aberdeen concluded the proceedings.

CANADIANS IN EUROPE.

The following Canadians are registered at the Canadian Commissioner's office in Paris: Major Herbert, Montreal, Grand Hotel; Rev. Martin Monaghan, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Hotel de l'Arcade; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Spence, Montreal, Hotel des Etats Unis; Dr. and Mrs. Pelletier, Sherbrooke, Hotel Peiffer; Mr. J. A. and Miss Hudon, Quebec, Hotel Peiffer; Mr. W. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Patrick Buchanan, Lt.-Col. A. E. Labelle, all of Montreal, Grand Hotel; Dr. and Miss Normandin, Montreal, 8 University street; Mr. J. A. E. Gauvin, Montreal, Pantheon Hotel; Mr. A. E. Poirier, Montreal, Hotel Terminus; Mr. S. Desjardins, Ste. Therese, P.Q., Hotel Terminus; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Molleur, St. John's, P.Q., 11 Poisson street; Mr. Chs. A. Molleur, St. John's, P.Q., 11 Poisson street; Mr. Georges O. Molleur, St. John's, P.Q., 11 Poisson street; Mr. A. Hardy, Montreal, Grand Hotel; Mr. L. J. Ethier, Montreal, Grand Hotel; Mrs. John Horn, St. John, N.P., 26 Mathurins street; Mrs. James Hamilton, St. John, N.B., 26 Mathurins street; Miss Louise Murray, St. John, N. B., 26 Mathurins street; Mr. Hercule Barre, Montreal, 4 Bernard-Palissy street; Mr. Eugene Bourassa, Montreal, 4 Bernard-Palissy; Mr. G. Couture, Montreal, 13 St. Augustin street.

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We have made arrangements with an old and reliable pattern house, whose styles are universally adopted by well-dressed people everywhere, by which we are offering free to the readers of The Herald, the Demorest Cut Paper Patterns. When purchased in the regular way, patterns cost from twenty cents to fifty cents apiece, consequently our offer makes every copy of this paper worth that amount extra. You do not need to write a letter; simply cut out the Pattern Order below and mail it according to the directions on it, and you will receive by return mail the pattern in the size chosen.

Five cents in Canadian stamps or money must be sent with each pattern to defray cost of mailing.

FOR RECEPTIONS.

1146—RESEDA CORSAGE.

Sizes for 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.



Brocaded lustreless satin, in shades of green and brown, is combined with sage green canvass to match this dressy gown. The costume is lined throughout with changeable silk, which is distinctly seen through the open meshes of the canvass. In the corsage the canvass is used for the back and sides of the front, while the sleeves and full front are of the brocaded satin. The canvass parts have a little fullness at the waist, but fit smoothly on the shoulders. Revers of green satin edged with gulpure trim the fronts, running down to the waist, where they are gathered with jewelled buttons and a fold of the satin.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

1147—KIRKLAND SKIRT—Sizes, medium and large—A graceful and popular design, having a very narrow front and six other gored breadths, and measuring about four yards at the foot. Silk, woolen or cotton fabrics may be selected for this model and may be trimmed in any preferred way. The popular fancy is to trim the front seams. The favorite finish for the bottom of skirts is a facing of haircloth or crinoline and a velveteen binding.

A special illustration and full directions about the pattern will be found on the envelope in which it is enclosed.

THE HERALD COUPON PATTERN ORDER

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Cut out this Coupon, send it with Five Cents in money or stamps to Demorest Publishing Company, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Be sure and give your name and full address, number of pattern wanted, and choose one of the sizes that is printed with each design.

NAME.....

Number of Pattern. ..... Street or P.O. Box Number. .....

Size Desired. .....Town..... ...Province.....

Without this coupon your patterns would cost from 20 cents to 50 cents a piece.

COTE DES NEIGES LINE.

Editor of The Herald:

Sir,—I see from an item in yesterday's Herald that there is to be an irregular meeting of the City Council on Monday, to bring forward, along with other matters, a "motion by Ald. Prefontaine that the Montreal Street Railway Company be ordered at once to continue their tracks up Cote des Neiges Road to Pine Avenue, under reserve of the rights of the city and the company as to proceeding to the city limits."

As this company made no contract with the city to build this line to Pine Avenue, but to have this line completed to the city limits at the top of Cote des Neiges Hill, which was to be done on or before the first day of September, 1895, under penalty of forfeiture of $25,000 deposited with the city, and a further penalty of $25 a day for every day's delay in the completion of its works after that date, it seems to me it would be most imprudent for the Council to take any such action until it knew definitely whether by so doing the city waived any rights to the payments of the prescribed penalties, which together now amount to about $42,500. If the company, after paying the amount already forfeited to the city, desires any such favor as to stop at Pine Avenue, it might be proper for the Council to consider whether it were in the interest of the public to do so, but before any action is taken by the Council to make the above order there should be some direct request by the company stating what favors it wants from the Council, and in what manner it will affect the $42,500 due by the company to the city. Otherwise the city might not only lose the amount, but the company refuse to carry this line further than Pine Avenue, by being placed in a false position. No matter even if it were true, as many suppose, that in this company's dealings with the Council, Ald. Prefontaine acts as the mouthpiece of the company, this would in no manner bind the company; and his action as a councillor would be the action of the Council, and might exonerate the company from the payment of this forfeited money, or the construction of this line further than Pine Avenue.

At any rate, this is a matter that requires to be carefully considered, and is altogether too important for any hasty action, especially when the Mayor and many aldermen have left the city for their holidays, as I am aware, under the impression that no meeting of Council would be held during their absence, so I trust The Herald will do what it can to prevent the city being placed in any such false position.

WILLIAM LITTLE

July 30th, 1897.

The round trip from Quebec to Roberval and Chicoutimi by rail, through the lovely lake and mountain scenery of the Canadian Adirondacks, down the Saguenay and back to Quebec by steamer, touching at all the beautiful seaside resorts of the lower St. Lawrence, is without doubt one of the most varied and delightful tours on this continent. A daylight trip. No tourist should fail to take it. Excellent hotel accommodation. Round trip tickets only ten dollars each.

ALMOST ANY DENTIST



May be believed to know enough to extract teeth. It belongs to the most skilful dentist to know enough NOT to extract teeth that his skill can save.

Teeth were not made to be extracted.

Whenever the operation is necessary—I extract teeth painlessly—but I would much rather save teeth that can be saved—painlessly also.

Painless dentistry. Moderate charges. Warranted work.

My three graces of good tooth care.

J. BARKER VOSBURGH, Dentist,
2416 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL.
Telephone 3085.

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RETAIL:
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Buy from Advertiser and mention Herald.

NEW POULTRY FOOD.



Green Cut Bones. One price, 20 lbs. for 50c. M. HEINRICHON, dealer in grain, 3643 Notre Dame Street., St. Henri. P.O. Box 22.

Headquarters for Vaccine...

We are Sole Agents for the celebrated New England Vaccine Co.'s Virus. We sold, during the last epidemic, 90,000 in this city. Fresh daily.

W. H. CHAPMAN, 2637 St. Catherine Street.
TELEPHONE 4067.

A VERY QUEER CRAFT

Is Commodore Jarvis' One-Rater Bonshaw.

YESTERDAY AT LEPINE,

The Montreal Hunt's Steeplechase Programme.

Quebec's Bill of Fare — Local and General Sporting News.

The Bonshaw hailing from Toronto and owned by Mr. Jarvis, the commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, arrived at Lachine by boat on Thursday evening. Mr. Jarvis had her rigged by 11 o'clock yesterday morning, when he sailed her to the yacht club. Immediately on her arrival she was hauled up on the ways, where a general overhauling, leaves her ready for to-day's race.

She is in many ways a peculiar boat, this may seem the more so from the fact that her lines are in marked contrast to those of the other raters already so well-known. She looks very like an enlarged punt with a rounded stern. The boat only draws eighteen inches of water, the depth being greatest about the centre, here also the bottom is slightly curved, thus breaking what would otherwise be a perfectly flat surface. The sides of the boat, which are white in color, are square, rising almost perpendicularly from the water.

The Bonshaw, while not quite so wide as the Duggan boat, is pretty much the same length, but with decidedly more overhang, while her freeboard is much less. The mast which is solid, is placed about two feet further aft than on the other raters, leaving lots of room forward for her tremendous jib. Her cockpit is a self-emptying one and extremely shallow.

Her spread of sail measures 493 square feet, this is about the same as the other boats, 500 square feet being the limited area. The mainsail which seems to be of the same material as Glencairn II's, has one long batten along the line of the first reef joints, with two short ones further aloft. It is very difficult as yet to form an opinion on the boat's speed; she looks as if she would be relatively faster in a lighter than a heavier wind owing to her small amount of surface resistance, but it is said that Mr. Jarvis considers her to be a heavy-weather boat. Her water line while on an even keel is within the twenty-foot limit, but when keeled over she can measure as much as twenty-seven feet.

Great interest is being taken in to-day's race (which is being really held for the purpose of giving the boats a chance to trim up for the trials), as it will give a rough idea of the Bonshaw's chances of defending the international cup.

Great credit is due to the Bonshaw's skipper, Mr. Jarvis, for the pluck and perseverance which he has shown in bringing his boat from Toronto to assist the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club in choosing a defender. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club could not have a more worthy representative.

The club house is slowly nearing completion, the outside work on the building being now finished. The pier along the beach has been boarded over, but it is unlikely that the remainder of the front ground will be sodded before the arrival of the visitors. The tennis lawn is now in working order and will be thrown open to members to-day.

Glencairn II., Avoca, Millie, Glenowen, Bonshaw and Rogue are the entries for to-day's one-rater race. The Islander will not sail owing to Mr. Hamilton's absence in Cacouna, while the Maida has not yet recovered from last Saturday's mishap.

In the half-rater race Anita, Viva and Titania will cross the starting line.

TORONTO CREW FOR DETROIT.

Toronto, Ont., July 31.—(Special.)—The 'Varsity crew left this morning for Detroit to take part in the North-western regatta on Monday and Tuesday. The four is composed of Harry Gooderham, stroke; W. E. Douglas, No. 3; G. G. Jordan, No. 2; Thrift Burnside, bow. The boys are in fine form. Ned Hanalan, who has been coaching them for the past two weeks, will accompany the crew to Detroit. Mr. Fitzgibbon, the manager of the Rowing Club, will also go with the boys, to look after their accomodation.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY AT LEPINE.

The following were the results of yesterday's races at Lepine Park:

2.20 class, purse $200; trot and pace—

Dorion & Co. (St. Phillipe d'Argenteuil), c m Amelia..	1	4	1	1
N. Gehuas, (Three Rivers), ch m May Girl	2	2	2	2
A. Daigneault, (Marieville, Que., b m Ben Morrill ..	3	3	3	3
O. Potvin (Longueuil), br m Little Puss..	4	5	4	4
Dr Leclair (Lachine, Que.), br g Joe W..	5	1	dis	

Time—2.22½, 2.21¼, 2.20½, 2.19½.

2.35 class, purse $150—

S. B. Withington (White River Junction, Vt.), b m Maggie S	1	1	4	3 1
A. J. Prairie (St. Johns, Que.), b g Ben Morrill Boy	2	2	2	1 4
M. Bahen (Montreal), br m Eileen Oge	4	3	1*	2 3
J. S. Simmons (Montreal) ch m Lady Vrowsky ..	5	5	3	5 2
M. Cardinal (Montreal), blk m Sucie C	3	4	5	4 5

Time—2.28½, 2.33, no time, 2.32¼, 2.30.

*Horses set back for running. Eileen Oge given the heat without time.

2.24 class, purse $150; unfinished—

A. Daigneault (Montreal), b m Ben Morrill....	1	2
F. Webster (Kingston, Ont.), blk s Black Carver	4	1
F. C. Simpson (St. Andrew's, Que.), ch g Little Joker	2	4
N. Gelinas (Three Rivers), ch m May Girl..	3	3
M. Moody (Terrebonne), gr m Azora	5	5
O. Potvin (Longueuil), br m Little Puss..	dis	

Time—2.24¼, 2.23¼.

Five mile dash, purse $100—

	By miles.			
R. Stewart (Aylmer, Que.), Thorntonian	1	1	1	1
B. Benoit (Montreal), Glenwood Prince..	2	2	2	2

Time, by miles—2.30, 2.31½, 2.34½, 2.39½, 3.05.

Five miles less 120 feet—13.20¼.

Time by half miles—1.14, 1.13½, 1.16, 1.15½, 1.33.

THE HUNT'S RACES.

Programme for the Annual Steeplechase Meeting.

Below will be found the programme for the annual races to be held under the auspices of the Montreal Hunt:

1. The Green steeplechase, $200, of which $50 to second; third to save entrance fee.—For horses that have never won a steeplechase or hurdle race, and have been regularly and fairly hunted by members during the current season, and bonafide the property of members of the Montreal Hunt, or any other hunt in the Dominion or in the United States on or before 1st September, 1897. Over two miles of fair hunting country. Weight for age. Entrance $10.

2. Half-bred Handicap steeplechase, $200, of which $50 to second; third to save entrance fee.—For half-bred horses, bonafide the property of members of the Montreal Hunt, or any other hunt in the Dominion or in the United States, on or before 1st September, 1897, and half-bred horses bred on the island of Montreal, Isle Bizard, or in the County of Laval, and imported half-bred mares which have dropped a foal on the island of Montreal, Isle Bizard or in Laval County, and owned by bonafide farmers of the Counties of Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier or Laval, and which have been regularly and fairly hunted during the current season. Over the green course. Entrance $10.

3. The Hunters' Handicap steeplechase.—For qualified hunters owned and to be ridden by members of the Montreal Hunt; for a silver cup, to be won three times before becoming winner's property. One hundred and fifty dollars ($100 of which is given by G. R. Hooper, M.F.H.), to go to the first horse. Entries to second. Certificates from the Master to accompany entry. Entrance $5. Top weight, 190 pounds. Over the green course.

4. Open heavy-weight handicap, $200, of which $50 to second, $25 to third—One mile and one-eighth on the flat. Top weight, 140 pounds. Entrance $10.

SECOND DAY.

5. Open handicap steeplechase.—$300, of which $50 to second, $25 to third. Open to all horses. Over the Cup course. Entrance $15.

6. The Hunt cup—For a piece of plate, value $300; second horse to save entrance fee. For horses that have been regularly and fairly hunted by members of the Montreal Hunt during the current season, and have not started for any race except a hunters' race in 1897, or for the Queen's plate of the Province of Quebec, and bonafide the property of members of the Montreal Hunt, on or before September 1, 1897, to be ridden by members elected on or before the same date; over three miles of fair hunting country. Weights: 4 years, 164 pounds; 5 years, 174 pounds; 6 years and aged, 180 pounds; non-winners of this race allowed 5 pounds; half-breds allowed 10 pounds; over-weight allowed. Entrance $20.

7. The Farmers' race, $400; $200 to first, $75 to second, $50 to third, $40 to fourth, $35 to fifth—For halfbred horses bred on the island of Montreal, Isle Bizard, or in the County of Laval, and imported half-bred mares which have dropped a foal on the islands or in Laval County; owned by bonafide farmers of the Counties of Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier and Laval; mares that have suckled a foal this year allowed 5 pounds; over the green course; weight for age. Entrance free.

8. The Members' Plate; for a piece of plate, value $100, or specie, at winner's option—For half-bred hunters that are maidens on the 1st September, 1897, bona fide the property of members of the Montreal Hunt, and have been regularly hunted by members during the current season; to be ridden by members elected on or before 1st September, 1897; one mile and two furlongs on the flat; weight for age; entrance, $10.

CONDITIONS.

Entries addressed to the hon. secretary, at the St. Lawrence Hall, on or before Saturday, October 2. No entry will be received unless the proper amount of entrance money is enclosed. Qualified hunters' certificates must be furnished to the hon. secretary on or before Wednesday, October 6.

Post entries will be received, except for handicaps, by the hon. secretary on the course up to within one hour of the time at which the races is to start upon payment in cash of double entrance fee. This condition will be strictly adhered to.

Half of first money for a walkover.

Riders must appear in proper jockey costume, except in the Members' Plate and Hunt Cup, which members must ride in pink.

Riders appearing in wrong colors will be fined $5.

The decision of the stewards in all cases to be final.

Any person entering a protest must deposit $10 with the hon. secretary, to be forfeited if the protest is not sustained.

Any horse schooling over the regular steeplechase course after the flags are up will be disqualified.

Races to be run under the Montreal Hunt Rules of Racing, except as to the conditions herein mentioned.

Scale of weights—4 years, 152 lbs.; 5 years, 162 lbs.; 6 years, 168 lbs.; and mares and geldings 3lbs., except in handicaps, and where the weights are fixed absolutely. Allowances are cumulative unless otherwise specified.

Penalties are not cumulative unless so declared by the conditions of the race.

In all races advertised for gentlemen riders, the names of the riders must be sent to the hon. secretary for submission to the stewards (who shall have power to accept or refuse such nomination) at least two days before the date of the race.

Weights for the Half-bred and Hunters' Handicap steeplechases and the open Heavyweight Handicap will be declared on October 6; for the Open Handicap Steeplechase on October 8.

Owners and riders are notified that the races will be started punctually at the hour named, without waiting for the horses that are not at the post on time.

First race to start at 2.30 o'clock sharp.

THE QUEBEC MEETING.

A Good Programme for the Ancient Capital's Club.

Following is the programme for the annual meeting of the Quebec Turf Club:

FIRST DAY.

No. 2. Wolfsfield stakes of $150, out of which $25 to the second horse. About 1 mile. (Gentlemen riders acceptable to the committee allowed 7 lbs.) Entrance, $7.50. Entries close August 24th.

No. 2. Wolfsfield stake of $150, out of which $25 to the second horse. About 1 mile. Welter weights, half breds allowed 15 lbs. For horses owned and to be in the district of Quebec on or before August 1st. To be ridden by gentlemen acceptable to the committee. Over weight allowed. professional jockeys, 7 lbs. extra. Entrance, $5. Entries close August 14th.

No. 3. Garrison purse, of $80, out of which $20 to second and $10 to third. About 1 mile. Welter weights. Over-weight allowed. For horses that have regularly drilled in the district of Quebec. Certificates of qualification to accompany entry from commanding officer. Horses to be owned in the district of Quebec prior to June 22, 1897. To be ridden by members of the permanent or volunteer forces. Entrance, free. Entries close August 14.

No. 4. Open Handicap Steeplechase of $250, out of which $35 to second and $15 to third. About 2½ miles. Entrance, $10. H. F. Entries close August 14.

No. 5. Beauvoir Handicap (open) of $200, out of which $35 to second and $15 to third. About 1½ miles. Lowest weight to be not less than 120 lbs. Entrance, $10. H. F. Entries close August 24.

SECOND DAY.

No. 1. Open, welter, selling, of $150, out of which $25 to second. About 1½ miles. Winner to be sold for $1000 1 lb, allowed for each $100 down to $500, after which 2 lb, allowed down to $100. Gentlemen acceptable to the committee allowed 7 lb. Entrance, $7.50. Entries close evening of first day.

No. 2. Hack race, of $80, out of which $2 to second and $10 to third. About ¾ mile, heats. Welter weights. Over-weight allowed. For half-breds owned in the district of Quebec on or before July 1, and regularly ridden and driven up to August 10, 1897. Entrance free. Entries close August 14th.

No. 3. Open handicap steeplechase of $200, out of which $25 to second. About 2½ miles. Entrance, $10. H. F. Entries close evening of first day.

No. 4. Hack race, second heat.

No. 5. Open handicap of $200, out of which $25 to second and $15 to third. About 1 1-3 miles. Entrance, $10. H.F. Entries close evening of first day.

No. 6. Purse of $200. Conditions out on first day. Entries close evening of first day.

Entries close to the hon. secretary at the Frontenac Hotel at 9 o'clock p.m. on day named. Racing under the rules of the American Jockey Club. The decision of the stewards in any case to be final. Three horses, the property of different owners to start, or no race, without the permission of the stewards. Ten per cent. to withdraw in Garrison purse and hack race. A. F. Ashmead, hon. secretary.

BASEBALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Buffalo, N.Y., July 30.—Following are the results of the National League baseball games to-day:—

		R.	H.	E.
At Washington—				
Washington..	405020000	11	14	4
Baltimore..	002335020	15	16	0

Batteries—Mercer, Swain and Farrell; Maul, Hoffer and Clarke.

At Harlem—				
New York..	00002001x	3	10	2
Brooklyn..	001000000	1	4	1

Batteries—Rusie and Warner; Payne and Burrell.

At Cincinnati—				
Cincinnati	00001241x	8	11	1
Cleveland..	200000000	2	6	4

Batteries—Britenstein and Peitz; Powell, Wilson and Criger.

At Philadelphia—				
Philadelphia..	001002000	3	4	2
Boston..	010000051	7	10	3

Batteries—Orth and Clements; Boyle, Klobodanz and Bergen.

At Chicago—				
Chicago..	0010103000	5	12	4
Pittsburg..	3001010002	7	14	1

Batteries—Briggs and Kittridge; Hastings, Hughey, Sugden and Merritt.

At St. Louis—				
St. Louis..	200101102	7	14	4
Louisville..	110001003	6	12	3

Batteries—Donohue and Murphy; Cunningham and Wilson.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Boston..	55	24	.696
Baltimore..	51	26	.666
Cincinnati..	50	26	.657
New York..	46	31	.597
Cleveland..	43	35	.551
Philadelphia..	40	43	.482
Pittsburg..	37	42	.468
Chicago..	33	47	.434
Brooklyn..	34	45	.430
Louisville..	35	47	.427
Washington..	29	49	.371
St. Louis..	20	61	.247

EASTERN LEAGUE GAMES.

Syracuse, N.Y., July 30.—The magnificent pitching of Willis enabled the Stars to shut out the Ponies here this afternoon. The "Wolf" struck out nine men, and but four hits were made of his delivery. A two-bagger, a sacrifice and long fly gave Syracuse a score in the fifth, and errors by Rogers and Brouthers and a two-bagger gave them another one in the sixth. Score:

		R.	H.	E.
Syracuse..	000011000	2	5	2
Springfield..	000000 00	0	4	2

Batteries—Willis and Ryan; Korwin and Duncan.

Toronto, July 30.—It was very interesting game that 1,200 people saw at the Island this afternoon. The game was called in the sixth, when the rain came down heavily. A feature of the game was White's catches. It was by a great streak of luck that Toronto got out of a bad hole in the sixth, when the visitors scored their only run. Score:

		R.	H.	E.
Toronto..	200000000	2	8	0
Scranton..	000001000	1	9	0

Batteries—Norton and Casey; Harper and Boyd.

Buffalo, N.Y., July 30.—The Bisons had a soft thing with the Wilkesbarre team to-day and gave them a coat of whitewash. Buffalo earned each of the 7 runs tallied by clean hitting.

		R.	H.	E.
Wilkesbarre..	000000000	0	5	0
Buffalo..	03020410x	7	11	0

Batteries—Odwell and Diggins; McPartlin and Zahner.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Syracuse..	50	32	.609
Buffalo..	46	34	.575
Springfield..	42	32	.567
Toronto..	43	34	.559
Providence	39	39	.500
Scranton..	34	36	.485
Montreal..	30	45	.400
Wilkesbarre..	20	52	.277

ANNOUNCED POSTPONEMENTS.

In view of the fact that many people journeyed vainly to the ball ground yesterday it may be suggested that when games are postponed the announcement should be made by placing bills on the street cars. This would save a great deal of annoyance.

GAME AT HOCHELAGA.

A hot amateur baseball game is promised for Sunday afternoon at the Hochelaga grounds when the Darling team meet the Hochelagas. Game will be called at 2 p.m., and the men who will play comprise for Hochelaga: Tappin, Galipeau, Genereux, Brien, Merineau, Bouville, Clement, Pallet, and for the Darlings: Amyot, Branchaud, Amyot, Brouillard, Rochefort, Hochu, Masson, Tappin, Houle. Mr. Louis Deslauriers has kindly consented to act as umpire. The fact of young Masson playing with the Darlings will excite no little interest, as he is one of the best amateur catchers in the district, and was last year an enthusiastic and valuable member of the Hochelaga team.

Get the Boy a . . .

Wheel

We have a few here which we will sell at **$30.00 net**

Regular Price, $40.00.

The Finest Boys' Wheels made. Fully guaranteed. Other Wheels at greatly reduced prices.

Latimer & Morris,

2410 St. Catherine Street.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame St. Montreal's Greatest Store. July 31st

"The Store that is Increasing Faster than any Store in Montreal To-day."

The Biggest July Month on Record.

The Biggest Six Months on Record by Thousands of Dollars.

To-day we finish the biggest and most successful July Cheap Sale we have ever had. July 31st ends our business half year, which also is the largest we have ever done. This, we consider, speaks well for the company, showing that they must give splendid value also. It is another proof that the public will go where the largest variety and the best value is given.

BRISK BUSINESS IN AUGUST

IS ONLY POSSIBLE
IS ONLY POSSIBLE
BY SELLING AT PRICES
BY SELLING AT PRICES
WHICH COMMAND TRADE
WHICH COMMAND TRADE
THE BIG STORE WILL KEEP BUSY.

Great Remnant Sale

BEGINS MONDAY MORNING,

August 2nd, at Eight O'Clock.

After six months' busy trade in a large establishment like this, one can only imagine the enormous quantity of remnants there is left over. The latest reports from each shop-walker are that we have thousands upon thousands of them, in fact we have more than we should, but that does not alter the case, the fact remains, the Remnants are here, and the Remnants must be sold.

AND SOLD IN TWO WEEKS.

IT WILL PAY YOU WELL TO

ATTEND THE REMNANT SALE
ATTEND THE REMNANT SALE

Monday morning, all Remnants throughout the store, both Spring and Summer Goods, will be laid out on the centre tables of each store and offered at ridiculously low prices. We may add that these Remnants are odd lengths, varying from half a yard to ten yards, left over from our best selling lines in every department, and they are bargains seldom met with.

Commence and Save Money on Monday Morning by Attending the

GREAT REMNANT SALE

AT THE S. CARSLEY CO., LIMITED.

Useful Remnants of Dress Goods. 1 yard to 8 yards.
USEFUL REMNANTS OF SILKS. 1 yard to 5 yards.
USEFUL REMNANTS OF PRINTS 1 yard to 10 yards.
USEFUL REMNANTS OF LINENS. Desirable Lengths.
Useful Remnants of Linen Damask Very Cheap.
Useful Remnants of Flannelettes. Very Cheap.
Useful Remnants of Flannels. Very Cheap.
Useful Remnants of Muslins. Very Cheap.
Useful Remnants of Embroideries 1 yard to 5 yards.

Odd Lots of Ladies' Shirt Waists

Worth	$0.55	For	23c
Worth	0.69	For	39c
Worth	1.15	For	59c

Odd Lots of Ladies' Shirt Waists.

Worth	$0.55	For	23c
Worth	0.69	For	33c
Worth	1.15	For	59c

Odd Lots of Ladies' Dress Skirts

Worth	$1.10	For	$0.59
Worth	1.25	For	0.89
Worth	1.65	For	1.09

Odd Lots of Ladies' Waterproofs. Slightly Imperfect.

Half Price .. 75c each
Another lot of Perfect Goods in Tweed Effects.

Worth	$6.50	For	$2.30

Write for Summer Catalogue. Mail Orders Carefully Filled.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 192 to 194 St James St., MONTREAL

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

In the matter of EUSEBE DE LONGCHAMPS, JR., Montreal, Insolvent.

The undersigned will sell by public auction, on the premises, Gilbert Avenue, at Cartierville,

THURSDAY, the 5th of AUGUST, 1897, At 2 O'Clock P.M.

the immoveable properties hereunder described, belonging to said Insolvent Estate.

Three lots of land situate on Gilbert Street or Avenue, at Cartierville, in the Parish of St. Laurent, County of Jacques Cartier, containing each sixty (50) feet in front, forming about fifteen thousand feet in area, English measurement, more or less, and being official subdivisions numbers forty-seven (47), forty-eight (48), forty-nine (49), of lot number thirty-four (34), at the plan and on the book of official reference of said Parish of St. Laurent.

These lots are advantageously situated at a short distance from the river, and opposite the villa of H. Robert Falbord, Esq., architect.

This sale will be made subject to the conditions mentioned on the book of charges prepared by the undersigned.

For further particulars, apply to

LAMARCHE & BENOIT,
Joint Curators,
1709 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

MARCOTTE BROS.,
Auctioneers.

Cycling Rules Up to Date.

A prominent wheel company has compiled the following road rules:—

1. In meeting riders, pedestrians, and vehicles, keep to the right. In overtaking and passing them keep to the left.

2. In turning corners to the left, always keep to the outside of the street.

3. In turning corners to the right, keep as far out as possible without trespassing on the left side of the road.

4. Never expect pedestrians to get out of your way; find a way around them.

5. Never ride rapidly by an electric car standing to unload passengers.

6. Never coast down a hill having cross streets along the way.

7. Never ring your bell except to give notice of your approach.

8. In meeting other riders ascending a hill, where there is but one path, always yield the right of way to the up-riders.

9. Bear in mind that a rider meeting an electric car carrying a strong headlight is unable to see beyond the light; keep out of his way.

10. When riding straight ahead never vary your course suddenly to the right or left without assuring yourself that no other rider is close in your rear on the side towards which you turn.

11. Always ring your bell in overtaking riders or pedestrians to give warning of your approach. This does not mean that they are to get out of your way.

12. Do not ride too close to a novice, and in meeting a novice give plenty of room.

The case preferred by Canille Labelle, a Windsor Hotel employe, against Special Officer Bert. O'Connor, and the Richelieu Line, was called in the Court of Special Sessions yesterday morning, and adjourned again for one week at the request of the defence.

DROPPED DEAD.

The Wife of an East Sherbrooke Resident Expires Suddenly.

Sherbrooke, July 30.—(Special.)—The wife of Mr. Frank Smith, of East Sherbrooke, dropped dead last evening at about eight o'clock, while standing by a table in her home. She was fifty-three years of age and had been troubled with heart disease for some time, and was under the care of Dr. Worthington.

Coroner Woodward was notified, but after holding an inquiry decided that an inquest was unnecessary, death being due to heart disease.

SIR MACKENZIE AND W. F. McLEAN, M. P.

Belleville Intelligencer: "Perhaps McLean has gone to the Klondike.—Toronto Star. It appears certain that 'Jack' McLean is much sought after, much more so than the 'World's Billy' was sought in East York during last election."

RAILWAYS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

SUNDAY SUBURBAN SERVICE

Special train leaves **Windsor Station** at 10.00 a.m. on Sundays for Pointe Fortune, Vaudreuil, Hudson and intermediate stations. Returning arrives Windsor Station at 9.25 p.m.

Special train leaves **Dalhousie Square** on Sundays at 9.15 a.m. for

St. Jerome, St. Rose and Intermediate Stations.

Returning arrives Dalhousie Square at 9.45 p.m.

NEW ROUTE TO

CALEDONIA SPRINGS,

DIRECT TO THE HOTEL.

Trains leave Montreal (Windsor St. Station) week days, **8.50 a.m. and 6.15 p.m.** Arriving Caledonia Springs at 12.35 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.

CITY TICKET AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, **129 St. James St., next to Post Office.**

Intercolonial Railway.

UNTIL further notice the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Leave Montreal by Grand Trunk Railway from Bonaventure Street Depot.....	7.50	23.15
Leave Montreal by Can. Pacific Railway from Windsor Street Depot		19.40
Leave Levis	13.40	8.30
Arrive at Riviere du Loup....	16.45	12.55
do Trois Pistoles	17.40	14.15
do Rimouski	19.00	15.43
do Ste. Flavie	19.30	16.25
do Little Metis	19.52	16.50
do Campbellton	22.35	
do Dalhousie	23.25	
do Bathurst	24.20	
do Newcastle	1.25	
do Moncton	3.40	15.10
do St. John	7.15	12.10
do Halifax	10.20	21.25

An express train will leave Montreal on Friday evenings at 20.40 o'clock, and run through to Little Metis, arriving there at 11.10 o'clock on Saturday.

An express train will leave Cacouna on Sunday evenings at 19.30 o'clock, and run through to Montreal, arriving there at 7.20 o'clock Monday.

The English mail train leaves Montreal at 7.50 o'clock on Sunday mornings, and arrives at Rimouski the same evening. This train stops at St. Charles Junction, Montmagny, L'Islet, Ste. Anne, St. Paschal, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Trois Pistoles and Bic.

A passenger train leaves Cacouna on Monday mornings at 8 o'clock, and arrives at Levis at 12.30 o'clock.

The trains to Halifax and St. John run through to their destination on Sunday.

The buffet, sleeping car and other cars of express train leaving Montreal at 7.50 o'clock run through to Halifax without change.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Montreal and Halifax via Levis are lighted by electricity.

Through tickets may be obtained via rail and steamer to all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and in the Maritime Provinces.

For tickets and all information in regard to passenger fares, rates of freight, train arrangements, etc., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON,
Eastern Freight and Passenger Agent,
135 St. James Street, Montreal.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.

Railway Office,
Moncton, N.B., 12th July, 1897.

BULMER & BULMER,

Builders, Carpenters and Joiners,
4230 St. Catherine Street.

Tel. 4655. Westmount.

Practical experience in all lines of building, and the manufacturing of all joiner work required therein. Also all lines of hardware in stock. Special attention to jobbing. Personal supervision to all our work. It will pay you to try us.

TENDERS WANTED.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned, up to 12 o'clock noon, of the 2nd day of August, 1897, for the purchase of the Beamsville Pressed Brick Company's Premises, Plant, Good Will, etc., consisting of 56 acres finest Medina Clay land, with the following buildings, covering an area of about 8 acres: One large machinery room, containing one four-mold and one two-mold Simpson press; one four-mold Eureka press, capacity 300,000 pressed brick per day; two Tiffany tile machines, capacity 25,000 per day; one Goldie McCullough boiler, one 75 horse power Wheelock engine, a large quantity of dies of every description for the manufacture of ornamental brick, tile, etc.; 2 large buildings for the manufacture of terra cotta; four down draft kilns, capacity 205,000 brick; three up draft kilns, capacity 565,000 brick. Trustee reserves the right to complete filling and burning Nos. 1, 2 and 3 kilns, also No. 2 round kiln, and to store contents in kiln or yard free until sold.

This business is a running concern, and has a very valuable and extensive business connection. Large orders for brick are being received and filled daily. An inventory of the plant, machinery, etc., may be seen at the office of the Beamsville Pressed Brick Company, Beamsville, Ont.

W. G. E. BOYD,
Trustee.

Hamilton, Ont.

PATENTS.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Send a stamp for our beautiful book "How to get a Patent", "What profitable to invent," and "Prizes on Patents". Advice free. Fees moderate. MARION & MARION, EXPERTS, Temple Building, 185 St James St., Montreal. The only firm of Graduate Engineers in the Dominion transacting patent business exclusively

PATENTS ALL COUNTRIES

FETHERSTONHAUGH & Co

PROMPTLY PROCURED CANADA LIFE BILD., Montreal. Call or write for particulars.

Roll for Water Rates
—AND—
PERSONAL TAXES.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned assessors, for the City of Montreal, have completed the rolls of water rates and personal taxes, for all the Wards of the City of Montreal, and that the same are deposited at their office, at the City Hall, where they may be seen and examined by any person interested until the eleventh of August next (1897), and that the said assessors will meet at their office, aforesaid, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., to revise the said rolls, and to hear and examine all complaints that may be brought before them respecting any entry in such rolls, viz.:

St. Antoine, St. Ann's, St. Louis and St. Mary's Wards, on Thursday and Friday, the 12th and 13th of August next.

St. Lawrence, St. James, St. Jean Baptiste and St. Gabriel Wards, on Saturday, the 14th of August next.

Hochelaga and St. Denis Wards, on Monday, the 16th of August next.

And East, Centre and West Wards, on Tuesday, the 17th of August next (1897).

J. T. DILLON, President,
P. H. MORIN,
J. W. GROSE,
GEORGE B. MUIR,
L. J. LAMONTAGNE,
A. LANGEVIN,
C. E. A. PATTERSON,
J. HAMILTON FERNS,
Assessors.

ASSESSORS' OFFICE,
City Hall,
Montreal, 31st July, 1897.

RAILWAYS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Montreal to Quebec and Lower Lawrence Points.

Leave Montreal 7.50 a.m. daily, 4 p.m. and 11.15 p.m. daily, except Sunday. The 4 p.m. train is a new train, with parlor car attached, and reaches Quebec at 10.40 p.m. 7.50 a.m. train runs through to Halifax, but train leaving Montreal Saturday morning runs to Rimouski only. The 11.15 p.m. train runs to Little Metis. (Saturday night train runs to Quebec only.)

Gulf of St. Lawrence Resorts' Special.

A weekly business men's special will leave Montreal every Friday at 8.45 p.m. for Cacouna and stations as far as Little Metis; this train will reach Cacouna in time for breakfast Saturday morning. Returning, the Special will leave Cacouna every Sunday at 7.30 p.m., and Quebec at 11.55 p.m., reaching Montreal at 7.20 a.m. Mondays.

Portland and Old Orchard Beach Service.

Leave Montreal 7.50 a.m. daily, except Sunday, and 8.45 p.m. daily. The 8.45 p.m. train reaches Old Orchard Beach at 7.38 a.m.

The Seaside and White Mountain Special.

The finest passenger train in the world leaves Bonaventure Depot every Friday at 9 p.m., and runs through to Portland and Old Orchard Beach without change, reaching Portland at 7.15 a.m., and Old Orchard at 8 a.m.

Returning, the Seaside Special leaves Old Orchard Beach every Sunday at 7.55 p.m. and Portland at 9 p.m. for Montreal, arriving 8.05 a.m. Monday, and leaves Montreal for Chicago at 9.15 a.m. every Monday, reaching Toronto at 6.25 p.m., and Chicago at 10.00 a.m. Tuesday.

Weekly St. Lawrence Rapids Excursion.

Leave Montreal every Sunday at 8.00 a.m. arrive Cornwall 10.45 a.m. Leave Cornwall 1.00 p.m. via R. & O. Nav. Co. Steamers, running through Lakes St. Francis and St. Louis and over the Coteau, Cedar, Split Rock, Cascade and Lachine Rapids, reaching Montreal at 6.30 same evening.

Fare for Round Trip . . $2.50

Tickets at 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

30,000 MEN WANTED

FOR THE SEASON.

Single men, emigrants, dockers, sailors, laborers, clerks, checkers, carters, and others, wanted to avail themselves of the accommodation at the Salvation Lighthouse (Joe Beef's Canteen), 13 Common St., Montreal, (opposite the Allan Line wharf). Meals from 5 cents up. Single rooms, 15 cents; two in a room, 25 cents. Meals from 5 cents to 15 cents. Weekly board and lodging from $1.65 to $2.00. Check room for baggage. Free baths with soap and towel. For other particulars apply to the Superintendent.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED—Hustler wanted to sell blue mocks. Address G.H., Herald Office.

MILLINER WANTED—Must be first-class at the Montreal Millinery Show Room. MRS. J. ALLAN, 2356 St. Catherine, 165 St. Antoine St.

RELIABLE MEN WANTED—As solicitors and collectors for the London Life Ins. Co. (Industrial) for the City of Ottawa. Good terms to men that can speak both languages; references required. Apply to J. T. NIBLOCK, 44 Central Chambers, Ottawa, Ont.

FOR SALE.

Advertisements under this Head half cent a word per insertion. Six insertions for the price of four.

COPPERS for sale. Apply at Herald office.

FOR SALE—Chickering Upright Piano, $275 cash, 7 1-3 octaves, Cabinet grand, handsome rosewood case, fine tone, cost $700. C. W. Lindsay, 2366 St. Catherine Street.

FOR SALE—Small Melodeon, $18 cash and $3 per month. C. W. Lindsay, 2366 St. Catherine Street.

BICYCLE—For sale cheap. Apply Mayor Street, City.

FOR SALE—Why pay $50.00 for a sewing machine. We have them at $18.75, $22.50. None better made. The John Donaldson Co., 1 St. Peter Street.

FOR SALE—For the million, kindling cut maple, $2.50; Mill Blocks, $3.00; marble blocks, $1.75; cut any length delivered. J. C. McDiarmid, Richmond Square. Tel. 8358.

AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—Two city agents having a knowledge of

INVESTMENT SECURITIES.. Government Municipal and Other First-Class Bonds.

Suitable for Trust Estates, Banks, Insurance Companies and Permanent Investment, bought and sold by . .

R. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker
British Empire Building.
1724 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.
First-class Investments always on hand.

THE PAST WEEK IN BUSINESS.

Merchants Talk in a Cheerful Strain.

TRADE GOOD AT PRESENT.

A Lot Depends On How the Crops Turn Out.

Strength in Flour a Feature—Trade Movement at Other Centres.

The Week's Changes.

Advanced.	Declined.
Wheat	Hay
Tea	Meal
Molasses	Oats
Sulphur	
Castor Oil	
Flour	

REPORTS on the state of business during the past week were generally very satisfactory. In a good many lines a substantial improvement is noticed, and the majority of merchants express little doubt but that conditions in the near future will still further improve.

Ordinarily this is rather a dull time of the year, between seasons as it were, but business now is quite as good as could be expected. The grocers all seem to be pretty busy and they say they are attending to a very respectable consumptive demand. Future orders for groceries are also pretty good, quite a brisk enquiry being noted for peas, corn, salmon and other lines. Sugar is moving pretty freely, and the German article is still coming forward. It is not reported that any settlement has yet been reached between refiners and wholesalers on the German sugar matter, and it does not seem likely that there will be one for some time.

In the way of dry goods, business is very fair, and the improvement previously noted appears to be pretty well maintained. Business in boots and shoes is also pretty good, while altogether there is no special complaint in any of the other big lines.

In view of the immense importance of the crops, dealers here are greatly interested in their progress. The report earlier in the week that there had been damage in Ontario naturally created a lot of disappointment, but it has been somewhat offset by the continued good news from Manitoba.

The outflow of Canadian grain, produce, lumber and live stock continues unprecedented. All this week the outgoing steamers had to use a common expresion a "big jag of stuff," and the demand for future space indicates that there will not likely be any falling off.

Easy Money.

During the week the banks came to some sort of an agreement regarding call loans, and it was decided in future to ask 3½ per cent. all round. On good security brokers say they have no difficulty in getting all they want at those figures, for as the small boys often say, "the banks have it to burn." Money at a number of other centres is also easy and plentiful.

The Grain Market.

While there has not been a great deal of activity to the grain market during the past week, at times the demand has displayed some improvement. Shippers, off and on, have taken a good deal of interest in the market, and the buying on foreign account has been fair. Peas for export were worked up as high as 53½c, and the range now seems to be 53c to 53½c. Oats were a little firmer, but are now somewhat easier in sympathy with a weaker feeling in the west.

Wheat is stronger up west, and in some instances is held above the 80c mark at Fort William.

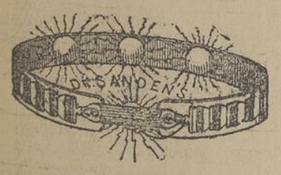
Strong Flour Market.

There was a very strong tone to the flour market, all the Manitoba millers having talked higher prices all week. The market they say is relatively below the cost of wheat, and will have to go up a good deal yet to get entirely even. The price of Manitoba strong bakers' during the week was $4.10 and at that figure and $4.30 for the best brands of patents quite a brisk business was done.

A good demand was also experienced in an export way and a number of sales were made. One large miller stated that sales were made for Glasgow on Friday at an advance of 1s since the day before and 2s on the week.

Ontario grades of flour have been equally strong and it is believed that some of the millers up west have again advanced their prices. The demand in Ontario is also improving and straight rollers have sold at $3.40 to $3.45.

WEAK, LAME BACK!
WHAT IT MEANS



Do you suffer from it? Do you know its cause? It generally means a great deal, and should not be neglected. Plasters and medicines hardly ever cure it, but electricity properly applied is a positive remedy, as our thousands of cures in this city testify. I have just issued a neat little book which every sufferer from Lame Back should read. It explains the many causes and effects of this annoying weakness, and a rational, positive cure by my wonderful Electric Belt. For

WEAK MEN

This belt is arranged with my patent Electric Suspensory, which is fully explained in the new book, "Three Classes of Men." Free by mail. Address
DR. SANDEN, 156 St. James St., Montreal
Office hours, 9 to 6. Sundays, 11 to 1.

Toronto Business.

Toronto, July 30.—Trade has been interrupted considerably this week by heavy rainstorms, and the result will be likely to interfere a good deal with travellers getting about in the country for a few days. Up to the first of this week the movement in wholesale goods was very satisfactory. The excellent crop prospects continued to have a good effect on country buying, and the movement in fall goods showed some increase, while the hot weather brought a good many sorting orders for summer goods. The reports of damage to the crops at certain points by the rain will doubtless be to some extent offset by fine weather, and the harvest may now proceed uninterrupted. It was reorted here this week that cutting of wheat in Manitoba would begin about the the first week in August, which is ten days to two weeks earlier than usual, so that the prospects of getting the wheat harvested up there before the frost comes are now, it may be said, better than ever before. There is a fair demand for general goods and considerable shipments are being made by the distributing houses in this city. Prices are generally very firm. Country remittances are fair and improvement in this connection is looked for soon. In the city payments are a little better, but business circles were somewhat disturbed by developments in the financial condition of two or three firms that did a large business, and that of course has a disquieting effect. The money market is rather easier for call loans at 4 to 4½ per cent. Mercantile paper is quoted at 6 to 7 per cent., according to name and date.

Trade in Winnipeg.

A report of Winnipeg trade says: "This has been a busy week for jobbers in one way, the feature of the week being the large number of merchants in the city from outside points drawn hither by the holding of the Winnipeg summer fair. More or less buying has been done by some of the visitors, but many of them come for pleasure rather than business purposes, and the amount of buying has not been as large as might be supposed. The heavy rains and disagreeable weather was not favorable to business, though the crops have been benefited much by the rains. In the eastern part of Manitoba there was no great need of rain, but throughout the central and western portion the rain was needed, and needed quite urgently in some sections. The fruit trade suffered the most from the unfavorable weather, large stocks having been brought in for exhibition week, which did not meet with as large a sale as expected. The lumber trade is having a very busy season. While the large number of elevators building throughout the country is an important factor in the lumber trade, it is also evident that farmers are doing more building this year. This is no doubt due to the growth of the dairy industry and the growing live stock industry. Farmers are going more extensively into these lines, and they require more buildings on their farms. The commencement of work on the Crow's Nest Railway has been felt in several lines of trade. There have been large purchases of horses, contractors' outfits, such as scrapers, provisions, oats, etc. The price of oats and butter has been advanced by this demand. There has been also a good demand for labor. Bank clearings at Winnipeg this week show, as usual, a large increase over previous years."

Trade on the Coast.

A late Vancouver report says: "Trade has been fully up to the average in Vancouver and New Wesminster this week. At this season the lumbering business is at a standstill, but mining camps are constantly increasing in number and the different mines are being worked, which almost makes up for the trade lost by the absence of lumber ships in port. Preparations for the canning business has also aided the wholesalers very materially. As yet the salmon are not running in large quantities but the disquieting rumors, in the main without foundation, have not materially affected this last industry, and all is quiet, on the Fraser, the fishermen accepting seven and eight cents per fish without objection. There is no combination among them, and there is only the remotest possibility of a strike. Many believe, however, that four big salmon buyers in England, who control the market, have combined to keep down prices, and if this is the case the canners will have to protect themselves by keeping down the prices on the Fraser."

THE CHURCHES.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Christ Church Cathedral—8 a.m. Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Cathedral service and Holy Communion; 7 p.m., Cathedral service. All seats free. Rev. Canon Norton, D.D., rector of Montreal.

Church of S. John the Evangelist, corner St. Urbain and Ontario streets—Rev. Canon Wood, M.A., rector; Rev. Lenox I. Smith, curate. Holy Communion at 8 and 11 a.m. Matins, 10.15. Even-song at 7.

Church of St. James the Apostle—Rev. Canon Ellegood, rector. Morning prayer at 11 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o clock.

Trinity Church—Morning prayer, 9 a.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. Evening prayers, 7 p.m. All are cordially invited. Strangers welcomed and shown to seats.

St. Simon's Church, St. Henri, corner of Notre Dame and St. Elizabeth avenue—Services at 11 a.m. and at 7 p.m. Rector's Bible Class and Sunday-school at 3 p.m. Services every Wednesday evening at 8. Rev. Frank Charters, rector.

St. Martin's—Rev. G. Osborne Troop, rector. 8 a.m., Holy Communion. Services at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. Children's services at 3.30 p.m. Strangers welcomed

St. Stephen's Church, corner St. Paul and Inspector streets—Ven. Archdeacon Evans, D.C.L., rector. Morning service 11 a.m. Sunday-school and rector's Bible class for men and women at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Preacher at both services, the Rector. Service in the chapel at 8 p.m. on Wednesday.

Church of the Advent, corner of Wood and Western Avenue—Rev. Henry Kitson, rector. Services at 11 a.m and 7 p.m. All seats free.

St. Jude's Church, cor. Coursol and Vinet streets.—Usual services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Bible classes at 10 a.m., and 3 p.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preacher, Rev. Canon Dixon.

St. Thomas Church, Notre Dame street east. Morning service, 11 a.m. Sunday school, 3 p.m. Evening service, 8 p.m. J. Frederick Renaud, rector.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Stanley Street Church, near the Windsor hall.—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school, pastor's class and Chinese school at 3 p.m. The C. E. S. meets on Monday at 8 p.m. Weekly meeting for prayer on Wednesday at 8 p.m. Strangers cordially invited. Rev. F. M. Dewey, M.A., pastor.

St. Paul's Church, Dorchester street.—Rev. James Barclay, D.D., pastor. The church will be closed on Sunday, Aug. 1st., and re-opened Sunday, August 8th. St. Paul's Mission, St. Charles Street—Sunday School at 3 p. m. Evening service at 6.30 o'clock. St. Paul's Mission—Corner Charlevoix and Charles Street, Sabbath School at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7. Hearty singing. All are welcome. Rev. W. Wilber MacCuaig, Church Missionary.

St. Gabriel Church.—Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Strangers welcome. Sunday school at 3 p.m. C. E. meeting at 8.15 p.m.

Crescent Street Presbyterian Church.—Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., pastor. Services will commence at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Rev. J. H. MacVicar, of Fergus, Ont., will preach at both services Sabbath school and Bible class at 3 p.m.

Erskine Church, Sherbrooke street, head of Crescent street.—Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor. The pastor will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 3 p.m. C. E. Society Monday at 8 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Strangers and friends cordially welcomed.

Calvin Presbyterian Church, corner Notre Dame and Seigneurs Streets.—Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school and Bible class, 3 p.m. Chinese Sabbath school, 10 a.m. Monday, Y.P.S.C.E., 8 p.m. Wednesday prayer-meeting, 8 p.m. Strangers heartily welcome. Rev. J. Lyall George, M.A., pastor.

Westmount Presbyterian Church.—Rev. M. Stewart Oxley, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

ADVENT CHRISTIAN.

The Advent Christian Congregation, Conservatory Hall, 2269 St. Catherine Street—Services discontinued till first Sunday in September.

BAPTIST.

Grace Church, Westmount—Services at 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. 3 p.m., Sunday school and Bible class. Weekly evening meetings as usual. Rev. W. H. Graham, Pastor

First Baptist Church.—During the absence of the pastor for the next five or more Sundays, the Rev. S. P. Davis, of Philadelphia, Pa., will occupy the pulpit. Sunday-school and Bible Classes every Sunday as usual throughout the summer. During the months of July and August, the meeting of the Young People's Society will be held on Wednesday evenings in connection with the regular church prayer-meetings. Donald Grant, B.A., pastor.

East End Baptist Tabernacle, 1006 and 1008 St. Catherine street.—Sunday services—Prayer service, 9.30 a.m. Sunday school at 3 p.m. Preaching service, 7 p.m. Thursday evening, prayer service at 8 p.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school at 3 o'clock. A cordial welcome awaits you at all these services.

METHODIST.

St. James Methodist Church, corner St. Catherine and City Councillors Streets.—Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., pastor. Divine worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preaching by the pastor. Sunday-school at 9.45 a.m. and 3 p.m. A welcome to strangers.

Mountain Street Methodist Church, corner of Torrance Street—Rev Manly Benson, D.D., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Preacher at both services, Rev. W. J. Hunter, D.D. Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the close of the evening service. Sunday school and Bible classes, 3 p.m. Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, Monday, 8 p.m. Mid-week service, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

Dominion Square Methodist Church—Rev. T. Mansell, pastor. Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sabbath school and Bible classes, 3 p.m. Prayer services on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. E. L. of C. E., Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Strangers welcome to all services.

Centenary Methodist Church—Rev. D. C. Sanderson, Pastor. Morning Service, 11 a.m. Evening service, 7 p.m.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Point St. Charles, 185 Congregation Street—Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A., pastor. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. All welcome. Sabbath school and Bible class at 3 p.m.

Calvary Church, 302 Guy Street,—Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.. Preacher the pastor, Rev. E. M. Hill.

Emmanuel Congregational Church,—Cor. Stanley and St. Catherine streets.—Pastor, Rev. E. C Evans, D.D. Morning service, 11 a.m. Sunday-school, Bible and Chinese classes at 3 p.m. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Seats free at all services.

Zion Church—Rev. R. Hopkin will preach in the morning and the pastor in the evening.

Bethlehem Church, corner Clarke and Western Avenues—Rev. R. Hopkin, pastor. 11 a.m., Rev. Prof. Warriner; 7 p.m., the pastor. Subject, "Klondike. Sunday-school, 3 p.m.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

St. Andrew's Church.—Morning service, 11 a.m. The pastor, Rev. J. Edgar Hill, M.A., B.D., will officiate. Evening service is discontinued during July and August.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL.

St. Bartholomew.—The Rev. Arch. H. Grace will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school and Bible classes at 3 p.m. Mid-week service on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Protestant House of Industry and Homes, Longue Pointe.—At 3 o'clock p.m. divine service will be conducted by the Rev. E. Scott.

UNITARIAN.

Church of the Messiah—Services are discontinued until August 15th.

GERMAN LUTHERAN.

The German Lutheran Church, 129 St. Dominique Street—Sunday school at 10 a.m. Service at 11 o'clock. Subject for sermon, "The Two-fold Service, the Service of Sin and the Service to God." Rev. Fr. Riedel, pastor.

Victoria Honors a Horse.

One of the most interesting features of the Jubilee procession was a small white Arabian mare, which attracted as much attention as the Lord Mayor himself. Her name is Tel-el-Kebir, she is 22 years old and was ridden by Field Marshal the Right Honorable Lord Roberts, who also rode her when he commanded the British troops in the famous battle in Egypt, after which she is named. Around her neck was a broad band of red, white and blue ribbon, from which hung a gold medal of honor and the iron Victoria cross, two decorations which are bestowed by Her Majesty only as a reward for acts of the greatest gallantry and military service of unusual importance. General Roberts has ridden the mare through three campaigns in Egypt and the Soudan, and she is said to have saved the life of this famous soldier, who is second only to Lord Wolseley, on two occasions. She is a very small animal, and General Roberts is a very small man. For the last four years Tel-el-Kebir has been kept in the stables of the Horse Guards and has received as much attention as her owner. She is the only horse that was ever decorated by Queen Victoria, and it was, therefore, appropriate that she should have a place in the procession.

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RAILWAY NEWS.

Messrs. John Pullen and Frank Watson, the newly-appointed Grand Trunk division freight agents at Hamilton and Stratford respectively, whose promotions were exclusively announced in the Herald yesterday, have arrived in the city to have a conference with Mr. John W. Lond, General Freight Agent of the Grand Trunk, regarding their new duties.

A special dispatch to The Herald from Toronto, says:

The changes announced yesterday in the freight department of the Grand Trunk are understood to be only the forerunners of more important changes to come, and which may affect Montreal and Toronto. The latest rumor is that Mr. Arthur White, division freight agent at Toronto, may be promoted, and his name is mentioned in connection with the managership of the National Despatch Line. The headquarters of the latter line, which is practically controlled by the Grand Trunk, is at Boston. If this is not carried out Mr. White may be transferred to Montreal, in which case Mr. A. H. Harris, division freight agent at Montreal, may be given another department. Any change that will affect Mr. Harris, however, will be in the way of promotion. The two newly appointed district freight agents, Mr. James Pullen at Hamilton, and Mr. Frank Watson at Stratford, went through to Montreal today to consult with the Grand Trunk freight officials there.

Grand Trunk officials were well pleased with the reports received to-day regarding the test of the new bridge at Niagara yesterday afternoon.

A despatch says: The test of the strength of the new steel arch bridge was in every particular a great success this afternoon. Sixteen large consolidated locomotives, representing 1,350 tons, and eighteen cars loaded with the heaviest kind of material for ballast, representing 1,080 tons, stood over the main arch on the upper or railway deck, and 500 tons of heavy material was distributed on the lower or carriage floor, making a total of nearly 3,000 tons of burden, and when the measurements were taken at the crown of the arch this immense weight only indicated a deflection of one inch, which proved to the engineers in charge of the construction and the railway more than a gratifying result. Twelve of the large engines stood over the crown of the arch, six on each track. The other four engines and eighteen cars of ballast were distributed over the balance of the bridge that rested on the arch. When the result was announced the sixteen engines opened wide their whistles, and screeched and tooted for fifteen minutes, making the result known to thousands that witnessed the test on either side of the river. Among the prominent railway men and bridge engineers present were F. H. McGuigan, general freight superintendent, Montreal; E. H. Fitzhugh, superintendent, Montreal; Jos. Hobson, chief engineer, Montreal; C. G. Cunningham, trainmaster, Hamilton; H. Ferguson, general roadmaster, London; P. Nelson, roadmaster, Hamilton; W. Crawford, master of bridges, London; R. J. Crowley, civil engineer, Toronto; L. S. Buck, bridge engineer; R. S. Buck, assistant; Thomas Reynolds, superintendent bridges.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has issued an eastbound freight tariff on corn and oats from Owen Sound to points on the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways. The rates are as follows: On corn, per bushel of 56 pounds, and oats, per bushel of 32 pounds, respectively, Rockford to Toronto and all stations west to Windsor, including branch lines, 4½c and 2¾c; east of Toronto to Peterboro', 4½c and 2¾c; east of Peterboro' to Montreal, Ottawa and intermediate points, 6½c and 4c; east of Montreal, to and including Quebec, Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, 7 1-3 and 4½c; east of Lennoxville to St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., and intermediate points on the Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways, 10c and 7c. These rates apply only on grain brought to elevator by steam or sailing vessels, and include cost of transfer from vessels to cars, but are exclusive of expense of shovelling to elevator, and fire risk while in elevator. The rates are also for carloads, minimum 30,000 pounds, unless the marked capacity of the car be less, in which case the marked capacity, but not less than 24,000 pounds, will be the minimum.

Considerable new rolling stock is being turned out of the Canadian Pacific car shops to meet the requirements of the exceptionally heavy traffic. The order for eighty flat cars which was given to the Perth shops is almost completed, and the Crossen Company of Cobourg will turn out twenty new cars on their order for 200 this week. Two new express cars for the fruit trade arrived from Montreal yesterday, and more are to follow.

The Grand Trunk Railway has issued an artistic folder containing the dates of the intended sailings of ocean steamships from Montreal to foreign ports, as well as those on the Canadian seaboard. The folder will be issued monthly, and it contains just the information in convenient form that is often difficult to get without a lot of trouble. It will be particularly handy for agents of the system at inland points.

The C.P.R. has taken steps to make some extensive improvements at their Toronto terminal. On Wednesday a permit was taken out for the erection of a new engine shed, at a cost of $14,800, at the foot of Simcoe Street. The work will be pushed on rapidly. Gangs of men are now at work laying tracks in the yard for the making up of trains. When the necessary improvements are completed all the passenger trains now made up at the yards at Parkdale will be made up at the water-front yard. Shops for light repair work in connection with these trains will be provided and the train crews, will, of course, report at the water-front yard instead of at Parkdale. The result will be that many engineers, firemen, conductors, baggagemen and others who now live in Parkdale in proximity to the yards will have to move nearer to the centre of the city. Should the new yard be sufficiently large it is not improbable that the express freight trains will also be made up and despatched from it.

A Big July Rain.

The hired man is sleeping in the hay,
The sad wet hens within their own house stay,
The sulky red squirrel crouches in a crotch,
The half-drowned house fly seeks a shelter ing notch,
The shiny swallows, twittering in their glee,
Dart back and forth like fishes in the sea,
And through the roof a drop with noisy clunk
Falls in a dish, plinkity, plink, plunk, plunk!
Another drop upon the shanty stove
Bothers the housewife from the roof above;
It strikes the kettle with a joyous klank,
Klink, klang, klinkity, klunk, pling, plang, plank.
The hired man's overalls beside the fire
Steaming awake the farmer maiden's ire:
The muddy dog is hunted from the door,
And "wipe your feet" soon rises to a roar.
Wet matches fill with woe the old man's soul,
He sadly lights his dhudeen with a coal;
The shocked up barley blackens in the rain
And takes upon itself the facial stain;
And yonder tender foal, with drooping head,
Half wishes he was born a frog instead:
A crow benighted shuffles through the sky,
And in the brush we hear the treetoad's cry.
The farmers gather in the blacksmith's shop
And swap opinions on the summer's crop.
The hog—a month ago he hated schools—
Is fishing sodden hay from out the pools,
And well he wishes holidays were o'er,
For doing sums don't make the fingers sore.
A drowning mouse crawls up his trouser leg,
He softly for a moment fain would beg;
The boy in horror thinks it is a snake,
Behold him for the barn in terror break,
And shrieking through the yards he gains the house.
They snatch his overalls and find a mouse,
The yelling women to each other cling,
The waked up hired man slays the awful thing,
But after that the indignant women folk
Most teasing questions at our hero poke;
And Cousin Nellie in her scornful way
Says, "When you go to gather in the hay
Hadn't you better take along a cat?"
Now, what poor boy can stand a thing like that?
But he will learn from out this hayfield scrape
Girls' tongues were made to lick boys into shape.

—The Khan, in Toronto Globe.

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End of the Month Sale.
BARGAINS NEXT WEEK!

Wet days having prevented our customers and the public generally from taking advantage of our End of the Month Sale Bargains for July, these, in so far as they have not already been picked up, will be continued next week.

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COBDEN CLUB'S OPINION.

"At the meeting of the Cobden Club at which it was decided to give Sir Wilfrid Laurier a medal," remarks La Patrie, "a resolution was adopted in favor of the abrogation of the Belgian and German treaties. Sir John Lubbock and Lord Farrar are of the number of those who approved this resolution which is not wanting in importance and which, at the present moment, excites interesting debates in the English press."

JOSEPH COHEN AND THE RABBI.

Leadville, Col., July 19th, 1897.

Editor of The Herald:

Sir,—A copy of your paper with an article inserted under the heading, "A Denver Rabbi taken to account" has just come to hand, in which I find myself black-mailed and my name and character defamed, which not only means ruination to myself, but, worse still, to my wife and children, for whom I am striving with all my strength, though stricken down with sickness, to provide a home. I challenge Rabbi Friedman, should he still be in Montreal, to retrieve or revoke his lying statements of my doings in Denver, of which I take the "Almighty God in Heaven" to bear witness that not one syllable is true. I called upon Rabbi Friedman towards evening on the day of my arrival in Denver. I arrived at 7.15 in the morning, and after going the rounds of almost all the insurance offices in the town, with no results, I was recommended to call on Rabbi Friedman, as he, representing the Jewish community of Denver, would use his influence in finding me a position. When I called upon Rabbi Friedman I was ushered into a hall in which there is a broad staircase, the rabbi's apartments being upstairs. When I sent up my name to Rabbi Friedman, he, after a lapse of two or three minutes, appeared at the top of the staircase and asked what I wanted. I told him that I had arrived in Denver that morning for my health, that I did not come to ask alms of him, but wanted him to use his influence in finding me a situation of any kind, he being supposed to be the most influential Hebrew in Denver. I also told him that I had between three and four dollars in my possession, and that should I not find something to do within a week I would be stranded. He answered in the following words: "Are you married?" I said yes. "Is your family here?" I said no. He then said: "For heaven's sake, don't bring them here, for you will be starving, as we have made up our minds not to help any stranger in any shape or form. You had no business to come to Denver without money. When you leave this house, write to your friends in Montreal to at once send you some money before you are stranded, as you need not expect anything from us. We can't help a stranger with a cent, and will not. As for finding you a situation, I can't find employment for a healthy person, and I would not try for an invalid, and then you are a stranger." I then handed him my letter of recommendation, to see which the good Rabbi condescended reluctantly to descend a step or two, as during the whole conversation Rabbi Friedman stood at the head of the staircase and I at the foot. It was a very good contrivance of his, for it afforded him a good opportunity to "Look down upon a stranger." He said that he had seen those things before.

As the day I called was Thursday, I have no doubt that the Rabbi Friedman was busy preparing an eloquent lecture on "Charity and Hospitality" for the following Sabbath, which was Persha Redoshim, o the reading of the 19th and 20th chapters of Leviticus, which chapters (using the Rabbi's own phrase) are the most illustrious in the scroll of the Law of Mses, and which are the most illustrative of "humanity," "brotherly love," "charity," and "hospitality to strangers in a strange land," and out of which the Rabbi took his text for that Sabbath. His sermon was one of the best I heard. I could almost give it to you verbatim, it was so inspiring, but I do not wish to take up too much space in your valuable paper, though one point I will relate here, upon which the Rabbi dealt most fervently. He said there ought not to be any poor Jews, or any poor among the Jews, and which was the only point in the Rabbi's sermon that was put into action both by himself and his bearers, as I told the Rabbi afterwards—that there ought not to be any poor Jews, and they do not want any poor Jews, so they turn them away from their doors. That is exactly what the Rabbi and the president of the Jewish Ladies' Society have done to me, and to scores of poor suffering strangers before me, and several after me, which facts I can certify by people who have thus been treated.

Mr. Editor, I challenge Rabbi Friedman to prove that I am a "dead beat," and I want him to state what institutions I have "done up," what I received from the president of the Jewish Ladies' Society; and other charities; who those institutions are; when I had called on them, and what I received; how often I called on the president of the Jewish Ladies' Society; what lies I have told; what are my true colors regarding the facts that have come to light about me, and whether he can relate our last conversation verbatim, because, if he can't, I can, and will refresh his memory a little. Let the Rabbi do that, and I will furnish the rest.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that to do me and my family justice you will give this a place in your respected paper, I am, yours truly,

JOS. COHEN.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

The progress of science shows many of our traditional ideas to have been incorrect. For instance, the majority of people believe boils to proceed from inside the body, caused by an unhealthy condition of the blood, and that poultices must be applied "to draw them." It appears this is all a mistake. The latest edition of "The American System of Surgery, vol. 3." tells us that boils are caused by germs or microbes called "cocci," which penetrate the skin, usually along a hair follicle, and unless destroyed, they cause boils and carbuncles. They are favored in their reception by constitutional disturbances and certain atmospheric conditions; they are infectious and always appear at first as pimples or pustules. The proper treatement is to avoid poulticing which prolongs the pain unnecessarily, and to use some agent that will kill microbes causing the trouble, or else have your surgeon cut them out at once and take his advice about your general health, and the use of a new preparation called phenobanum, which kills the microbes and aborts the boil or carbuncle and possesses such wonderful powers of reducing inflammation as to give almost instant relief from pain. This is the true aim of all medical science to-day. Heretofore ointments were used that rarely did good, and very often retarded the healing of sores, even in some cases causing gangrene and death. It is well to avoid danger when we know of it and to make some enquiry about pheno-banum, known to the public as "Quickcure," which is fast gaining the confidence of leading members of the medical and dental professions, who endorse its use, and as being without a rival in the "Materia Medica."

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UP GOES FLOUR.

Prices Advanced 15 Cents a Barrel

ON MANITOBA BRANDS.

Ontario Flour Is Also Held a Good Deal Firmer.

Quite a Big Demand During the Past Few Days—Some Big Sales Recorded.

Flour is up.

This morning Manitoba millers will notify their customers that prices on the leading brands of Manitoba flour have been advanced 15 cents a barrel, making a total advance within the past couple of weeks of 25c.

The market for the past few days has been in quite an excited state and the marking up of prices will come by no means unexpectedly. The shrewder dealers, in fact, have anticipated it by buying quite freely at the prices ruling during the week.

For the most of the time the situation has been a singularly strong one and those in close touch with it have readily appreciated the fact. It has been quite freely asserted and the millers themselves have often stated that flour has been relatively lower than wheat all along and for this reason if for none other it was thought that sooner or later the market for the manufactured article would have to seek a higher level.

The change has now come and it is not thought that very many buyers have been caught with small supplies.

The buying has been unusually keen all along, and the extent of the demand may be fairly estimated when it is stated that yesterday a leading Manitoba miller placed fully 20,000 sacks of different brands, in addition to reporting a sale of 2,000 sacks of Manitoba flour.,

FOR EXPORT.

It is a fact that Manitoba flour is commanding a good deal of attention in foreign countries at present, but no more now, however, than it has all along when sales have been frequent to Australia, South Africa and Europe with occasional transactions for account of China and several other countries.

The 2,000 sacks referred to will go to Glasgow, and, according to the statement made by the seller, the lot sold at an advance of one shilling over prices ruing earlier in the week, and two shillings over those of the week previous.

Up to date flour has been one of the few articles on the export list that has not moved more freely than a year ago, but it is believed now that there is some possibility of exports catching up a little, providing of course there is no shrinkage in the movement of through stuff from the States.

PRESENT PRICES.

The advance already referred to places the best brands of Hungarian patents on the basis of $4.65 against $4.50, and best Manitoba strong bakers' at $4.25. Seconds of the latter brand have been advanced to $3.75, while the lowest grades are quoted at $1.10.

Ontario flour is also firmly held and it is said that the millers are stronger than ever in their views. Here are the prices quoted by a dealer on 'Change to-day: Winter patents, $4 to $4.25; straight rollers, in bags, $1.90 and straight rollers in barrels, $3.80 to $4.

It is said that even at the advance Manitoba flour is actually lower than wheat, and will have to be lifted quite a little yet to catch up.

The advance is on the whole a fairly substantial one, but it is not thought that it will affect the price of bread at least for some time to come.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

CELEBRATION OF THE FESTIVAL IN THE STATES.

French Organ in Fall River Disapproves of it, but La Patrie Takes the Other Side.

"L'Independent, of Fall River, Mass.," says La Patrie, "persists in laying down the principle that our compatriots in the United States cannot be good Americans if they still permit themselves to celebrate the St. Jean Baptiste festival.

"Why spread such doctrines? Why efface from the hearts and minds of the French-Canadians of the United States the souvenir of the Province of Quebec, the picture of all the good and sweet things of the Fatherland. If our people wish to preserve the French language among them, surely they must not be forbidden to cherish the souvenir; if it is desired to spread the French idea in America, all aspirations, all sentiments, all movements of the heart and the mind must not be concentrated around the Fourth of July and the star spangled banner.

"If it is bad for French Canadians to celebrate St. Jean Baptiste, if it is contray to their material interests why do they form a community apart by means of their parochial schools? Why do they make so much agitation to have French-Canadian priests? Why have they French Canadian organs?

"Those who wish no longer to celebrate St. Jean Baptiste on the other side of line 45o, to be consitent. should send their children to American that is to say English, schools; gaily accept the American, English-speaking clergy and speak nothing but English, the only official language in the United States.

"L'Independent holds this all a question of sentiment. We see in it a question of race, of language, of honor."

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THE HARBOR.

LA PATRIE TALKS VERY PLAIN LY INDEED.

Some Strong Observations With Regard to the Engineer of the Harbor Board.

"In 1889," says La Patrie, in an article on harbor improvements, "a plan was prepared. Condemned by a commission of engineers, it nevertheless received the sanction of Mr. Perley, then Engineer-in-Chief of the Department of Public Works. Of this plan the only portion executed was the isle of millions. All the rest was left on one side. On the other hand a number of works, foreign to the plan, were executed, among others the Windmill Basin, for the benefit of a group of large manufacturers who then possessed enough influence to do what they liked at Ottawa. Since 1889, then, up to today, plan No. 6 remained in the shade. It is no doubt for the best that it was so, for this plan is full of gross defects. But its authors and those interested in the section over which it extends are moving heaven and earth to impose it upon the Minister of Public Works. Mr. Kennedy, the engineer of the board, is at the bottom of the noise that is being made. He is seconded by men who represent the old regime, the clique, which has made the harbor of Montreal one of the worst equipped in the world. Mr. Kennedy is obstinacy itself. He has acted as he understood it in the past. Circumstances are changed, and he will not do in the future what he wishes unless he does it without the Government. And we are sure that if the Harbor Board thinks it should act without the Government, it will meet no obstacle on the way. It can easily borrow money without addressing the Government. Its revenues are considerable. But we are sure of one thing. The Minister of Public Works will not allow plans to be imposed upon him which the engineers of his department refuse to sanction, and he is right. Those who cry loudest are either fossils or enemies of the Government, or interested parties who would like to concentrate all improvements in a corner of the port of Montreal."

SPEND MORE.

EDUCATION CANNOT BE OBTAINED FOR NOTHING.

French Paper Quotes Figures Showing Amounts Expended in Leading Cities of the States.

In an article on education in the United States, La Patrie says:—

"The city of New York will spend six million dollars this year for purposes of education. More than two-thirds of this sum goes to pay the salaries of the teachers of New York, and the salaries vary from $3,000 to $500 per annum, the average being $675. On an average each scholar costs $25 per annum to the municipality. In Philadelphia the average is $64, a higher salary being paid to teachers. The schools of Chicago cost five millions of dollars each year; those of Boston, $3,800,000; those of Baltimore, $1,200,000; those of San Francisco, $1,500,000; those of Washington, $1,000,000; those of Buffalo, $950,000; those of Milwaukee, $700,000; those of Louisville, $575,000.

"These figures should cause our public men seriously to reflect, and they will not fail, we hope, to strike all those minds, narrow and obtuse, which imagine that our Province is too far advanced and our people too well educated. Let us remark, in passing, for the edification of the people of La Minerve and of the Courrier du Canada, that New Orleans, in proportion to population, spends least on its schools. This is probably due to the aversion of the negroes to education.

"Come. We have played the negro long enough in the Province of Quebec. It is time to spend money for the reform of education, for the diffusion of knowledge, for the raising of the standard of public instruction."

AMONG THE SHIPS.

A Record-Breaking Cargo of Deals to Leave To-Morrow.

The Derwent Holme Aground but Undamaged—Ocean Sailings and Arrivals.

The largest cargo of deals ever taken from this port in one bottom will be carried by the Strathgarry, which leaves tomorrow morning for Liverpool. She has 2,200 standards which is 8 standards more than the Strathgyle, which held the record before. She has 600 standards on her deck.

The Derwent Holme, Capt. Holmes, grounded at St. Jean Port Joli on Thursday night. She returned to Quebec where she was surveyed and found seaworthy. She continued her voyage to London.

IN AND OUT OF MONTREAL.

Arrived—July 30 and 31.

Steamship Huelva, 1690, Towell, Sydney, Kingman, Brown & Co., coal.
Steamship Verbena, 1505, Owens, Shields, McLean, Kennedy & Co., light
Sailed July 30 and 31.
Steamship Labrador, 2993, Erskine, Liverpool, D. Torrance & Co., general.
Steamship Carthaginian, 2700, France, Liverpool, H. & A. Allan, general.
Steamship Strathdon, 1721, Phillips, Quebec, McLean, Kennedy & Co., light.
Steamship Cervona, 2371, Stooke, London, R. Reford & Co., general,

OCEAN SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS.

Arrived from Montreal.

Buenos Ayrean, Glasgow, July 30.
Malin Head, Dublin, July 30.
Ormiston, London, July 29.
Kildona, Portland, July 30.
Sailed for Montreal.
Bellona, Shields, July 28.
Evaline, Manchester, July 29.
Bernicia, Avonmouth, July 30.
Vancouver, Liverpool, July 30.

SAULT AU RECOLLET.

Good service all the time by Park & Island cars. Take Windsor or Amherst cars to corner Mount Royal Avenue and St. Lawrence Street.

NO MORE DREAD OF THE DENTAL CHAIR.

Teeth extracted by our late scientific method. No pain or bad results. Applied to the gums. Absolutely painless. No sleep producing agent or cocaine. We are not competing with cheap dental establishments, but with first-class dentists at prices less than half charged by them.—Dr. A. Brosseau, 7 St. Lawrence.

AN ALLEGED ABSCONDER.

William F. Lavis, of Montreal, Arrested in Toronto.

Will Be Charged with Attempting to Defraud Langlois & Co., Produce Merchants.

Toronto, July 31.—(Special.)—William I. Lavis, the alleged Montreal absconder, was arrested by Detective Davis, on King Street west, last night. Lavis was formerly a produce merchant in Morrisburg, but of late has been in the employ of Langlois & Company, commission merchants of Montreal. It was reported in a despatch from Morrisburg yesterday that he was missing, and that $3,000 drawn by means of a letter of credit from the Langlois Company, upon the Merchants' Bank at Morrisburg, and a draft for $1,000 on the firm, through the Union Bank at Winchester or Smith's Falls, were missing with him. Another suspicous circumstance was his statement that he had been robbed some months ago of $1,400. The Montreal Secret Service Department notified the police here last night. Detective Davis was put on the case, and arrested his man. Lavis is a clean shaven, ruddy complexioned man of about thirty-eight years of age, five feet nine inches in height and weighing 150 pounds. He will be taken to Montreal to-night.

The Rev. J. W. Mitchell, of Thorold, Ont., who has done excellent evangelistic work in the West, is to occupy the pulpit of Stanley Street Presbyterian Church tomorrow.

Late in the Season Little in the Price.

The prices on our Refrigerators have melted away like your ice will do in a poor refrigerator. We have just received another lot of those celebrated **"Leonard" Refrigerators**. As they are so late in coming we shall clear them out at a discount of **20 per cent.** A refrigerator is a necessity—this is a necessity price

Renaud, King & Patterson,
Artistic Furniture House,
652 CRAIG ST

Star Safety Razors

The only ones giving perfect security in travelling or for nervous persons.

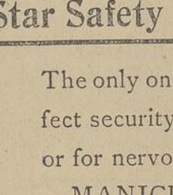
MANICURE PEN-KNIVES, SCISSORS, FILES, &c.

L. J. A. SURVEYOR,
6 St. Lawrence Main St.

TIN HORN.

WANTED. 1,000 shares (or any smaller number) of stock in the Tin Horn Mine, British Columbia. Address, stating price,
BOX 497, ST. THOMAS., Ont.

DON'T FORGET THE
28TH OF AUGUST
—TO—
QUEBEC $1.00 and
Ste. Anne de Beaupre $1.35.
After August 18th prices will be $1.50 and $1.75
TICKETS LIMITED TO 600.



Agreable to Taste.
Quick to Act.
Sure to Cure.
No Cure, No Pay.

Better Than River Bathing.

No scorching sun or chilly winds; pure running water just the right temperature for a refreshing plunge and swim.

LADIES' DAYS—Monday Morning and Wednesday Afternoon

LAURENTIAN BATHS
Cor. Craig and Beaudry Sts.

MONDAY

And Every Day Next Week will be

"Harvest Days" for Bargain Seekers

THE REASON OF IT

THIS MANDATE FROM HEADQUARTERS:

All remaining shades of Summer Goods must be cleared out and converted into Cash at once, let the loss be what it may!!! Following instructions, commencing Monday morning, we will place every piece of Summer Goods at Startling Sensational Reductions.

THESE FEW SAMPLE ITEMS

will let you know what you may expect.

The balance of our immense purchase of 5,000 yards of Loucienne Silks, about 1,200 yards in all, will be closed out Monday at 15c. These Silks need no praise at our hand. The shrewd and knowing women who have already purchased them know they cannot be duplicated in this city at less than 50c a yard—not even by the storekeepers who advertise Silks at a less price—place a remnant on their counters and have a piece in their windows marked at a low price, which they refuse to sell customers at the prices indicated. NUF SED.

In Our Boot and Shoe Department

our price cutter came across several lines of Ladies' Tan, Oxblood and Chocolate Shoes that should have been sold before this date. The shades are all the latest —the styles the newest, fit perfectly and well made. The price was $1.75, which, considering the quality, is very reasonable, indeed—where the shoe pinches is that we have too many of them. We purpose remedying this matter by placing them on sale next week at $1.25 per pair. Have a look at these shoes when you call; you'll find they are all we claim them to be.

Millinery Department

Now that the Natural Flowers are all a-bloom, there is not the demand for the artificial that there was some time ago. We have quite a lot of the latter kind, real French made, beauties every one of them, at least, so the milliners say—they ought to know. We sold them early in the season at 25c, 35c and 50c, and they must have been cheap, the quantity we sold, but it's later now than it was then. That's why we will give you your choice of them next week at 10c and 15c.

We have a few left over of our fine Satins and Split Straw Ladies' Sailor Hats, trimmed in all Silk Ribbon. A month ago, $1.25 was thought reasonable price for them. They go on sale Monday at 35c.

In Our Waist and Skirt Department

we are making a great effort to clear up this season's surplus with a willingness to make a heavy sacrifice, as these figures show. The balance of our Shirt Waists, elegant garments, up-to-date in quality, fabric and style positively ridiculously low in price, as examination will prove:

Former values, 65c., to clear next week at.. .... 39c.
Former values, 75c., to clear next week at.. .. .. 49c.
Former values, $1.25, to clear next week at.. .. .. 69c.
Former values, $1.75, to clear next week at.. .. .. 99c.
Former values, $2.50, to clear next week at.. .. .. $1.25.

Every waist this season makes every waist Reduced. The balance of our Outing Skirts and Costumes share the same fate as the waist—they must be cleared next week, and they will, if low prices will do it.

$1.25 Figured Duck Skirts, cut down to.. .. .. 65c.
$1.75 White Duck Skirts, cut down to.. .. .. 95c.
$2.00 White Pique Skirts, cut down to.. .. .. 98c.
$2.50 Linen Crash Skirts, cut down to.. .. .. $1.25.
$2.00 to $3.50 Children's Duck Dresses, cut down to.. .. $1.25.
$4.50 Ladies' Percales Outing Suits, cut down to.. .. .. $2.50.

All our Skirts are full width, deep hem fit and hang perfect. Secure one.

"Mail Orders a Specialty."

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back.

HAMILTON'S,

St. Catherine and Peel Streets
And Dominion Square.

Provincial Exhibition

MONTREAL.
August 19th to 28th, 1897.

Grand Agricultural and Industrial Fair.

Splendid Show of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.
Industrial Department Finer Than Ever.
Beautiful Horticultural Display.
Moto Cycles or Horseless Carriages.

Grand Electrical Illumination, with Colored Lights, every evening.
List of Special Attractions, more numerous than ever, will be published later.
Band Concerts Day and Evening.
Grounds open till 10.30 p.m.
Reduced Rates on all Railways.
Prize Lists and all information on application to

S. C. STEVENSON,
Manager and Secy.

Travelling Suits.

Suits to take a holiday in are what we are laying ourselves out to make just now. We have a selection of fine light and medium heavy Serges and Tweeds; are just the thing for seaside or mountain. Cost from $17.50 and upwards.

Your Inspection is Solicited.

JOHN MARTIN SONS & CO.,
455 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal, Circuit Court, No. 6160. Joseph Chevalier, Plaintiff, vs. Edmond Patric, Defendant. On the 9th day of August, 1897, at eight of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of said Defendant, No. 306 Rivard Street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture. Conditions cash. C. T. Jette, B.S.C., Montreal, 29th July, 1897.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Montreal, Circuit Court, No. 5857. Joseph J. Desroches, Plaintiff, versus Leopold Bellemaire, Defendant. On the ninth day of August, 1897, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, No. 1017 St. Denis Street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture. Terms cash. Jos. Dansereau, B.S.C., Montreal, July 31st, 1897.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Ottawa, Circuit Court, No. 936. In and for the County of Ottawa, at Papineauville, Elie Augustin Gauthier, Plaintiff, versus Jean Baptiste de Liberprey, Defendant. On the ninth day of August, 1897, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of said Defendant, No. 53 Hotel de Ville Avenue, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture, etc. Conditions cash. G. Darveau, B.S.C., Montreal, 29th July, 1897.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT of Ottawa, Magistrate's Court, No. 66. In and for the County of Ottawa, at Papineauville, Elie Augustin Gauthier, Plaintiff, versus John Kobolt, Defendant. On the ninth day of August, 1897, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of said Defendant, No. 640 Berri Street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture. Conditions cash. G. Darveau, B.S.C., Montreal, 29th July, 1897.

WANTED—By good dressmaker, sewing at her home. All kinds of sewing done. Price moderate. Mrs. Wright, 660 Lagauchetiere Street. 180

Rain Surprises....

It's always good to be ready for the unexpeeted. These days the rain seems to come without even giving the barometer a chance to warn us. Perfect rain-shedding UMBRELLAS and WATERPROOFS are here at unexpectedly little prices.

MUNROE BROS.,
2246 St. Catherine Street.

A Bonanza Mine

The ore chute on the No. 2 Vein of the "SUNSET NO. 2" is EIGHT FEET WIDE OF SOLID ORE averaging $41.00 TO THE TON IN GOLD AND COPPER.

The ore at the bottom of the shaft on the No. 3 Vein is OVER THREE FEET WIDE and steadily widening as depth is gained. This ore averages $64.00 TO THE TON IN GOLD AND COPPER.

The tunnel on the No. 1 Vein is now in over 170 feet, and the ore body steadily improving in size and quality. PAY ORE IS BEING TAKEN OUT WITH EVERY SHOT.

With good properties and honest, practical management, success is certain, every time.

That is why the Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate, Limited, is a success.

Their "SUNSET NO. 2," one of the three mines belonging to the Syndicate, is proving to be ONE OF THE BONANZA MINES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Three of the "SUNSET NO. 2" Veins have been "proved" clear across the property, ALL CARRYING PAY ORE, thus giving "SUNSET NO. 2" more ore than had the Le Ro', War Eagle and Josie ALL COMBINED at the same stage of development. This is a strong statement, but an absolutely true one.

Undoubtedly the Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate, Limited, have an EARLY, SURE AND LARGE DIVIDEND PAYER in the "Sunset No. 2."

Shares sold only at par, TEN CENTS PER SHARE.

Write or telegraph.

THE CANADIAN GOLD FIELDS SYNDICATE, LTD.
J. C. DREWRY, Sec.-Treas.,
37 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Or THE WALTERS CO., Limited Liability,
ROSSLAND, B.C.

N.B.—The public or their experts are cordially invited to visit the "Sunset No. 2," at Rossland, B.C., (or any other of the Syndicate's properties) at any time. The fullest investigation of our mines and the Syndicate's plan of operations is requested.

Bicycle Sundries

—AT—

END OF THE SEASON PRICES.

If you haven't a full rig out of the many necessary bicycle accessories or if you intend to ride a wheel next year, you had better come and see what we can do for you.

Bells, lamps, tools, and all the other bicycle sundries are here in large assortment of the best makes. We have put our end-of-the-season prices on them. You can have any of these articles at a discount of twenty-five per cent.

We still have a complete line of the different makes of bicycles to represent, at easy-buying prices.

Ellanaughlas
COR NOTRE DAME & SEIGNEURS

Bargains in BICYCLES

On Wednesday, August 4th, 1897, a CLEARANCE SALE of High Grade Bicycles will be inaugurated at

2306 St. Catherine Street

WHOLESALE PRICES WILL PREVAIL.

FOUND $10.00.

Every customer of mine has found $10.00 saved in a few weeks by taking advantage of my Low Prices.

Canadian Club Rye.....85 c
Imperial Rye (Walker's).....70 c
John DeKuyper Gin.....55 c
Ronald Gordon's Leith Scotch Whisky.....$1 00
Seagram's Rye.....65 c
Sand Porter, per doz.....74c

All kinds of Fruit received daily.

A. D. GILLIES,
430 St. James Street.

BETTS' CAFE,

212 St. James Street.
(4 Doors west of St. Peter Stree
WE SERVE A
Full Course Dinner for 25c
From 11.30 a.m. until 3.00 p.m.
Beats anything in the city. Try it. Discoun by purchasing tickets.
Breakfast and Supper a la Carte.
Open from 7 a.m. until 8 p.m.

Plate Glass Insur

Lloyd's Insurance
Of New York.
Deposit with Canadian Gov
Policies Covering Glass
Breakage Issued for One
Years LOWEST RATES

MARINE INSURA
BRITISH AND FOREIGN
RELIANCE
BOSTON MARINE
Importers granted open policies
ers of hay, grain and provi
cover to any part of the world.
EDWARD L. B
Gen. Ag
30 St. Francois Xa

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90TH YEAR. No. 177. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897. PRICE ONE CENT.

TRADE IS IMPROVING.

Montreal's Merchants Declare Their Satisfaction with Present and Future.

CONFIDENCE IS GROWING.

In Every Business the Signs of Returning Prosperity Are Plainly to Be Seen.

It might be stretching the point to say that the pulse of trade can be accurately sounded by hasty interviews with leading men of the business world, but it can be at least said, and truthfully, that a very fair idea as to existing conditions can be obtained.

Many leading merchants in conversation with The Herald this morning have given their views on business, and they are reported below.

For the most part the tenor of the statements is satisfactory, and it was found that the merchants talked in a very cheerful strain both as to existing conditions and the outlook for the immediate future.

An important point brought out in one statement was the immense amount of benefit the country in general is deriving from the gigantic movement of cheese, and what is of equal if not of greater importance, the higher values for the same.

There is no doubt about it, the dairy industry of Canada is in fine shape, and the dairymen individually are financially strong. It is strange to record, but nevertheless a fact, that this is felt in such lines as dry goods and groceries, while only a few days ago a leading boot and shoe manufacturer announced that he could trace directly to the healthy dairy trade a distinct improvement of payments in his branch of business.

In the future a great deal will depend on the way the crops turn out, and on this score the merchants are not expressing any great anxiety. It is true that there has been some damage done in Ontario, but the situation is generally considered to be a bright one, and the business world is getting encouragement from the fact that Manitoba reports so far have been very favorable.

* * *

MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN.

Mr. Robert Meighen, the president of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, when asked about present conditions in the flour market, said:

"The domestic demand for flour at present is all that we can expect, while we have received a good many enquiries from abroad, resulting altogether in a good deal of business. The only apparent drawback in the market is the fact that flour, the manufactured article, has not advanced in price correspondingly with wheat. The result is that the Canadian consumer is actually getting his flour cheaper than the prevailing price of wheat warrants. The keen competition among the millers also results in considerable benefit to him."

Concerning the crop outlook in Manitoba, Mr. Meighen stated that up to the present reports have been favorable.

* * *

MR. FRED. HUGHES.

Mr. Fred. Hughes, of Caverhill, Hughes & Co., the big firm of wholesale grocers, spoke encouragingly of the present trade conditions and the prospects for the future.

"During the month of May," said Mr. Hughes, "business did not amount to much, but that was to have been expected. Previous to that there had been very extensive buying in anticipation of many changes in duties and we felt the reaction in May. Around the beginning of June, however, an appreciable improvement set in and business ever since has been quite brisk, with every appearance of it keeping right on during the summer months. The reports from the salesmen who are going through the country are of an encouraging character, indicating to a great extent that the prospects for the fall trade are good. Sales, in fact, are quite good for future delivery and are well up to what they have been in previous years, more especially in salmon, peas, etc., Sugar is likewise in good demand."

Regarding payments Mr. Hughes said they were just fair.

* * *

MR. A. D. McGILLIES.

Mr. A. D. McGillies, who does an extensive jobbing trade in produce, spoke about present conditions this morning to a Herald representative.

Business, he remarked, has been somewhat quieter during the past couple of weeks, owing mainly to the large number of people out of town. He said, however, that trade in general was in fairly satisfactory shape. Prices are keeping pretty steady generally, and in the country they are high, factorymen benefitting materially in consequence. In fact, he said, that in this connection factorymen have no cause for complaint.

Speaking of business in eggs, Mr. McGillies said that there is a pretty good demand locally as well as for export, the latter branch of trade having only recently gotten into swing. The prospects for the shipping trade, he though, were pretty good, but said it would be difficult to say whether the foreign business would in the end exceed that of last year. Returning again to values, Mr. McGillies said he believed that the good prices for butter would indirectly help general trade.

* * *

MR. H. A. HODGSON.

Of the Canadian cheese trade, Mr. Harry Hodgson, of the large exporting firm, spoke most encouragingly.

"Business all season," he said, "has been very brisk, and there does not appear to be any indication that it will how a material that it will show a material falling off. There has been an exceptionally good demand from England for some time past ahead of what they were last year on the strength of it. Factorymen in this Province and Ontario are more than satisfied with the prices they are getting, and I have found that they have for this reason shipped closer than ever before, having held very little back. The season opened with high prices ruling. May cheese selling on an average of about 10c a pound, while the Junes were disposed of around 8c to 8½c. These prices are fully 1c to 2c a pound higher than last year, but not only that, factorymen are now able to produce cheese much cheaper. The result is that they have fared splendidly all round. Of course the higher prices for cheese is of apparent benefit to trade in general, in fact I am told that many other branches of business are feeling the effect of the better values in their payments. The prospects I consider good. The recent heavy rains have settled the drouth question pretty effectively, and there is little to fear from this score. I think that perhaps prices for cheese will go a little lower in the near future, and it will be a good thing if they do. Easier values now would help to create a good steady consumptive demand on the other side, and help to pave the way for a brisker and healthier trade later on in the season.

Mr. Hodgson concluded by saying that in his belief the country in general was never in more prosperous shape than it is at the present time.

* * *

MR. HENRY MASON.

Mr. Henry Mason, the editor of the Trade Bulletin, who is in constant touch with the business world had the following to say:

"While the improvement in general trade has not come up to the expectations of many of our merchants, and some of our bankers, the outlook for the fall business is certainly more encouraging than at any time this season, as good crops are now an assured factor in the situation, and with the usual weather for harvesting which may be reasonably calculated on, the trade of the country should be regarded as safe for the balance of the year. Money is plentiful in the vaults of the banks; but customers have to provide first class collateral in order to get hold of it. One of our leading merchants said to me yesterday: 'You keep telling us that money is plentiful and cheap; but you might also say that our bankers are more particular and stingy than ever in doling it out.' This would seem to imply that our financiers are still a little dubious concerning the future course of trade; but, on the other hand, they may consider that they have done sufficient nursing of weak customers for a time. With good crops, and ample funds to move them there should be no distrust of Canda's commercial future.'

* * *

MR. B. J. COGHLIN.

Mr. B. J. Coghlin, the St. Paul Street iron and steel merchant, and agent of the White Star Steamship Line, said: "The conviction has been forced upon me that trade is improving, after three or four years of desponding that it ever would. I am pleased to be able to say so, as the long period of depression seemed as though it would never come to an end. What is more remarkable is that the improvement is manifesting itself during the dull season. I am convinced that when the harvest begins to move the improvement will be more marked. Conversing only the other day with a horse dealer that gentleman informed me that he was doing very well in his line, having quite recently sold seventy horses to one of the leading transport companies in the city. I took that as an evidence that the transport of freight in the city to the railways was increasing. From various directions the conviction that trade is improving is forced upon me."

* * *

MR. JONATHAN HODGSON

Mr. Jonathan Hodgson, of Messrs. Hodgson, Sumner & Co., wholesale fancy goods dealers, St. Paul Street, said: "Yes, I can say that trade is improving with us. Last month our collections and orders were much better, compared with last year. Sales have also been better. The reports we have received from the country through storekeepers who buy from us, are to the effect that there is a much better feeling among the farmers than there was a month ago. The weather has been favorable and the rpospects for good crops are excellent."

* * *

MR. C. R. HOSMER.

Mr. C. R. Hosmer, general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway telegraphs, when asked his views regarding trade improvement, said:—"There is no better barometer of the trade of a country than its telegraph systems. You can say that things are just booming. From Canso in Nova Scotia, to Victoria in British Columbia, our books show a steady increase in business. The telegraph interests are the first to feel the improvement in trade, even before the railways. Merchants wire their orders to the wholesalers and manufacturers and in that way the improvement is felt by the telegraph companies first. Yes, you can say that the outlook is enthusiastically good."

* * *

MR. HENRY MILES.

Mr. Henry Miles, of Leeming, Miles & Co., wholesale druggists' supplies, St. Sulpice Street, and treasurer of the Board of Trade, said:—"There is improvement in trade and a better feeling generally current than for two years past, until some few weeks ago. Business men through the country seem to have greater confidence, and I really believe the turn for better times has taken place. I look for a good business this fall and am well satisfied with the present and with the outlook."

* * *

MR. WM. DRYSDALE.

Mr. Wm. Drysdale, the well-known bookseller, said:—"The time of year is a dull one in the book trade, and there is not as much as usual doing in the way of transient business. Light reading is all the public demand now, but in a couple of months I have no doubt business will brighten up greatly. Until then it is not possible to say much as to the practical effect of the tariff on our trade. We have more difficulty just now with our collections than anything else. There is not much money in the country districts and so the remittances which reach us are very small."

* * *

MR. ALEX. MITCHELL

Mr. Alex. Mitchell, of A. Mitchell & Co., said:—"Although this is the dull season I can see signs of brightening trade, and have no doubt of the country's prosperity. If wheat advances in England, and if we have a good harvest, it will tend materially to advance business, but it is too early to count definitely on either one or the other. I think the prospects all round of an improvement in trade are very hopeful. Even if we only have a moderate harvest, it will help things on immensely."

SENATOR THIBAUDEAU.

Hon. A. A. Thibaudeau, of Thibaudeau Bros., wholesale dry goods, said:—"Business is as bad as ever in our trade, but we hope for a betterment in the fall.

DON'T WANT A MINISTER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Conservative Organ Afraid of the Future.

It Talks About Something Entirely Different, and Draws a Deduction.

"The Herald," says the Quotidien, (Conservative), of Levis, "and several other English papers ask for the creation of a Ministry of Public Instruction at Quebec.

"The question is one of primary importance and deserves serious consideration.

"In all the countries of Europe there is a Ministry of Public Instruction; there is even a Minister of Public Worship, but the abuses which these two departments give rise to are very deplorable. In France, for example, the Minister of Public Worship arrogates rights which belong exclusively to the religious authorities, and thus prevents the latter from exercising their functions with the freedom which to them is indispensable. This state of things is pernicious for the population of the country, and religion suffers greatly.

"In the meantime we are far from seeing what real guarantees of progress governmental interference can offer us, especially in view of the particular character of our system. What can it gain by the projected changes? It is true that our public men, generally, are animated by good intentions and that a Minister of Public Instruction would not dare, in our days, to attack the essentially Christian character of popular education in this Province; but who can foresee what the future reserves for us on this head."

The remainder of the article is almost word for word a reproduction of an article on the subject which appeared recently in Le Pionnier, and which The Herald has already quoted.

BLEW THE SAFE UP.

Burglars Broke Into the Magog Post Office.

Being Greenhorns at the Business, They Made a Mess of the Job.

Magog, Que., July 30.—Burglars broke into the post-office here last night. They were evidently greenhorns at safe-cracking, as the quantity of explosives used was so great that the safe was blown into a hundred or more pieces. Some neighbors say that there were two explosions, making it appear that the first attempt was abortive on account of the weakness of the charge used. The post-office is a sorry site; money, stamps and papers are intermixed with the debris. It is impossible to tell if any booty was secured, but, judging from the state of the safe and its contents, it is hardly probable that the robbers secured anything.

THE REPORT IS UNTRUE.

The report, cabled from London, that Frank A. Munsey, of New York; Major J. B. Maclean, of this city, and Mr. A. C. Harmsworth, of the London Daily Mail, were interested in a new publishing scheme to cover the English-speaking world, is denied at Mr. Maclean's office here. Mr. Maclean's manager, Mr. Burnside, has had recent letters from him in which he says that Mr. Munsey sailed early in July, and that he himself will not be back till September. The cabled report said that they had sailed together, presumably to further their new scheme.

NUNS PROFESSED.

Mgr. Decelles, titular bishop of Druzipara, coadjutor of St. Hyacinthe, has received, at St. Joseph's chapel, St. Hyacinthe, vows of sisters Alida Robichaud (Sister St. Leon) of Nashua, N.H.; Marie Louise Bouvier (Sister St. Maxime), of St. Roch, Richelieu county; Marie Louise Hebert (Sister St. Etienne), of St. Guillaume, and Herminie Courtemanche (Sister St. Jude's), of St. Jude's.

ORDER OR ANARCHY?

Which is Going to Prevail in India?

SEDITIOUS NATIVE PRESS.

They Copy English Papers, with the Reserve Thrown Off.

A Native of India Discusses the Possibility of Another Mutiny—Interesting Facts.

The Conservative member for North-East Bethnal Green is a very different type of man to the little Parsee gentleman who sat in the last Parliament, says the London Graphic. Without disrespect, Mr. Naoroji might have been described as the exact Oriental counterpart of Mr. Justin McCarthy—"a nice little man for a ladies' tea party." Sir Mancherjee Bhownaggree, on the other hand, is built on broader lines, and holds, moreover, strongly virile opinions on the grave problems which the Government of India has daily to face. That these views are unpopular with the native gentlemen and others who can read and talk English he knows well enough; but he holds that the great inarticulate mass of the Indian people is more important than these few talkers, and that even for the talkers themselves the policy they are pursuing will be fatal unless it is arrested in time. Our conversation naturally began with the Poona outrages and their possible connection with the plague administration.

"Of course, there was harshness in the suppression of the plague. How could it be otherwise when people were dying by the hundred and the pest had to be stamped out as quickly as possible? Would you like it if the Government officials came into your house and carried off your wife to some remote hospital? You would probably say, 'If she has to die, let her die here,' That would be the natural impulse of every man. It would certainly have been your own impulse if you had been in Bombay. But just because there was this strong human feeling pulling against the Government it was the duty of every man who could see ahead to support the plague authorities."

"But instead they were denounced"

"Not in Bombay! With the exception of three or four papers, too insignificant to count, the whole native press of Bombay warmly supported the Government, and explained to the people the absolute necessity for these precautions, which seemed so cruel."

NEST OF DISAFFECTED BRAHMINS.

"Then how do you explain the different attitude taken up by the press of Poona?"

"Because the people of Poona are different Poona is a nest of disaffected Brahmins. They are extremely clever, but many of them thoroughly unscrupulous. It is their cue to attack the Government, and they saw in the administration of the plague a splendid opportunity. The people were suffering, not because their caste was violated or their religious prejudices ignored, but because their inmost human feelings were cruelly outraged. The native writers in Poona knew perfectly well that this was inevitable, that it was the only way of avoiding a far greater calamity, but they wickedly excited the people to believe it was all due to the deliberate malice of the Government."

"But why should it be the cue of any considerable section of natives to attack the Government?"

"I believe it is entirely the result of their limited English education. They go to your English schools and colleges, and they read Milton's 'Areopagitica' and Mill 'On Liberty'—books admirable, no doubt, for the people for whom they were written, but absolutely unsuited to the essential conditions of Indian life. But these boys with their half-formed minds cannot discover for themselves that important distinction. They accept the whole teaching as if it applied directly to their case, and they begin to talk about a representative Government and the rights of the people, and the tyranny of foreign rule. These phrases convey no very definite meaning to their minds; but their education on Mill and Milton has made them believe that it is the correct up-to-date thing to talk and write in this style. Simultaneously you have well-meaning people in England who think that the type of Government that England has evolved for herself is suitable to the whole world, and these ignorant busybodies write articles or send letters out to India full of nonsense about the 'down-trodden people' and the 'tyrannical Government.'"

ENGLISH AGITATOR COPYISTS.

"You think, then, that a good deal that appears in the native press is merely a reflection of what has been written or said in London?"

"I know it; and here"—added Sir Mancherjee, producing a copy of a little paper called India—"here you may see the regular channel of communication. Sir William Wedderburn and his friends week by week in its column attack the Government savagely, but with a sufficient amount of restraint to make English readers accept the paper as a serious publication. Three weeks later you will see the same points reproduced in the native press, but with all the restraint thrown off. I say deliberately to you, as I have said in public before and am ready to say again, that a large part of the disaffection of the native press is directly traceable to Sir William Wedderburn's British Indian Committee."

"And if it ceased the disaffection would cease?"

"It would have ceased some years ago. I am afraid that now the mischief is largely done. You would be astonished at the way in which the natives have picked up all the most modern arts of conducting an agitation. They will summon a public meeting, for example, and before the meeting they will arrange to have a lot of schoolboys who have just learned English dotted about the floor and galleries, and they will tell them 'Whenever we mention Sir Henry Fowler's name or Lord George Hamilton's you must groan and hiss. When you hear Mr. Hyndman's name or Sir William Wedderburn's you must clap.'"

"These be your heroes, oh, Israel!"

"It is all carried out to perfection," continued Sir Mancherjee, ignoring the interruption, "and then the promoters of the meeting go home and write in the papers about the 'great heart of the people beating in unison with us.'"

"DON'T WANT ANOTHER MUTINY."

"And you think that these persistent attacks on the Government are a serious danger?"

"There is no doubt about it. The position is absolutely different from the position in England. Here if a newspaper attacks the Government the attack is generally attributed to party feeling, and no one pays much attention. At the worst all that could happen would be that the party in power would go out and the opposition would come in. The Queen's Government would go on just the same. But in India party government does not, and cannot, exist. If you destroy the present Government there is nothing to replace it. The question there is not between Liberal and Conservative—that is, between one set of responsible Ministers and another set—but between English and anti-English, between order and anarchy. Of course I know that when the crisis comes order will win. England will rouse herself, and however serious the fight may be, it can only end one way. But I don't want to see that day. Nor do I want to see the privileges which the people of India now possess taken from us and a crushing tyranny replacing their present real liberty. It is for the sake of India, therefore, that I speak as I do. It is because I love India that I wish to save her people from the disasters that must come upon them unless the present mischief is arrested in time."

BLACKMAILING THE NATIVES.

"Can you suggest, then, any remedy, any means of checking the present tendencies? Do you agree, for example, with what Dr. Pollen said in the Daily Graphic a few days ago, that the worst evils in the native press could be checked by a simple alteration in the penal code?"

"I should prefer to impose further obstacles in the way of registering newspapers so that it would be a little more expensive than it now is to start scurrilous sheets. The difficulty of proceeding legally against the editors or proprietors of these papers are that they are worse than men of straw; they haven't even the straw. I know a case of a man who lived in a little mud hut and got hold of a dilapidated printing press. He then proceeded to set up laboriously a few pages of print, and after some weeks' work issued his first number. In it he said that he proposed in his second number to tell the public something about Mr. Mohammed Beg, a respectable citizen and father of a family—I am giving you a fancy name, of course. Mr. Mohammed Beg knew it was useless to take legal proceedings against such vermin, as this, and at the same time he couldn't afford to be pelted with mud indefinitely. Your saying that some mud is sure to stick is as true in India as in England. So he gave the man twenty rupees to be quiet. That paid to produce another number, and the same game was next repeated with some other native gentlemen."

"But can't these people be punished criminally?"

"Two years' imprisonment in a jail which is probably more comfortable than their own hut! What do they care? You have no conception of the paltriness of these people. A common rate of pay for contributions is one rupee a column, and many of these so-called journalists are far worse off than carpenters or blacksmiths. Hundreds of youths are turned out the schools every year just able to string a few sentences together and as they know no other business they take to writing."

A FALSE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

"That is to say, the root of the evil is our system of education?"

"I am convinced of it. The education given in the Government schools is entirely literary. As a direct consequence the sons of respectable trades-people despise their fathers' trades, and insist on becoming lawyers or Government clerks. If they fail to get a berth or a practice, as most of them must fail, they abuse the Government. We are deliberately manufacturing in India a vast educated, or semi-educated, class, who by the very nature of things must be disaffected."

"And the remedy——"

"The remedy is to go back to the industrial education of the past, adapting it to modern needs."

WANT A YUKON ROAD.

The Citizens of Prince Albert Pass a Resolution.

Fort Saskatchewan, N.W.T., July 30.—A mass meeting of citizens last night passed, unanimously, the following resolution, which will be sent to the Minister of the Interior:

"That, in our opinion, and for the interest of the whole Dominion, the Federal authorities should immediately construct a wagon road and telegraph line from this point to the Upper Yukon, via Fort Assiniboine, the Lesser Slave Lake, the Peace and Liard River Valleys, where an almost air line can be got, per Dr. Dawson's report of 1888, and tap the mineral belt of the West and North at a nominal cost, the total distance from here to Klondike in a straight line being only eleven hundred miles, while the nearest now used is about thirty-four hundred miles. Our proposed route has two hundred and fifty miles of wagon road now almost ready for use, another two hundred and fifty miles is reported to be through prairie and bluff, and it is supposed that between six and seven hundred miles could be completed between now and the first of December next. We would respectfully recommend that Mr. McConnell have charge of the survey, as he has had experience on part of route during the geological survey, and thus save a lot of valuable time. The resolution is respectfully submitted." Mr. F. Fraser Tims is chairman of the committee.

FELL OVER A PRECIPICE.

A Professor Breaks Every Bone in His Body.

Tacoma, Wash., July 30.—Professor Edgar McClure, of the Oregon State University, fell over a 300 foot precipice while descending Mount Tacoma, in the darkness, Tuesday night. His body was found Wednesday, and was placed in a snow bank awaiting the arrival of an undertaker. Every bone in the professor's body was broken by the fall. His face was lacerated and his skull fractured.

SOME STREET NAMES

Full of Historic Interest to Montrealers.

VILLE MARIE RECALLED.

Leaders in Commerce as Well as in Arms Remembered.

Governors, Generals, Military and Civil Leaders of the Old Provinces and of England Held in Memory.

As people pass through the streets of Montreal they hardly ever give a thought to the momenclature of the latter. And yet there is scope for much interesting study in the street names of a city like this, where there is so much of the romance of the past still lingering to mingle with the present. On every side may be found names which recall each period of the city's history since 1642, and the fortunes of its founders and makers.

To too many the names of the early citizens of Ville Marie are not even a name now, but to anyone familiar with the history of this island the same names stand as beacons lighting up the path which the ever-growing city of Montreal has been traversing in the last two centuries and a half. They recall the merchant-soldiers who built up the city and laid the foundations of its commerce in spite of the continued onslaughts of their Indian foes, as well as the merchant of a more peaceful day who spread the city's commerce to bounds which were as wide as exploration had then reached.

At first the streets were given names of a religious nature, but as time went by the names of distinguished men were perpetuated in the civic nomenclature. Of late years this has ceased to be the case and some of the most absurd names are fastened upon our thoroughfares. The names in the older portion of the city, especially in the heart of commercial Montreal, are, however, in great part of historic interest.

THE EARLIEST NAMES.

It was quite a while before the streets of the young town of Ville Marie received names, but these have remained untouched from that day to this. The streets have changed for all that, and the narrow, badly paved, unlighted streets of Maisonneuve's time would never be recognized in the streets of the same name to-day, narrow as some of them are still. Dollier de Casson, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, gave the names to the few streets inside the walls, and remains to-day unremembered in any such way himself. To the streets running east and west through the little town he gave the names of St. Paul, Notre Dame, and St. James. These were intersected by streets running north and south to which were given the names of saints. Thus we get St. Peter, St. John, St. Francis, St. Joseph (now St. Sulpice), St. Lambert, St. Gabriel, and St. Charles (now St. Vincent). Baron Pierre de Foucamp, one of Maisonneauve's following, was honored in the name bestowed on St. Peter Street, as was the founder in St. Paul Street, Charles Le Moyne in St. Charles Street, and the first two parish priests of Montreal, MM. Gabriel de Queylus and Gabriel Souart, in St. Gabriel Street.

HISTORIC NAMES.

The names which recalled the romantic early period of Montreal's history all were given in comparatively recent times. The discoverer of Canada for many years had a street named after him, but the evil associations which became attached to it led to its being changed this spring. Now Jacques Cartier Square alone commemorates the name. Two of his vessels furnish the name for Hermine Street. Champlain, the founder of Quebec, gives its name to a street in the east end, and Montreal's founder is honored doubly in Maisonneuve Avenue and in Chomedy Street. The first street west of this, usually known as Essex Avenue, is Closse Street, and recalls his sergeant-major, Raphael Lambert Closse. This brave man was killed while repelling an Indian attack on the hillside near the corner of Notre Dame Street and St. Lambert Hill, which latter had been named partly in his honor.

Windmill Point takes its name from the fortified mill erected on Pointe a Callieres to defend that end of the new town, and Mill Street has the same derivation. In Callieres Street, beside the Customs House, the governor of that name is again brought to mind. Point St. Charles was in the possession of Charles Le Moyne, and got its name from him, and Leber Street, near the G. T. R. workshops, comes from Jacques Le Ber. Yet another of the Company of Montreal, Testard de Montigny, has his name now given to the street which was for years Mignonne Street. Mance Street derives its name from the heroic woman, Mlle. Jeanne Mance, who shared the hardships and dangers of her countrymen to act as a nurse, and whose memory is best preserved in the Hotel Dieu, which she founded.

Place d'Armes had been a cemetery before it received its present name from the circumstance of the engagement which took place there between the settlers and Indians. Irritated by the continued attacks of the savages upon them the people asked Maisonneuve to lead them out against their foes, and taunted him with cowardice for not doing so. Finally, they sallied forth against their leader's advice, and were chased back into the heart of the town. On the Place d'Armes Maisonneuve covered the retreat of the reckless citizens, and killed the Indian chief with his own hands. The martial traditions of the Champ de Mars are not of the same bloody type. It has been always more of a review ground and place for vast public gatherings than anything else. The name is a repetition of the Parisian Champ de Mars, itself from the Roman Campus Martius. In the early days of the century the public execution of criminals took place there, the beam from which the condemned swung extending out from the wall of the old gaol which stood where the City Hall is now.

Fortification Lane marks the site of the northern wall of Ville Marie, and bits of the old line of fortification are still found in digging foundations. A small street in the vicinity of the Board of Trade keeps up the memory of La Friponne, the story of which has often been told. This was a general store kept by the intendant on behalf of the Government, and run on the truck system. The habitants' produce was taken over, and paid for in goods at such an extortionate rate that the poor farmer was hardly repaid for his labor. In the later years of the old regime La Friponne was a synonym for roguery and barefaced robbery, but nothing now remains of it but the name applied to a short untenanted street on the site.

Other streets in the neighborhood which are derived from their locality are St. Sacrement ("sainte," holy), and Hospital. The first hospital for the sick stood on the latter thoroughfare, and when anyone was on the point of death the holy sacrament was brought from the street below, where it was kept. A little street running north from St. Paul street bears the name of an honored family, the Vaudreuils, and stands where once the Chateau de Vaudreuil stood in its garden, near the foot of Jacques Cartier square.

Belonging to more modern days is Beaver Hall hill, marking the site of "Beaver hall," where resided John Frobisher, one of the founders of the fur trade. Burnside place takes its name from "Burnside House," the residence of the Hon. James McGill, in which McGill College was first opened. University street is so called from its neighborhood to McGill, and McGill College avenue explains itself. College street (now part of St. Paul) got its name when the gentlemen of the seminary had their college there some ninety years ago. Cathedral street was once Cemetery street, and in each case for a similar reason; originally because it led to the Roman Catholic cemetery on Dominion square, and now because the Cathedral of St. James now stands upon it.

Grey Nun street was so named from running alongside the headquarters of the Soeurs Grises, whose buildings and gardens covered all the land between what is now St. Ann's Market, the river, and Grey Nun street. Foundling street, which marked the northern boundary of their property, received its name on account of the foundlings which then, as now, were consigned to the care of the sisters. In one of the cross streets off McGill, built on the site the foundress of the order in Canada, Madame d'Youville, is remembered. On Recollet street the fathers of that order had their church, which has considerable interest for English-speaking people. It was there that the first Irish Roman Catholic congregation gathered together, developing a little later into St. Patrick's congregation. The members of the Anglican communion worshipped there for some time while their own church was undergoing repairs, and the Presbyterians were also granted permission by the gentlemen of the Seminary to use the building until old St. Gabriel Church was built on the Champ de Mars in 1792.

Commissioners street, which is practically a portion of the wharf and harbor, was given that name from its connection. Both this street and Common street are built on a strip of land which Maisonneuve laid out along the river as a common for the pasturage of cattle, and from this circumstance comes the name of the latter street. Congregation street, in Point St. Charles, was one of the first streets opened on a property of the Congregation Nuns there, and a street near-by bears the name of Madame Bourgeois, who established the Congregation of Notre Dame. In St. Gabriel Ward is Ropery street, so named from the fact of an old rope-walk having been in existence in the vicinity for many years. Between the subway at Point St. Charles and the Grand Trunk workshops lies Sebastopol street, which was settled by early workmen of that company. The Crimean war having just closed, this name was given to the street. Other names bestowed about the same time were Menai, Britannia and Conway, to streets near the Victoria Bridge. The resemblance between that bridge and the Menai tubular bridge led to the giving of these names, which are connected with the older bridge.

NAMES OF PERSONS.

The calendar of saints has been drawn on largely for street names. The name of the saint on whose day Canada was discovered and after whom the river was called is given to one of the city's central arteries north and south. The four evangelists are also to be found, Matthew, Mark and Luke in close companionship, and John in old Montreal, among the first streets named. The national patron saints are all represented, St. Denis street deriving from the patron saint of France, St. George from the English patron, St. Patrick from Ireland's patron, St. Andrew and St. Andre from the Scottish patron, St. David's lane from the Welsh patron, and St. Nicholas from the saint who looks after the German Fatherland.

St. Sulpice took the place of St. Joseph as the name of the street leading down from Notre Dame Church to the river, and the latter was transferred to a western extension of Notre Dame Street at the same time that St. Mary was taken as the name for the eastern portion of the street. A few years ago these names were abolished, and Notre Dame Street is now the longest street on the island, extending clear through from Maisonneuve to St. Henri. St. Antoine street comes from an older use of the name in the form of St. Anthony's suburbs. St. Helen is not used as a saint's name, but in honor of a saintly woman, the wife of Champlain, for whom St. Helen's Island was named.

Many of the heroes of the old and new regimes figure in street names. Thus we have Wolfe and Montcalm, in memory of the great rivals who fell on the Plains of Abraham; Iberville, from Pierre Le Moyne, third son of Charles; Laval avenue, from the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec and founder of Laval University; Frontenac, from the celebrated Governor of Canada and founder of Kingston; Dollard, from the hero of the Long Sault; La Salle, the intrepid explorer; De Salaberry, the memorable hero of Chateauguay; Brock, who conducted the British and Canadian troops to victory at Queenston Heights in the same war.

British governors and generals have supplied other names, such as Craig street, after Sir James Craig, who did much to advance Canada's position in the opening years of the century; Dorchester, from the Governor-General who was here during 1837-38; Sherbrooke, Gosford, Dalhousie, Aylmer, Amherst, from Governors; Marlborough and Wellington, from those great Generals; Richmond, from the Duke of Richmond, a Governor-General who died from the bite of a fox and was buried at Kingston; Murray, from the General of that name prominent in connection with the American Revolution; Chatham, from the younger Pitt. Of recent Governors, Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne, and Aberdeen have had their

Continued on Page Ten.

WHEELS TO WHIRL.

Lachine Rapids Harness Now in Shape.

WILL START ON MONDAY.

And Then Comes a 33 Per Cent. Cut in Electricity.

A Few Popular Impressions Corrected—A Difficult Undertaking Successfully Accomplished.

On Monday the big turbine wheels of the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic and Land Co. will commence to revolve, and on the same day the management of the works will inaugurate a 33 1-3 per cent. cut in the price of electricity to consumers in Montreal. Mr. W. McLea Walbank, the managing director, stated to a Herald reporter that it was by no pre-arrangement on the part of the promoters of the enterprise that the two events should occur on the same day, but merely a coincidence. The big cut in prices should be of considerable concern to Montreal, as it is admitted that the introduction of cheap electrical power will in a large measure revolutionize the affairs of great cities like the Canadian metropolis.

Mr. Walbank has strong convictions in this connection. The possibilities of electrical development are, he considers, al-



MR. G. B. BURLAND, President.

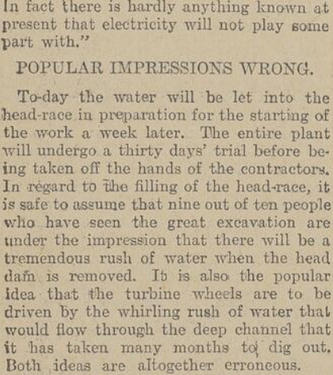
most unbounded, and he said: "The waters of the Lachine Rapids which for time immemorial have been running to waste, their only use being to create excitement for the pleasure-seeker and tourist, have at last been harnessed, their wasted power will in the future be used, not only for the tourist, but to turn the wheels of manufacturing establishments on the island of Montreal. More than this, it may be used to drive our street cars and provide us with light cheaper than gas, can be used for refrigerating and cold storage purposes and ventilating fans in the hot weather, and for heating during the cold weather. In fact there is hardly anything known at present that electricity will not play some part with."

POPULAR IMPRESSIONS WRONG.

To-day the water will be let into the head-race in preparation for the starting of the work a week later. The entire plant will undergo a thirty days' trial before being taken off the hands of the contractors. In regard to the filling of the head-race, it is safe to assume that nine out of ten people who have seen the great excavation are under the impression that there will be a tremendous rush of water when the head dam is removed. It is also the popular idea that the turbine wheels are to be driven by the whirling rush of water that would flow through the deep channel that it has taken many months to dig out. Both ideas are altogether erroneous.

The fact is that at no stage of the proceedings will there be any roaring current or rush of water. The turbulent waters in the rapids outside the wing dam will continue to toss and tumble, but inside the head-race everything will be as placid as a millpond. It is not the speed of the water that will force the turbine wheels around, but the dead weight of it. When it is remembered that a cubic foot of water represents 62½ pounds of pressure on every square foot of the turbine wheels, and there will be a thirteen foot head brought to bear on them, it can easily be understood what tremendous force there will be on the driving machinery. No current will be needed there.

The filling of the head-race will also be easily and quietly accomplished. When the dam, where all the machinery is located, is made practically watertight, the leakage in the upper dam will be sufficient to fill up the head-race in a couple of days. The head-race is practically a new channel for



MR. W. McLEA WALBANK, Managing Director.

the water to flow into. It is about 4,000 feet long, and was for the most part blasted out of the solid rock at enormous expense. It is about 1,000 feet wide at the main dam on which the power house is built, the depth being thirteen feet. When the head-race is filled, a dredge will at once commence to remove the upper dam so as to leave the entrance to the head-race clear of obstruction. The building of the wing dam, which separates the head-race water from the rapids was also a large undertaking.

THE TAIL-RACE.

Even after the water has done its duty by the turbine, it has to be taken care of. To do that a tail-race had to be dug so that there would be sufficient fall to draw it away from the wheels. Accordingly the blasting had to be continued a good way down the bed of the river. The bottom of the tail-race is about nine feet lower than the head-race and from 1,200 to 1,500 feet wide, so that ample provision is made for carrying the water away from the wheels. In connection with the blasting for the head-race it may be mentioned that one of the difficulties experienced was the removal of a reef of solid rock which jutted out from the shore and ran for a considerable distance into the rapids.

THE BIG MAIN DAM.

The places of greatest interest to visitors—and a permit from the head office must now be obtained to secure admission thereto—are the power houses built on the main dam. They are both 1,000 feet long and extend from the shore to the main dam. There are 43 flumes in the main dam between which the massive piers of cut stone present a very solid appearance. In each of these flumes, excepting three waste weirs, two turbine wheels are to be placed. At the mouth of each flume are two vertical sliding gates and a system of stop logs at the lower end. There are now in position 42 wheels but there is room for 72 and they will be put in as the demand on the plant increases. They are set vertically, so that the water enters them from above and passes out at their base. They are of the Victor make and arranged six to each dynamo, there being provision for twelve of the latter, although only two have so far been placed in position.

IN THE POWER-HOUSE.

The power-house is a fire-proof building of about 1,000 feet in length composed of three dynamo houses and turbine sheds. It is of steel framework, the dynamo houses being of pressed brick, while the turbine sheds are steel work studding with two thicknesses of inch plank over which is three-ply felt covered with corrugated iron. The floors of the dynamo house are steel beams and concrete covered with slate one and a half inches thick. As before mentioned, there are twelve generators and to each there are connected six turbine wheels; these generators make 175 revolutions per minute, generating a current of 4,400 volts, and the armature is tested for 20,000 volts. A traveller, or truck, capable of carrying twenty-five tons, runs the whole length of the building and will be used for moving any machinery that may be required.

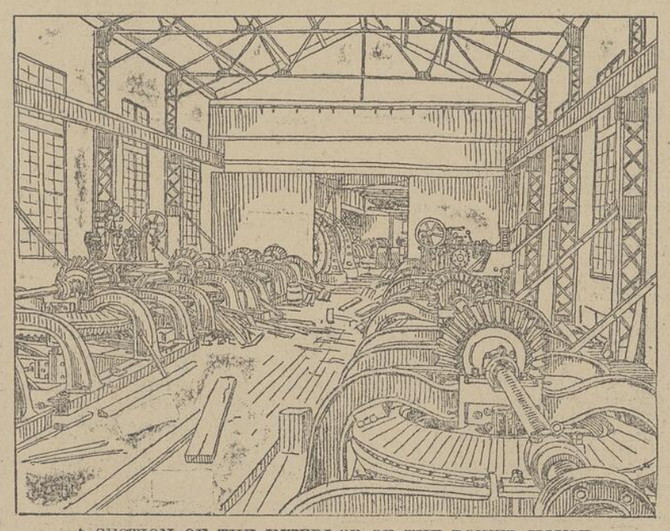
All along the outside of the dynamo house is a balcony from which a splendid view of the rapids can be had. Starting from the power-house is a pole line made of lattice steel poles and fitted with cross-arms. From this the electric power is carried by wires as far as the outskirts of the city and then passes underground until it reaches the sub-station where it is subdivided into small feeders, but still continues at its original voltage until it is eventually distributed at the different manholes in quantities required by the districts. A notable feature of the conducting of the power to the city was the laying of the conduits under the bed of the Lachine Canal, the work being accomplished in the marvellously short time of fifteen days.

The turbine wheels, dynamos, switch boards, and in fact all of the machinery used, are of the latest and most improved designs.

The sub-station at the corner of Seminary and McCord streets is a spacious building and well suited for the requirements, having been constructed especially for the purpose. When the apparatus is all installed there, it will be a place worth visiting.

THE LEADING MEN.

The officers of the company are: G. B. Burland, Montreal, president; Alexander



A SECTION OF THE INTERIOR OF THE POWER HOUSE.

Fraser, Ottawa, vice-president; W. McLea Walbank, B.A. Sc., managing director; Robert Whyte, Montreal, sec.-treasurer; Mayor R. Wilson Smith, Montreal; Peter Lyall, Montreal; E. Kirk Greene, Montreal, and S. Carsley, Montreal, directors; T. Pringle & Son, and McLea Walbank, Montreal, engineers.

Contractors for dams and excavations were William Davis & Sons; for iron work, Dominion Bridge Company; for wood work, The James Shearer Company, Ltd.; for water-wheels and hydraulic machinery, Stilwell Bierce & Smith-Vaille Company; for electrical machinery, The Canadian General Electric; for wire work, The Dominion Wire Works; underground conduits, The National Underground Conduit Company, of New York.

Up to the present time, when the excavation and construction work at the rapids has been practically completed, the company has expended $1,500,000 of the $2,000,000 available.

IDEA NOT A NEW ONE.

While the idea of the present development of the Lachine rapids for water power purposes is original, yet the idea of creating a water power in the locality is nothing new. As far back as 1868 a company was formed called the St. Louis Hydraulic Company in which a number of Montreal's then prominent citizens were interested. Among others were the late A. B. Foster, Duncan MacDonald, R. James Reekie and James R. Springle. Reports and plans of the work by the well-known engineer the late Charles Legge were prepared.

The object the two companies had in view were different. The idea of the original company was to improve the water supply of the city of Montreal and to create water powers with factories and mill sites at the rapids, which practically means bringing mills out of the city and establishing them in the bed or the banks of the river, while the object of the present company is to bring power into the already established factories, no matter where situated.

VIEWS OF OLD ENGINEERS.

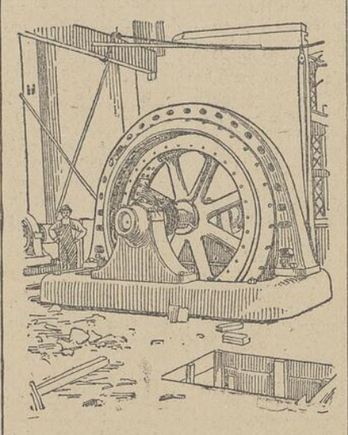
A pamphlet was published by John Lovell & Son, in 1868, a copy of which has recently fallen into the company's hands and it is a strange coincidence that the conclusions they arrived at are almost identical with the opinions of the engineers thirty years later.

Among the contributors to the pamphlet is the well-known Thomas F. Miller, a newspaper man of olden times, who in a letter addressed to the Gazette on the 2nd of March, 1868, referred to the dam, the location of which, however, is not exactly that designed by the engineers of the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic and Land Co., Ltd., but almost a mile nearer the city, yet the theories are the same. He refers to the formation of "a sort of minor lake or pond as the suppling source, which would be formed and an unvarying head be secured, over which ice of course would form rapidly as far as the still water extended upwards, where all the frazil coming from beyond (none could form in this pond) would, with the current which brings it down, in consequence of the resistance here presented, be deflected and swept off into the rapids and main channel of the river south of Ile au Heron."

In the same pamphlet Mr. Legge says:—"A fine basin of still water having a length of 5,000 feet by an average width of 2,500 feet will be formed, and serve as a 'mill pond' for supplying water to the mills. This smooth sheet of water will freeze over in the early part of the winter season, and prevent floating ice and frazil reaching the different head-races and flumes. The greater portion of this moving matter in descending the river will be drawn by the swift current at the head of the island into the south channel."

HELD THE SAME OPINION.

In 1895 in an interview with the Canadian Engineer, Messrs. Pringle & Wal-



THE GENERATOR AND SHAFT.

bank explained their ideas as follows:—"We do not anticipate any trouble from frazil. By the plan proposed a reservoir or lake of still water will be formed at the head of the rapids, which will freeze over early in the fall, and as it is a well established theory that frazil will not form on the cover none will form in this reservoir. There only remains then to deal with but the anchor ice and frazil forming in Lake St. Louis and the rapids above us.

"The current in our proposed head-race will only be about two feet a second, and as the current in the river will be some fifteen or twenty feet a second, no more water can be drawn through our head-race than we allow to pass through our wheels, a sort of water dam will be formed at the intake where the frazil and ice will rise to the surface and by the swift current in the river will be deflected and carried into the south channel."

The above, it will be noticed, agrees very closely with the opinions of the promoters of the older company.

MET MUCH OPPOSITION.

It is safe to say that there never was a company formed that met with such severe opposition on all sides, and from all parties, and yet has been so signally fortunate in all its undertakings. In fact when it was proposed to the directors to increase the capital and construct electrical works in addition to the hydraulic works they wisely called in two of the best known engineers in Canada to get their opinions, not as engineers for the company, but as private advisers to heavy stockholders who were already deeply interested and were willing to invest further, provided Messrs. Shanley and Keefer, the engineers referred to, would endorse the figures of the company's engineers. Their verdict was entirely in accord with that of the company's engineers, and the work was proceeded with.

A WEATHER CONTRAST.

The contrast between the weather at the beginning of the month and at its close is very marked. The first week was overpoweringly hot, and 90o in the shade was the ruling temperature. This week there has been a difference of thirty degrees from the earlier temperature, 62o being the mean for the last three days, and 68o the highest reading. The month has been unusually wet for all the superdryness of its first week. And by to-morrow night the rainfall will probably reach five inches.

The superstitious may be interested in knowing that on St. Swithin's Day, July 15, it rained to the extent of one-tenth of an inch, but it has not rained every day since, unfortunately for them.

HEAD-END COLLISION.

Buffalo, N.Y., July 30.—A head-end collision occurred on the Lehigh Valley at Depew, at 6.45 this morning. A light train from the Falls met a heavy train going to the Falls. The engineer and fireman of the light train were killed. A misunderstanding of signals is ascribed as the cause.

WHEELS TO WHIRL.

Continued from Page Nine.

names use, the first-named in no less than five cases. Connected with royalty there is Victoria, Albert, Prince Albert, Prince Arthur, Prince George, Brunswick, Hanover, Windsor, and Balmoral; King, Queen, Prince and Duke. Among recent names are those of the last two Popes, Pius IX. and Leo XIII.

The private citizens whose names occur are legion, and usually in connection with streets running through what had been their property. Viger Garden perpetuates the name of its donor, Hon. D. B. Viger, whose law partner, C. S. Cherrier, gave his name to a street above Sherbrooke. McGill street was changed from St. Augustin in honor of the Hon. James McGill. Chaboillez Square and Guy street were derived respectively from Louis Chaboillez and Pierre Guy, both notaries and justices. Logan street was named for Sir W. E. Logan, first director of the Geological Survey of Canada, but it has been changed to Stadacona, the Indian site of Quebec. Richardson street is a reminder of the Hon. John Richardson, who was at the head of the movement for the construction of the Lachine Canal, and Young street of the Hon. John Young, who did great service for the harbor of Montreal. Papineau avenue is named after Louis Joseph Papineau; Berthelet and Coursol, after Judges; Cadieux street after a notary prominent in 1813; and among other well-known citizens whose memories are handed down there are William Workman, Bleury, Durocher, Delisle, Beaudry, Shuter, Shaw, Moreau, Mackay, Fullum, McCord, Lafontaine, Phillips, Drolet, Dufresne, Selby, Quiblier. The name of Molson is given to a terrace lying at the back of St. Thomas' Church, which formerly constituted the officers' quarters of the local garrison, but now the old-fashioned houses are given up to the rats. Dowd street is not needed to keep the late Father Dowd in the warm remembrance of Irish Catholics.

Of late years several streets have received the names of aldermen, though it is not likely that anyone will remember them the better for that half a century hence. Few statesmen have had streets named after them. The Premier has a small avenue called by his name; Sir Charles Tupper is found in a street running from St. Matthew to the city limits, and Gladstone is recalled by Gladstone avenue and Hawarden avenue.

BY THE LABRADOR.

A List of the Saloon Passengers Who Sail on the Dominion Liner.

The following is a list of the saloon passengers per Dominion Line Royal Mail S.S. Labrador, Capt. Thos. Erskine, which sails from Montreal to-day for Liverpool:—Mr. R. Ackerman, Quebec; Mr. Archambault, Montreal; Mr. Berthiaume, Montreal; Miss Berthiaume, Montreal; Mr. Blanchard, Halifax; Mrs. E. W. Brewster, Compton, Que.; Miss Clara Brewster, Compton, Que.; Miss Vivienne Brewster, Compton, Que.; Rev.——Berard, Montreal; Col. W. L. Coke, London, Eng.; Mrs. Coke, London, Eng.; Miss Chabrand, Montreal; Mr. A. K. Cannington, Liverpool; Hon. R. R. Dobell, Quebec; Mrs. Dobell, Quebec; Miss Dobell, Quebec; Mr. R. L. Davidson, Toronto; Mr. F. N. Day, Stratford Hollow, N.H.; Miss Duhamel, Montreal; Mr. C. Davis, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Descarries, Montreal; Mr. J. F. Everman, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Anna Fyshe, Montreal; Master Max Fyshe, Montreal; Miss Fuller, Halifax; Major Foster, Halifax; Mr. James Fletcher, Mrs. Fraser and infant, Ottawa, Ont.; Mr. Hanno W. Gage, Mrs. Gage, Portland, Me.; Mr. A. J. Gorham, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Miss Guimond, Montreal, Que.; Mr. Gilpin, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Gadbois, Montreal, Que.; Mr. John. Mr. Gill, Mrs. Gill, Master R. J. Gill, Miss M. Berta Gill, Miss Anna P. Gill, Brockville, Ont.; Mr. Charles Grierson, Berlin, Ont.; Mrs. Harold Gaisford, London, Eng.; Mr. H. C. Holder, Miss Holder, Miss Holder, New York; Miss Hill, Quebec; Mr. King Houston, London, Eng.; Miss Hotte, London, London, Eng.; Miss Hotte, Montreal, Que.; Mr. Fred. Halstead, Berlin, Que.; Mr. Irwin, New York; Miss Joyce, Miss Mina Joyce, Montreal, Que.; Mr. C. P. Johnson, Stratford, Ont.; Mr. A. E. Jerdon, Mrs. Jerdon, Montreal, Que.; Mr. W. F. Jackman, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, Master G. Leonowens, Halifax, N.S.; Miss J. M. E. Lacey, Ottawa, Ont.; Miss Josephine Leveille, Rev. — Lamourex, Montreal, Que.; Mr. J. Murray Molesworth, Mrs. Molesworth, Master Molesworth and maid, Leamington, Eng.; Miss H. Mosse, Miss Gertrude Mosse, London, Eng.; Miss Edith McLeod, Miss Marion McLeod, Halifax, N.S.; Mr. S. McNairn, Toronto, Ont.; Mr. Herbert McAulay, Montreal, Que.; Mr. Charles Nutting, Halifax, N.S.; Mr. J. E. Neale, Mrs. Neale, Miss Neale, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. Oothout, New York; Mr. D. A. O'Gorman, Boston, Mass.; Mr. L. E. Prowse, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Miss M. A. Quinn; Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, Ottawa, Ont.; Mr. J. C. Redmond, London, Eng.; Mr. Jas. Rainey, Liverpool, Eng.; Mr. L. J. Rivet, Mr. Rinfret, Miss Redpath, Montreal, Que.; Mr. F. H. Randall, Boston, Mass.; Rev. C. B. Ross, Lachine, P.Q.; Mr. T. R. Starkey, London, Eng.; Mr. A. H. Starkey, London, Eng.; Mr. Geo. Stanley, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Mr. Saville, Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. F. Smith, Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. Fred. Sanguinitti, Kingston, Jamaica; Mr. C. Thwaites, London, Eng.; Mrs. Thwaites, London, Eng.; Mr. Benj. F. Trueblood, Boston, Mass; Mr. Hartley Turner, New York; Mr. Trufel, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Col. Norton-Taylor, Kingston, Ont.; Mr. T. C. Tibbitts, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Tibbitts, Toronto, Ont.; Mrs. Wilton, Hamilton, Ont.; Mr. Wellner, Halifax, N.S.; Rev. C. C. Waller, Mrs. Waller, Montreal, Que.; Mr. E. G. B. Watts, Liverpool, Eng.; Mr. R. J. Young, London, Ont.

Why We Use Diamond Dyes.

From the tens of thousands of letters received from ladies commending the Diamond Dyes, the following reasons are selected why Diamond Dyes should be used in preference to all others:

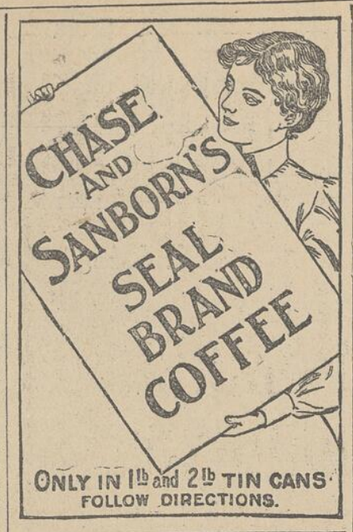
"Diamond Dyes are so easy to use that my little girl of ten years can work with them perfectly."

"I have tried three other makes of dyes, but find Diamond Dyes so sure and true to color that I will not use any other make."

"Your Black, Cardinal, Green, Orange, and Brown Diamond Dyes have been used in our home for many years. The colors are so bright, clear and lasting that I heartily commend them to all families."

"Diamond Dyes forever! They are great economizers and savers of money. I have always been successful in dyeing over dresses, jackets, and suits with them."

"I am a maker of home-made carpets, rugs and mats, and always use Diamond Dyes for coloring my wool and cotton rags. Your dyes give lovely colors, and so fast that even sun will not fade them."



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The Cooked Meat Store, 579 Wellington Street, Pt. St. Charles. (Right at the Subway.) is re-opened for the Sale of Choice Cooked Meats, Confectionery, Home-made Bread, Pastry, Pies, etc. Pic-nic Baskets will be one of our specialties. A Lunch Room in connection. Please favor us with a call.

'Refreshing Drinks' It is a fact that ice-cold drinks are not good for any person in such weather as this, and a person desiring a drink that will freshen them up, at the same time do them lots of good, should have a good cup of cold tea, and the same can be had from NORMAN A MACDONALD, Specialist in Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc., 4105 St. Catherine St., Westmount.

ELM MARKET, WESTMOUNT, 4151 St. Catherine Street, Corner Elm Ave. W. H. KENWOOD. The Old Reliable Family Meat Market. All kinds of Choice Meats, Poultry, Game, etc., on hand. Delivery everywhere. Table delicacies of all descriptions a specialty. Poultry and fish cleaned and delivered free. Bell Telephone 4857. Everything in season.

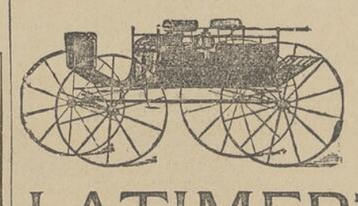
FOOD FOR THE SICK. The Diet Dispensary carefully prepares food for the sick at reasonable prices, thus facilitating and relieving the work of the household in the care of the sick. The poor are supplied gratis upon presentation of order from physician, clergyman or visiting nurse. 175a ST. ANTOINE STREET

SALE OF REAL ESTATE. PUBLIC NOTICE is given that on Monday, the second day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, shall be sold at public auction, in the office of Papineau, Marin, Morin & Fiset, Notaries,, No. 97 St. James Street, Montreal, the immoveable property bearing number twenty (20) of the subdivision of lot number ten (10) of the cadastre of the Village of St. Jean Baptiste, with a house bearing No. 328 of Montana Street, and other buildings thereon erected; this property belongs to the community which has existed between Dosithe Brazeau, plasterer, of the City of Montreal, and the late Alexina Leclaire, his wife. For the conditions of sale, apply to VICTOR MORIN, N.P.

GOLD. Prospecting may, with hard work, perseverance and good luck, enable one man in a thousand, but ALL PURCHASERS of Lots at Amherst Park will without danger, loss of health, time and money, enjoy an immediate benefit, by building a HOME in that healthy locality and thereby saving rent and doctor's bills. SPLENDID AND MOST DESIRABLE LOTS FOR $75, $80, $85, $90, $95, $100, $125, $150 And Upwards, according to Locality. Special extra liberal terms granted to purchasers building immediately. Take the St. Denis and St. Henry cars, visit the park and judge for yourselves before buying elsewhere. For further particulars apply to the undersigned at Head Office. GOOD BUILDING SAND FOR SALE. 145 St. James Street. C. C. E. BOUTHILLIER, Sec.-Treas. TELEPHONE 2618.

HORSEMEN! See our Light Preparatory Sunol Cart, easy running, light, cheap, any size. Pneumatic Sulkies. Our equipment of Sulkies for track work is not surpassed in the Dominion. We have them in all sizes and at all weights. Family Wagons, Covered Phaetons, Gladstones, Mikados, etc., at Big Discounts.





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W. REINHOLD, Clearmont Farm Dairy. Fresh Milk, Cream, Butterm... Print Butter, New Laid Eggs, ... Cow's Milk for Delicate Children ... ciality. Delivery free of charge ... by mail or telephone promptly ... Sanguinet Street. Telephone 6668.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Circuit Court. Dolphis Hamel, Plaintiff, vs. Bolvin, Defendant. On the ... August next, 1897, at eleven ... in the forenoon, at the ... Defendant, No. 1006 Beaver ... City of Montreal, will be sold ... of justice, all the goods and ... said Defendant, seized in this ... sisting of one baby's carriage. The same day, at ten of the ... forenoon, at St. Jean Baptiste ... the City of Montreal, ... to the sale by authority of ... tue of the same writ, one ... sleigh. Conditions cash. ... B.S.C., Montreal, this 29th ...

LEFT HAND WEDDINGS

Will No Longer Prevent Succession to the Crown,

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Europe Sees the End of Royalty's Singular Privilege,

The Knell of Morganaticism Brought About by the Attempt to Steal a Throne.

Little by little the sovereign houses of the old world are being divested of those medieval and anachronic prerogatives that were all very well when people were willing to admit the extravagant claims of mundane royalty to cousinship with the Almighty, but which are thoroughly out of keeping with the enlightened and progressive spirit of the present age. One of the most preposterous of all these extraordinary privileges has been that of morganatic marriage, a form of matrimonial alliance but little understood in the United States. Based upon the principle that an ordinary union was impossible between the members of the reigning family and a person of minor rank, belonging either to the nobility or to the people, says "Ex-Attache" in the New York Tribune, it was considered binding only on the inferior of the two parties, but not on the superior, who ecclesiastically and legally has been held free to contract another union without first getting rid of the morganatic partner. The latter has been debarred from sharing the social status, title or privileges of the more high born of the two, and the issue of the union has been usually subjected to similar disadvantages.

Morganatic marriages are regarded by many in this country in the light of something immoral. This is far from being the case. The position of a morganatic wife is perfectly respectable. Her union receives the sanction and the blessing of the church, and the only way it differs from an ordinary marriage is that the left instead of the right hand is given before the altar, and that, as stated above, the rights of the inferior of the two contracting parties are limited. Indeed, the word "morganatic," derived from the Scandinavian verb "morgyan" (to limit), implies as much.

Morganatic marriages may be considered to have had their day. For it is their death knell that has been sounded by the judgment just rendered in the Lippe Detmold succession controversy by a specially organized grand tribunal presided over by the venerable king of Saxony, dean in point of age of the sovereigns comprised in the federation known as the German Empire. According to the decision of this court—the very highest in the land, and the decrees of which, by previous agreement, are binding upon all the states of the empire—morganatic unions on the part of parents or of more remote ancestors are no longer to constitute any bar to the succession to the throne. This being the case, it naturally follows that they cease to entail any disqualifying consequences in all other particulars which are naturally of minor importance, and become identical with ordinary marriages.

The controversy which has been exciting an immense amount of interest throughout Europe, may be said to have originated with Emperor William, and in the following manner. Two years ago Waldemar, the then reigning prince of Lippe-Detmold, being in failing health, bodily as well as mentally, and having no heir except his lunatic brother, Alexander, was induced by the emperor to draw up a will according to which the regency of the throne during its occupancy by the insane Prince Alexander was to be vested not in the hands of Count Ernest of Lippe, the nearest agnate and closest relative, but in those of an infinitely more remote kinsman, namely, Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Schaumburg, who, however, enjoys the advantage of being the most subservient, and therefore, highly favored of the brothers-in-law of the Kaiser. Prince Waldemar, moreover, expressed the hope in this precious will, which he had not the vestige of a right to make, that the regency would only be preparatory to the succession of Prince Adolphus to the throne on the demise of the present lunatic prince.

On the strength of this will, as soon as ever Prince Waldemar breathed his last, Adolphus took up his residence at the palace, seized hold of the reins of government and caused the principality to be occupied by a strong detachment of the Prussian troops of his brother-in-law, Emperor William, the presence of the soldiers effectually quelling all projects of resistance on the part of the indignant population.

Fortunately, for Count Ernest Lippe the high-handed and arbitrary proceedings at Detmold, excited so much indignation throughout all the other non-Prussian states that Emperor William became very seriously alarmed, all the more as he himself was held responsible for the whole affair, his brother-in-law being looked upon merely as an instrument in his hands. The outcry became so loud that Emperor William suggested the policy of submitting the rival rights to the regency of Prince Adolphus and of Count Lippe to a tribunal consisting of the highest judicial authorities of the empire, presided over by the king of Saxony and the senior in point of age of the federal sovereigns. This tribunal has now rendered its verdict, which is entirely in favor of Count Lippe, who, by virtue thereof, has become regent of the vast property of the reigning house of Lippe-Detmold, and the next heir to the throne, which, in the natural order of events, cannot much longer be retained by the now septuagenarian and demented prince. Just twenty-four hours was given to Prince Adolphus to vacate the lucrative position which he had usurped.

The tribunal could not logically come to any other conclusion. For if morganatic alliances on the part of ancestors had been pronounced sufficient to disqualify from the succession to the crown, and had Count Ernest of Lippe's claims been held invalid, it would have been equivalent to a judicial declaration that at least seven-tenths of the thrones of Germany were held wrongfully, first and foremost among them being that of the grand duke of Baden (married to the only daughter of old Emperor William, and a grand-uncle ,therefore, of the present Kaiser), whose grandmother was a mere actress, created after her morganatic marriage with the grand duke of the day first of all Baroness Geyer and then countess of Hochberg. Indeed, there is a question whether, if Emperor William's argument had been admitted to succeed to the throne of Prussia, since a by no means remote ancestor of the present German Empress married a servant girl, from whom her Imperial Majesty and her numerous children are ,therefore descended, the blueness of their blood being strengthened and darkened by a healthy menial strain.

If morganatic marriage on the part of ancestors does not constitute a bar, then it is not the Catholic Duke Albert of Wurtemberg who is heir presumptive to King William, but the Protestant Duke of Teck, married to Princess Mary of Cambridge and of great Britain and father of the Duchess of York. The King of Wurtemberg as every one knows, has no son, but only a daughter of the name of Pauline. Next to him in point of kinsmanship comes the Duke of Teck, who is the son of the late royal Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg and of his morganatic wife, the Hungarian Countess of Rheday-and-of-Hohenstein. Hitherto the Duke of Teck has been regarded as disqualified from succession to the throne in consequence of the non-royal birth of his lovely mother, and the heir presumptive to the crown has been recognized officially in the person of an infinitely more remote kinsman of the king, namely, the Catholic Duke Albert of Wurtemberg, whose mother and whose wife are Austrian arch-duchesses.

Inasmuch as King William is very fond of the Duke of Teck and cordially dislikes and distrusts young Duke Albert, whose ideas are diametrically opposed to his own on almost every conceivable question, it is by no means improbable that, yielding to the wishes of his people and of the various Lutheran states of the German confederation, His Majesty may now decree the Duke of Teck as next heir to the throne of Wurtemberg. The Duke of Teck has a daughter and three sons by his royal English consort, the daughter being destined as wife of the Duke of York to eventually become the Queen of England and Empress of India, while of the three sons, the eldest, Prince Adolphus of Teck, captain of the Royal Horse Guards, is the husband of the daughter of the multi-millionaire British Duke of Westminster. It is just possible, therefore, that the Duke of Westminster may yet live to blossom forth as the father-in-law of a king of Wurtemberg, a prospect which he certainly never anticipated when he gave the daughter of his hand in marriage to the good natured and somewhat stupid Prince Dolly of Teck.

FACTORIES UNDER THE NEW TARIFF.

The Brantford Expositor says: "It will be very gratifying to Brantford people generally, to note the continuous increase of local industries. A few weeks ago, the Waterous Nail Works' Company announced a large increase in their plant and ibuildings and a corresponding increase in their employes. Only ten days ago, the Expositor was able to publish the news that the Cockshutt Plow Company was contemplating the immediate enlargement of their works, as a result of increased demands for their manufactured goods. To-day, the Knowles, Ham & Nott Company has announced that the demands of their business necessitates a greatly increased factory, and that they purpose not only increasing the number of their employes, but that they intend immediately to build additions to their factory which will make it half as large again as it is to-day. A despatch to the Expositor from Paris says that the Penman Manufacturing Company are fitting up the Maxwell foundry for new machinery which will transform it into the hive of industry which it was when they bought it ten years ago. In addition to this the company are building a splendid new dye house. It is expected that not less than fifty new hands will be taken on at first and if the expectations of the company are realized, further additions to the staff will follow.

The prospects are that Paris will not only regain the loss she incurred during the last few years by fires and bonuses, but that she will become one of the busiest manufacturing towns in Ontario. It it stated that other manufacturing concerns here contemplate several additions to their works, and if this is true it will be good news to Parisians.

In addition to the Penman Company, the Paris Electro-Plating Company have almost doubled their staff, the Campbellford Carpet and Hammock Company, and the Empire Carpet Works have both materially increased the number of hands employed. The outlook for Paris is indeed exceedingly bright.

Ruskin's Unselfishness.

Another striking illustration of Ruskin's unselfishness is seen in the manner in which he has disposed of his fortune which, at the time of his father's death, amounted to a million dollars. With this money he set about doing good. Poor young men and women who were struggling to obtain an education were helped, homes for working men and women were established and model apartment houses were erected. He also promoted a work for reclaiming waste land outside of London. This land was used for the aid of unfortunate men who wished to rise again from the state into which they had fallen through cruel social conditions and their own weaknesses. It is said that this work suggested to Gen. Booth his colonization farms. Ruskin has also ever been liberal in aiding poor artists, and has done much to encourage the artistic taste among the young. On one occasion he purchased ten fine water color paintings by Holman Hunt for $3,750, to be hung in public schools of London.

By 1877 he had disposed of three-fourths of his inheritance, besides all the income from his books. But the calls of the poor and the plans which he wished to put into operation looking toward educating and ennobling the toilers, and giving to their gloomy lives something more of sunshine and joy, were such that he determined to dispose of all the remainder of his wealth except a sum sufficient to yield him $1,500 a year on which to live.—B. O. Flower in The Arena.

Epps' Cocoa, Grateful and Comforting.

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Two Songs.

I sang of joy to the whole wide world ;
But my heart was sad, tho' my song was gay,
I caroled my song to the eager throng,
But the world turned its face away.

Again, I sang to a loving heart,
My song was the cry of a soul in pain.
I sang of the dart that was piercing my heart ;
And the world sang the sad refrain.

—Charles. H. Orr.

Coleman's CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM SALT
PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT. 6

SHREWSBURY

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By Stanley J. Weyman.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

"A man," she said.

"Well," I answered, sullenly, "what is it?"

"Have I found one? That is the question," she retorted. And at that again I could have had it in my heart to strike her across her scornful child's face. "My uncle is a man, at least."

"He is a bad one, curse him," I cried, in a fury.

She looked at me coolly. "That is better," she said. "If your deeds were of a piece with your words, you should be no man's slave. His least of all, Mr. Price."

"You talk finely," I said, my passion cooling, as I began to read a covert meaning in her tone and words, and that she would be at something. "It comes well from you, who do his errands day and night."

"Or find some one to do them," she answered, with derision.

"Well, after this you will have to find some one else," I cried, warming again.

"Ah, if you would but keep your word!" she cried, clapping her hands softly and peering at me. "If you would keep your word."

Seeing more clearly that she would be at something, and wishing to know what it was, "Try me," I said. "What do you mean?"

"It is plain," she answered, "what I mean. Carry no more messages! Be sneak and spy no longer! Cease to put your head in a noose, to serve rogues' ends! Have done, man, with cringing and fawning and trembling at big words. Break off with these villains that hold you, put a hundred miles between you and them, and be yourself! Be a man!"

"Why, you mean your uncle-" I cried, vastly surprised.

"Why not?" she said.

"But if you feel that way, why do his bidding yourself?" I answered, doubting all this might be a trap of that cunning devil. "If I sneak and spy, who spies on me, miss ?"

"I do," she said, leaning against the wall of Bedford Garden, where one of Heming's lights, set up at the next corner, shone full on her face. "And I am weary of it."

"But then if you are tired of it——"

"If I am tired of it, why don't I free myself instead of preaching to you?" she answered wearily. "First, because I am a woman, Mr. Wiseman."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," I retorted.

"Don't you?" she answered, bitterly. "Then I will tell you. My uncle feeds me, clothes me, gives me a roof, and sometimes beats me. If I run away, as I bid you run away, where shall I find board and lodging, or anything but the beating? A man comes and goes; a woman, if she has not some one to answer for her, must to the justice and thence to the roundhouse, and be set to beating hemp, their shoulders smarting to boot. Can I get service without a character?"

"No," I said, "that is true."

"Or travel without money?"

"No."

"Or alone, except to Whetstone Park?"

"No,"

"Well, it is fine to be a man, then," she answered, leaning her little shawled head further back against the wall, and slowly moving it to and fro, while she looked at me from under her eyelashes. "For he can do all. And take a woman with him."

I started at that, and stared at her, and saw a little color come into her pale face. But her eyes, far from falling under my gaze, met my eyes with a bold, mischievous look, that gradually, and as she till moved her head to and fro, melted into a smile.

It was impossible to mistake her meaning, and I felt a thrill run through me such as I had not known for ten years. "Oh," I said at last, and awkwardly, "I see now."

"You would have seen long ago if you had not been a fool," she answered. And then as if to excuse herself added—but this I did not understand—"not that fine feathers make fine birds—I am not such a fool myself as to think that—but——"

"But what?" I said, my face warm.

"I am a fool all the same."

Her eyes falling with that and her pale face growing scarlet, though I could not follow her precise drift, of the main thing there was no doubt. And I take it there are few men that, upon such an invitation however veiled, would not respond. Accordingly I took a step toward the girl and went, through clumsily, to put my arm round her.

But she pushed me off with a vigor that surprised me, and mocked me with a face between mischief and triumph, a face that was more like a mutinous boy's than a girl's. "Oh, no," she said. "There is a good deal between this and that, Mr. Price."

"How?" I said shamefacedly.

"Do you go?" she asked sharply. "Is it settled? That first of all, if you please."

As to the going —somewhere—I had made up my mind long ago; before I met her, or went into the Seven Stars, or knew that a dozen mad topers were roaring treason about the town, and bidding fair to hang us all. But being of a cautious temper, and seeing conditions I had not contemplated, added, and having besides a shrewd idea that I could not withdraw afterward, I hesitated. "It is dangerous!" I said.

"I will tell you what is dangerous," she answered, showing her little white teeth as she flashed her eyes at me. "And that is to be where we are. Do you know what they are doing there?" and she pointed toward the market whence we had come.

"No," I answered reluctantly, wishing she would say no more.

"Killing the King," she answered in a low voice. "It is for Saturday or Saturday week. He is to be stopped in his coach as he comes from hunting—in the lane between Turnham green and the river. You can count their chances. They are merry plotters. And now—now," she continued, "do you know where you stand, Mr. Price, and whether it is dangerous?"

"I know," I said, trembling at that bloody design, which no whit surprised me, since everything I had heard corroborated it. "I know what I have to do."

"What?" she said.

"Go straight to the Secretary's office," I said, "and tell him."

"You won't do it," she answered. "Or at least, I won't."

"Why?" I asked, a-tremble with excitement.

"Why?" she echoed, mocking me. And I noticed that not only were her eyes bright, but her lips red. "Why, firstly, Mr. Price, because I want to have done with plots and live honestly, and that is not to be done on blood money. And, secondly, because it is dangerous, as you call it. Do you want to be in evidence, set up for al lto point at, and six months after to be decoyed to Wapping, dropped into a dark hold, and carried over to France?"

"God forbid," I said, aghast at this view of things.

"Then have done with informing," she answered, with a little spurt of heat. "Or let it be, at any rate, until we are safe ourselves and snug in the country. Then, it you choose, and you do nothing to hurt my uncle—for I will not have him touched —we may talk of it. But not for money."

Those words "safe and snug," telling of a prospect that at that moment seemed of all others the most desirable in the world, dwelt so lovingly on my ear, that in place of hesitation I felt only eagerness and haste. "I will go!" I said.

"You will?" she said.

"Yes," I answered.

"And?"

"And what?" I said wondering.

She hesitated a moment and then. "That is for you to say," she replied, lowering her eyes.

It is possible that I might not have understood her even then, if I had not marked her face, and seen that her lips were quivering with a sudden bashfulness which words and manner in vain belied. She was not, not all boldness, she blenched at last; and, lowering her eyes, drew forward the shawl that covered her head, the street urchin gone out of her. And I, seeing and understanding, had other and new thoughts of her which remained with me. "If you mean that," I said, "I will make you my wife if you will let me."

"Well, we'll see about it when we get to Romford," she answered, looking nervously aside, and plucking at the fringe of the shawl. "We have to escape first. And now listen." she continued rapidly and in her ordinary voice. "My uncle is removing to-morrow to another hiding place, and I go first with some clothes. He will not flit himself until it is dark. Do you put your trunk outside your door and I will take it and send it by the Chelmsford wagon. At noon meet me at Clerkenwell gate, and we will walk to Romford and hide there until we know how things are going."

"Why Romford?" I asked.

"Why anywhere?" she answered, impatiently.

That was true enough, and seeing in what mood she was, and that out of sheer contrariness she was inclined, because she had melted to me a moment before, to be the more shrewish now, I refrained from asking further questions, listening instead to her minute directions, which were given with as much clearness and perspicuity as if she had dwelt on this escape for a twelvemonth past.

It was plain, indeed, that she had not fetched and carried for the famous Ferguson for nothing, nor watched his methods to little purpose. Nor was this all. Mingled with this display of precocious skill there constantly appeared a touch of malice and mischievousness, more natural in a boy than in a girl, and seldom found even in boys where the gutter has not served for a school. And through this, again, as through the folds of a shifting gauze, appeared now and then that which gradually, as I listened, took more and more a hold on me—the woman.

Yet I suppose that there never was a stranger love making in the world, if love making what could be called, wherein one at least of us had in his mind ten thoughts of fear and death for one of happiness or love, and a pulse attuned rather to the slow and dreary drip of the eaves about us—and the monotonous yelp of a cur chimed among the stalls—than to the flutter of desire.

And yet when, our plan agreed upon and the details settled, we turned homeward and went together through the streets, I could not refrain from glancing at my companion from time to time in doubt and almost in incredulity. When the dream refused to melt, when I found her still moving at my elbow, her small shawled head on a level with my shoulders—when I say I found her so, not love, but a sense of companionship, and a feeling of gratulation that I was no longer alone, stole for the first time into my mind and comforted me. I had gone so many years through these streets solus et caelebs that I pricked my ears and pinched myself in sheer astonishment at finding another beside me and other feet keeping time with mine; nor knew whether to be more confounded or relieved to think that of all persons' interests, her interests, marched with mine.

(To be Continued.)

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CALEDONIA SPRINGS.
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Montreal to Liverpool.

From Liverpool.	Steamers.	From Montreal.
Sat. July 17.	Lake Ontario	Wed., Aug. 4
Sat. July 24.	Lake Superior	Wed., Aug. 11
Sat. Aug. 7.	Lake Winnipeg	Wed., Aug. 25
Sat. Aug. 14.	Lake Huron	Wed., Sept. 1
Sat. Aug. 21.	Lake Ontario	Wed., Sept. 8
Sat. Aug. 28.	Lake Superior	Wed., Sept. 15
Sat. Sept. 11.	Lake Winnipeg	Wed., Sept. 29
Sat. Sept. 18.	Lake Huron	Wed., Oct. 6
Sat. Sept. 25.	Lake Ontario	Wed., Oct. 13
Sat. Oct. 2.	Lake Superior	Wed., Oct. 20
Sat. Oct. 16.	Lake Winnipeg	Wed., Nov. 3
Sat. Oct. 23.	Lake Huron	Wed., Nov. 10
Sat. Oct. 30.	Lake Ontario	Wed., Nov. 17
Fri. Nov. 5.	Lake Superior	Sat., Nov. 20

Steamers sail from Montreal at daybreak on the advertised date, passengers embarking evening previous, after 8 o'clock.
The above arrangement is subject to change, notice of which will be promptly given to agents, and passengers who may have been booked accordingly.
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Steamer.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
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Ottoman	Aug. 7, daylight	Aug. 7, 2 p.m.
Vancouver	Aug. 14, daylight	Aug. 15, 9 a.m.
Scotsman	Aug. 28, daylight	Aug. 28, 2 p.m.
Labrador	Sept. 4, daylight	Sept. 5, 9 a.m.

S.S. CANADA will sail from Boston.
Rates of passage, to Londonderry or to Liverpool :
First Cabin—$52.50 to $90.00 single; $105 to $180 return.
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Midship saloons, electric lights, spacious promenade decks.
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ST. LAWRENCE LINE.
SS. "CAMPANA," 1,700 tons,
Is intended to sail from Montreal on
MONDAY, AUGUST 2nd,
At 2 P.M.
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Leaving Quebec the day following at noon.
For FATHER POINT, GASPE, MAL BAY, PERCE, CAPE COVE, SUMMERSIDE, CHARLOTTETOWN and PICTOU.
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S.S. MARINO	5,000	"
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And Weekly Thereafter.
*Steamers marked thus are fitted with cold storage.
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S.S. Dunmore Head	2,229	tons
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Steamer.	For	On or About
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S.S. Dunmore Head	Dublin	Aug. 14
S.S. Inishowen Head	Dublin	Aug. 20
S.S. Malin Head	Belfast	Aug. 26

To be followed by other steamers fortnightly Through bills of lading granted from all points in Canada. For freight and other particulars, apply to G. HEYN & SONS, Belfast, Managers Ulster Steamship Co., Ltd.; PALGRAVE, MURPHY & CO., Dublin; HAROLD KENNEDY, Quebec; WM. THOMSON & CO., St. John, N.B., or
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S.S. Barnesmore .....about Aug. 1
S.S. Baltimore .....about Aug. 8
S.S. Craftsman .....about Aug. 11
S.S. Br. Trader .....about Aug. 14
S.S. Rossmore .....about Aug. 17
S.S. Oakmore .....about Aug. 25
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St. Paul, Aug. 4, 10 a.m. | Paris...Aug. 18, 10 a.m.
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RED STAR LINE FOR ANTWERP.
I. cabin, $75 and upwards II. cabin, $38 and upwards.
Friesland.....Wednesday, Aug. 4, noon.
Kensington.....Wednesday, Aug. 11, 3 p.m
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From Liverpool.	Steamships.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
8 July	*Parisian	24 July	25 July
15 July	Carthaginian	31 July	31 July
22 July	*California	7 Aug	8 Aug.
29 July	Laurentian	14 Aug.	14 Aug.
5 Aug.	*Parisian	21 Aug.	22 Aug.

*Steamers marked thus are Mail Steamers, carrying all classes of passengers.
Winter rates go into effect with sailing of S. S. State of California.....Aug 7
The Saloons and Staterooms are in the central part, where least motion is felt. Electricity is used for lighting the ships throughout, the lights being at the command of the passengers at any hour of the night. Music Rooms and Smoking Rooms on the promenade deck. The Saloons and Staterooms are heated by steam.
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From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From New York.
9 July	Mongolian	23 July.
23 July	State of Nebraska	6 Aug.
6 Aug.	Mongolian	20 Aug 10a.m.

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London and Montreal Service.

From London.	Steamship.	From Montreal on or about
7 July	Rosarian	25 July.
14 July	Ormidale	1 Aug.
21 July	Brazilian	8 Aug.
28 July	*Monte Videan	15 Aug.

And Weekly Thereafter.
*These steamers are fitted with cold storage accommodation.
Glasgow and Montreal Service.

From Glasgow.	Steamships.	From Montreal on or about
2 July	Buenos Ayrean	20 July
9 July	Norwegian	27 July
9 July	Sarmatian	3 Aug
16 July	*Sardinian	10 Aug

And Weekly Thereafter.
*This steamer is fitted with cold storage accommodation.
Liverpool, Halifax, Philadelphia and St. John's Service.

From Liverpool to St. John's and Halifax.	Steamships.	From Phila. John's to or about	From St. Glasgow.
30 June	Assyrian	22 July	27 July
14 July	Corean	12 Aug.	17 Aug.

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THREADS AND THRUMS

Well-Behaved Children are Best of Decorations.

GOOD TEMPERED MOTHERS

Husbands and Wives Who Grow Apart

When Business Grows Too Engrossing—Answers to Correspondents on Diverse Subjects.

Well-mannered children are the most delightful decorations a home can have, but if the dear house mothers will have so many bits of china and glass and silver and silk that it keeps them busy attending to the repairing, the cleansing, the dusting and the polishing of them they may have no time to cultivate the children, they may be too tired or too cross to be polite themselves and then what can you expect?

—

It is the season of agony for the small boy who has a dog, and has not the money to pay the dog tax. And the poorest, meanest dog with an entire absence of good points may yet win his way into the hearts of children and grown-up's two. Parting with a dog means a great deal to many a poor family even when their meal has to be curtailed, that the faithful dog-friend may not starve.

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Once there was a woman who married a man, as women will do. And the man was apparently much in love with her, and she thought of a simple, quiet life with much of the home in it, and much of the man she loved. He dreamed of a happy life too, but he dreamed with closed eyes, for a man shuts his eyes when he looks rare happiness in the face. Then after a little the man waked up to find that this woman who was his wife was just an ordinary woman, and that his home was only a house and that a life of money-getting was a much more manly life than dawdling over woodland walks and gathering flowers and hanging pictures and reading poetry to the woman he loved.

And the woman rebelled when he drew away, but he said he loved her still and she doubted it. She tried to make of her home what he made of his business—an all-absorbing task, but he resented that. She usurped his place in the home. He was the head of it. She forgot that. He was not consulted about it. He spoke bitterly and the bitter words sank down into her heart and love withered and died and they looked into each others eyes for something that was not there. They were still married and that was the worst of it. Was she wrong? Perhaps so! Was he wrong? Perhaps so! Did they really and truly love each other? It may be!

Something is wrong—very wrong; but the days drag on and they blame each other and the world takes sides and the tangle will only be made right in the hereafter.

—

What a gay thing the summer girl is! What little airs of manner she has! What little airs of dress she affects! How simply irresistible she is to the impressionable young man! How she enslaves him, flirts with him, smiles on him, and then, when she reaches the city, how cruelly she sometimes snubs him. And he thinks of the ice-creams and the canoe-rides and the concerts, and the things she said and the way she looked. She thinks how nice she is and what a nice beau he would be if he were only in her set. Isn't it mean?

—

CORRESPONDENCE.

Snowdrop.—You are affectionate, cheerful, self-reliant and sympathetic.

Jessie.—Your writing indicates generosity, sincerity, and mirth. I should think you were good-natured and yet prudent. When there are pimples on your skin there is a physical reason—very often indigestion, and often a trouble of the blood rising from an internal inflammation. No, I would not use the medicine you name, unless your doctor advised you to. About freckles, I think you had best try to put up with them. You can have the ones on your face removed, but directly the sun touches you, the same condition of blood still existing, you will have another crop.

I believe that electricity is the only absolutely sure and safe depilatory. There may be lotions or salves that will answer, but so far as I know, I should be afraid to try them if I were you.

Rose.—This writing indicates ambition, self-reliance, decision, energy and sensitiveness.

E. H.—So your friends in Quebec say the writing was correctly delineated. I am so glad. What lovely long holidays you have, and isn't Montreal a splendid place to spend them in.

Yankee.—Don't you think you'd better subscribe? You are intuitively acute, persevering, not very sympathetic, orderly and self-reliant.

Lorne.—This is the writing of a sincere and generous person, who is guided by head and not by heart, who is neat, courageous, decisive and cautious. This combination gives a character a tilt towards selfishness, but I daresay you found that out before I did. I am glad the writing of your relative was so correctly delineated.

Anglo—You are a little vain, a little inclined to be moody, self-reliant, orderly and energetic.

Princess Ida—You are fond of out-door sports, merry-hearted, a little thoughtless, quick of temper and sharp of tongue, persevering and ambitious. I could not tell your age from your writing, my child—don't you think it a little absurd to ask if I could.

Yankee Cousin sent me some lovely flowers, so carefully mounted that I asked her to tell about the walks which gave them and the mounting. She kindly does so in the following interesting letter:

Dear Madge Merton,—Did you really want a letter? I imagined it was just to complete the forgiving that you made the kind suggestion, and then—what can I write that will be of interest to you? The "trumps" are rare holidays out of a busy life, all the more precious for their rarity. It is usually the favorite walk, up a western hill and along a high ridge overlooking the river. Do you believe it can be, as some one claims, an instinct within us that makes it natural and easy to turn westward in our walks? I have always thought that the charm of this road lay in its beauty and its historic settings, for, from the top of the hill, where we stop to rest, we can see on our right an old farm, now somewhat in decay, but once an elegant country residence. Its high stone walls, quaint gate houses, walled garden and wooden gates recall its "Dutch builder and original owner, and in a moment our minds go back to the old "Dutch Patroons" and the large share they had in the early history of our state. Far in the distance we see the dim, blue outlines of the Adirondacks—"petrified waves," Celia Thaxter calls the hills, and so we like to think of them. Then we turn to the river, close at hand, always beautiful, in whatever mood we find it, whether lashed into fury by the wind, or "like unto a sea of glass." But the wind brings the scent of the woods, and we hasten on to secure our treasures. We find all our old friends, violets—yellow, blue and white—trilliums, bluets, bell worts, Solomon's seal, and its close companion, its false brother. With great curiosity we dig among the leaves to find its root stock, count the scars, and learn the years it has waited our coming—and its death. A shout from our companion denotes a find of some sort, and we hurry along to see swaying in the sunshine the lovely yellow lady-slippers—moccassin flower, we like better to call them. We feel well repaid for our long walk. Two are packed carefully into a tin pail, the rest left to ripen for another season, or another's enjoyment. At home we place them between sheets of uncolored tissue paper, these between sheets of soft, white blotting paper, they in turn between the leaves of an old blank book, and book and all put into a press, such as is used in offices for copying letters. The mounting is very simple, strips of court plaster being used to keep them in place. So much for our flowers. What made you think we had no Jubilee? We certainly did have. We joined with our good neighbors—as we ought to do—for, after all, are we not the elder daughter's children? And now, do you not regret asking for a letter, such a long one as this is? I hope you will not. Yours as ever,

YANKEE COUSIN.

Marta—No, I don't think any woman should be married if she cannot cook. Another thing, cooks are born, not made, and if you do not inherit a cook's touch and a cook's hand from three or four generations of careful housewives you will never be more than a theoretical cook, which, of course, is not to be despised. It is well to know what should go into cakes and bread and pies and why, but it is another thing to get those batters and doughs and pastry to turn out well. You will find Mrs. Rorer's cooking articles in the Ladies' Home Journal of immense advantage and another magazine of special interest is Table Talk published in Philadelphia. I am quite satisfied that if more women studied cookery and dropped some of the embroidery, the world would be a more comfortable one. Not that I don't like embroidery, for I do, but there is so little time that we shouldn't give it all to one pursuit.

Belle—You are impatient, curious, self-reliant, and sympathetic.

Jack—What on the world are you thinking of? Secret marriages are very unwise.

J. M. B.—This is the writing of a sensitive man who is guided by reason and not by intuition, and who is logical and accurate in that reasoning.

Butterfly Yellow—You are a little indolent, a little impatient, but cheerful in the main and kind-hearted when you think of it.

Brown Bess—In this I see dexterity of fingers, swift reasoning, affectionate temperament and charity.

Theo.—You are sympathetic, generous and merry.

Virgil S.—Secresy, prudence and caution are shown in this writing.

Madge Merton

The Business Woman.

Margaret Sangster has given much to the world in her bright, cheery and withal tender verse. So carefully are her writings cherished and preserved by women everywhere that she is frquently designated as the "Scrap-Book Poetess." This is no mean compliment indicating the love and value placed upon her work by hearts helped over hard places, and encouraged by its strength and sweetness along life's journey. In a recent magazine she offers practical advice in a much needed direction and in prose rather than poetry. If heeded it would elevate and give new dignity and charm to the woman active in business or professional pursuits. How wisely she says "fair field but no favor" should be the feminine motto when competing and working with men on their own ground. Reason and sense convince when in this position they should "expect to be measured by the same standard." The world of business is one realm, that of society quite another! The busy man, however sincerely, and always, the true gentleman at heart can command neither thought nor time for the smal courtesies and acts of deference which distinguish his hours of leisure. A practical woman entering the work-a-day world understands and accepts this, making no claim of sex for courtesy beyond that which exists between gentlemen during business hours.

Love.

I leaned out of the window. I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden—I saw not the gate—
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my own lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near!
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hang like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer;
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star clusters grow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me!

"You night moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or sleep;
You glow worms, shine out and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep!
Ah, my sailor make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer; it waits thee to-night.
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover—
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more,
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

—Jean Ingelow.

LUMBAGO SUFFERERS

Are indeed to be pitied. It strikes like a thunderbolt, and involves more suffering, because one is alive and thoroughly conscious of his condition. Dr. Coderre's Plasters are highly recommended for ailments of this class; in fact they were made especially for such complaints, and have proven themselves to be far more effective than liniments or like applications. 25 cents.

LATEST SUMMER COSTUMES.



WHAT TO EAT HOT DAYS.

Healthful Dishes that Can Be Prepared with Little Fire.

"During the hot months," writes Mrs. S.T. Rorer, in the August Ladies' Home Journal, "the diet should consist largely of dainty, cold, lean meat, green, succulent vegetables, and fruits. It is a popular fallacy that the free use of sub-acid fruits during hot weather causes disturbance of the bowels. No diet is more healthful than ripe fruit provided it is properly masticated and swallowed before or after bread and butter, but never with it.

"The lighter wheat preparations, such as farina, wheatlet and glutena, should be substituted for the heat-giving oatmeal for breakfast. Cook enough one morning to last two, as they are just as palatable cold as they are hot. While fried food may seem a little out of place in the warm weather there are certain light dishes that may be utilized for breakfast. Cornmeal or hominy croquettes, or even rice croquettes, may be made the day before and simply fried at serving time. Squash and cucumbers may be dipped and fried. In the chafing-dish one may have chipped beef, creamed or fricasseed barbecued beef, cold mutton warmed in a little tomato sauce, and dishes of eggs, such as omelets, scrambled eggs, creamed eggs or poached eggs.

"Fruit should be served in a flat dish, with, if the weather is particularly hot, a little chopped ice sprinkled over it. Fruit that is very acid should not be served too cold. Powdered sugar and cream should accompany the fruit course. In the place of chops or steaks we may have eggplant, broiled or fried tomatoes, panned tomatoes, a dainty omelet with peas, omelet with asparagus tips, or with parsley, following the fruit. Corn oysters and corn fritters may also take the place of meat. Coffee, tea, chocolate, and milk are, of course, in summer, as in winter, the breakfast beverages."

The Week's Fashion Cut.

Summer Costume. Guipure lace blouse, epaulettes, and basque trimming, through which colored silk lining shines. Linen corselette, gathered sleeves, and skirt with narrow flounces. Velvet belt and collar, and narrow ribbon velvet trimming. Parti-colored straw hat with high crown and trimmed with striped ribbon and ostrich feathers.

Figured Batiste Dress. Open jacket over plain satin bodice trimmed with lace. Jabot of batiste and gauze plisses with and without lace on the ends, similar plisses for epaulettes, neck and sleeve trimming round the jacket. Skirt trimming to match. Two colored satin ribbon for collar and belt with long sash ends.

The Nightly Toilet.

No matter how one may be busy, it is quite possible to always find time to attend to one's toilet at night. One should not simply drop one's clothes and tumble into bed, else neither one's self nor the clothes will look attractive in the morning. Have plenty of hot water and a dash of cologne and give your face a thorough laving. The result will be as refreshing as an hours' sleep. Brush the hair for twenty minutes; it will be glossier and thicker for the trouble. and your nerves will be soothed by the process. Then, after the exercise, robe yourself in a warm gown and drink a glass of hot milk, weak cocoa, or even hot water, eating a wafer or bit of toast if you like. When the small supper is finished you will be ready to go to sleep without any insomnia cure, and in the morning you will waken refreshed and thoroughly in good humor with yourself and the world.

When a mother allows her daughter to appropriate her wraps, gloves, veils, or other articles of personal attire, she begins a policy of familiarity which, sooner or later breeds contempt. A respect for one's belongings engenders a respect for their possessor.

A SENSIBLE TROUSSEAU.

Clothes Should Be Chosen Suitable to Position in Life.

Isabel A. Mallon writes of "A Bride's Moderate Trousseau" in the August Ladies' Home Journal. "The girl who has a fortune at her command needs no suggestions," she says, "but the girl who has to think out the wisdom of every dollar spent on her trousseau is the one who asks for advice. Taking it for granted, then, that you will live a more or less social life, having your day at home and visiting your friends, and going occasionally to hear good music, you can decide exactly what you will need. First of all, freshen all the gowns you possess, then you know their possibilities; then I would advise one handsome silk dress, combined, perhaps, with velvet, and having to go with it two bodices—one for wear when you are visiting, the other to be used when rather more elaborate dress is required. Have one simple, but smart-looking, wool dress for street wear; if required, you might better omit your visiting costume than this. A black skirt, either of moire, silk or satin, will be useful, since with it there can be worn any number of elaborate bodices. Then you will want, also, a comfortable wrapper, to wear in no place except in your own room; two pretty, well-fitting, house dresses; a coat suited to the season; a wrap that is a little more elaborate, if you can afford it; but do not make the mistake, so often made, of buying clothes that are not suited to your position in life, or, what is equally as bad, of buying such an elaborate wardrobe that it will go out of fashion."

Picnics.

Just here a work or two regarding picnic luncheons may not be amiss. Wrap the sandwiches in wax or paraffine paper in parcels of two and fit them neatly side by side; wrap the cakes (small ones) in the same manner. If pies are included in the list they had best be made turnover fashion and quite small; jelly and cream cakes are too fragile to be well carried. Lemon and other fruit juices shoud be sweetened and bottled without the addition of water; coffee and tea should be made at least double strength and put up in the same way; when used it is very easy to dilute to the proper proportions. There are several styles of picnic hampers in the market, but it is better to use stout cardboard boxes, which can be destroyed when emptied; pack the sandwiches in one, cake in another and fruits and extras in a third: such articles as have strong odors should be wrapped in double thicknesses of the wax paper and be placed in a box by themselves; paper napkins, light wooden plates, tin cups and other extras should also be put together, and where there are a number of packages it is well to write on each what it contains.

The New Woman.

She stands beside her mate, companionwise,
Erect, self-poised, with clear, straightforward eyes.
For what she knows he is she holds him dear,
And not for what she fancies him—with fear.

Brave spirit! Disillusionized, she lifts
What blinder women bear as heaven's ill gifts.
She asks but, ere she reproduce a man,
He truly be one, so a woman can.

She gives not for the asking, nor as one
Who does unpleasant things that must be done.
Nay, he who half-unwilling love receives
Knows not the full-orbed joy she freely gives.

Emancipated, on firm feet she stands,
And all that man exacts of her demands;
The new morality, the art of life,
And not obedience, holds her as wife.

Hail, the new woman! By her choices she
Determines wisely what mankind shall be.
She will not with eyes open be beguiled
To choose a tainted father for her child.

—Miles Menander Dawson, in the August Arena.

Sixty Years of Ladies' Dress.

Myra's Journal gives an interesting resume of ladies' dress during the past sixty years. When our Queen was a fresh young girl, London was even then the obedient pupil of Paris in the matter of dress. Skirts were full in 1837—foreshadowing the crinoline. The huge leg-of-mutton sleeve was in all its variety, and sloping shoulders were fashionable. The fulness of skirts depended on their quantity rather than on a false stiffness—like steels. Evening skirts were triple, sometimes quadruple, a la Taglioni—the fashion having been inspired by the ballerina skirts of the famous dancer. The revolution of 1830 had not brought about a total revolution of fashions, as had been the case in 1789. The huge "Cabriolet" (in England called "a poke") still formed the feature of the fashions, and the front hair was dressed in bunches of curls or big loops or plaits, to fill up in some degree its over-large aperture. Elderly ladies for the evening wore a species of turban tied under the chin, a fashion copied from the mise en-scene of the opera "La Juive" by Halevy and from the classic roles of the great Rachel. Although writers of sixty years ago complain of the quick imitations of fashion. for years there was no very marked difference in the general style. The poke continued to exist, though in 1848 it was made principally in beaver instead of straw or satin. The year 1847 saw the earlier examples of the Bell or Pagoda mantle with its ample bell sleeve, sloping shoulder, and loose outline. This mantle, like the cashmere shawl, had a very long reign. The year 1851 saw a marked but short revolt. Several American ladies came over to London to see the Great Exhibition. In May and June certain of them, more go-ahead than their English cousins, lectured on the absurdity and inconvenience of full skirts and pagoda sleeves. They suggested as a rational costume full knickerbockers, (exactly like those the French lady cyclists of two years back wore), which are still called "Bloomers," from the name of one of the lecturers. The attempt to enforce rational dress failed then as it has lately failed. The attempt, however, is interesting, for it coincides with a dawning desire for greater social and political freedom on the part of women, a desire which has now grown to such proportion that much has been granted them, and more, undoubtedly, will soon be given. The "bloomers" of the fifties failed, but the tailors of the nineties have succeeded in poularizing a masculine style of dress which, like the now universal shirt-bodice, suits the growing activity of Englishwomen without unsexing and disfiguring them. We have no reason to complain of female dress this year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

DANGERS AND BENEFITS OF CYCLING

It is easy to understand that anything has its merit which entices into the open air a people too devoted to pen, ink, and printed paper, and too sedentary in habit. It is also obvious that any muscular exercise not too severe or too prolonged must increase circulation and respiration, and indirectly promote the nutritive processes that lead to health.

On the other hand, it needs no elaborate argument to carry the conviction that the young hoodlum who spends his Sundays and the greater part of his shorter periods of leisure in straining his immature muscles, including his heart, in demonstrating how far and how fast he can propel his "bike," is liable to shorten his life and sacrifice possibilities of usefulness unseen by those who despise his present vulgarity and curse him as a common nuisance of the highway. Equally evident is it that the elderly man or woman whose heart is no longer a perfect pump, whose blood vessels are somewhat brittle, and whose other organs are more or less the worse for wear, runs the danger of speedy death from heart failure (properly so-called) apoplexy of the brain, or a similar hemorrhage into another organ, or from some other result of overstraining an enfeebled system.

The benefits of the bicycle are to be noted particularly in the case of women who have passed the heyday of youth and have not yet reached the calm of middle life, but who are passing through a period of mental fermentation and physical irritability of varying degree according to their social sphere, temperament, and habits. The matron with engrossing and for the most part pleasant cares may slip from youth to middle age with scarcely a realization that the glamor of the former is waning, and without the physical reflection of a purely mental disturbance. In some respects she is more prone to actual organic disease than her unmarried sister, but it is the latter who is especially liable to mourn over the lost gaieties of younger days, to feel herself becoming less essential to active life, and, in turn, life becoming less endurable to her. The spinster who is an integral part of some picasant household, or who is born to that class of society which has money and leisure for making a business of pleasure, may also find growing old a tolerable, if not actually agreeable, process. But it is the solitary female, the one who commands the gaieties of life only so long as she can keep white hairs and wrinkles from appearing, who has not the prosaic but necessary basis of philanthropy, of social activity, or the various phases of new-womanism, who somewhere in the third decade of life realizes that the evil days have come, and the years when she is forced to say, "I have no pleasure in them." Teacher, stenographer, seamstress, wage-earner in whatever field, or the unwilling parasite on some struggling relative, she becomes the prey of mental yearning and dissatisfaction, and it is little wonder that actual disease follows. Life, irksome enough in health, becomes doubly so now; and the two factors, mental and physical suffering, act and re-act on each other in a vicious circle. The manifestation of the nervous state of such a woman may localize itself in some one organ or apparatus; some special form of neuralgia may set in, or the supply of nerve-power to the stomach may be so deficient that, without organic change, a serious dyspepsia ensues, or any one of a number of other organs may be similarly depressed in function, singly or in association. The woman who would not—yes, could not—muster courage to walk a mile in familiar and uninteresting streets, will gladly put forth the same amount of energy in pedaling three miles to reach a park or the real country; and once there, the temptation to further exercise is irresistible.

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If the bicycle were responsible simply for distracting the attention of thousands of young men and women from artificial fashions in dress, and for creating an honest though sometimes mistaken effort at dress reform, a great good would have been accomplished, but it is doing much more than this. It is establishing an ideal of physical health, and making deservedly unpopular the sickly heroine of less than a generation ago. The wheel is affording a wholesome outlet for energies that would otherwise be wasted in frivolity or actual dissipation, and in elevating the physical is also raising the moral tone of the youth of our land. The half-grown boy who formerly thought it manly to fuddle his brain with liquor or weaken his heart with tobacco has changed his ideal to the not very lofty but certainly more innocent one of maintaining a reputation for speed or endurance, and while in training he proudly foregoes bad habits that he would be ashamed to abandon as a mere matter of principle. The use of strong liquors among the class of young men from whom cyclists are largely drawn is on the wane, and even soft drinks are used with increasing discretion.

All of this means not that the bicycle is to be used by everybody, nor that it is to be the physical and moral salvation of the age, but that it is aiding in a tangible manner in the solution of many problems, social, economic, moral, and hygienic.

SANDWICHES.

Table Talk gives the following [illegible] suggestions for sandwiches:

Sandwiches may be made with [illegible] biscuits or thin crackers and [illegible] Where bread is used it should be [illegible] twenty-four hours old, if home-made [illegible] days is better. If the crust is hard [illegible] should be cut off first, if soft the [illegible] may be done after the slices have been put together. Having the butter [illegible] enough to work easily, spread the [illegible] the loaf and with a sharp knife cut in [illegible] thin slice; if the filling is to be [illegible] on it may also be put on each [illegible] slice before cutting it from the loaf. When the filling is in the two slices should be pressed together, then cut or trimmed to any desired shape.

MEAT FILLINGS.

Free the meat from fat and gristle, [illegible] very fine (if possible put through a [illegible] ping machine), pound to a paste, [illegible] very highly with salt and pepper [illegible] such other condiments as may be suited to the meat. For ham a little lemon [illegible] or tarragon vinegar, made mustard, [illegible] the yolks of hard boiled eggs may be [illegible] ed and there should be nearly [illegible] as much fat as meat; to cold roast [illegible] add a little horseradish and Worcestershire.

INDIAN HAM FILLING.

One-half of a cupful of chopped [illegible] one tablespoonful of chopped butter, [illegible] cayenne, pounded well together; add a tablespoonful of Indian chutney and a teaspoonful of finely chopped chervil.

FOIE GRAS FILLING.

Equal quantities of pate de foie gras and soft butter thoroughly blended together. Spread directly on bread.

FISH AND LETTUCE FILLING.

Pound cold boiled halibut to a paste, adding sufficient thick cream to moisten; add salt and pepper to taste and moisten with lemon juice to acidulate very slightly. Spread on buttered bread, lay on a lettuce leaf and cover with second slice.

FLOWER BUTTER.

In a large stone pot put a thick layer of freshly gathered violets, clover blossoms or rose leaves; on this lay a roll of butter wrapped in a very thin cloth. Fill the pot with the blossoms, cover and set in a cold place for half a day.

MUSTARD BUTTER.

Butter the size of an egg, one tablespoonful of French mustard; pound together until thoroughly blended.

ANCHOVY BUTTER.

One part of anchovy paste to two parts of butter. Pound well together.

POTTED CHEESE FILLING.

One-half of a pound of cheese, five tablespoonfuls of butter, sufficient sherry to make a paste.

PICKLE FILLING.

Mustard pickles chopped, then pounded with sufficient of the dressing to make a paste.

NASTURTIUM FILLING.

Two-thirds blossoms, one-third leaves, on the buttered bread; or they may be pounded with the butter. Watercress, garden mustard, peppergrass or other pungent herb may be similarly prepared.

NUT AND CREAM CHEESE FILLING.

One cupful finely chopped walnut meats, sufficient Philadelphia cream cheese to bring to a paste; add a little salt.

SWISS FILLING.

Equal parts of grated Swiss cheese and chopped English walnut meats with a little salt and pepper.

OLIVE FILLING.

One dozen large, meaty olives stoned and cooled; stone and chop fine. Add a tablespoonful of mayonnaise and one teaspoonful of cracker dust. Spread on buttered bread.

PEANUT FILLING.

Shell and remove the skins, pound fine and add enough stiff mayonnaise to bring to a paste. Spread on unbuttered bread.

MAYONNAISE AND BANANA FILLING.

Spread the bread with mayonnaise, cover with thinly sliced bananas.

FRUIT FILLING.

Use candied fruits finely chopped, either or figs and dates gently cooked to a paste in a little water, then cooled.

Mrs. LEGENDRE

FOUR YEARS AN INVALID WRITES: "I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for this great change in my health, and shall do all in my power to bring

Dr. CODERRE'S RED PILLS

To the notice of those who may need them

Like a prisoner released after years of bondage, is the life of one restored to health after years of suffering.



MRS. HERCULINE LEGENDRE.
240 Mulberry St., Fall River Mass.

Franco-American Chemical Co.,

Gentlemen.—Four years ago I experienced my first illness, which I think must have been caused by overwork. It came on in the form of weakness, I seemed to have suddenly lost all my strength, and the least exertion would tire me out. Sometimes I would feel somewhat better, and think I was about to recover my former health and strength, and then without any apparent cause I would go back into my old state of weakness. For sometime I bore this until I was satisfied that I was getting no better, but on the contrary growing worse and worse, and fearing that I was fast becoming a hopeless invalid, I at last consulted a physician, and for some time was under his treatment. My condition following this was somewhat better for a short time, but for a short time only, until I seemed to have lost all I had gained, I then gave up the physician, and commenced taking Dr. Coderre's Red Pills having seen a notice in *La Presse* of Montreal relating to them. For three months I took the pills, and during the last few weeks I commenced to grow worse, kept on for three months, and then quit them, feeling quite well at that time, and in fact I have ever since. I cannot express my gratitude sufficiently for this great change in my health, and shall as all in my power to bring Dr. Coderre's Red Pills to the notice of those who may need them.

Witness, H. R. Surles. HERCULINE LEGENDRE.

Female weakness! thy victims are many, thou hast no respect for young or old, but are ever pursuing thy deadly calling; striking when and where the fit, invading the sancitity of home, blighting the happy life of maidenhood, cruelly removing her, who in the family circle, bears the name of mother.

This destroying angel is ever seeking for some fresh victim. He loves to rob the cheek of health with the hue of death. He loves to rob the sturdy frame of strength, and give in return the decrepitude that only belongs to old age. He loves to dim the once lustrous eye, and blanch the lip that pleads for mercy. Mercy has none, but with ghoulish delight tortures his victim, until death becomes the object of longing, and at last ends the tragedy.

Women of our fair land! we need not ask if you desire this, but there are whom we *would* ask: why do you permit it? You say it is useless; you are [illegible] less; the struggle has told upon you until you are ready to sink under its [illegible] Take courage! Female weakness as we deal with it, is as easy of cure as many complaint which you think you would gladly accept in its place. If you enjoy health's blessings as you never have, accept the means which we offer. Coderre's Red Pills are like an anchor of hope, *they will not fail you.*

Further information relative to the diseases of women will be cheerfully furnished by our French Specialist, who will at the same time give you all the necessary advice for home treatment absolutely free. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are for sale everywhere. Price 50c. per box, 6 boxes $2.50, mailed on receipt of price. *The pills are sold in boxes only, never in bulk.* Address: FRANCO-AMERICAN CHEMICAL CO., Medical Department, P. O. Box 2306, Montreal, Canada.

Twenty Pages.

The Herald.

Pages 13 to 20.

SUMMER FICTION SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897.

The Necessary Resources.

. . . By ANTHONY HOPE.

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THE affair had three obvious results: The marriage of Prince Julian, Sir Henry Shum's baronetcy and the complete renovation of Lady Craigernoch's town house. Its other effects, if any, were more obscure.

By accident of birth and of political events, Prince Julian was a pretender, one of several gentlemen who occupied that position in regard to the throne of an important European country, By a necessity of their natures, Messrs. Shum & Byers were financiers; thanks to a fall in rents and a taste for speculation, Lady Craigennoch was hard put to it for money and had become a good friend and ally of Mr. Shum's; sometimes he allowed her to put her finger in one of his pies and draw out a little plum for herself. Byers, hearing one day of his partner's acquaintance with Lady Craigennoch, observed: "She might introduce us to Prince Julian." Shum asked no questions, but obeyed; that was the way to be comfortable and to grow rich if you were Mr. Byers' partner. The introduction was duly affected; the prince wondered vaguely, almost ruefully, what these men expected to get out of him. Byers asked himself quite as dolefully whether anything could be made out of an indolent, artistic, lazy young man like the prince; pretenders such as he served only to buttress existing governments.

"Yes," agreed Shum. "Besides he's entangled with that woman."

"Is there a woman?" asked Byers. "I should like to know her."

So, on his second visit to Palace Gate, Mr. Byers was introduced to the lady who was an inmate in Prince Julian's house, but was not received in society. Lady Craigennoch, however, opining, justly enough, that since she had no girls she might know whom she pleased, had called on the lady and was on friendly terms with her. The lady was named Mrs. Rivers, and was understood to be a widow. "And surely one needn't ask for his death certificate!" pleaded Lady Craigennoch, Byers, as he took tea in Mrs. Rivers' boudoir, was quite of the same mind. He nursed his square chin in his lean hand, and regarded his hostess with marked attention. She was handsome—that fact concerned Byers very little; she was also magnificently self-confident; — this trait roused his interest in a moment. He came to see her more than once again; for now an idea had begun to shape itself in his brain. He mentioned it to nobody least of all to Mrs. Rivers. But one day she said to him,with the careless contempt that he admired:

"If I had all your money I should do something with it."

"Don't I?" he asked, half-liking, half-resenting her manner.

"O, you make more money with it, I suppose."

She paused for a moment, and then leaning forward, began to discuss European politics, with especial reference to the condition of affairs in Prince Julian's country. Byers listened in silence; she told him much that he knew, a few things which had escaped him. She told him also one thing which he did not believe—that Prince Julian's indolent airs covered a character of rare resolution and tenacity. She repeated this twice, thereby betraying that she was not sure her first statement had carried conviction. Then she showed that the existing government, in the prince's country was weak, divided, unpopular and poor; and then she ran over the list of rival pretenders, and proved how deficient all of them were in the qualities necessary to gain or keep a throne. At this point she stopped, and asked Mr. Byers to take a second cup of tea. He looked at her with interest and amusement in his shrewd eyes; she had all the genius, the native power, with none of the training, none of the knowledge of men. He read her so easily; but there was a good deal to read. In one point, however, he read her wrongly; almost the only mistakes he made were due to forgetting the possible existence of unselfish emotion.

Prince Julian had plenty of imagination; without any difficulty he imagined himself regaining his ancestral throne, sitting on it in majesty, and establishing it in power. This vision Mrs. Rivers called up before his receptive mind by detailing her conversation with Mr. Byers. "You want nothing but money to do it," she said. And Byers had money in great heaps; Shum had it, too, and Shum was for present purposes Byers; so were a number of other persons, all with money. "I believe the people are devoted to me in their hearts," said Prince Julian; then he caught Mrs. Rivers by both her hands and cried. "And then you shall be my queen."

"Indeed I won't," she said; and she added almost fiercely, "Why do you bring that up again now? It would spoil it all." For, contrary to what the world thought Prince Julian had offered several times to marry the lady who was not received nor visited (except, of course, by Lady Craigennoch.) Stranger still, this marriage was the thing which the prince desired above all things, for failing it he feared that some day (owing to a conscience and other considerations) Mrs. Rivers would leave him, and he really did not know what he should do then. When he imagined himself on his ancestral throne, Mrs. Rivers was always very near at hand; whether actually on the throne beside him or just behind it was a point he was prone to shirk; at any cost, though, she must be very near.

As time went on there were many meetings at Palace gate; the prince, Mr. Shum and Lady Craigennoch were present sometimes; Mrs. Rivers and Byers were never wanting. The prince's imagination was immensely stimulated in those days; Lady's Craigennoch's love for a speculation was splendidly indulged; Mr. Shum's cautious disposition received terrible shocks. Mrs. Rivers discussed European politics, the attitude of the church and the secret quarrels of the cabinet in Prince Julian's country; and Byers silently gathered together all the money of his own and other people's on which he could lay hands. He was meditating a great coup; and just now and then he felt a queer touch of remorse when he reflected that his coup to which Mrs. River's disquisitions and the prince's vivid imagination invited him. But he believed in the survival of the fittest, and, although Mrs. Rivers wast very fit, he himself was just by a little bit fitter still. Meanwhile the government in the prince's country faced its many difficulties with much boldness, and seemed on the whole safe enough.

The birth and attributes of rumor have often engaged the attention of poets; who can doubt that their rhetoric would have been embellished and their metaphors multiplied had they possessed more intimate acquaintance with the places where money is bought and sold? For in respect of awakening widespread interest, and affecting the happiness of homes, what is the character of any lady, however high born, conspicuous or beautiful, compared with the character of a stock? Here, indeed, is a field for calumny, for inuendo, for hints of frailty, for whispers of intrigue; for scandal mongers have their turn to serve, and the holders are swift to distrust. When somebody writes Sheridan's comedy anew, let him lay the scene of it in a bourse; between his slandered stock and his slandered dame. he may work out a very pretty and fanciful parallel.

Here, however, the facts can be set down only plainly and prosaically. On all the exchanges there arose a feeling of uneasiness respecting the stock of the Government of Prince Julian's country; selling was going on, not in large blocks, but cautiously, continually, in unending driblets; surely on a system, and with a purpose? Then came paragraphs in the papers (like whispers behind fans) discussing the state of the Government and the country much in the vein which had marked Mrs. Rivers' dissertations. By now the stock was down three points; by pure luck it fell another, in mysterious sympathy with the South African mining market. Next there was a riot in a provincial town in the prince's country, then a minister resigned and made a damaging statement in the chamber. Upon this it seemed no more than natural that attention should be turned to Prince Julian, his habits, his entourage, his visitors. And now there were visitors; nobles and gentlemen crossed the channel to see him; they came stealthily, yet not so secretly but that there was a paragraph. These great folk had heard the rumors, and hope had revived in their breasts. They talked to Mrs. Rivers; Mrs. Rivers had talked previously to Mr. Byers. A day later a weekly paper, which possessed good and claimed universal information, announced that great activity reigned among Prince Julian's party, and that His Royal Highness was considering the desirability of issuing a manifesto. "Certain ulterior steps," the writer continued, "are in contemplation, but of these it would be premature to speak." There was not very much in all this, but it made the friends of the stock rather uncomfortable; and they were no more happy when a leading article in a leading paper demonstrated beyond possibility of cavil that Prince Julian had a fair chance of success, but that, if he regained the throne, he could look to hold it only by seeking glory in an aggressive attitude toward; his neighbors. On the appearance of this luminous forecast the poor stock fell two points more; there had been a sauve qui peut of the timid holders.

Then actually came the manifesto; and it was admitted on all hands to be such an excellent manifesto as to amount to an event of importance. Whoever had drawn it up—and this question was never settled—he knew how to lay his fingers on all the weak spots of the existing government, how to touch on the glories of Prince Julian's house, what tone to adopt on vexed questions, how to rouse the enthusiasm of all the discontented. "Given that the prince's party possess the necessary resources," observed the same leading ournal. "It cannot be denied that the situation has assumed an aspect of gravity." And the poor Stock fell yet a little more; upon which Mr. Shum, who had a liking for taking a profit when he saw it, ventured to ask his partner how long he meant "to keep it up."

"We'll talk about that tomorrow," said Mr. Byers, "I'm going to call in Palace Gate this afternoon." He looked very thoughtful as he brushed his hat and sent for a hansom. But as he drove along his brow cleared, and he smiled triumphantly. If the prince's party had not the necessary resources they could do nothing; if they did nothing, would not the droping Stock lift her head again? Now nobody was in a position to solve that problem, about the necessary resources so surely or so swiftly as Mr. Byers.

A hundred yards from Prince Julian's house he saw Lady Craigennoch walking along the pavement, and got out of his cab to join her. She was full of the visit she had just paid, above all of Ellen Rivers.

"Because she's the whole thing, you know," she said. "The adherents—good gracious, what helpless creatures! I don't wonder the republicans upset them if that's what they're like. O, they're gentlemen, of course, and you're not, Byers (Mr. Byers bowed slightly and smiled acquiescently) but I'd rather have you than a thousand of them. And the prince, poor dear, is hardly better. Always talking of what he'll do when he's there, never thinking how he's going to get there!"

Byers let her run on; she was giving him both instruction and amusement.

"And then he's afraid—O, not of the bullets or the guillotine, or whatever it is—because he's a gentleman, too, you know. (Or, perhaps, you don't know! I wonder if you do! Shum doesn't, perhaps you do.) But he's afraid of losing her. If he goes, she won't go with him. I don't mean as—as she is now, you know. She won't go anyhow, not as his wife even. Well, of course, if he married her he'd wreck the whole thing. But one would hardly expect her to see that—or even to care, if he did. She's very odd." Lady Craigennoch paused a moment. "She's fond of him, too," she added. "She's a very queer woman."

"A lady?" asked Mr. Byers with a touch of satire.

"O, yes.' said Lady Craigennoch. scornful that he needed to ask. "But so odd. "Well, you've seen her with him—just like a mother with her pet boy! How hard shes' worked, to be sure! She told me how she'd got him to sign the what's-its name? He almost cried, because he'd have to go without her, you know. But she says it's all right now; he won't go back now, because he's given his word. And she's simply triumphant, though she's fond of him, and though she won't go with him." Again Lady Craigennoch paused. "People won't call on that woman, you know," she remarked after her pause. Then she added, "Of course that's right, except for a reprobate like me. But still—"

"She's an interesting woman," said Byers in a perfunctory sympathy with his companion's enthusiasm.

Lady Craigennoch cooled down, and fixed a cold and penetrating glance on him.

"Yes, and you're an interesting man," she said. "What are you doing Mr. Byers?"

"Vindicating Right Divine," he answered.

Lady Craigennoch smiled. "Well, whatever it is," she said, "Shum has promised that I shall stand in." Again she paused. "Only," she resumed, "if you're making a fool of that woman—" She seemed unable to finish the sentence; there had been genuine indignation in her eyes for a moment; it faded away; but there came a slight flush on her cheek as she added, "But that doesn't matter if it's in the way of business, does it?"

"And Shum has promised that you shall stand in," Byers reminded her gravely.

Lady Craigennoch dug her parasol into the streak of earth that showed between pavement and curbstone.

"Anyhow, I'm glad I called on her," she said, "I'm not much, heaven knows, but I'm a woman to speak to."

"To cry to?" he hazarded.

"How do you know she cried? Think what she'd been through, poor thing! Oh, you won't find her crying."

"I hope not," said Mr. Byers with a perfect seriousness in his slightly nasal tones; and when they parted he said to himself, "That woman hates having to know me." But there were many people in that position; and he spent much time in increasing the number; so the reflection caused him no pain, but rather a sense of self-complacency; when people know you who hate having to know you, you are somebody. The thought passed, and the next moment he found himself being glad that Ellen Rivers had a woman to speak to—or to cry to—even though it were only Lady Craigennoch.

She was not crying when she received Mr. Byers. She was radiant. She told him that her part was done; now he must do his part; then the prince would do his; thus the great enterprise would be accomplished. That odd pang struck Byers again as he listened; he recollected the beginning of Lady Craigennoch's unfinished sentence, "If you're making a fool of that woman—" That was just what he was doing. He escaped from the thought and gratified his curiosity by turning the talk to Mrs. Rivers herself,

"Accomplished, eh?" said he. "And it's a crown for the prince?"

"Yes, and great influence for you."

"And you'll be—"

"I shall be nothing, I shall go away." She spoke quickly and decisively; the resolution was there, but to dwell on it was dangerous.

"Where to?" he asked.

"O, I don't know. Anywhere."

"Back to your people?"

She looked at him for a moment. He had allowed himself to sneer. Her manner, as she went on without taking any notice of his question, proved that Lady Craigennoch had been right in saying that she was a lady.

"My work will be done," she said. "From the first moment I knew the prince I determined to use my influence in this way. He only—he only needed a little encouragement."

"And a little money?"

"I gave him one, you're giving him the other. We shall both be repaid by this success."

(Concluded next Saturday.)

Two Hats and a Cap.

"Georgie, have you seen papa's straw hat?"

"Yes; mamma wored it away on her wheel."

"And where is papa's cap?"

"Aunt Nellie wored it to the tennis match."

"And papa's plug hat?"

"Sister wored it a horseback ridin'.—

The Late Eraclio Solis.

(Copyright, 1897. S. S. McClure Co.)

AMONG the many odd trifles which I have brought home from my travels is a little gold belt, on the table before me now. It was given to me some years ago as a souvenir by the only highwayman it has been my chance to meet, and often since then I have wondered what had become of the interesting rascal to whom it belonged.

A few days ago I received a letter from a friend in Mexico telling of his death. How vividly it recalled our interview! In the spring of 1884, I was obliged to take the tedious journey from Alamos to Mazattan, in the traditional stage coach—a picturesque experience to remember, but an agony of five nights and four days to endure. At the time I chafed over the slow progress of our civilization, which forced me to travel in a restless, tin sheathed wooden box; but to-day the perspective has changed, and I look upon the geographical limitation of Yankee enterprise with a decided feeling of satisfaction. There are still some things to do that everybody has not yet done; some sights that cannot be had for the price of a ticket; some men to meet outside of offices and clubs.

Eraclio Solis was one of these men. He belonged to a species unknown to the railroad freighted Philistine, who naively believes that he is travelling two generations, hence the race of such men as Eraclio will be extinct.

I had heard much about him, for in those years he was a more important factor in the government of north-western Mexico than all the state governors combined. In spite of a detachment of cavalry stationed in the neighborhood of Soy Hornitos, Eraclio held up every alternate stage coach, within a mile, more or less, of the same place. The soldiers always arrived upon the scene a few minutes after his band had disappeared, and whenever they escorted the coach it was sure to be attacked as soon as their protection was deemed no longer necessary.

When he left Alamis, Ben Hill, the gambler, called out to me as we drove past his house: "Here's good luck to Eraclio; tell him I'm all right," whereupon my neighbor asked if I were going beyond Fuertie. I answered that I intended to, and then he assured me that I should certainly make the bandit's acquaintance, as this was the regular marked trip. Shortly after leaving Fuertie my last companion got out, and I was left alone. The certainty of being stopped by the brigand had gradually grown upon me during the past thirty-six hours, and as I sat there suspiciously scanning the cactus brush on every side of the coach, my rifle between my knees, and my revolver ready for immediate use, I debated with myself what course I ought to pursue.

Beyond my arms I had really nothing to lose, and it seemed foolhardy to attempt to resist, single-handed, the attacks of a band of trained highwaymen merely because my Anglo-Saxon prejudices forbade me to yield without a struggle. I did not wish to risk my life for the sake of a mere prejudice, but I rebelled at the idea of holding up my hands without making use of them.

While I was thus undecided the driver settled the question by calling to me to take off my shooting irons and climb up beside him. "Don Juan," he said to me as I braced myself to the box at his side, "you've got nerve enough, so I may as well tell you that Eraclio will stop us in a few minutes. When we reach the top of this grade you will see the arroyo hondo, and on the rise beyond probably the horsemen, too, but perhaps only Eraclio himself. Now, for heaven's sake, don't go shooting. There will be thirty rifle sights levelled at us from behind the cactus bush, and the minute you pull the trigger we shall be riddled.

Did you ever hear how Ben Hill got filled with lead? Well, I can tell you, for I was driving. Eraclio appeared in the usual way, and I stopped, of course, as soon as he waved his rifle, but Hill jumped out and fired. Whew! How the bullets began to come in! A perfect hailstorm. Two minutes later it was all over. Three of the mules were dead, besides the whipper and one of the passengers. As for Hill, he was lying on the road with six bullets under his skin—enough to kill any ordinary man—but there he lay, firing away at the cactus, with the blood running down over his forehead, and as mad as though he had been eating papashes all the morning. Eraclio had a hard time preventing his men from finishing him, but the gambler was an old friend of his, and he kept the Covotes off.

"Ben," said he, "why did you shoot? Are you drunk?"

"Quiet sake?" the other answered. I'm pickled now, anyway. Look here, Eracho. be generous with me. There are 6,000 pesos in my valise, and that ought to satisfy you. But there's my wife, she has all her jewellery along, and now that I am laid up, I think you might look after her. Can't you take her down to Culiacan? I can scrape up a couple of thousand more when I get home, and if you'll do that I'll send them to you and welcome. Is it a bargain?

"Bah!" the other answered, laughing. "Friend Ben, between thieves, the shortest accounts are best. I'll take your money for the men—but the senora shall reach Culiacan safely. I'll see to that myself." And he did it, Don Juan. He put three of his men inside, made me do the whipping, and drove himself, right up to the hotel, though he knew well enough that there was a big placard on the door, "Two thousand (2,000) pesos for the body of Eraclio Solis, dead or alive."

"You never saw him? Well, senor, he's a caballero, you will see, and I say we ought to have just such a man for governor. He knows what the poor people need, and what is good for them. Vaya, if he were governor for only one year, they would make him president the next. The greatest man in Mexico, senor, and they are trying to kill him!"

But in spite of Martin's predictions, and apparently much to his disappointment, we drove off unmolested, across the arroyo hondo and into Los Harnitos.

The little rancho was crowded, and I ordered my dinner served outside under the porch, where I sat down alone to wait. The view from my seat was hot, desolate and depressing, typical of our dreary life west of the Sierre Madre. To the left stood a broken row of low flat-roofed adobe huts, joined together by irregular cactus hedges, and on the tops of the fluted gray-green columns three or four buzzards perched motionless. On the right by the roadside lay odd looking piles of rusty mining machinery, relics of some abandoned enterprise, and far, far away, above the faintly purple level of dry bush, the blue sierre stretched along the horizon.

While I sat there, waiting and wondering wherein lay the undeniable charm of this dreary landscape, a horseman rode up, tied his animal to one of the posts, and started to enter the house, but catching sight of me, he stopped, touched his hat, and came towards me smiling.

"Don Juan of the Rochin mine?" he asked pleasantly. I rose, answered that I was Don Juan, but the man's face was totally unfamiliar to me, and my perplexity was evident, for he said:

"You are wondering who I am, Don Juan? It is true, we have not met before, yet we are hardly strangers." He drew a chair up to the table, and said:

"I am Eraclio, the outlaw."

"Eraclio!"

"At your service, senor," he answered, amazed at my astonishment. "You expected to meet me yonder on the road, yes? But really, it would not have been worth while; I knew that you were the only passenger, and that you do not travel with more than a few dollars in your pocket. Garcia's draft on Mazatlan is of no use to me, for unfortunately circumstances do not allow me to go there. As for your rifle and your pistol—you might have been tempted to use them, and—I bear you no ill will. But, caramba! Why don't they bring us something to eat?" and springing up with an oath, he went to the house and gave some orders, which were obeyed with eager alacrity. As he stood by the door, one of his men came up and spoke to him. A huge, swaggering desperado, and it delighted me to note the superiority of the grateful, agile and thoroughbred beside the melodramatic bandit—he was unmistakably the commander.

When he came back he unbuckled his pistol belt and threw it down on the bench between us, so as to be much nearer me than him, and as he did so he looked at me meaningly. It might have been merely a trick, and so I prudently refrained from following his example, though I liked the man's appearance, and instinctively felt that I had nothing to fear. He noticed my hesitation at once, and said, with a short hard laugh:

"Do you trust me, Don Juan; well, I don't wonder! I have a bad name, perhaps if you knew as much about me as I do myself you would trust me still less. It is not altogether my fault, though." Then changing the subject suddenly, he continued: "I suppose you keep pretty well around up at the Rochin mine? O, don't fancy I am trying to get any information. I know you keep a large amount of silver there, and have about twenty white men on whom you can depend. Now, suppose I were to pay you a visit—how would you receive me?"

"Why, about as roughly as we know how!"

"Even if I had fifty behind me?"

"Unless you came with a whole army behind you," I answered. I don't know that the number would make much difference. If you attacked the Rochin mine we should defend it."

"Good! That is one thing I like about English and Americans. Odds don't frighten them. Now a little while since I went up to the Rosario and had an interview with Schmidt, their superintendent. 'How many are you?' he asked. 'O,' he answered, 'I have only twenty-four, so walk in and help yourselves!' Schmidt is not a coward, but once he was an officer in the German army, and there he learned that two men always beat one. Two units always beat one, that's true, and in large armies the average manliness is at its lowest. However, I'll get even with him," he added with a somewhat cynical laugh, "I shall take good care to have fewer men than he and force a fight, for I don't like robbing without some danger or excitement, it is too much like thievings."

"You draw rather nice distinctions," I said. He frowned, and for a moment seemed annoyed; then he went on. "O, let us talk of something else; it is so rare nowadays out here to have a chance of passing an hour or two with a man of education that I must make the most of it. You have been in Europe, of course? Well, then, let us get as far away from Los Hornitos as possible. Ah, Don Juan, I hate this life!" he added passionately, and in an instant the whole expression of his face changed. His fists were clutched on the table before him, and his lips were drawn back over his teeth until he looked more like an animal about to spring forward than like the handsome, good-humored young fellow he had hitherto seemed to be. But this expression vanished again as quietly as it had come. He drank off a tumblerful of wine and lighted a cigar, while I reflected on the danger of irritating such a fearful temper. For an hour or two we chatted very pleasantly. He was especially interested in French affairs, and begged me to give him a bundle of Fidards which I had just been reviewing and happened to have with me. I had heard that he was then of good education, and that he had travelled for a number of years, but I was not prepared to meet one so familar with French, English and even German books as his conversation proved Solis to be.

Eventually I expressed my surprise at his unusual knowledge, and I asked him how he managed to keep so well informed out in the wilderness.

"Do you know anything of my past life, Don Juan?" he asked in return.

"Gracia has told me something," I answered, "but not much, after all. He was a friend of yours once, was he not?"

"He is now, for the matter of that," Solis answered, 'at least as far as circumstances will allow him to be."

For some minutes the outlaw remained silent, looking blankly at the table before him, while his thoughts were evidently far away. When he spoke again, he did so with unmistakable diffidence and hesitation.

"Our conversation has recalled my student days—the best period of my life—so vividly—and the contrast between then and now—" He did not finish the sentence, and again for some minutes he smoked on silently—while I sat equally silent and waiting.

"Perhaps you do not know, senor," he began presently. "I came of good family. My ancestors came over from Spain about the beginning of the last century, which may or may not be true. At any rate my father was an intimate friend of Gen. Calzado, whom the Juarez government outlawed, and about the time I was ten years old both were captured, executed side by side and all their property confiscated by the state. Nothing except my mother's hacienda, La Perla, was saved from the wreck, and there I was allowed to grow up, without education or restraint of any kind. You know what life is on a Mexican rancho, and what qualities of human nature are most likely to be developed in such an atmosphere. Well, as a boy, I was perhaps worse than the average. I am extremely passionate, and when I am aroused I lose all control over myself to such an extent that I am not much better than a wild animal. I ought to have been shot or put out of the way long ago, and sooner or later that is the fate I expect to meet. I was only seventeen when I had a quarrel with a friend over a girl we both fancied; we had a fight, of course, and I killed him. I can't say that I felt much remorse at the time; on the contrary, I was rather proud of my victory. No one had seen us together, so I was not afraid of its being discovered. My rival was out of the way, and I profited by it; then a few days later, satiated and disenchanted, I realized what I had done. So, between fear and remorse and shame, I determined to leave the country.

"Ah, Europe! Don Juan, that was a revelation to me. I had never seen anything of civilization. I saw it first in Paris. For a few months I lived the reckless, profitless life of most Spanish Americans abroad, but at last its shallowness palled upon me. I saw that whenever our people came in touch with intelligent foreigners, our inferiority was painfully evident and it made me angry to be only 'second-rate;' the remedy was obvious, I made up my mind to work instead of play. I was as good as they, and if work could prove it they should know it. I set my teeth and I worked like the devil. Now and then the wild animal in my nature got the better of me, and I had to let him loose, but not as before, for education had given me a strong bridle, and after each outbreak I pulled up and went back to my books with new ardor."

Eraclio stopped, and for the first time since he began to talk, he looked at me.

"You wouldn't own up to all this, would you? Would you have catalogued your virtues and left out the vices? That is an Anglo-Saxon trait, and one of the meanest of its characteristics. You all think a man can't have his failings known and still be a man—d—— hypocrites! Shakespeare and Fielding painted their men naked, part good and part bad, true human beings—their men will live while all the sawdust mannikins you put up to-day will be forgotten tomorrow. I have seen a good many English and Americans, Don Juan, and if I have found them perhaps stronger and more generous as a whole than men of other nationalities, I have found them not a whit less human. The men in your newspapers and the men in your novels are not the same species. You smile? Of course, of course, the theories and criticisms of a Mexican bandit are only fit to be laughed at. But yet you cannot honestly deny the truth of what I say. However, that is neither here nor there. So, senor, I worked hard and learned something. I travelled and studied both in England and Germany, then one day I awoke as from a dream, and I came home to Mexico.

"We love our country, Don Juan, in our unintelligent, passionate way, and the jico to me means perhaps even more than the union does to you. With my knowledge, my fortune and my will, I felt strong; I felt that I should become a great leader, and that my name would be known and loved throughout my country. On my way to Europe I had passed a few days in Colombia, visiting some relatives, and one night out on the plains, as we sat by the camp fire, one of the older men spoke of Bolivar. I see him now, Don Juan, standing in the glowing light, his deep voice trembling with emotion, thundering forth Bolivar's proclamation of independence . . . even then, ignorant boy that I was, the scene impressed me profoundly, and the respect, the veneration of his listeners, as the old man ended with the invocation, 'Ah Bolivar—liberator!'—I have never forgotten, Bolivar! Why not Solis! It is a great purpose that makes a great man, and I believed that my purpose was a great one. Throughout the land of Mexico, wide as it is, from north to south, Eraclio Solis should be a household word. Ha! As it has become indeed. A household word throughout the land, quoted in the annual reports among the cursed of Mexico, on the same pages with yellow fever, famine and drouth!"

Solis had risen from his chair, he was much excited, and spoke quickly, with passionate utterance, and unconscious gesticulation. Though he was speaking to me, he had about forgotten my presence, except as an impersonal recipient of his confession, and I took care not to interrupt him As he stopped, he leaned against one of the posts of the verandah with his back towards me, and for some minutes looked away over the plain, When he came back to the table he poured out a tumblerful of wine, and drank it down at one gulp.

"Ah, Don Juan, I am very tired of it all," he began again, after a short pause, "There is a reward of $10,000 promised for bringing me to Culiacan, dead or alive, and sometimes I feel that the best thing I could do would be to shoot myself in the house of some poor devil who needs the money. I will tell you how I became an outlaw—I have given you the beginning and end of my story, but a good

deal lies between.

"When I came home from Europe, I applied for a government position, and I was appointed private secretary to the governor. He was an able man, but bad—totally unscrupulous—the kind of man I might have become if I had remained at home. He recognized the advantages of his office, but not the obligations. He was ostensibly apathetic—really one of the most violent men I ever met, as cruel and vindictive a villain as could be found in Mexico. It was our joint misfortune to fall in love with the same woman—Mercedes, the daughter of old Homobono Paral.

"'You are married,' I said to him half joking, one day, 'and I am not. I have the right on my side.'

"'But might is on mine,' he answered, smiling, good-naturedly, 'and you know that in this country might is right.'

"'But it is not love!' I retorted. 'I have my right and her love, too. So your might will not help you much in this case'—fool that I was!

"I remember the quick start that he gave, and his sarcastic emphasis as he said, very quietly:

"'Ah, Solis, you Mercedes lover! Then suddenly changing the conversation, he asked for certain papers, and gave me instructions as to what answers I should send; then he left the room. After he had gone I sat down to write, but our conversation had made too deep an impression. I began to fear the consequences. I wanted to tell Mercedes herself, so I threw the papers into my desk, saddled a horse and rode off to Paral's ranch. It was not a long ride, but before it was in sight suddenly my horse was tripped. I was bound, gagged, and that night I was carried to an outlying prison, where I passed the next eight months. I was not inscribed in my own name, so it will hence be unknown officially that Eraclio Solis lived behind bars—a remote satisfaction, to be sure! It was not until long after my kidnapping that my gaoler told me I was accused of robbing the state treasury and the governor's private safe; my whereabouts were unknown, but it was supposed that I had left the country with the money. Finally I was tried in secret session of the court. Of course, I was found guilty, and as I was sentenced by default my mother's estates were confiscated to repay the governor first, and the state afterward, out of what was left. It mattered very little to me, however, for while I was imprisoned my mother had died—of grip I was told—Mercedes had disappeared, not even Homobono had been able to find her. I did not give up all hope of finding her until a month later; but then I learned it was all over—she had died, and insane."

Eraclio stopped short, but his face expressed more than any word could have done. It revealed such capacity for suffering that I turned away; to watch his face seemed an impertinence.

He lighted another cigar presently, and said:

"Senor, I was alone in the world, poor, dishonored, without ties or obligations of any kind, and I burned to revenge myself, and I took for my motto, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'

"There was my weakness, senor. A greater man would even then have forgotten personal wrongs and remembered only nobler purposes, but prison life exerts the most demoralizing influence; a good man may come out of it as a good man still, but his goodness is no longer a power, it is merely a latent useless quality, not to say a weakness—even that is the exception rather than the rule. A strong man usually becomes a bad man and a bad man grows worse. So it was with me—my vitality, my energy and strength were neither broken nor impaired, but with only bad influences around me, I became a leader of bad men. Revenge was my only thought, my only dream, my aim and purpose in life. In that prison I planned my subsequent career, and formed the nucleus of my present band of brigands."

"You may have heard of our escape? It was dynamite—horrible! So bloody that the people realized that a family of human tigers had broken loose, and that the public safety was endangered. Still, senor, it was some time before I began my work of revenge, for I did not feel I could rely on my men in an emergency—as for myself, I was lacking in coolness, nerve and the practice of cruelty, which I knew I should need in the future. So, for two years, I did no more than rob coaches, raid a ranch or two, and fight the soldiers sent out against us by my former chief. He was no longer governor when he heard of my escape, and knowing that he had a dangerous foe in me, he fled to the capital. When I was ready—not so very long since—I raided and destroyed his ranches, one after another, and in such quick succession that there was no time to prepare defenses. I killed his men, drove off his cattle, burned his haciendas and wrecked his mines, until on the verge of ruin, he was obliged to come here himself and attempt the rescue of his property. Then I tracked him from place to place. Finally I captured him at the Descanso. For years, Don Juan, I had exercised all my ingenuity in planning new, unheard of monstrous tortures for this man, but when we were alone, face to face in the big hall of the rancho house—when, after all these years, I saw him in my power—this man whom I hated with every fibre of my being—when it flashed over me what I might have been but for him, what I was because of him, by God, senor, I burst into tears!"

Solis paused a moment. He drew his hand over his forehead—he had been talking vehemently—his face was quivering—but almost immediately he stood up and said: "I shot him down like a cur!"

He walked away to the end of the porch. He stood there so long that I turned to see whether he had gone. No; he was apparently watching the men who were harnessing the mules. When he came back all traces of emotion had disappeared, but he looked at me as if expecting me to say something. I did not know what to say, and he sat down opposite me.

"Ah, Don Juan,' he began again, "that's what a brigand is made of. Just a man—wrongly developed. Some day—who knows?—you may hold me up. Come now, tell me, honestly, what do you think of me? A d——d rascal, eh? An embarrassing question?" His margin was narrow between good humor and the most violent passion that I hesitated at passing judgment upon the fine animal before me. I could only admire.

"You have been very unfortunate, Don Eraclio," I said, finally. "I believe you might have been a great man in your country," and I put out my hand. Solis grasped it eagerly, and he still held it as he said:

"I thank you, Don Juan, I shall not forget you—will you take a little thing to remember me? My end is not far off, senor, I believe that I am on the down grade. So far revenge was my right, but that is past now, and for the future what can I do? I am not a brigand by nature, if I had something to live upon. I should probably turn to my books again, for, of course, I can never be a public man now. But as it is, I don't own ten pesos in the world, besides, I have a duty towards my men. I must stand by them, as they have stood by me."

"I suppose you must, Don Eraclio, unless you were to leave the country—wouldn't you do that?" I suggested.

"Impossible," he said. "No, no, I can't do that—" but he did not explain. We sat awkwardly for a few moments after our coversation, any other topic seemed out of place—yet silence was embarrassing, so it was a relief to see the horses coming ready to start. I rose, tightened my straps and Eraclio asked, "You are going home, Don Juan?"

"Yes, by a roundabout route, but I shall come back again."

"I wish I were going, too," he said, "but where? If you come back, we must meet again, you may find me a better man—or if not, a far worse. Vaya!" he cried, pulling himself together suddenly. "To-day I am at the zenith of my power. Come, drink another glass with me—a big glass this time—here's to luck!"

At the stage we shook hands again and the mules started on a gallop.

The remembrance Eraclio gave me was the little gold belt—thus it came into my possession. Subsequent events proved Eraclio's presentiments were well founded, his day was over, and from that day forward his existence became more and more precarious. His men felt he had lost his grip, and they in turn lost their unbounded confidence in him.

One day the troops surrounded their camp, and though the majority of the bandits cut their way through the cactus thicket, Eraclio remained behind. When the soldiers came upon him, he was seated on a boulder beside the bodies of two of his men. Cautiously the soldiers closed around the famous outlaw, but he neither moved nor noticed them. Now that escape was impossible, many a man among his captors wished it were otherwise, for Eraclio was a popular hero, an ideal to many a Mexican heart. He had often defended them against the law, when it was unjustly applied, he had been kind to the poor, and they loved him. Not a few in the line of troopers owed him thanks for some good deed or timely help. But it was too late.

A young officer stepped forward and covering him with his revolver called out:

"Eraclio Solis, in the name of the nation, you are my prisoner."

The highwayman raised his head, gauged his captor, and smiled. Then he looked around at the circle of soldiers, drew himself up and without paying any further attention to the lieutenant he spoke to them:

"Friends," he said gently, yet firmly, "the time has come, and I am more than glad than sorry; perhaps more glad than any man here. Try henceforth to remember whatever good I have done you, and to forget the harm. You are all sons of Mexico, and I charge you, let that be ever uppermost in your thoughts. Because I forgot the duty every man owes to his flag, I stand before you now an enemy of my country, which no man ever loved more than I. Many of you are my friends, yet I am your common enemy. The good of the country requires that I should die, so let it be here, at once and at your hands. I do not yield, I command, Salazar, and you, the five next, step forward! Are you ready? Good! Now when I drop my arm, aim low and steady—this is my last request!"

Eraclio looked up at the pale hard sky overhead and across the ragged line of cactus bush, so typical of his country. Above in the oven-like dome a buzzard, the eagle of Mexico, arched slowly round and round. He followed it with his eyes, until it alighted on a tuna near by. Beyond, the sierra, purple and blue and white, crowned the horizon, and while he gazed with a far away look over their heads the men leaned on their winchesters and waited.

Then the outlaw raised his hat and the locks clicked—a moment later the simultaneous bark of the six carbines crashed through the silence—Eraclio fell. Salazar alone had understood. The other five with mistaken generosity had shot wild.

What Secret Societies Cost Americans

The membership of the secret fraternal orders of the United States at the close of the year just past was, in round numbers, 5,400,000, including one man in, perhaps every five. W. S. Harwood, in an article in The North American Review (May) on "Secret Societies in America," says that "no human guage can measure the sorrow that comes to some families through the too close attention of husband and father to the lodge-room." Of the cost of these orders he speaks as follows:

"There are many elevating and enobling elements in these fraternities, but the broad, rich acres of man's selfishness are nowhere more carefully fertilized, tended, tilled, and reaped than in the lodge-room. It would all but revolutionize a large section of American society if the wives and growing-up daughters of the households of the men who belong to these organizations should insist on their right to spend for their own adornment or their own personal pleasure dollar for dollar spent by husband or brother for dues and initiations for regalia and uniforms and swords, for plumes and banners and banquets. In the great majority of cases the amount of money paid out for the actual expense of the lodge, as the dues of the order, is not great; it is in the field of personal gratification that the vast unaccounted-for sum is expended. It is probable that, for mere personal gratification, aside from any real or imaginary benefits, the members of the various secret organizations in the United States will spend annually in banquets, railroad and traveling expenses, costly gifts to retiring officers, testimonials, elaborate uniforms, and rare swords not less than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and this is allowing but fifty dollars a year as an average for the delightful, but probably wholly unnecessary, expenses connected with the fraternities. It is quite likely the sum is considerably more than this."

Reason.

"Your father," he cried passionately, "has no reason to object to my suit."

"Oh, yes, he has," she sighed, with a deepening of the habitual sadness of her eyes. "You are smaller than papa, you know."

Woman, it will perhaps be recalled, is endowed with a powerful and peculiar intuition to aid her in tracing the intricate relations of causes to effects.—Detroit Journal.

A VETERAN'S STORY.

At Eighty Years of Age One Box of Dr Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures a Case of Fifty Years Standing—It Relieves Colds and Catarrh in Thirty Minutes.

George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely, and it gives me great pleasure to recommend it to all suffering from this malady."

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine street.

Toothache and Mathematics.

Pascal was obviously a heaven-born mathematician. By the age of twelve, we are told, he had thought out for himself the elementary propositions of Euclid; by nineteen he had invented and constructed a calculating machine, and obtained results which were important steps towards the differential calculus developed by Newton and Liebnitz. In his last years, when attacked by a bad toothache, he returned to the studies which had long been thrown aside, and in a few sleepless nights discovered certain geometrical theorems. His results were published, and the mathematicians of Europe challenged to find out the proof. After three months' labor, Wallis, the ablest English mathematician of the day, produced a proof—not, it is said, satisfactory. Patriotism induces me to add that Wallis had no toothache to stimulate him.—Leslie Stephen in the July Fortnightly.

AUCTION SALE

OF

Timber Berths.

Department of Crown Lands,
(Woods and Forests Branch).
Toronto, June 2nd, 1897.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT under authority of Orders-in-Council, Timber Berths as hereunder mentioned in the NIPISSING, ALGOMA, and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz.:—the Townships of Rathbun, Kelly, Davis, the North half of Scadding and that part of Hanmer South of the Vermillion River, all in the District of Nipissing; the Township of Coffin additional, and certain small areas on the Spanish and Bicotasing waters in the District of Algoma; and berths 36 and 37 sale of 1892, D 3, D 4, D 5, D 6, on Manitou Lake, and certain small scattered areas in the District of Rainy River, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p.m., on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of AUGUST next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa and Rat Portage.

J. M. GIBSON,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE.

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne, and the whole story of the defendant, Freeman, was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—Times, July 10.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is the best and most certain remedy in Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, etc.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in Cholera was Chlorodyne.—See Lancet, December 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S Chlorodyne is a certain cure for Cholera, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic, etc.

☞ Caution—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" in the stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell St., London, Eng. Sold at 1s 1½d: 2s 9d.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

St. Martin, Que., May 16, 1895.
C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

A Run to Freetown.

By George Griffith.

IN the nature of the case it was quite out of the question that the story of the Diamond Dog, under the skin of which gems were smuggled from the mine, should remain a secret for very long. To the illicit diamond buyers every detail of it, as it gradually leaked out, was as a sweet morsel under the tongue, and to many more honest enemies of the new compound system, mostly tradesmen and canteen keepers, it was far too acceptable a story either to be kept dark or to be allowed to lose anything in the retelling.

Added to this the tragedy in which it had culminated had lent a piquancy to its flavor which sufficiently stimulated the palate of Kimberley society to set it longing for more, and so, little by little, it filtered through the barriers of official reticence, until at last a fitting finish was given to the story by the confession of Chief Detective Inspector Lipinski one night in the smoking room of the club that that day's mail had brought him a brief note, written by one Loo Chai, presumably a former resident of that name in Delagoa Bay, requesting that an inclosed acceptance for £250 drawn in his favor by the late Mr. Augustus Lowenfeldt, might be cashed by that gentleman's executors, and the amount, less 10 per cent. commission for his, the inspector's, trouble, forwarded at his convenience to No. 9 Malay street, Singapore. The note concluded by stating that the £250 was a balance due from Mr. Lowenfeldt on the purchase of a certain dog of the estimated value of £11,000.

Despite the fact that not a few of those who heard the note read out, and looked at the acceptance as it was handed round, had lost some proportion of that £11,000, the irony of the note and the delicate humor of the address given—Malay street, Singapore, having a reputation that is redolent throughout the whole east—provoked a laugh as general as it was hearty, and the next morning all Kimberley was enjoying the heathen's parting joke.

That night a lady variety vocalist at the Theatre Royal sent her audience into prolonged and vociferous raptures by singing the then famous patter song, "Keyser, Don't You Vant to Puy a Tog?" with appropriate local allusions, and then Kimberley proceeded to improve the occasion in its own way.

"No Dogs Admitted," was found painted in large black letters across the principal entrance to the De Beers Compound. The corpse of a large Newfoundland dog sewn up in the skin of a small donkey and carefully packed in a neat case, was sent by coach from Vryburg to the chief inspector "to be paid for on delivery." Printed notices were stuck up in conspicuous parts of the town to the effect that in future all dogs entering or leaving Kimberley would have to be skinned alive "by authority"—and so on until the very sight of a dog in the street afflicted the worthy inspector and his subordinates with something like a new sort of rabies.

All this was humorous enough in its way, as humor went then in camp, but for all that it was destined to lead up, indirectly, to a much darker tragedy than that which had closed the hitherto prosperous career of Mr. Augustus Lowenfeldt.

There was at that time in Kimberley a Yankee adventurer named Seth Salter, who was known to the detective department as an even more skilful I. D. B. than the late lamented Lowenfeldt. His ostensible means of livelihood were stock and share speculation, billiards, and three-card monte, varied by the occasional keeping of a faro bank; but though he did well at all these comparatively honest vocations, he did not do well enough to satisfactorily account for a style of living and luxuriance of dissipation which could not be adequately supported on less than £5,000 a year, at the most modest computaton. There were only possible alternative hypotheses, debt or I. D. B., and he had no debts.

Now, Seth Salter was one of the most conspicuous of the humorists who, as he put it, made the department see dogs instead of snakes when the officials thereof had "got a bit too full," and before very long Inspector Lipinsky publicly stated in the bar of the Queen's Hotel that the next time Mr. Salter tried, either in person or by proxy, to run a parcel of illicit stones over the border to Freetown, he would so arrange matters that, by the time the circus was over, the said Mr. Salyter would have good reason to wish that he had been born a dog, instead of a dirty, stock-rigging, card-swindling diamond thief.

As it chanced, just as the inspector was emphasizing the above statement, garnished with certain verbal frillings which need not be produced here, by slapping his four fingers on the bar counter, Mr. Seth himself lounged into the room. The instant turning of the eyes of the company on him told him, as plainly as any words could have done, that he was the subject of the inspector's eloquence. The crowd saw at a glance that he had taken in the situation, and every one expected a royal row, for Salter was known to have a temper as quick as his eyes and his hand, and Lipinsky, though only about half the Yankee's size, was grit all through.

Nothing less than immediate manslaughter was looked for, and the crowd began to scatter instinctively. But, somewhat to the disappointment of the more festive spirits, Salter strolled quitely up to the bar, took his place about three feet from the inspector, and said, with the most perfect good humor:

"Evenin', boss! Don't seem to be feelin' quite good to-night. Hope no one's been tryin' to sell the department another pup? Take a drink?"

Of course the crowd laughed. The double-pointed jibe was irrestible, and the laugh did not improve the inspector's inward feelings. But he was far too well skilled in his business to show the slightest trace of irritation, so he replied with an easy smile and the most perfect politeness of tone:

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Salter; I was just talking about you. No thanks, the department is not buying any dogflesh just now; not even skins. As to your kind invitation, well, as I say, I was talking about you just now when you came in, and perhaps——"

If ever man uttered fighting words coolly, and as if he meant them. Inspector Lipinzky did just then. Seth Salter had never been known to take anything like that from any man without prompt and usually fatal reprisals. The crowd waited breathlessly, and silently scattered a little more. But no, the Yankee's hand did not even move toward his pistol pocket. There was just a little krinkling of the outer corners of his eyes, noticed only by the inspector and one or two others, but it vanished immediately, and there was no trace of anger in his voice, in fact, it seemed even more good-humored than usual, as he replied.

"Don't take the trouble to say it again boss. I've known your opinion of me for a long time, and now I've heard it. If you'd backed down you might have heard something drop, but as you didn't I'm free to say that I've too much respect for your honorable department to think of removing its respected chief to another and maybe, less congenial sphere on account of an honestly expressed opinion—Not me, sir! So now, N.G. and name the poison. Will you join us, gentlemen?"

The crowd joined as one man, and, under the circumstances, the inspector could do nothing less than come in with them. But for all that he felt a trifle puzzled, though he took care not to show it.

After that the conversation became general and perfectly amicable, albeit dwelling mainly on the somewhat ticklish subject which possessed the chief interest for every one present. But as drinks multiplied and lies got more complicated, the inspector began to grow taciturn Liquor has that effect on some natures, and his was possibly one of them.

At last the Yankee rallied him, quite good-humoredly on his lack of festivity, but rather unfortunately, as it seemed to the company, dragged in something about the shortage on mine returns. That was too much for the inspector, and his long bottled-up wrath flared out.

"Shortage, confound it! You're a nice one to talk about shortage, Mr. Salter. You know as well as I do that there's about $15,000 short of the month's average on De Beers and Kimberley returns, and you know a big sight better than I do where the stones have gone to. But we'll have you yet. You're wide and you're deep, but you're not quite the cleverest man on earth, and when we do get you—"

"Well, why'n thunder don't you boss?" the Yankee laughed, with still undisturbed good humor. "Say now, I'll give you a pointer, as them sneaks of yours don't seem to have got on to it yet. I'm going across to Freetown some time between now and Sunday on a little private business of my own. S'pose, now, I was taking that bit of shortage with me—what'll you lay against me getting it through?"

"Ten years on the breakwater," snapped the inspector, as he emptied his glass and set it down with a bang on the counter.

"No, you don't," laughed Salter; "that's for me to lay. Now, look here, I'll lay you 10 years on the breakwater to a thousand pounds—that's only a hundred a year, and I think my time's a darned sight more valuable than that, so I'm giving you big odds—that I'll take that little lot through for all you can do to stop me."

As he spoke he suddenly pulled his left hand out of his trousers pocket and held it out to the inspector with the palm full of rough diamonds.

Lipinski fairly gaped at the heap of glittering stones, but he lost neither his presence of mind nor his professional promptitude. Like lightning, a revolver jumped out of his coat pocket, and as he covered the Yankee's heart with the muzzle, he said sharply:

"That bluff won't work, Mr. Salter. I'll see your hand for a thousand now. If you don't want a sudden death in your family, come along to the office, and account for the possession of those diamonds."

To the added amazement of everyone in the room, Seth Salter burst into a loud laugh, and said, without moving out of the line of fire:

"Waal, boss, I did think you had a better eye for klips than that. D'you fancy I'd be such an almighty sucker as to—good Lord, man, can't you see they're all schlenters? There's no law agin carrying them 'round, I reckon. Here, take 'em, and see for yourself. There's plenty of good judges in the room to help you."

A very brief examination satisfied the disgusted inspector that the astute Yankee had once more turned the laugh against him. The things were "schlenters," or "snyde diamonds"—imitations made of glass treated with fluoric acid to give them the peculiar frosted appearance of the real rough stones—which were used chiefly for the purpose of swindling the new chums and greenhorns who were making their first essays in I.B.D.

Lipinski saw that he had "done him a shot in the eye," as the camp vernacular had it, and put up his revolver with what grace he could. The Yankee took his little triumph very quietly, and asked the young lady behind the bar to oblige him with a sheet of note paper and an envelope Then he wrapped up the false stones, put them into the envelope, stuck it down, and asked the inspector to write his name across the flap, which he did, with a peculiar smile on his well-shaped lips.

"Waal, now, that's a bet eh?" said Salter, as he put the packet into his pocket "Now let's take another drink on it and then go home. It's getting late and I've got to pack. There's no knowin' how soon I might have to start."

The glasses were filled again, and the Yankee clinked his against the inspector's with as much cordiality as though they had been the best of friends, instead of, as they were now, hunter and quarry in a chase to the death.

The next day Seth Salter openly hired a cape cart and team of four horses to take him to Bloemfontein, which is about 80 miles by road from Kimberley, and when the bargain was struck he privately informed the driver, an off-colored cape boy, who had made more than one run of the kind, that if he would start at midnight instead of midday, and go via Freetown instead of Boshoff, he should have £100 for that part of the journey alone, which was not a bad fare for a drive of less than an hour. The boy jumped at the offer, and within a couple of hours had accepted one of twice the amount, with half cash down, from Inspector Lipinski, to pull up at a certain spot about 400 yards from the Free State border.

That afternoon Salter and Lipinski met, as if by chance, in the private bar of the Central, had a whisky and soda together and talked over the journey with apparently perfect friendliness and freedom. The inspector affected to treat the whole thing as a joke, a bit of spoof that he was far to wary a bird to be taken in by.

It wasn't likely that such an old hand as Salter would try to run anything but the schlenters, after giving himself away as completely as he had done, at least, not that time. Some other time, perhaps, and then he'd see. At the same time it might after all be a clever and daring game of bluff, and so it would be as well to take precautions.

Altogether it was an interesting situation especially for the inspector. If he caught Salter with nothing but the schlenters on him he would be the laughing stock of the camp, and if he let him go through with something like a £15,000 packet of diamonds—which he felt perfectly certain he had planted somewhere—his reputation would be ruined and his dismissal certain. It was a desperate game, and Inspector Lipinski was prepared to take desperate measures to win.

A little before noon Salter changed his plans, and said he would go the next day, and a few minutes before midnight he got into his cart just outside Beaconsfield, The boy whipped up his team, and the cart jolted and rattled away at a quick trot towards the border. The night was dark but fine, and as they spun along mile after mile, without let or hindrance Salter began to think that, after all, Lipinski had funked the trap that he had laid for him, and decided to risk letting the diamonds through than make a fool of himself by the capture of a lot of worthless schlenters.

The lights of Freetown were already glimmering in the distance across the veld. Ten minutes more would see him safe across the border with the most valuable packet of diamonds that had ever been run out of camp, and then—suddenly his strained ears caught the sound of a voice in the distance, followed by the clinking of horses' bits, and the ominous "click-click" of rifle locks.

He was sitting, as usual, on the seat behind the driver, and just as the boy turned around and whispered in a frightened way, "P'lice, baas, better pull up, eh? might get shot," he thrust the barrel of his revolver under his nose, and said in a low, but very business-like tone:

"You yellow swine, you've sold me! Now you whip them horses up, and make 'em go for all they're worth. By thunder, you shall drive to Freetown or Glory to-night, for if I see you pull those reins I'll blow the top of your ugly head off, just so sure as you'll never see the other side of Jordan. Whip up now! You've got to get through or go home, I tell you."

The road just here ran for some distance through a lot of broken ground and surface workings, so there was no chance of making a detour to avoid the mounted police whose moving forms Salter could now see dimly in the distance. The terrified Cape boy, feeling the cold revolver muzzle in the nape of his neck, lashed his horses into a gallop. The shapes on ahead grew more and more distinct, and presently there rang out the short, sharp order:

"Halt, or we'll shoot!"

"Halt, and I'll shoot," Salter hissed into the driver's ear, and the cart sped on at a gallop.

New mounted forms seemd to rush out of the darkness and close round, Meanwhile the lights of Freetown were getting quite near now. A few minutes more and—crack, crack, crack, went the rifles to right and left and in front. The off leader reared up with a shrill neigh, and then pitched on to his head, with the others and the cart on top of him.

"Well, gentlemen, may I ask what is the meaning of this outrage on an unoffending traveler?" said Salter, in a cool, but angry voice, as the police rode up.

"That'll do, Mr. Salter," said Inspector Lipinski's voice out of the darkness: "The bluff's played out. Pass up with the klips, and come along quietly. Don't shoot, for that's murder, and you're covered three times over."

The Yankee climbed down out of the cart with an audible chuckle, walked quietly to Lipinski's stirrup, and held up his hand, saying:

"Ah, it's you, inspector, is it? Sorry I've brought you a booby hunt like this, and given the department a horse to pay for? Klips? Waal, I did hear of some going across last night inside a Kaffir dog, but you've struck the wrong shebang for stones to-night, true's death you have. But you can search and see, if you like."

The inspector took no notice either of the Yankee's extended hand or his speech. He just covered Salter with his revolver, and ordered his men to light their lanterns and search everything thoroughly. They obeyed, and after a twenty minute investigation, during which they employed every device that their ingenuity and experience could suggest, on the cart, clothing and person of Salter (who submitted like a lamb), and even on the horses, they were forced to confess that they had drawn a blank.

"Waal, boss, are you satisfied that I ain't sellin' you a pup this time?" said Salter, as he finished re-making his toilet for he had stripped to the buff with the true hardihood of a man who is playing for a big stake, and means to win.

Not so much as a schlenter had been found, and Mr. Inspector Lipinski felt that he had got himself into a very nasty place. He had stopped a seemingly honest traveler, shot one of his horses and submitted him to the indignity of a per-

sonal search. Visions of his lost bet, of a civil action for damages before a jury that might probably be I.D.B.'s, to a man, of heavy damages, and of the storm of ridicule that would overwhelm him at the end, flashed in quick succession before his mental gaze, and, being only human after all, he decided to temporize.

"I'm out, Mr. Salter," he said, with the best assumption of cordiality that he could muster. "I'm dead out, and it's for you to call the game. I'm not satisfied, but I know when I'm licked, and I am this time. What's it to be?"

"Waal," drawled the Yankee, "seein's how you've pulled me up here, shot a horse, cut up the fit-out, and made me undress in this almighty cold, I think the least you and your fellows can do is to come across to Mike Maguire's shanty yonder, and take a drink. You bet I want one pretty bad. What do you say?"

Under the peculiar circumstances there appeared to be only one thing to say, and that was "Yes." In fact, Inspector Lipinski thought it a remarkably good thing to get out. Besides, a miracle might happen even yet, so he said, yes, and followed it up with a really handsome apology.

The result was that within a very few minutes, the dead horse was unharnessed and pulled out of the road, the other leader hitched on to the end of the pole, and the whole party trotted across the border toward Mike Maguire's store and shanty. On the way Salter roasted the Cape boy unmercifully, and then not only consoled him, but mystified him considerably, by telling him that he should have his money after all.

In spite of the wrong that had been done him, Salter insisted on standing the first round of drinks when the party at length stood up against Maguire's bar. The drinks were duly raised and lowered, and while Lipinski was ordering the next round, he said very quietly:

"By the way, boss, about those stones. P'raps, as you've come all this way, you might like to see them. Here they are!"

While he was speaking he had pulled the Cape boy toward him and thrust his hand into his trouser pocket. He pulled out the identical envelope which he had asked for in the bar of the Queen's hotel, with the inspector's signature still written across the flap. He handed it over to the bar-keeper and said:

"When the chief of the deepartment in Kimberley does do it, he does it to rights. Just you open that, Mike, and tell me if you ever saw a prettier lot."

Mr. Maguire looked at the signature, glanced curiously at the astounded inspector, then opened the envelope, unfolded the bulky packet that was in it, and disclosed about fifty rough diamonds, the sight of which made even his experienced eyes water. Orange and blue, green rose, and pure white, they glittered most tantalizingly in the light of the paraffin lamp which hung above the bar counter.

"Mother av Moses, what a lot! Shure, they're the pick of the mines, and worth a king's ransom any day!" said Mr. Maguire in a somewhat awe-stricken tone, as he gingerly turned the priceless stones over and over with the end of his thick forefinger. "Here, take them back, mister, before I'm tempted beyond the endurance of human blood by the sight av the darlins, God bless their pretty sparkles!"

So saying, honest Mike, knowing that his own reward was to come, handed them back to Salter, who pocketed them in a handful as he turned to the almost paralysed inspector and his men, and said:

"No, boss, they're not schlenters this time—a little steam and a little skill, you know. Wall, here's to you, and now I'll just take your Good-for* for that thousand pounds, Mr. Lipinski, and then we'll say good night. I'm not coming back to Kimberley till I've done my business down in Port Elizabeth. Chin chin!"

It took all the inspector's self-control to enable him to rise to the occasion, but he did it. He took his licking like a man and a sportsman, and his subordinates and the Cape boy just grinned and drank their liquors, for, after all, I. D. B. is but a gamble, and the gods look sometimes this way and sometimes that. The game had been smartly played, and they looked upon the winner rather with admiration than with enmity.

That round of drinks was drunk, and then another, and another, and then—alas for the weakness of the best balanced human nature, Mr. Seth Salter, with a confidence born of the fulness of his triumph, left the bar-room with the diamonds in his pocket, and went out into the night to see his discomfited friends off on their homeward journey. Exactly what happened during the next quarter of an hour was never known. Distant sounds of shouts and shots reached the waiting ears of Mr. Maguire, but he knew his business and quietly bolted the door, remarking to himself the while:

'Smart as he is, it's meself that's fearin' he's put his fut into ut this time. What a hairless juggins he was not to lave the sparklers where they were safe when he had them there. Well, well, life's a gamble, anyhow, and so's death, too, sometimes. I hope they haven't hurt him beyant recovery."

Shortly before three o'clock that morning Inspector Lipinski and his merry men escorted the three-horse Cape cart into Kimberley. The horse that was lying dead on the veld was paid for to its full value, and the driver got his £200, coupled with a private intimation to the effect that if he ever opened his mouth on the subject of that night's doings fifty lashes and five years as an illicit diamond runner would be the least that he could expect. Inspector Lipinski slept the balance of the night with a £15,000 parcel of diamonds under his pillow, and the next day there was no one in Kimberley who had anything to say to him on the subject of double-skinned dogs or the selling of pups.

Of course there were many in camp who would have given a good deal to know what had become of Mr. Seth Salter—but that is part of quite a different story.

*The South African form of I O U.

Gods "Made in England."

Among the industries of which England has long held a monopoly, says the Berlin Tageblatt, and which cannot easily be taken from her because she can underbid all competitors, is the manufacture of heathen gods. Birmingham is the centre of this curious trade. Outsiders, especially journalists, are rigorously excluded from the works, yet Kuhlow's Review has managed to obtain some particulars, from which we take the following:—

"Idols of all kinds, representing all sorts of deities, from Tokyo to Timbuctoo, are turned out in Birmingham. The sale to the heathens themselves is a good one, but the best customers are the dealers in curios in Cairo, Damascus, Colombo, etc., who supply the unsuspecting traveller anxious to obtain some rare memento of his voyage. The price varies very greatly. You may get a 'genuine Chinese idol'—made in England—in a London curiosity shop for half a crown, or you may pay £20 for a specially ugly one, 'stolen,' as the dealer will tell you, 'by a sailor during the Chinese war.' In the Cairo bazaar, however, the price of a first-class god of this sort is from £20 up. There is, according to the testimony of an expert, little difficulty in detecting a genuine native god from the Birmingham article. The first is hand-made and displays some irregularities, the second is as correct in his get-up as a dude fresh from the hands of his tailor. There is no doubt that the trade is a fairly large one, and some sharp Birmingham business men do well by it."

A Running Account.

"How long since Brokely settled down here?" asked the stranger in the town.

"I don't know exactly," answered the grocer, "but I know it's nigh onto twenty years since he settled up with me."—Detroit Free Press.

Life in Billville.

The roses bloom in Billville the lovely season round,
They fill the bill by vale and hill and cover all the ground;
The streams with gleams and beams and dreams go rippling to the sea;
The deep wells cool the melons and we're happy as can be!

The birds sing sweet in Billville the lovely seasons round;
The happy cashier taps the till, the farmer tills the ground;
The merry moon is always full and flings the moonshine free—
In spite o' this old government we're happy as can be!

Atlanta Constitution.

HEART PAINS LEAVE IN A DAY.

Unable to Attend to Her Daily Duties—And a Great Sufferer from Heart Trouble—Induced to Try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it Proved a Wonder Worker.

These are the words of Mrs. W. T. Rundle of Dundalk, Ont.: "I was a great sufferer with severe pain in the region of my heart. For a time I was quite unable to attend to my household duties. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain immediately left me, and after the first day I have had no pain or trouble since."

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine street.

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The Strange Experience of Alkali Dick.

By Bret Harte

(Continued from last week.)

Alas! the same look of vacant horror came into her eyes and fixed and dilated their clear pupils. But she uttered no outcry—there was something in her blood that checked it—something that even gave a dignity to her recoiling figure—and made Dick flush with admiration. She put her hand to her side, as if the shock of the exertion of her ascent had set her heart to beating, but she did not faint. Then her fixed look gave way to one of infinite sadness, pity and pathetic appeal. Her lips were parted—they seemed to be moving, apparently in prayer. At last her voice came wonderingly, timidly, tenderly:

"Mon Dieu! c'est donc vous! C'est vous que Marie a cru voir! Que venez vous fairie ici, Armand de Fontonelles? Respondez."

Alas! Not a word was comprehensible to Dick; nor could he think of a word to say in reply. He made an uncouth, half-irritated, half-despairing gesture towards the wood he had quitted, as if to indicate his helpless horse, but he knew it was meaningless to the frightened yet exalted girl before hom. Her little hand crept to her breast and clutched a rosary within the folds of her dress, as her soft voice again rose slow but appealingly:

"Vous souffrez! Ah, mon Dieu! l'eut on vous secourir? Moi meme, ames prieres pourraient elles intercceder pour vous? Je supplierai le ciel de prendre en pitie l'ame de mon ancetre. Monsieur le Curé est la. Je lui parlerai. Ma mere et lui vous viendront en aide." She clasped her hands appealingly before him.

Dick stood bewildered, hopeless, mystified; he had not understood a word; he could not say a word. For an instant he had a wild idea of seizing her hand and leading her to his helpless horse, and then came what he believed was his salvation a sudden flash of recollection that he had seen the word he wanted—the one word that would explain all! in a placarded notice at the Cirque of a bracelet that had been "lost"—yes!—the single word "perdu." He made a step towards her, and in voice almost as faint as her own, stammered:

"Perdu:"

With a little cry that was more like a sigh than an outcry—the girl's arms fell to her side, she took a step backwards, reeled and fainted away.

Dick caught her as she fell. What had he said?—but more than all—what should he do now? He could not leave her there alone and helpless—yet how could he justify another disconcerting intrusion. He touched her hands; they were cold and lifeless—her eyes were half closed, her face as pale and drooping as her lily. Well, he must brave the worst now—and carry her to the house even at the risk of meeting the others and repeating this ghastly farce. He caught her up—he scarcely felt her weight against his breast and shoulder, and ran hurriedly down the slope to the terrace which was still deserted. If he had time to place her on some bench beside the window, within their reach, he might fly still undiscovered. But, as he panted up the steps of the terrace with his burden, he saw that the French window was still open, but the light seemed to have been extinguished. It would be safer for her if he could place her inside the house—if he but dared to enter. He was desperate—and he dared! He found himself alone in a long salon of rich but faded white and gold hangings, lit at the other end by two tall candles, on either side of the high marble mantel, whose rays, however, scarcely reached the window, where he had entered. He laid his burden on a high-backed sofa. In so doing, the rose fell from her belt. He picked it up, put in his breast and turned to go. But he was arrested by a voice from the terrace:

"Renee!"

It was the voice of the elderly lady, who with the cure at her side, had just rounded the house from the rear, and at the further end of the terrace, was looking toward the garden in search of the young girl. His escape in that way was cut off. To add to his dismay, the young girl, perhaps roused by her mother's voice, was beginning to show signs of recovering consciousness. Dick looked quickly round him. There was an open door opposite the window, leading to a hall which no doubt offered some exit on the other side of the house. It was his only remaining chance! He darted through it, closed it behind him, and found himself at the end of a long hall or picture gallery strangely illuminated through high windows, reaching nearly to the roof, by the moon, which, on that side, of the building, threw nearly level bars of light and shadow across the floor and the quaint portraits on the wall. But to his delight he could see at the other end a narrow, lance-shaped open postern door sowing the moonlit pavement without—evidently the door through which the mother and cure had just passed out. He ran rapidly toward it. As he did so he heard the hurried ringing of bells and voices in the room he had quitted—the young girl had evidently been discovered—and this would give him time. He had nearly reached it, when he stopped suddenly—his blood chilled with awe! It was his turn to be terrified—he was standing, apparently, before himself.

His first recovering thought was that it was a mirror, so accurately was every line and detail of his face and figure reflected. But a second scrutiny showed some discrepancies of costume and he saw it was a panelled portrait on the wall. It was a man of his own age, height, beard, complexion and features—with long curls like his own, falling over a lace Van Dyke collar, which, however, again stimulated the appearance of his own hunting shirt. The broad-brimmed hat in the picture, whose drooping plume was lost in shadow, was scarcely distinct from Dick's sombrero. But the likeness of the face to Dick was marvellous—convincing! As he gazed at it, the wicked black eyes seemed to flash and kindle at his own—its lip curled with Dick's own sardonic humor.

He was recalled to himself by a step in the gallery. It was the cure, who had entered hastily, evidently in search of one of the servants. Partly because it was a man and not a woman, and partly from a felling of bravado, and partly from a strange sense, excited by the picture, that he had some claim to be there, he turned and faced the good priest with a dash of impatient deviltry that would have done credit to the portrait. But he was sorry for it the next moment! The priest, looking up suddenly, discovered what seemed to him to be the portrait standing before its own frame and glaring at him. Throwing up his hands with an averted head and an attempted "Exorcis," he stopped short, wheeled and scuffled away. Dick seized the opportunity, darted through the narrow door on to the rear terrace and ran under cover of the shadow of the house to the steps into the garden. Luckily for him, this new and unexpected diversion occupied the inmates too much with what was going on in the house to think of what might happen outside. Dick reached the lilac hedge, tore up the hill and in a few moments threw himself panting on his blanket. In the single look he had cast behind he had seen that the half dark salon was now brilliantly lit—where, no doubt, the whole terrified household was now assembled. He had no fear of being followed; since his confrontation with his own likeness in the mysterious portrait he understood everything. The apparently supernatural character of his visitation was made plain to him; his ruffled vanity was soothed—his vindication was complete. He laughed to himself and rolled about until in his suppressed merriment the rose fell from his bosom, and—he stopped. Its freshness and fragrance recalled the innocent young girl he had frightened. He remembered her gentle, pleading voice, and his cheek flushed! well! he had done the best he could in bringing her back to the house—at the risk of being taken for a burglar—and she was safe now! If that stupid French parson didn't know the difference between a living man and a dead and painted one—it wasn't his fault. But he fel lasleep with the rose in his fingers.

He was awake at the first streak of dawn. He again bathed his horse's shoulder, saddled, but did not mount him, as the beast, although better, was still stiff, and Dick wished to spare him for the journey to still distant Havre, although he had determined to lie over that night at the first wayside inn. Luckily for him the disturbance at the chateau had not extended to the forest, for Dick had to lead his horse slowly and could not have escaped, but no suspicion of external intrusion seemed

to have been awakened, and the woodland was, evidently, seldom invaded. By dint of laying his course by the sun, and the exercise of a little woodcraft, in the course of two hours he heard the creaking of a haycart and knew that he was near a traveled road. But to his discomfiture he presently came to a high wall, which had evidently guarded this portion of the woods from the public. Time, however, had made frequent breaches in the stones; these had been roughly filled in with a rude abattis of logs and tree tops pointing towards the road. But as these were mainly designed to prevent intrusion into the park rather than egress from it, Dick had no difficulty in rolling them aside and emerging at last with his limping steed upon the white high road. The creaking cart had passed; it was yet early for traffic, and Dick presently came upon a wine shop, a bakery, a blacksmith's shop, laundry, and a somewhat pretentious cafe and hotel in a broader space, which marked the junction of another road. Directly before it, however, to his consternation, were the massive but time-worn iron gates of a park,—which Dick did not doubt was the one in which he had spent the previous night. But it was impossible to go further in his present plight, and he boldly approached the restaurant. As he was preparing to make his usual explanatory signs, to his great delight, he was addressed in a quaint broken English, mixed with forgotten American slang, by the white-trousered, black alpaca-coated proprietor. More than that—he was a social democrat and an enthusiastic lover of America—had he not been to "Bostown," and New York and penetrated as far west as "Booflo?" and had much pleasure in that beautiful and free country! Yes! it was a "go-a-ed" country—you "bet your-life." One had reason to say so—there was your electricity—your street cars, your "steamboats"—ah! such steamboats—and your "rrail rroads," ah! observe! compare your rrail rroads and the buffet of the Pullman—with the line from Paris, for example—and where is one? Nowhere! Actually, positively, without doubt,—nowhere!"

Later, at an appetizing breakfast—at which to Dick's great satisfaction, the good man had permitted, and congratulated himself to sit at table with a free-born American, he was even more loquacious. For what, then, he would ask, was this incompetence—this imbecility—of France? He would tell. It was the vile corruption of Paris, the grasping of capital and companies, the fatal influence of the still clinging noblesse, and the insidious jesuitical power of the priests. As, for example, Monsieur, "the Booflebill" had doubtless noticed the great gates of the park before the cafe? It was the preserve—the hunting park of one of the grand old seigneurs, still kept up by his descendants, the counts of Fontonelles—hundreds of acres that had never been tilled and kept as wild waste wilderness—kept for a day's pleasure in the year—and, look you! The peasants starving around its walls in their small garden patches and pinched farms! And the present Comte de Fontonelles cascading gold on his mistresses in Paris, and the comtesse, his mother, and her daughter living there to feed and fatten and pension a brood of plotting, black cowl priests. Ah, bah! Where was your republican France, then! But a time would come. The "Booflebill" had, without doubt, noticed as he came along road, the breaches in the wall of the park?

Dick, with a slight dry reserve, "reckoned that he had."

They were made by the scythes and pitchforks of the peasants in the revolution of '93, when the count was emigre, or, as one says with reason, "skedadelle" to England. Let them look the next time that they burn out the chateau—"bet your life."

"The chateau," said Dick, with affected carelessness. "Wot's the blamed thing like."

It was an old affair, with armor and a picture gallery and bric-a-brac. He had never seen it. Not even as a boy—it was kept very secluded then. As a man, you understand, he could not ask the favor. The Comtes de Fontonelles and himself were not friends. The family did not like a cafe near their sacred gates, where had stood only the huts of their retainers, The American would observe that he had not called it "cafe de Chateau," nor "cafe de Fontonelles"—the gold of California would not induce him. Why did he remain there? Naturally, to goad them. It was a principle, one understood. To goad them and hold them in check. One kept a cafe—why not? One had one's principles, one's convictions—that was another thing. That was the kind of "'air-pin," was it not, that he, Gustav Ribaud, was like!

Yet for all his truculent socialism, he was quick, obliging and charmingly attentive to Dick and his needs. As to Dick's horse, he would have the best veterinary surgeon—there was an incomparable one in the person of the blacksmith—see to him, and if it were an affair of days and Dick must go, he himself would be glad to purchase the beast, his saddle and accoutrements. It was an affair of business—an advertisement for the cafe! He would ride the horse himself, before the gates of the park. It would please his customers, Ha! He had learned a trick or two in free America.

Dick's first act had been to shave off his characteristic beard and mustache, and even submit his long curls to the village barber's shears, while a straw hat, which he bought to take the place of his slouched sombrero, completed his transformation. His host saw in the change only the natural preparation of a voyager, but Dick had really made the sacrifice—not from fear of detection, for he had recovered his old, swaggering audacity—but from a quick distaste he had taken to his resemblance to the portrait. He was too genuine a westerner and too vain a man to feel flattered at his resemblance to an aristocratic bully as he believed the ancestral De Fontonelles to be. Even his momentary sensation as he faced the cure in the picture gallery was more a vague sense that liberties had been taken with his (Dick's) personality, than that he had borrowed anything from the portrait, But he was not so clear about the young girl. Her tender, appealing voice, although he knew it had been addressed only to a vision, still thrilled his fancy, The pluck that had made her withstand her fear so long until he had uttered that dreadful word still excited his admiration! His curiosity to know what mistake he had made—for he knew it must have been some frightful blunder—was all the more keen as he had no chance to rectify it. What a brute she must have thought him — or did, she really think him a brute even then, for her look was one more of despair and pity! Yet she would remember him only by that last word, and never know that he had risked insult and ejection from her friends to carry her to a place of safety. He could not bear to go across the seas carrying the pale, unsatisfied face of that gentle girl ever before his eyes! A sense of delicacy—new to Dick, but always the accompaniment of deep feeling—kept him from ever hinting his story to his host, though he knew, perhaps because he knew, that it would gratify his enmity to the family. A sudden thought struck Dick. He knew her house and her name. He would write her a note. Somebody would be sure to translate it for her.

He borrowed pen, ink and paper, and in the clean solitude of his fresh chintz bedroom, indited the following letter:

"Dear Miss Fontonelles—Please excuse me for having skeert you. I hadn't any call to do it; I never reckoned to do it—it was all jest my derned luck! I only reckoned to tell you I was lost—in them blamed woods—don't you remember—'lost'—perdoo!—and then you come up and fainted! I wouldn't have come into your garden, only, you see, I'd just skeered by accident, two of your help, regular softys, and I wanted to explain. I reckon they allowed I was that man that that picter in the hall was painted after. I reckon they took me for him, see? But he ain't my style nohow, and I never saw the picter at all, until after I'd toted you, when you fainted, up to your house, or I'd have made my kalkelations and acted according. I'd have laid low in the woods, and got away without skeerin' you. You see what I mean? It was mighty mean of me, I suppose, to have tetched you at all, without saying 'excuse me, miss,' and toted you out of the garden and up the steps into your own parlor, without asking your leave. But the whole thing tumbled so sudden. And it didn't seem the square thing for me to lite out and leave you lying there on the grass. That's why. I'm sorry I skeert that old preacher, but he came upon me in the picter hall so suddent, that it was a mighty close call, I tell you, to get off without a shindy. Please forgive me, Miss Fontonelles. When you get this, I shall be going back home to America, but you might write to me at Denver City saying your all right. I liked your style, I liked your grit in standing up to me in the garden until you had your say, when you thought I was the Lord knows what, though I never understood a word you got off, not knowing French. But it's all the same now. Say! I've got your rose!

"Yours very respectfully,
"RICHARD FOUNTAINS."

Dick folded the epistle and put it in his pocket. He would post it himself on the morning before he left.

When he came down stairs he found his indefatigable host awaiting him, with the report of the veterinary blacksmith. There was nothing seriously wrong with the mustang, but it would be unfit to travel for several days. The landlord repeated his former offer. Dick, whose money was pretty well exhausted, was fain to accept, reflecting that she had never seen the mustang and would not recognize it. But he drew the line at the sombrero, to which his host had taken a great fancy. He had worn it before her.

Later in the evening Dick was sitting on the low veranda of the cafe, overlooking the white road. A round white table was beside him, his feet were on the railing, but his eyes were resting beyond on the high moldy iron gates of the mysterious park. What he was thinking of did not matter, but he was a little impatient at the sudden appearance of his host—whom he had evaded during the afternoon—at his side. The man's manner was full of bursting loquacity and mysterious levity.

Truly, it was a good hour when Dick had arrived at Fontonelles—"just in time." He could see now what a world of imbeciles was France. What stupid ignorance ruled, what low cunning and low tact could achieve—in effect, what cretans and mountebanks, hypocritical priests and licentious and lying noblesse made up existing society. Ah, there had been a fine excitement, a regular coup de theatre at Fontonelles; at the chateau yonder, here at the village, where the news was brought by frightened grooms and silly women! He had been in the thick of it all the afternoon! He had examined it—interrogated them like a juge d'instruction, sifted it. And what was it all! An attempt by these wretched priests and noblesse to revive in the nineteenth century—the age of electricity and Pullman cars—a miserable mediaeval legend of an apparition—a miracle! Yes; one is asked to believe that at the chateau yonder was seen last night three times the apparition of Armand de Fontonelles!"

Dick started. "Armand de Fontonelles!" He remembered that she had repeated that name. "Who's he?" he demanded abruptly.

"The first Comte de Fontonelles! When monsieur knew that the first Comte had been dead 300 years—he would see the imbecility of the affair!"

"Wot did he come back for?" growled Dick.

"Ah! It was a legend. Consider its artfulness! The Comte Armand had been a hard liver, a dissipated scoundrel, a reckless beast, but a mighty hunter of the stag. It was said that on one of these occasions he had been warned by the apparition of St. Hubert, but he had laughed, for observe, he always jeered at the priests, too, hence this story; and had declared that the flaming cross seen between the horns of the sacred stag was only the torch of a poacher, and he would shoot it. Good! The body of the Comte, dead, but without a wound, was found in the wood the next day, with his discharged arquebus in his hand. The Archbishop of Rouen refused his body the rites of the church, until a number of masses were said every year and—paid for! One understands! One sees their 'little game.' The Count now appears—he is in purgatory—more masses—more money! There you are. Bah! One understands, too, that the affair takes place—not in a cafe like this—not in a public place—but at a chateau of the noblesse, and is seen by"—the proprietor checked the character on his fingers—"two retainers, one young demoiselle of the noblesse, daughter of the chatelaine herself, and—my faith! It goes without saying, by a fat priest—the cure. In effect—two interested ones! And the priest—his lie is magnificent! Superb! For he saw the Comte in the picture gallery, in effect, stepping into his frame!"

"O, come off the roof!" said Dick impatiently; "they must have seen something, you know. The young lady—wouldn't lie!"

M. Riband leaned over, with a mysterious cynical smile, and lowering his voice, said: "You have reason to say so. You have hit it, my friend! There was a something! And if we regard the young lady—you shall hear it. The story of Mlle. de Fontonelles is that she has walked by herself alone in the garden—you observe alone—in the moonlight, near the edge of the wood. You comprehend? the mother and the cure are in the house—for the time—effaced! Here at the edge of the wood—though why she continues—a young demoiselle—to the edge of the wood does not make itself—she beholds her ancestor—as on a pedestal—young, pale, but very handsome and exalte—pardon!"

"Nothing," said Dick, hurriedly, "go on!"

"She beseeches him why! He says he is lost! She faints away, on the instant, there—regard me!—on the edge of the woods—she says. But her mother and M. le Cure find her pale, agitated, distressed on the sofa in the salon. One is asked to believe that she is transported through the air—like an angel—by the spirit of Armand de Fontonelles. Incredible!"

"Well, what do you think?" said Dick, sharply.

The cafe proprietor looked around him carefully, and then lowered his voice significantly:

"A lover!"

"A what!" said Dick with a gasp.

"A lover!" repeated Riband. You comprehend! Mademoiselle has no dot—the property is nothing—the brother has everything. A Mlle. De Fontonelles cannot marry out of her class, and the noblesse are all poor. Mademoiselle is young—pretty, they say, of her kind. It is an intolerable life at the old chateau. Mademoiselle consoles herself—"

M Riband never knew how near he was to the white road below the railing at that particular moment! Luckily Dick controlled himself, and wisely, as M. Riband's next sentence showed him.

"A romance!—an innocent, foolish liason, if you like, but all the same if known of a Mlle. De Fontonelles—a compromising—a fatal entanglement! There you are—look! For this, then, all this story of cock and bulls and spirits! Mademoiselle has been discovered with her lover by some one! This pretty story shall stop their mouths!"

"But wot," said Dick, brusquely, "wot if the girl was really skeert at something, she'd seen and fainted dead away, as she said she did—and—and—" he hesitated—"some stranger came along and picked her up?"

M. Riband looked at him pityingly: "A Mlle. De Fontonelles is picked up by her servants, by her family—but not by the young man in the woods alone. It is even more compromising!"

"Do you mean to say," said Dick furiously, "that the ragpickers and sneaks that wade around in the slumgallion of this country would dare to spatter that young gal?"

"I mean to say, yes—assuredly, positively yes!" said Riband, rubbing his hands with a certain satisfaction at Dick's fury. "For you comprehend not—the position of la jeune fille in all France! Ah! in America, the young lady she go everywhere, alone; I have seen her—pretty, charming, fascinating—alone with the young man! But here, no! never! Regard me, my friend! The French mother she say to her daughter's fiance: 'Look! there is my daughter. She has never been alone with a young man for five minutes—not even with you! Take her for your wife!' It is monstrons, it is impossible!—it is so!"

There was a silence of a few minutes and Dick loked blankly at the iron gates of the park of Fontonelles. Then he said:

"Give me a cigar!"

M. Riband instantly produced his cigar case. Dick took a cigar but waved aside the proffered match and, entering the cafe, took from his pocket the letter to Mlle. de Fontonelles twisted it in a spiral, lighted it at a candle, lit his cigar with it, and returning to the verandah held it in his hand until the last ashes dropped on the floor. Then he said gravely to Riband:

"You've treated me like a white man, Frenchy, and I ain't goin' back on yer—tho' your ways ain't my ways allez, and I reckon in this yer matter at the Shotto you're a little too previous. For, though I don't as a ginrul thing take stock in ghosts, I believe every word that them folk said up thar. And," he added, leaning his hand somewhat heavily on Riband's shoulder, "if you're the man I take you for you'll believe it, too. And if that chap, Armand de Fontonelles, hadn't hev picked up that gal at that moment he hev deserve to roast in hell another 300 years. That's why I believe her story. So you'll let these yer Fontonelles keep their ghosts for all they're worth, and when you next feel inclined to talk about that girl's lover you'll think of me and shut your head. You hear me, Frenchy, I'm shoutin'! And don't you forget it!"

Nevertheless, early the next morning M. Riband accompanied his guest to the railway station and parted from him with great effusion. On his way back an old-fashioned carriage with a postillion passed him. At a sign from its occupant the postillion pulled up, and M. Riband, turning to the door, approached the window, and the pale, stern face of a dignified, white-haired woman of sixty which looked from it.

"Has he gone?" asked the lady.

"Assuredly, madame; I was with him at the station."

"And you think no one saw him?"

"No one, madame, but myself."

"And—what kind of a man was he?"

M. Riband lifted his shoulders, threw out his hands despairingly, yet with a world of significance, and said:

"An American." "Ah!"

The carriage drove on and entered the gates of the chateau. And M. Riband, cafe proprietor and social democrat, straightened himself in the dust and shook his fist after it.

Bill the Plotter.

IT seems but yesterday that old Bill Ijams lurched into the office, fell over a chair or two, sat himself down upon the edge of my table, and announced, with drunken gravity, that he was the best blank-dashed job printer that hit pike.

"Yes?" I said briefly, glancing up from one of the pungent paragraphs that used to cause me so much amusement, yet were not appreciated by the exchange editors of the metropolitan papers.

"Didn't I say so, young feller?" he asked, in an aggrieved tone, as he reached for my box of smoking tobacco and stowed away a handful of it behind his wealth of bristling moustache and whiskers. "Gimme a job?" he added, closing one eye, and viewing me critically with the other, the while he masticated the tobacco.

We needed a man, so I called the foreman.

"Give this man that bill-head job of Dudley's, Ed, and see what he can do," I said.

"I'll dern soon show ye what ol' Bill c'n do, young feller," grumbled Mr. Ijams, as he rolled off the table and followed Ed. "Ol' Bill c'n turn out artistic work fr'm a blacksmith shop—such's I take this t' be, sonny," with a contemptuous glance at the interior of the press and composing room. Then he hung up his coat, filled his old cob pipe—with my tobacco—grabbed a "stick" and went to work.

The proof of that one-horse bill-head job, when it was handed me, about three-quarters of an hour later, filled me with joy. It was a thing of beauty—a masterpiece.

"Do you want to stay here awhile?" I asked, having in mental view numerous orders for job work on the strength of Mr. Ijam's unquestionable ability in that line. Bill was standing with folded arms, leering at me with that one-eyed squint of his.

"Course—ef ye c'n stan' my price."

"What is it?"

He named a figure about $7 a week higher than I felt we could afford, but as I pondered over it he added, "But I c'n do more work th'n two ordinary men—et I git it t' do."

"All right," I said finally, "we'll try it a week," and I turned again to my work.

"Hold on," he said, "I want t' make n agreement with ye. Don't let me have my money. I can't stand prosperity, ye see. So, ef ye'd just's soon stake me out at some boarding-house, an' git me a little eatin' 'n burnin' t'bacca, I'll be fixed."

This was agreed to, as was also the request that I "stake" him for another drink to "steady his nerves." Then Bill settled down to work—and if ever there was a star of the first magnitude in the job printing line he was that same. I took samples of the first two or three jobs he turned out, and with these I sailed forth and booked more orders than we had received in months past; but Bill, slow in his movements as he was, proved equal to the rush, and everything was done on time, as he promised. Not only was he valuable in his working capacity, but he kept us all amused with his constant flow of anecdotes, related in his own way in a drawling voice rendered husky by years of dalliance with John Barleycorn and tobacco.

He claimed to be, and probably was, over sixty years of age, and was a walking encyclopaedia of geographical information, having walked, he said, in every country on the face of the earth where the English language is printed. Of course he had worked in New York in Greeley's time, and was one of several thousand "only men" who could readily decipher "old Horace's" copy. Cairo, Egypt, was one of the out-of-the-way places he had "held cases" in, and accordingly the boys dubbed him "Africa," which sobriquet he did not resent in the least.

He had been with us about a week, when one morning he slouched into the office and dropped into a chair near me. For some time he puffed away at his vile old pipe without speaking, but finally remarked, apropos of nothing:

"Tell me ye write some f'r magazines, an' so on."

I admitted that I possessed literary aspirations.

"'F ye want s'm' rattlin' good plots," said Bill with some diffidence. "I c'n fill ye full of 'em. Make 'em up when I'm drunk 'r on th' road. Good ones, too."

"Yes?" I said wearily—for I had spent many a dull hour with that variety of bore with "a rattling good plot" to tell about. "Why don't you write 'em yourself?"

"Can't; ain't never sober long enough," said Bill, frankly. "When I'm sober I have t' work 't th' trade, so's t' git quick returns. But I'll tell you some of 'em. Stay awhile after they go t' press some night an' we'll chaw th' rag."

With all due gratitude to Bill for his kindly interest in my affairs, and the painstaking way in which he imparted to me those plots of his upon which such successful bits of fiction were to be builded, it must be said that his efforts to assist me were fruitless. Either Bill sober forgot the principal features of the plots mapped out by Bill drunk, or his listener was singularly obtuse, and failed to see things as Bill himself saw them. At any rate, I am not going to tell what became of the three or four manuscripts in which some of old Bill's ideas were embodied.

This saddened Bill and made him morose. The last straw came in the shape of a note from an editorial friend who had published a number of sketches of mine, in which he frankly stated his private opinion that I must have an awful nerve to expect him to read such rot, much less publish it. I handed the letter to Bill. He read it in silence, then, with some lurid profanity directed at editors in general, turned and left the office.

At five o'clock in the afternoon he came back, drunk and abusive and wanted what money was due him. I tried to dissuade him, telling him we wanted him to stay with the office awhile.

"T' h——l with you an' th' office!" he roared. "Gimme my time."

"But the bank's closed, Bill," I pleaded. "Won't a few dollars do until to-morrow?"

"Give—me—my—money—now!"

I went out, cashed a cheque with some difficulty, and came back and gave Bill his money. He went out growling.

Next morning he came in, showing the effects of his debauch, and sat down by the stove.

"Ready to go to work, Bill?" I asked.

"No; I'm goin' t' hit th' road,' he said gruffly. 'C'n ye let me have four bits?"

"Great Caesar, Bill! You won't quit us with all those jobs on the hook?" I cried in dismay.

"Might as well. "Won't be any good ef I stay," he replied, with considerable firmness. "Do I git th' four bits?"

He got it, and after shaking hands all round he disappeared in the direction of the railroad station.

About six months later Bill floated into the office again. If he had been sober during the interval there certainly was nothing about his appearance to indicate it. I have seen almost every variety of bum and tramp, but in all my experience I cannot recall meeting one of such thoroughly unwholesome appearance as old Bill presented that morning.

"Wie gehts, sonny?" he hiccoughed, cheerfully, holding out a dirty paw. "Know me?"

I surveyed him with ill-conceived disgust as I remarked:

"Is it possible that a bath and a barber might disclose the face and form of my old friend Bill. But now—great Scott, Bill! Go and get a bath and a hair cut."

He took the dollar I gave him, chuckled hoarsely and left, to return in about an hour somewhat improved in appearance and ready for work.

"Say," he remarked, as he took off his coat, "I've got th' best derned plot f'r a short story ye ever heard of. I'll tell ye t'night."

But alas, it was like all the others he had given me and quite as valueless as those he subsequently imparted to me during his three weeks' sojourn with us. At the end of that time he departed in much the same manner as before. He got drunk, "went broke," borrowed a half dollar again and walked out of town.

For the next three years he showed up at intervals of five or six months—departing as innocent of means as when he arrived, always, however, with a new suit of clothes. Never did he fail to announce upon his arrival that he had the "best derned plot" for a story I ever heard of. And never did one of his ideas avail me anything.

A year or so after the death of the always sickly Journal, of which I had been editor-in-chief from the beginning, I met Bill in Chicago. I was then "doing police" on one of the morning papers, and it was while attending the Monday morning "round up" at the old armory station that I became aware of his presence. As the police judge, after looking at the name on the sheet before him, remarked something about "jim-jams" being a more appropriate name than "Ijams," I glanced up, and there, in the prisoner's dock, was old Bill, looking, oh, so tough—but with a knowing leer on his face as he recognized me.

I whispered to the judge, who grinned. "Old friend, eh? William, the officer says you were drunk and disorderly, Saturday night. How about it?"

"Guilty, judge," said Bill, cheerfully.

"M-hm. Ever been here before, William?"

"Not as many times s' I ought t' been."

"Coming again? No? Discharged. Your friend here wishes to see you, William."

Bill was entirely unabashed when I met him at the door, and seemed greatly amused at the suggestion that he ought to be ashamed of himself. "I never thought you'd come to this, Bill," I said, severely.

"Fiddle-de-dee, boy! Likewise, 'Rats!'" replied Bill, with coarse disregard for the dignity of my official star. "Ef I had two bits f'r ev'ry time that's happened, I wouldn't be tryin' t' borrow a dollar now," he continued adroitly.

He got the dollar, and on the way uptown unfolded to me one of the "best derned plots" for a story he had ever evolved, but it was not good enough to consider, and my manner told him so.

"I'll leave ye here," he said, abruptly, as we came to Van Buren street. "I look too tough t' go uptown with ye. But, looky, sonny, nex' time I see ye, I'm sure goin' t' give ye a plot that'll make y'r hair curl. Undestand!"

We parted, and Bill made a bee line for the nearest place to get an "eye opener." That was the last I saw of him for two years.

Of all the ubiquitous individuals I ever ran across in all sorts of out-of-the-way places and elsewhere, Bill Ijams was the one oftenest in evidence. The next time I saw him he was in New York; next, I found him officiating as foreman in a little newspaper office in a Nebraska prairie town, and a year later he turned up in San Francisco, and stumbled across my path. On each and every occasion he had "the best derned plot" all ready to give me, and, quite as regularly, nothing came of it.

A few months after seeing him in San Francisco, while chatting with the editor of a paper in southern New Mexico, I heard a familiar voice from the door of the composing-room asking some question about a "job." Behold our old friend Bill, stick in hand, with the same old familiar one-eyed leer on his grizzled countenance. After he went out I told the editor about him.

"Why don't you take the old villain out to the mine, and straighten him out, if you're going to be there awhile?" asked Sherman. "He's good for years if you can keep him sober, but he nearly died after his last jamboree, a few weeks ago. He's about due again, by now."

Just then Bill's head emerged from the doorway. "Say, sonny," he remarked, "I got somethin' t' tell ye, ef y're 'round t-night. It's a corker, sure, this time."

"All right, Bill. Come over and take supper at the hotel with me."

Bill readily accepted the proposition I held out to him to go out to our camp and work. He liked the prospect of a change of employment, and also that of being out of reach of his old enemy when one of his "spells" came on. So when I drove out next day I was accompanied by this cheerful old reprobate, who seemed happy as a boy over the outlook. He had one or two "plots" to unfold too, but he did not seem hurt when I failed to enthuse over them.

* * * * * * * *

Bill had been with us at White Hawk about three months, and during that time had succeeded not only in standing off "the enemy," but in making himself the most popular man in camp, besides. So it was with genuine regret that everybody heard that he was about to pull up stakes and move on. But the roving fever had him, and nothing we could say or do would induce him to reconsider.

Without his knowledge, "the boys" bestirred themselves in his behalf, and on the eve of his departure he was decoyed up to Higgins' boarding-house, where a "grand ball" was being held in his honor. And when they presented the old fellow with a handsome watch, "this is addin' insult t' injury,' said Bill, with grateful tears in his bleary old eyes.

About midnight, when the ball was at its height, came startling news, brought in by a late arrival from the Arizona line. The notorious Kid and his cutthroat band of reds were out on the warpath, and it behooved those present—the men at least—to get to their respective ranches and look after their buildings and stock.

A week later found us, a mere handful of men, hampered by the presence of half a hundred women and children, besieged in garrison by a hundred or more agency-fed redskins, who had obviously succeeded in heading off couriers going toward the military posts, and proposed to starve us out. And we were in a sad way. There was plenty of water, but provisions were getting distressingly low, and, worse still, our supply of ammunition could not hold out much longer.

It was a very dejected lot of men that gathered together that August morning in Higgins', which was our "fort," and discussed the situation. It had come to pass that unless help arrived very, very soon, we must manage to get a courier through to the fort—an undertaking that more than likely meant death to the man attempting it. In this emergency arose old Bill.

"I'll go—t'night," said he, "I got nobody t' keer f'r me; no chick n'r child. I'm nearly seventy years old, an' not long f'r this world, anyhow. Course, I'm a tenderfoot, but I c'n try t' git through, anyhow."

It must be confessed, to our everlasting discredit, that we saw the logic of Bill's arguments, and the protests against his proposition were few and insincere. That night, mounted on the best horse in camp and heavily armed, Bill Ijams went out into the darkness to give up what remained of his miserable, mistaken life for others.

He must have got lost in the hills that night, for when the reds sighted him next day he was only a few miles on his way. He gave them a running fight for several miles, but was finally hit by a stray shot and obliged to seek cover in the rocks. He made a good fight for his ebbing life, as the empty cartridge shells around the rock where he had sought refuge amply proved.

We found him the second day after he left us, stark naked and horribly mutilated. In his tightly clenched left hand was a scrap of paper, evidently overlooked by his murderers. On it was hastily written:

"Boys—They've got me, and I can see them crawling up. Good-by.—Bill. P.S. Just got one. May be Nibsy can make a story out of this."

There was more, but it was undecipherable. I thought that, with his eye on the enemy, he had tried to outline another plot.

Recessional.

(From the London Times, July 17, 1897.)

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget!—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget!—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Let we forget!—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Let we forget!—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

In Love's Tender Keeping.

Hold me a little away from the world,
Dear arms! with your tenderest clinging;
The bird with its breast to the blue
sings
Sweeth sweet,
But the stars never answer its singing.
The cold lights but lure us to lead us
astray;
The thorn's in the red of the rose of the
May—
Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to
pray.

Hold me a little away from the world,
Dear arms! with your firm clasp and tender;
For the lights on the heights stream
through desolate nights—
A tempest of tears in the splendor.
'Tis the gleam and the dream that would
lead us astray,
The keen thorns have crimsoned the roses
of May—
Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to
pray.

—Frank L. Stanton in Ladies' Home Journal.

Natural Selection.

"I don't know what's going to become of that boy of mine. He was never known to get anything right."

"Make a weather prophet of him."—Detroit Free Press.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured for Thirty-five Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Barbers' Itch, Ulcers, Blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting, and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

Sold by B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame Street, and J. Lewis & Co., 2208 St. Catherine Street.

By Cy. Warman.

WAKALONA.

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The Capture and Rescue of the Princess of the Platte.

THE old engineer and I had dragged our chairs round to the south side of the hospital and were enjoying, as well as the weak and wounded could be expected to enjoy, the mountain air and the morning. June was in the mountains, but the snow was still heavy on the high peaks. The yellow river, soiled by the Leadville smelters, and still freighted with floating mush ice splashed by on its way to Pueblo and the Terre Caliante. The little gray, glad-faced surgeon came along presently and told Frank that he might go home on Saturday, and that made the old engineer, usually a little mite cranky and irritable, as happy as a boy about to be loosed from school.

"Say, Frank," I began, "have you ever known an Indian girl who could, by any stretch of imagination, be considered handsome?"

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, placing his well foot on the top of the railing and frowning from mere force of habit. "We were laying at North Platte at the time, that being the end of the track, and there I knew a Pawnee maiden who was really good to look upon. I never knew her name, we called her 'Walk-a-lone' at first, because she seemed never to mix up with the other squaws, but when Slide McAlaster, the head brakeman on the construction train, began to make love to her he named her Wakalona, which he thought a more fitting title, inasmuch as she had already been called by Col. Cody the princess of the Platte.

"Wakalona's father, Red Fox, was one of the bravest of the Pawnee scouts, and his daughter was naturally something of a belle among her people. She was tall, tawny, graceful, willowy and wild. It was a long while before Slide, big, blonde and handsome as he was, could gain the confidence of the stately princess. It was months before she would allow him to walk with her, and even then the feathered head of a jealous buck could always be seen peeping from the high grass and keeping constant watch over the girl. In a battle between the Sioux and the Pawnees, near Ogallalla, the Sioux had captured Wakalona and her father and Buffalo Bill had rescued her, almost miraculously, from four of their foemen, three of whom they had slain. After that the Sioux had marked Red Fox and his daughter as their own, and many lures had been set to ensnare them. At North Platte Red Fox had planted a little field of corn, and it was here, when the sun was low, that Slide used to woo the dark-eyed princess of the Platte. I used to watch her working in the field, and when we whistled she would always pause in her labors and look up to make sure that it was the whistle of the 49, although she never looked up for the whistle of any other engine. I think, as she began to lose her heart to McAlaster, that she came to know the sound even of the bell and the rattle of the spring-hangers on the old work engine. Jim was McAlaster's real name, we called him Slide because he could never set a brake, if he used both hands, without twisting it up so tight that the wheels would slide, so marvellously strong were his long, sinewy arms. When we were coming into the Platte on a summer's evening Slide used to jump off the engine, where he always rode, open the switch, close it behind the caboose and then stroll over into the little corn field where Wakalona worked.

"We went in the ditch one day. Slide had his ankle sprained and was obliged to ride in that evening in the caboose. I whistled, as usual, for the station and in the twilight saw the Indian girl still working in the field and waiting for the sweet surprise for which she had learned to wait. As we pulled in over the switches I glanced out into the field again, feeling sorry for Slide and for his sweetheart as well, but now she was nowhere to be seen. When we had made the big brakeman comfortable in the hospital tent he signalled me ahead, and when I bent over him he pulled me down and whispered 'Wakalona,' and I knew what he meant. I found her father and told him that the brakeman had been hurt and asked him to allow his daughter to see the sufferer in the surgeon's tent. Red Fox was much surprised. We had been an hour late in coming in that evening, it was now dark, and Wakalona had not been seen by any of her people since the setting of the sun. I told the warrior that I had seen her working in the field as we were nearing the station, and how when I looked again a moment later she was gone.

"With a start the brave chieftain threw up his hands, and then controlling himself with a great effort, he signed to me and I followed him out into the field. The Indian put his face close to the ground, and when he straightened up he looked all about him and said: 'Sioux.' I brought a white light from the locomotive and by the light of it the wily Indian made out that two of the hated tribe had slipped up behind the helpless girl and seized her and carried her away. Presently he brought a blade of corn to me and upon it there was a tiny drop of blood, and yet he insisted that his daughter had not been killed. Later he assured me that she had not been carried, but had walked away, taking a different direction from that taken by the Sioux. Now I saw it all. She had heard our whistle and while she waited for her lover the panther-like Sioux had stolen upon her.

"What mental anguish must have been hers when she realized that instead of the protecting arms of her fair god the arms of murderers were around her. Love, like the locomotive, is a great civilizer; Wakalona had tasted the joy of love, and life had become dear to her. The past, to her was veiled in dark mystery, the future was little better, but already she had begun to feel that beyond it all there must be a brighter and better world. Once she had asked McAlaster about the future and he, touched by the earnestness of her nature, had told her in his own way a story his mother had told to him many a time—the story of the Christ. 'Think of a big awkward clown like me,' said Slide, 'trying to unravel the mysteries of the future—trying to convert this white-souled woman who, without knowing it, has been the means of making me a better man.'

"When Red Fox had explained to me that Wakalona had not been killed, but had wandered away, I urged him to call the scouts and search the plains for her, but he shook his head. 'It is true that my child has not been killed,' he said sadly, 'but she is dead. It is true that she still walks the earth, but she is dead to me and to all her people,' and the great brave bowed his head in silent sorrow.

"Then I remembered having heard that an Indian who had lost his scalp was looked upon as one demented or dead, and I knew then what had happened to the Princess Wakalona.

"How best to break the news to poor McAlaster was a question over which I pondered on my way back to the camp. He was strong and sensible. He had seen many a comrade pulled out of a wreck mangled almost beyond recognition. He had been in more than one Indian fight, but he had never lain helpless upon a stretcher and listened to a tale such as I might tell, and I would not tell it. And while I framed a story of how Wakalona had gone that very day to visit a neighboring camp, the poor princess wandered over the prairie. All night she walked the trackless wilds, and when the stars paled laid down upon the damp earth to sleep. She knew that she was expected to die—that she ought to die, but she shunned death. Not from any dread of it, but for the love of life. No doubt she fully intended to die, but she would put the thought of it by for a little longer and dream of the pale-faced brave. Ah, he might love her still, who could tell, for the white people were so strange. She slept and doubtless dreamed of the little field, of her father, of the twilight time and of the sweet surprise of her lover's arms about her, and then she started up suddenly, putting her hand to her head and the recollection of her misfortune made her heart sad, and soon she slept again.

"When she awoke the sun was high in the heavens. She was hungry and thirsty. The blood had dried in her midnight hair, and now she went down to the river to drink and bathe her fevered face. Then she sat by the river for a long time, trying to make up her mind to die, but she could not. There was a certain amount of mystery about the river, and she liked to look upon its quiet face. Where did it come and where was it going? Then, in her wild way, she likened her life to the river. Where did she come from and where was she going? She couldn't make it out. Only she remembered that her teacher, the brakeman, had said something about another world beyond the sky; but he was still in this world, and she lothed to leave it, and so she sat all through the long summer day with her hands locked over her knees, rocking to and fro, half crooning and half moaning:

When the great red sun is half in the sky,
And half in the earth, then the dead must die.

"She knew that she was counted among the dead by her people, and if she returned to them she would be drowned in this river when the sun went down.

"Yes, it was clearly her duty now to die, and she would drown herself at the set of sun. Having reconciled herself to her fate, she fell asleep, and when she awoke the sky was all studded with stars. She had slept over the death time, and now must await another sunset. She went down to the river and bathed her face. O! the mystery of the river; where did it come from and where was it going? Would it bear her back to her lost lover? No, it was flowing toward the morning, and would carry her farther away. She turned away, haunted by the conviction that she had no place in this world, for she had heard them sing in the death chant:

The shadows lie upon the shore,
The dead shall walk the earth no more.

"And yet she could not put out of her heart the longing to live, and, setting her face from those she loved, she wandered out over the starlit plain. All night she tramped through the sage-brush with never a pause for rest or sleep, and when the red sun swung out of the earth she tramped on and on. The sun poured its pitiless rays upon her wounded head, her tired feet were torn and bleeding, and yet to all these ills she gave no thought. Vaguely now she remembered that she had a fixed purpose, a certain duty to perform, and that was to be the end of all. She must not lose sight of the river, but even now when she looked for it the river was not to be seen. Her lips were parched; her throat seemed to be burning. The wide waste o'er which she wandered lay quivering in the white glare of the noonday sun. Away at the outer edge of this shapeless sea the gray air trembled, her brain whirled, she swooned and fell to the earth.

"The cool night wind was about her when she came to herself again, but she could remember but dimly the events of the past, and so, half dazed, she wandered on. Late in the afternoon she came to a little station where there was a lone operator and a water tank. The station agent gave her food and offered her shelter, but she shook her head, and asked him where the river lay. The spectacle of a woman wandering about half crazed, half starved and alone, was a sad one, and the operator, feeling his own utter loneliness, tried to persuade her to stay. Pointing to the west, she began to chant:

When the great red sun is half in the sky,
And half in the earth, then the dead must die.

"Then she bared her bowed head, he saw the little round spot where the skin had been cut away and understood. This revelation, however, caused the agent to redouble his efforts to save the hapless maiden from herself.

After much coaxing he succeeded in getting her into his little room in the rear of the telegraph office, where she soon fell asleep. The sun went down and still she slept and he knew she was safe, at least for another day. The darkness deepened on the desert waste, the evening wore away, the operator got 'Good night' from the dispatcher at Omaha and fell asleep in his chair. Presently he was awakened by a sound as of a door closing softly. He stole into the little back room only to learn that his guest had gone. He slipped outside and listened, but save for the doleful cry of a lone wolf the night was voiceless, and he returned to his narrow room.

"Next day, when the sun was falling away in the west, the operator, sitting at his little table, noticed a shadow in the door and looking up beheld the sad face of the Indian maiden, gaunter and sorrier than before. Again he gave her food, and from his medicine chest, which in those days was furnished by the company to all agents and conductors, he brought medicine bandages, which he bound about her torn ankles, and ointment, which he put upon her wounded head. After that she continued to come to him every day, to accept a meagre meal, and at night to steal away and sleep upon the prairie with only the stars above her. At the end of a fortnight she was almost well again. Now the woman that was in her nature caused her to long for some one to whom she might tell her story; in whom she might confide; and she told it, as well as she could, to the agent. He helped her to arrange her hair so as to hide the hateful scar at the top of her head and persuaded her to return to her people. 'If the white man loved you once, he will love you all the more now, and will save you from your people if they try to molest you,' was the agent's encouraging advice and she determined to return.

"Slide McMaster's several sprained ankle had become strong and he was at work again. The name of Wakalona was never mentioned by the Indians, for to them she was dead. It was never mentioned by the whites when it could be avoided, for no one cared to tell the awful story to the brakeman, and so he lived from day to day, expecting her to come home. His was the only cheerful face in the camp during those two weeks. He was happy in the morning, hoping that the day would bring her back, and happy again at night, for there was one day less of waiting for her return. And she did come back. One night when the rain was pouring down she opened the door of her father's tent and waited to be welcomed home. The old scout was pacing his tent, for he had not ceased to grieve for his daughter, but now that she had returned to him, as one from the grave, her coming served only to augment his misery. At sight of her he had taken a step or two toward the tent door, and then pausing to look upon her, for the last time, his face grew dark and grave as he pointed a long arm down the darkness. In a hoarse voice, he uttered those ominous words, 'The shadows lie upon the shore—to the river, be gone!' With a despairing look the princess turned back into the rain-swept night, and now a new danger confronted her. The guards had seen her at the tent door, by the dim light of a grease lamp, and now they seized and bound her. Her father had left to her the one chance of flight, the guards had shown less pity. And while she sat, bound and guarded in a darkly lighted tent, her lover slept and dreamed of her coming, not one hundred yards away. The day dawned grudgingly, the darkness seemed reluctantly to leave the earth, the sun remained behind the dark clouds, from which the rain continued to fall in torrents. At noon the rain ceased, the sun came out, meadow larks caroled free in the blue above, but the hapless Wakalona lay fettred in a rain-soaked tent. The story of her capture was kept a profound secret, for the Indians knew that the United States army officers would interfere if they learned that the princess was to be put to death. In the darkness of their ignorance they believed that they were doing their duty.

"On account of the rain we had not gone out that day, but late in the afternoon an order came from the dispatcher for us to run light to Omaha to bring out a train of steel. As we pulled out over the switches I noticed a great crowd of Pawnees down by the river, near the railroad bridge. As we approached we could see that they were waving their hands and putting up weird signals. Now as the engine, still creeping along, working the water out of her cylinders, neared the bridge, McAlaster suddenly cried: 'Wakalona,' and leaped from the engine. I stopped the engine and, looking over, saw Wakalona seated in a canoe with her head bowed down almost to her knees. A stalwart Pawnee sat in one end of the canoe holding a single oar, while another Indian, equally well proportioned, sat near the girl, whose feet were fettered and whose hands were bound benind her back. Now the whole band began to chant:

The shadows lie upon the shore,
The dead shall walk the earth no more,

"The sun sat like a great red wheel that had sunk hub-deep in the sand, and when half the rim was below, and half above the earth, the second stanza of the death chant arose from the river, as the boat pushed out into the stream:

And half in the earth, then the dead must die.
And half in the earth, the dead must die.

"Now, for the first time Wakalona lifted her eyes, and she beheld her lover leaping from the shore. A few strokes brought him within reach of the little boat and he climbed aboard. The Indian at the oar stoop up and faced him. The big brakeman swung his long right arm, caught the Pawnee under the ear, and over he went. Reaching down, he lifted the other Indian bodily, turned him half over and with all his might drove him head first into the sand at the bottom of the river.

"While this was going on the little bark was drifting rapidly toward the bridge. McAlaster cut the cord that bound the woman, seized the oar and made the land just below the engine. Lifting the girl in his arms he ran up the dump, and placed her in the caboose, and we were off. As we reached the east end of the bridge I looked back and saw the baffled band swarming in from the west, but even as they ran the sun went down, the death hour had passed, and they turned back to their tents.