THE EQUITY.

VOL IV. BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., MARCH 3, 1887. No. 38.

THE EQUITY

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

SMITH & COWAN,

Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription, $1 Per Year, in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

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

Contract rates made known to merchants on application.

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

JOB PRINTING.

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

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

A CALL SOLICITED.

Professional Cards.

GORMAN & FORGIE, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. Office,—Foster's Block, Pembroke, Ont.

M. J. GORMAN, LL. B. J. G. FORGIE.

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

IRVINE ALLEN, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, Solicitor and Proctor at Law, OFFICE—Main-st, Portage du Fort, P.Q.

J. P. GIGUERE, DOCTOR IN MEDICINE, from Laval University, has established himself in Chapeau village. Every attendance will be given to patients who call on him.

HENRY AYLEN, LL.M

BARRISTER &C., &C.,

AYLMER, - - - - QUE.

Hotels.

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

DOMINION HOUSE.

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

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

MAIN ST., - - QUYON,

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

—:s:—

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

Billiard Room Attached.

Jan. 27, '87. 1y

Business Cards.

JAMES HOPE & CO.,

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

JOHN MOONEY,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Accounts collected and prompt returns guaranteed.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

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

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

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

MONEY TO LEND FOR ONE TO FIFTY YEARS

EASY TERMS.

APPLY TO

S. A. MACKAY, B. C. L.,

Notary Public, Portage du Fort, Que.,
Agent for the

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien.

Shawville visited the First Thursday of every month

CATARRHINE!

IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL

FORMS of NASAL CATARRH.

AUSTRALIAN

HORSE and CATTLE SPICE

Is the best

Blood Purifier and Appetizer,

in the market. A most valuable remedy for the diseases of Horses and Cattle. For loss of Appetite, *Roughness of Hair, Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Hidebound, &c.*

R. Lawrence's celebrated spectacles and eye-glasses for all sights at

J. FINDLAY'S,

Pembroke, Ont.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. W. G. LeRoy who has been in Montreal for some time past, is home on a visit to his family at present.

The municipal council of this village will hold a meeting for the purpose of electing their mayor on Monday evening next.

Some of the messengers despatched to collect the ballot boxes after the election, had a tough time of it getting back before the hour of declaration on Saturday last. One worthy claims to have done considerable snowshoeing while he was absent.

The first regular meeting of the County Council will be held next Wednesday, the 9th inst. Several old familiar faces will be replaced by those of new men, who will appear for the first time in the capacity of county councillors.

The mail courier running between Fort Coulonge and Portage du Fort has had a hard time battling the snow drifts for the past week. So severe was the storm on Monday, that it was impossible to make the return trip from P. D. F. to this village, until the following day.

The month of March set in with a beautiful day, which according to ancient tradition augurs bad for its termination. In view of the extreme severity of the past month, it is to be hoped we may experience an exception this year, and that the exit of March, like its advent, may partake of the characteristic mildness of the lamb.

CIRCUIT COURT.—The Circuit Court, which opened at Portage du Fort last Friday was adjourned to the 11th and 12th of March.

PROMOTION.—The Official Gazette of Saturday last contained the following notice: Charles Borromee Rouleau, of Calgary, in the North West Territories, in the Dominion of Canada, Esquire, late a Stipendiary Magistrate for the said North West Territories; to be a Judge of the Supreme Court of the North West Teritorries.

FOR THE WEST.—Dr. E. H. Rouleau leaves for the North West this week in response to a telegram from his brother, Judge Rouleau, of Battleford. We understand the doctor goes to fill an opening for the practice of his profession which has lately occurred. Mrs. Rouleau will follow her husband in the spring. It is needless to say both will be greatly missed in this community.

LENTEN SERVICES.—Wednesday evening of last week commenced a series of weekly services to be held in St. James Church here througout the Lenten season. The members of the Methodist church, who have been holding weekly prayer meetings on Wednesday evenings, have changed their night of meeting to Thursday in order to have an opportunity of attending the services at St. James. The prevalence of the christain spirit here manifest is truly commendable.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Thursday the 17th, Charles Bowes, who lives near Douglas, while lifting some clothes from a hook in a room at his house, a pair of pants belonging to one of his boys fell on the floor, in the pocket of which was a horse pistol, which went off, the ball entering the centre of the bone of the heel so deeply and tortuously that Dr. O'Brien, assisted by Dr. Rattray of Cobden, failed to extract or locate the bullet. They concluded to leave it alone in the hope that it may encyst or suppurate out. Latest accounts say he is progressing favorably. An instance of not knowing the pants was loaded this time.—*Journal.*

THE GATINEAU V. RAILROAD.—For some time past a rumor has been current to the effect that Mr. H. J. Beemer, the contractor and vice-president of the Pontiac & Pacific Junction Railway, in company with Hon. J. G. Ross of Quebec, had made all arrangements with the present Gatineau Valley railroad to liquidate the debts of the company and build the road in the spring from Ottawa to the River Desert. An Ottawa newspaper reporter inquired of Mr. C. H. Mackintosh if there was any truth in the rumor. Mr. Mackintosh said: "I never heard the Hon. Mr. Ross's name mentioned in the matter, but Mr. Beemer has been elected president of the company, and the company will now pay all claims against the former company provided they are reasonable. The road will go on in the spring without a particle of doubt and will be completed in the shortest possible time."

Suppose the Liberals had been successful in the recent contest. It is certain that Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Laurier would have been members of the new Government. Mr. Laurier has stumped his province and denounced the Government as "hangmen" and "murderers" because the law was allowed to take its course in the case of Louis Riel. In the House of Commons Sir Richard Cartwright voted that the Government were right in not interfering to prevent the execution. Sir Richard, then, having justified a "murder," how could Mr. Laurier consistently sit beside him as a member of the same cabinet?—*Citizen.*

PHOSPHATE OUTLOOK.—The Du Lievre Milling and Mining Co., anticipating a brisk business in phosphates next season, are making extensive improvements at the Du Lievre basin below Buckingham. About fifty men will be employed by the company in the spring.

A TERRIBLE SCOURGE.—Diphtheria has been prevalent in the vicinity of Buckingham of late. James Doherty living three miles from there lost six children by diphtheria since the 15th January. The widow of the late Mr. Kennedy and three children died inside of a week. Another family named Lovell lost six children, and Mr. Hector McNaughton one about three yeary old.

SAVED BY THE WATERWORKS.—The residents of Hull are congratulating themselves that their enterprise in putting in a system of waterworks saved the city from another conflagration consequent on the fire which destroyed Mr. Aubry's building on Thursday. Had it not been for the abundant water supply, it is highly probable the high wind prevailing would have spread the fire along Main and Langevin streets, and eventually into Eddy's lumber piles. Fortuntely, however, the firemen were able to control the flames.

DEATH OF MRS. J. C. DOLAN.—The Mattawa correspondent of the Pembroke *Observer* reports the death of Mrs. Joseph Dolan which occurred at Chapleau on the 18th ult. The correspondent says, the young woman's remains arrived at Mattawa on the day following her death and were taken to the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Durrell, and on Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m. she was borne to the Presbyterian cemetery, followed by a large concourse of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends. The procession reached over a quarter of a mile. The pall bearers were Messrs. Chas. Hurdman, Alex. McCool, Henry Timmins, Geo. Smith, Frank Cochrane and A. Kellett. Mrs. Dolan was not only esteemed but loved by all who knew her, and the large attendance at the funeral testifies to the same. The young husband is deeply sympathized with at his loss, and in also being left with three small children, the youngest but an infant.

DEER SLAUGHTERING.—The present season is an exceedingly unfortunate one for the defenseless red deer, owing to the depth of snow and the crust. Reports from the wooded regions of this county say that slaughtering is being carried on to an alarming extent in open defiance of the law. From one source of information we have it that near one of the boundaries of the township of Aldfield in the early part of the winter a very large quantity of deer was yarded, and that a few weeks ago a party of the settlers of that township discovered the yard and annihilated the whole herd. A settler who had occasion to visit the locality a short time afterwards declares that the snow all through the woods was literally packed down with snow shoe tracks, and innumerable furrows shewing where the slaughtered animals had been hauled away. In this place alone it is believed fully 100 deer were killed. A continuance of this unfair and illegal warfare will certainly soon accomplish the extinction of the species.

A GIANT'S DEATH.—Messrs. G. B. Moore, J. A Angus and J. F. Inglee killed near the Schyan river, near Pembroke, a few days ago, the largest moose ever seen in the Upper Ottawa district. Mr, Moore is the local agent for Messrs. Bronson & Co's lumber firm at Schyan, forty miles from Pembroke, and Mr. Angus the book-keeper. Some of the men at the shanties having reported that an enormous moose had been seen in the woods near Black River, Moore and Angus started out to find him. They got on his trail and followed him. The snow in the woods was very deep, with a crust on the surface, and the moose had difficulty in getting along fast, cutting and bruising his legs. Moore and Angus eventually overtook him on a high hill, and near the edge of the steepest side he stopped and showed fight. Angus fired and the ball striking on the frontal bone near the eye, glanced off without having much effect except to render the beast desperate. He charged his assailants, Moore's gun missed fire, and the beast reached him. Moore had an axe, but before he could do any damage with it the beast knocked it out of his hand. Both men had to dodge it round the trees, the deep snow helping them, getting in an occasional blow with clubs, and things were looking serious when another factor appeared on the scene. Mr. F. G. Inglee, jobber for Bronson & Co., who had been tracking the moose for two days, came up, and getting a broadside chance at the moose, put a bullet into him, and on Inglee turning to run he tripped on his snowshoes and fell over the steep brow of the hill and down the almost perpendicular descent of 150 feet or so, the snow alone saving him from severe bruises. The moose stood on the brink of the precipice shaking for a moment, and then dropped dead in his tracks. Inglee's shot had passed through his lungs. Brought to Schyan, the dressed carcass was found to weigh 900 pounds. The skin weighed 113. The residents of the district agree that it was the largest animal they had known to be killed there.

Mr. Alex. Hunter, of Carleton Place, has refused an offer of $2,500 for the speedy little trotting mare "Little Vic."

LAND SALES.—The treasurer's sale of lands for taxes took place in the town hall in this village on Wednesday last. Buyers were scarce, there only being a few lots competed for. The bad state of the country roads was probably the reason why so few were present.

TRESPASSERS.—Rev. Father Gendreau president of the Temiscaminge Colonization Society is about to visit Quebec to press upon the attention of the Commissioner of Crown Lands the trespass upon the society's lands by an Ottawa lumberman. The society want recompense for a quantity of timber cut.

RAILWAY BLOCKADE.—The severe storm of last week, completely blocked traffic on all railways. No mail reached Portage du Fort from Saturday night until Tuesday night, and Monday's Montreal mail did not arrive until five o'clock Wednesday morning. And the weather prophets say more storms are yet to follow.

NO TRAINS.—In spite of all endeavors to keep the track open for traffic, the Pontiac Railway Company has been squarely knocked out of time by the terrific snow storms of the past month. It is not expected that traffic can possibly be resumed until the spring thaw fairly sets in. There is said to be a large quantity of freight lying at Aylmer in consequence of the blockade, and the respective consignees are exhibiting symptoms of an increasing impatience, for which they can scarcely be blamed.

THE WAY HE LOOKS AT IT.—A local Reformer,—(a constant reader of the *Globe* and the man who says he does not wish to inhabit the celestial regions unless he is daily provided with a copy of that journal)—while looking over the list of election returns with their respective majorities, was heard to remark on coming to a small Conservative majority: Ah, there will be a protest," and so on to the end of the list. "But," said a friend, standing close by. "I observe there are a number of Liberals with very small majorities; how about them?" "Oh," replied the good Reformer, "they are all right; no bribery there sir, not a bit of it; no siree!" The good Reformer evidently knew nothing about the $15,000 drawn out of the bank of Ottawa to "put down bribery" in the county of Russell in the interests of Mr. Edwards. The purity of Reformers is proverbial.

AN INTERESTING CASE.—It will be remembered that in the burning of the Copeland House, Pembroke, some time since, a man who passed by the name of John Hartney Cameron lost his life.

At the time of his death, Cameron was possessed of a P. O. bank book, which showed some $3,000 lying to his credit in the Savings Bank, and as no relatives appeared to claim the amount, letters of administration were taken by the attorney-general of the province of Ontario.

Advertisements made in the various papers caught the eye of a man who had known the deceased, Mr. Cameron, and worked with him in various shanties on the Gatineau and Upper Ottawa. He came forward and told a curious and interesting tale. He said that the deceased and himself were both from Nova Scotia, and that Cameron was not the real name of the deceased, he having for private reasons, assumed it on leaving Scotland. He stated numerous places where deceased had worked, and also that Mr. McFarlane, which was deceased's proper name, had a father living in Scotland.

As a result of this information, Mr. McFarlane, the father, has been communicated with, and His Honor Judge Ross has made application, accompanied by proofs of relationship, for the money to be paid over to the father.

This, it is understood, the attorney-general is willing to do, and probably, all legal form and ceremonies having been complied with, the money will be handed over in a few days.—*Arnprior Chronicle.*

POSITION OF PARTIES.

From an Independent Stand Point.

A SURE MAJORITY FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF 23.

The Ottawa *Journal* (Independent) of Friday last sums up the result of the late elections as follows:

Complete returns are now in from every constituency in the Dominion in which the elections have taken place. The elections are still to come off in the ten constituencies in British Columbia and the North-West territories, but in the rest of Canada only two constituencies remain to decide. Algoma in Ontario will vote on March 3, and Gaspe in Quebec on March 16. Twelve constituencies therefore remain to be heard from. From the other 203, the returns now appear to be unmistakable. [illegible]

Yesterday the *Journal's* figures returned 105 straight Conservatives, 87 straight Liberals and 10 Nationalists. Since tha

THE SITUATION HAS ALTERED

to the following extent:

Instead of Mr. Gagne, Conservative, being returned in Chicoutimi, Que., Mr. Couture, Liberal, is returned by a large majority. This loses one vote to the Government and adds one to the Liberals. Instead of Mr. Valin, Conservative, being returned in Montmorenci, Mr. Chas. Langelier is officially declared returned by one vote. This loses another seat to the Government and adds another to the Liberals.

Maskinonge has returned Mr. Desaulniers, Nationalist. He was one of the Riel bolters of last Parliament.

The *Journal* has, in every other case where there is doubt or disagreement, telegraphed for accurate information and it finds no other changes to make in its

ESTIMATE OF THE SITUATION

which including the above changes now is: Straight Conservatives 103, straight Liberals 89, Nationalists 11.

Both parties claim all the Nationalists. Three, Desjardins, Daoust and McMillan, are generally admitted to Conservatives. Three, Amyot, Bergeron Gigault are sure Liberals. Of the other five, Coursol, Gaudet, Cimon, Desaulniers and Dupont, nobody is sure of anything. Giving Dupont and Gaudet to the Conservative, thus giving five Nationalists to the Conservatives and six to the Liberals, the situation stands as follows:

Straight Conservatives	103
Conservative Nationalists	5
Straight Liberals	89
Liberal Nationalists	6
	108 95

To this showing the elections to come will probably add as follows:.

	Straight Con.	Straight Lib.
British Columbia	6	0
North-West	3	1
Algoma	1	0
Gaspe	1	0
	11	1

Making the showing when all is said and done to be as follows:

THE GOVERNMENT MAJORITY.

Conservatives	119
Liberals	96
Conservative majority	23

The reasons why the undecided elections are apportioned as above are (1.) that in the six constituencies of British Columbia only one Liberal is running, and he is said to have no chance to get in, (2) that in the four North-West constituencies Hon. Mr. Laird is the only Liberal said to have a chance. (3.) That in Algoma, Mr. Dawson, the Conservative candidate, has held the seat for eight years, and (4) that Gaspe has been strongly Conservative since confederation.

The Hum of the Pacific.

Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 28.—Connection has been made at New Westminster B. C. between the lines of the Canadian Pacific and the Postal Telegraph companies, and business is now being done with San Francisco. The line to St. Paul will shortly be made available via Sault Ste Marie, and as soon as the weather permits a line from St Vincent to St. Paul will be built.

San Francisco, Feb. 28.—The Canadian Pacific railway has completed arrangements with the Cunard Steamship company for the transfer of three of their fastest steamers to the Pacific ocean in order to obtain a share of the Shanghai tea shipments. The Indo-Chinese steamship company, a British concern, will cooperate with the C. P. R. vessels and meet the Cunarders at Yokohama and transfer cargoes. It is expected that the Cunard steamers will leave England via the Suez canal, on April 1st for Hong Kong, so as to reach China in time to load the new tea crop.

The Biggest Locomotive Ever Built.

Providence, R. I., February 27.—The largest and fastest passenger engine ever built was drawn out of the Rhode Island Locomotive Works yesterday, and turned over to the New York, Providence & Boston Railroad Company. The main driving wheels are six feet in diameter and set but seven feet six apart. This arrangement will make her run easily on the curves. The cylinders are eighteen inches in diameter, with 24 inch stroke. The boiler is 54 inches in diameter at the smoke stack, with a wagon top. It extends to the very end of the cap, and necessitates the elevation of the engine's seat to a height far above the fire door. The fire will call for three tons of coal before the engine is pulled out of the roundhouse to make her trips, and four tons will be carried on the tender. The tank of the latter will hold 4,000 gallons of water, and the total weight of the engine proper is 93,000 to 95,000 pounds. The weight on the driving wheel will be 66,000 pounds.

She looks to be enormously high as she sets up well in the air, and her short smoke stack adds to her apparent height. Everything about her is steel. There is not a particle of brass or bright work about her. She is expected to make the run from Providence to Groton, Conn., a distance of 625 miles, including a dead stop at Mystic drawbridge, as required by the statutes of Connecticut, in just 62 5 minutes, pulling at the same time eight cars, four of which are Pullmans.

WAR NEWS.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—It is but echoing the deliberate conviction of nine well-informed men out of ten in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna to say there seems to be no chance of escaping war. No business operations are proceeding anywhere on a theory that peace will be preserved through the spring. No man in official life in a position to know even the outlines of the existing situation will candidly say he believes that peace will be maintained. Indeed, the better a man's sources of information the more pessimistic he is sure to be.

WAR NEWS FROM GERMANY.

No German officer doubts the reality of the intention to have war. In one division for a fortnight back the bugle call has occurred at two in the morning. Everything is in momentary readiness to start, either for parade or a campaign. Throughout the whole army the same nervous state of preparation reigns. At Metz a young officer of hussars writes to say they are all held in absolute suspense, waiting for the hourly expected order to move.

WHEN WILL WAR BEGIN?

Theories differ as to the time the fight will really come. The prevailing notion in German circles is that it will be about the 12th of April, since the reserves will be out on the 2nd, and ten days will be needed after that to arrange the details. This is merely an expression of opinion. Where everything depends on the swiftness and secrecy of the blow to be struck, it would, of course, be folly to predict the time and pretext for it.

DISQUIETING NEWS FROM THE FRONTIER.

PARIS, Feb. 24.—The city newspapers report many disquieting events on the German frontier. *La Justice* learns from Neuf Chateau that not a single soldier is allowed leave of absence for even half an hour on any pretence, the commander having learned that Germany is seeking a pretext for a petty quarrel.

AUSTRIAN MILITARY VOTE.

VIENNA, Feb. 24.—The Government has introduced a bill appropriating 12,000,000 florins for the equipment of the Landwehr and Landsturm.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—The *Standard's* Berlin correspondent says Germany has arrived at an agreement with Belgium to prevent France invading Germany through Belgium.

ARREST OF SUSPECTS.

PARIS, Feb. 24.—The German authorities have arrested in Mulhausen several persons suspected of being connected with a French patriotic league.

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE.

BRUSSELS, Feb. 24.—Gen Brialmont is to conduct experiments with the new explosive, melinite, to be made at Namur.

THE SITUATION BECOMING MORE SERIOUS.

BERLIN, Feb. 24.—The *Nachrichten* says:—The threatening character of the situation across the western frontier is becoming much more acute. In view of the fact that huts have already been constructed to shelter 100,000 men, and the preparations have been made to shelter a similar number around Belfort, we have beyond doubt to deal with nothing less than the strengthening of the French line, to enable them at the beginning of hostilities to throw a large force across the frontier and thus transfer operations to Germany territory.

THE AUSTRIAN MILITARY CREDIT.

VIENNA, Feb. 24.—The questions asked the Government in the Reichsrath yesterday in relation to the proposed credit for military purposes elicited the information that Hungary would only enrol in the Landsturm such men as already had military training, or were likely to make good soldiers. Numerous exemptions would be made. In Austria the enrolment of men under the age of 42 years would be almost universal. Ex-officers up to the age of 60 years would also be enrolled. Men who are only fitted for ambulance or office work will not be excepted. It is semi-officially stated that an Austro-Hungary treaty, to continue ten years, will be arranged, and will go into operation in 1888.

THE LANDSTURM CREDITS.

The Hungarian Finance Committee has unanimously agreed in favour of the Landsturm credits.

HOPING FOR PEACE; PREPARED FOR WAR.

At the Polish ball given here last night, Prince Rudolph, speaking of the political situation, said:—"Let us hope that the crisis will pass without war; if it does not, however, we shall do our duty."

A Broken Engagement.

The long-talked-of marriage of Prince Roland Bonaparte to his young kinswoman, the Princess Lætitia, only daughter of Prince Jerome Bonaparte and of the Princess Clotilde, appears to have been definitely broken off. It would have been a good thing for the young lady, who would have had a fortune of over $2,000,000 settled upon her by her bridegroom, and it would have been a splendid match for Prince Roland, as it would have brought him into close relation with half the reigning families of Europe. It is now reported that the match will not take place, owing to the persistent opposition of King Humbert, who is by no means satisfied with the prospect of such a marriage for his niece, who chances to be the only young lady in all the royal family in Italy. The king himself has an only son, Price Amadens has three, and Queen Pia, of Portugal, two so the only marriageable princess among the descendants of Victor Emmanuel is the Princess Lætitia. She is just 20, and is said to be a very pleasing-looking girl, resembling her father more than she does her plain, little mother, the "Marmot of Savoy," as Prince Napoleon used to nickname her very rudely in the first year of his marriage. There has always been a very strong feeling against Prince Roland among the members of the royal families of Europe—first, on account of the plebeian origin of his mother; secondly, on that of his father's very bad character, and, thirdly, because of his marriage to Mlle Blanc, of Monaco, from whose share in the revenues of the gambling tables at Monte Carlo he derives his large income. The Bonaparte family have cut, it is said, the scion of the house who married the other Mlle. Blanc. It was hardly likely the royal kinswoman, Princess Lætitia would smile graciously with the young widower. But for the lady's sake, who is personally an admirable woman, handsome, intelligent, and rather molded in the Napoleonic and quite unspoiled by the vast fortune that became his wife died.

DANGEROUS PLACES IN PARIS.

The Cellars Where Thieves and Murderers Resort.

On leaving the Chat Noir the other night someone proposed that we should visit the cellars near the Central markets, writes a Paris correspondent. In the Faubourg du Temple, at La Chapelle, and in the neighborhood of the Place Maubert these cellars or vaults below grog shops are famous as the resort of thieves and bad characters. They are among the sights of criminal Paris which the stranger rarely visits, however much his curiosity may have been awakened by the descriptions given by Eugene Sue in his "Mysteries of Paris." So we made up a party of three, and between 1 and 2 in the morning we arrived at the Central markets. We left them to their dreams, and descended by a narrow staircase

INTO A SERIES OF VAULTS,

the white-washed ceilings of which were covered with arabesques and names written in black with the smoke of a candle. In one part of these vaults a group of men were drinking and singing parodies of church hymns.

This did not come up to our expectations so we went to "La Jeune France," a famous cellar, where a man had been assassinated only a few nights before. We passed through a gate, down one flight of narrow stairs, then stooping low we passed under a narrow archway, reserved in the foundations of the house, then down another flight of stairs, then through another archway, along a tortuous passage, and so to a tunnel about seven feet high, five feet broad, and twenty feet long. The vault of the roof was covered with green telliswork; there were benches and rush stools to sit upon; wooden tables bearing the mark of strife; and, to light us, two, gas-jets. We were here at the very end of the mouse-trap, and we now understand why the police never enter these "caveaux"—there is no possibility of a fair fight. When we entered the "caveau" there was nobody there, but after we had ordered some wine two musicians came in. The one was a miserably pale fellow,

HALF STARVED AND HALF BLIND,

with a thin blonde mustache. He sang and accompanied himself by striking a few chords on a guitar. The other was a short bony man, with a black beard, drunken blue eyes, round shoulders, and an appearance of humility, as if he were constantly afraid of receiving kicks. He sang in turn strumming on a single brass chord. The tip given by some watcher soon brought four other visitors—a burly ruffian, who wore a huge red fez rising eighteen inches above his crown, a young man wearing a thin cotton blouse, and two others dressed in cast-off clothes of fashionable cut, but without a vestige of linen. The humble musician sang, above all things, an air from "Mignon," keeping his eyes fixed on the ground as he sang, and pointing to his heart with an awkward gesture whenever the word "heart" occurred in the romance. Suddenly, one after another half a dozen atheletic, square-shouldered men, varying in age from 17 to 25, crept through the narrow archway, passed rapidly in without even glancing at our table, and massed themselves at the end of the vault, lolling on the benches, smoking cigarettes, and drinking at our expense, for we thought it only polite to offer these gentlemen a glass of wine, the more so as the musicians were playing for our amusement. After "Mignon" the ruffian with the red fez asked for the guitar, took a tuning fork out of his pocket, snapped it with his teeth, and tuned the instrument properly. Then the ruffian in the cotton blouse rose and with fine voice, perfect sentiment, and correct gesture, sang other airs from "Mignon," and also from "Carmen." All the ruffians listened in perfect silence to the singer, who was a real artist, and two women who had joined the band melted into tears at the end, one of them exclaiming: "Ah, music! When I hear 'Mignon' I can't help it. I cry like a calf." The scene appeared to be idyllic rather than

BRIGANDISH AND TERRIBLE.

However, it appeared after all that we might have been in better company, for at a sign from the waiter I slipped out of the vault. "You had better give the word to your friends to come up stairs. The band is almost au complet, and it is the very band that assassinated a man here last week. If their chief happens to come in you might get in trouble." We did not wait to be warned twice, but wished the gentlemen good evening, and ascended the staircase without undue precipitation, and yet with a kind of internal sensation of rapidity.

Engineer Bob Pearson.

The following from the New York *Star* is a worthy tribute to the merit of a well known Canadian railway man:—There is hardly an intelligent man in the Province of Ontario who has not heard of honest, canny Bob Pearson, the veteran engineer of the Northern and North-Western Railroad. Every engineer from Halifax to El Paso knows him by reputation. He has been in the brotherhood for 25 years, and was its second grand engineer for six years. He comes from Division 70 of Toronto, of which he has always been an esteemed officer. A locomotive to Bob Pearson is one of the most absorbing things on earth, and he guards and cares for the engine he drives as a mother looks after her child. And he has good reason to love the engine, for its travelling record with Pearson at the lever is unprecented. In the five years since it was built at the Brooks Locomotive Works, Dunkirk, New York, it has run 190,554 miles without a repair of any kind. Not even a pin, a brass or a flue has been taken out during the mileage. The ordinary locomotive without general repairs, will average less than 50,000 miles. Pearson, during his career in the cab, has travelled more than a million miles without an accident. He was born in Edinburgh, and came to this country in 1851. In that year he worked in the machine shop of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Road, at Cincinnati. At 18 years of age he was handling the lever, and since then has driven an engine without causing the slightest injury to any human being. During the troubles on the Intercolonial Railroad of Canada, a few years ago, Chief Arthur designated Pearson to represent at Ottawa. In ten minutes after Pearson met Sir Charles Tupper, minister of railways, the differences between the company and its employees were adjusted.

A movement for organizing a "Y." Union in Peterboro' is making headway.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

A Canadian Pioneer's Story.

"It was a fine bright night for a skate, so off I went without even thinking of fetching the gun. The dogs would have followed me. I had to shut them up to keep them back. It makes the cold shivers run through me now, even here in this safe place and with all your faces around me, when I think of that awful night. Stars twinkled in millions in the sky and from every frost-covered tree. Rays of light came glittering from the ice, from the snow drifts, from encrusted branches, and the broad river like a jewelled zone swept twixt the mighty forests. And yet all was still as death, as if the cold had deadened tree, air, water and everything, except the ringing of my skates, which echoed back from the hills with startling clearness, and the throbbing of my heart. I was now some miles from home, and nearing the shanty, which was reached by turning up a small stream, where fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead. All was dark within.

I SHUDDERED AS I ENTERED,

but was brave and laughed away the fear, then gave a loud hurrah! that echoed and re-echoed through the woods. I stopped to listen, but the reverberations died away and left me listening to my heart alone. Suddenly, as if from beneath the ice came a low tremulous sound, which ended in a long wild howl. I started. I knew it all. I heard the brushwood crash. The blood rushed to my forehead. I flew back to the broad river, my only means of escape, and just as I emerged from the darkness I saw two wolves after me as fast, as they could come. On I went, the shore flew past as if I were on a train of cars. I neared a small point, but kept well out, to be on smoothest ice. Well I did, for a dozen wolves jumped from it to the ice as I passed. All my energy of mind and body was exerted to escape. At first, I did not look back, I did not feel afraid or not afraid; one thought of home, of bright faces awaiting me, of their tears, if I should never come back; and another, a picture of all the transgressions of my life, these were all. I was a good skater; good I was, or I should not be here to tell you of this. After going quite a distance, I began to realize the situation, and thought I must be getting away from the brutes as no more yelps were heard. I had been making such a fuss myself. I could hear nothing but the yelps and howls. I looked back. There they were almost at my heels. I could hear the pattering of their feet, the snuffing scent. I

FELT THEIR VERY BREATH!

Again, I exerted every nerve and muscle. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in uncertain light. My breathing became spasmodic. A feeling of despair took possession of me; I gasped a short prayer; a small spot, snow-covered, lay before. I may trip there. I turn suddenly to the right. Oh, thank God! Away they went sliding on their haunches and snapping their white teeth in the moonlight. I had gained a breath or two, and time to think; my plan was now to turn whenenever they got too close. They gained their feet and sprang toward me, but I took an angle, and saw them slide again. I believe I smiled when I saw them slip the second time. Now if I had only had the gun or a revolver. It would not have done to try a stick—to let them get so near. I made a circle. I had got my breath back now. They were furious, and foamed at the mouth. Once I delayed too long to turn, and one came so near he snapped at me. Had my skates failed me, had I tripped, or had the ice been less smooth, they would have caught me. They could catch up always when I kept straight on. I thought all the chances over; how they would seize me; where they would seize me; how I would feel; how long it would be before I died, one

BITING AT MY THROAT,

others tearing my limbs to shreds, and then I thought of my people searching for a body that already had its tomb. I was tiring the wolves and resting myself, but this would never bring me home, so every now and then I would make a dash straight again for a hundred yards or two, then turn aside and let them slip again. At last I came opposite our house; the yelps and howls of the wolves aroused my dogs. What a racket they made to get out; but that was enough, the wolves heard it, and not feeling quite equal to an encounter with such an enemy, turned tail and fled. I ran to the house with my skates still on my feet. I hope you may never come so near having your wishbone picked."

A Big Calf.

A Scotch baronet, being at a parish meeting, made some proposals which were objected to by a farmer. "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know that I have been at two universities and two colleges at each university?"

"Weel, sir," said the farmer "what of that? I had a calf that sucked twa kye, and the observation I made was the mair he sucked the greater calf he grew."

Why She Carries so High a Head.

Tom—"I don't see why so many people make a fuss over that Miss Jones; she isn't any better looking or as nice as some of the other girls."

Harry—"That's true, my dear boy, but her pa is a millionaire. That's why she carries so high a head."

Tom—"Oh, that's it, is it? She holds up er head by a cheque reign."

A Hint To Railroad Companies.

He—"Dese heah kears am mighty dangerous, and hits mostly de las kear what's smashed up."

She—"Why don't dey leave off de las kear den?"

Sauce For the Goose.

She—It was awfully mean of you to go to the theatre without me.

He—Oh, well, it is just the same as if we both went; we are one, you know.

TWO DAYS LATER.

He—This house is enough to freeze one, Agnes. Didn't you order the coal?

She—No, darling; I bought this seal-skin sacque instead. But I am warm, and we are one, you know.

The telephone operator has a perpetual holler day.

If a man blows his own trumpet, can his opinions be sound?

Faith Fanatics.

In a little white cottage in Minneapolis, Minnesota, lives the widow Anna Stickney. About the first of December death claimed her only daughter, Cora, aged nineteen years, and the remains were laid to rest in Lakewood cemetery. The mother being a firm believer in faith cures, even to the restoration of life, had the body secretly exhumed not long since and taken to her home, where she commenced the tedious task of praying it back to life. Mrs. Stickney is a woman not past middle age. Prior to her daughter's death she was not identified actively with the Faith Cure Society, which meets here weekly, but afterwards she attended one of the meetings, and asked the prayers of the ladies to restore the young woman to life, expressing her determination to go forward herself with that end in view and the belief that faith would, if carried to perfection, accomplish the result. The ladies, according to their own story, were startled and almost shocked by the proposition. They believed in the faith cure, but their faith had never reached out to this extent. But seeing the earnestness of Mrs. Stickney, and knowing her to be a

PERFECTLY SANE WOMAN,

they agreed with her that the attempt was worth trying. It is understood that opinions regarding the matter were obtained from the leading faith cure people in the country, some of whom expressed the belief that the dead could be brought to life and others that she could not. When the body was brought to Mrs. Stickney's house it is not known. So profoundly has the secret been kept that even Mrs. Stickney's nearest neighbour did not know that it had been returned. How long the widow kept it with her, working and praying over it, is also not known, but one of the faith cure ladies said that the undertaker had been ordered to take it to the vault. All of the proceedings occurred at night. As the weather has been very cold since the girl died, the corpse had not decomposed to any extent. Miss Cora's illness was in itself somewhat peculiar. She died of what the doctors say was consumption of the blood. She bled terribly and continuously at the nose, and blood would exude from the pores of the flesh. It appears that the faith cure was tried upon her while she was sick.

SMOTHERED IN A COFFIN.

Terrible Death of a Young Man Caused by an Official's Tardiness.

As a result of a terrible case of premature burial which recently occurred at Saumur, a bill is shortly to be presented to the Corps Legislatif modifying the French law requiring speedy interment. From the authenticated reports it appears that a young man who was afflicted with a contagious disease suddenly died, at least to all appearance, and his funeral was ordered to take place without delay. The *croquemorts*, or undertaker's men, who carried the coffin to the grave, thought that they heard noises resembling knocks under the lid, but being afraid of creating a panic among the people and mourners in attendance, they went on with their burden. The services were proceeded with, the coffin was placed in the grave, and the earth was about to be thrown on it when unmistakable sounds of knocking were heard by everybody.

Under law, however, the Mayor had to be sent for before the coffin could be opened, and more than an hour's delay occurred in the arrival of that official. The lid of the coffin was then removed, and the horrible discovery made that the unfortunate young man had died from asphyxia. Physicians who were in attendance declared that had the coffin been opened ten minutes earlier his life might have been saved. The corpse presented a terrible appearance, the victim having torn the flesh from his cheeks in frenzy. There was a frightful scene when the lid was removed and life was pronounced extinct. A number of women swooned and were carried from the cemetery, while the male relatives uttered maledictions upon the Mayor, whose tardiness was mainly responsible for the frightful occurrence.

An Eccentric French Baron.

One of the most eccentric of Parisians—the Baron de Joest, has recently died, bequeathing his property, worth more than £100,000, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. As was to be expected, the Baron's relatives intend to contest his will, and the revelations expected to be made during the lawsuit promise to be full of interest. The Baron lived in a simple manner, attended only by a female servant, young and good-looking, like the soubrettes whom one sees on the French stage. He was in the habit of changing his soubrette once or twice a month. De Joest might be compared, owing to his eccentricities, to the mad Marquis of Waterford; but he was less genial than the Irish peer. On one occasion, after making his coachman get his carriage ready to drive him to the Bois de Boulogne in a blinding snowstorm, he countermanded the order, and towards 10 o'clock at night repeated it again, going down to the stables to observe how the unfortunate coachman liked his caprices. The Jehu, exasperated beyond measure, fell upon his master like a maniac, pommelled him without mercy, and flinging him into the carriage, drove him off, *nolens volens*, to the Bois, bringing him back half dead from the cold at 4 o'clock next morning. Next day the Baron summoning his coachman to his presence, gave him a hundred francs and commended the strength of his arms. The Baron belonged to seventeen different humanitarian societies, but showed little proof of benevolence to man or beast during his lifetime.

A new kennel club has just been organized in Buffalo.

One of the officers of the Montreal corps of the Salvation Army, who some time ago received severe injuries from a brickbat thrown at her head, has again been attacked and clubbed while leading her soldiers in the march. Being very seriously injured she is obliged to come to the Toronto "Home for worn out officers" for rest and an operation. She has the sympathy of all Christian people.

A match has been arranged between Ed. Hanlan and Courtney, to take place at Saratoga Lake some time in June next, and a stake of $5,000 has been deposited with the Spirit of the Times. Mr. Courtney has ordered a new shell fitted with William Oliver's patent rolling seat, and the work on the shell is progressing rapidly. The oarsmen will meet at the International Hotel inside of two weeks to complete arrangements.

Flattery of the Rich.

There is a good deal of flattery to the noble and the rich still, but one feels thankful that things are not so bad as they were. How far the world has moved forward since this time two hundred years ago may be seen by reading the following extract from a dedication by Dryden to the Duchess of Monmouth and her husband, the bastard son of Charles Second, who by and by lost his head in the way of which the whole world knows: "To receive the blessings and prayers of mankind you need only be seen together. We are ready to conclude that you are a pair of angels sent below to make virtue amiable in your persons or to sit for poets when they would pleasantly instruct the age, by drawing goodness in the most perfect and alluring shape of nature. No part of Europe can afford a parallel to your noble Lord in masculine beauty and goodliness of shape." Just to think, that a man like John Dryden could write stuff like that not much more than two hundred years ago! Yes, the present age is bad enough, but it is better than those that are past, when the sturdiest men could be such sycophants. Even the greatest and silliest snob in Toronto durst neither speak, think nor write in such a fashion.

Good News From the Canadian Ranches.

Terrible losses have occurred this winter on the cattle ranges in Montana, Wyoming, and other American territories, the number dying through starvation and exposure being exceedingly large. On the other hand, not a single head has been lost on the Canadian ranches. Senator Cochrane, president, and Mr. J. M. Browning, secretary of the Cochrane Ranch Company, received direct and positive information Sunday of the exceedingly satisfactory condition of their herds, and it was stated further that though the weather had been excessively cold, and there was a foot of snow on the level, yet the cattle are looking well. There is plenty of feed and the cold so far has not done any harm. This is the report from the Cochrane Ranch Company, and the same is true of the herds of the British America Ranch Company. These two ranges are at each extreme of the ranching district, and may thus be taken as an index for the whole district. The great mortality in the American ranges is said to be caused by overstocking which causes the pastures to run out. The same calamity may befall Canadian ranches should the Government allow overstocking.

Rothschild's Maxims.—Adapted to the Use of Editors.

Consider well, then decide positively—that you won't insert the ad. unless paid for in advance.

Endure trials patiently—when you are paid for reporting them.

Dally not with the wine in the cup—but drink it while it fizzes.

Lie not for any consideration—except in the way of business.

Be careful about making positive assertions—unless you see your way to crawfish out of them in the next issue.

Question not the veracity of your contemporaries—except in the matter of the circulation they claim.

Zealously labor for the right—if in accordance with the policy of the party.

Never accept presents—nor advertising agents' bills.

Remember that 'tis human to err—and that perhaps you forgot to tell the foreman that it was to go next to reading matter.

Be original in all things—even if you have to steal your original jokes.

TRUTH.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Truth is that spotless purity of soul
Which seeks the light, and loves to bask therein!
Not truth in part—then silence, but the whole
Unvarnished facts, without one taint of sin!
Such is the standard of the living God,
Before whom all that dares to lie must fall,
Feeling their conscience, like a heated rod,
Forever searing and consuming all!
Truth stands the test of torture, fire or sword,
And from them all comes forth the more refin'd;
When fixed upon God's everlasting word,—
Truth to all subtlety and art is blind;
Though tempted sore, yet utter not a lie,
For God and truth brave men have dar'd to die!

It Didn't Make Much Odds Anyhow.

"Yes, dear boy, she is all you say; plenty of money and just the thing for me, no doubt; but then there is an obstacle I cannot get over—she's a Catholic!"

"Oh, that don't signify. You can turn Catholic yourself, you know."

"Turn Catholic! 'Nonsense. Why, my folks came over in the Mayflower, and for at least fifty years we have all been Presbyterians. No, it's quite out of the question!"

"Well, old man, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Still, it seems to me it can't make much odds which church you stay away from!"

Circumstantial Evidence.

Judge (to prisoner)—"You have been here before, I think!"

Prisoner—"Yes, sah."

"What was the charge?"

"Same as dis one, stealin' chickens."

"And you was convicted, too, I remember now."

"Yes, jedge, I was foun' guilty, but it wasn't my fault. I was convicted on circumstantial ebbidence."

"How so?"

"A man saw me takin' de chickens an he swore to de circumstance."

He Wanted Cash.

"Did you say that your grandmother had $20,000, and did not leave you a cent, though you are her only direct heir? Did she leave a will and testament.

"I said just that. Yes she left a will and testament, and in the will she left me the testament, and nothing else."

He—Aren't you going out, dear? "No." "Then I'm off." "I shall go with you. "In that case I stay in."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A horse fed on whole wheat or wheat bran will be sleek and his coat glossy.

There are fifty-one active volcanoes in Japan. This accounts for the multitude of hot springs in that country.

The yolk of one egg, three drams of glycerine and fifteen grains of carbolic acid makes an excellent mixture for softening the hands.

A stiff paste of glycerine and red lead will be found useful in making a joint air or gas proof. It is used at the joint between the neck and cap of the flasks for generating oxygen gas.

To make a bend in glass tubing without flattening, two inches of the tube should be heated to an equal temperature. This may be done by holding the glass width-wise in the flat flame of an ordinary gas-burner.

To cover a sphere with tin-foil, the foil is cut into gores so as to slightly overlap. The very thickest parts are used. Each gore is rubbed with the thumb-nail, or side of a test tube, unless it lies quite smooth. This the plasticity of the tin permits.

To brighten and polish nickle-plating and prevent rust apply rouge with a little fresh lard or lard-oil on a wash-leather or a piece of buckskin. Rub the bright parts, using as little of the rouge and oil as possible; wipe off with a clean rag slightly oiled. Repeat the wiping every day and the polishing as often as necessary.

"Only fifty years ago the average duration of human life in Great Britain was thirty years; to-day, according to statistics, it is forty-nine years. In this fifty years the population has increased by 8,000,000. At least two out of these 8,000,000 of increase may be put down as the fruit of improved sanitary and medical work, and of victory over preventable sickness.

The solar motor, which Captain John Ericsson, of gun-boat fame, has spent twenty years in perfecting, is highly spoken of by scientific men. It is intended to utilize the rays of the sun for the production of power to be applied to machinery. These motors cost but little more than a steam-engine, and are expected to do excellent work, especially in hot countries, where sunshine is the rule. The dependence on a clear sky is, however, likely to be a serious drawback in this climate.

It has been noticed that deaf mutes are rarely affected with seasickness. The semi-circular canals of the internal ear are probably absent or negative in function in these people. These canals are not organs of hearing, but of equilibration, and when disturbed give rise to vertigo and nausea. Dr. William Jones, of Cambridge, Mass., claims that a counter-irritant applied to the skin behind the ear will relieve seasickness. The counter-irritant may be a blister, or simply rubbing the part until the skin is slightly excoriate.

In many electric-light stations wires are run on the brick-work or on a cement floor. Bricks and ordinary cement are exceedingly porous, and if water reach any part the whole becomes somewhat damp. Dynamos are placed directly over such a floor, and the intervening wooden base may become damp enough to make quite a dangerous ground at the machine in case, as often happens, there is connection on some part of the filled magnets with the wire. By thoroughly drying the brick and cement work, and saturating it with asphalt, applied boiling hot with a brush, it will be found that the dampness can be prevented

NATURAL HISTORY.

Easy Lessons for Beginners.

THE DOG.

It has been claimed that the dog was one of the first animals created, and that one stood ready to follow Adam about when he left the Garden of Eden. Just what Adam wanted a dog for when there was nothing to "sic him on" to is a puzzler, but it is evident that the dog appeared at an early stage in this world's history, and that he has held his own wonderfully well. No one seems to know just how many species of dog can be put on record, but the number is great enough to give us all a change for every day in the week. There is no country without its dogs, and the poorer the country the more dogs.

The dogs of America are said to consume $75,000 worth of provisions a year, and in return they bite twenty-one tramps and scare off ten or fifteen burglars. The tramp didn't mind the bites and the burglars wouldn't have got any boodle if left alone. The only reasonable excuse any man can make for keeping a dog is that he wants to annoy his neighbor. There are a great many stories about dogs saving human lives, giving fire alarms, stopping runaway horses and hunting up lost children, but it is not expected that any one over 10 years of age will believe them.

THE CAT.

The cat was mewing on the plains of Jerusalem about the time the dog set out to follow Adam, and she came to stay. Every nation has its cats, and, as a natural sequence, its rats and mice. Nature made the cat as a sort of experiment, and then had to manufacture rats and mice to give her something to do. How she does it may be inferred from the statement that the annual damage inflicted on the world by rats and mice is over a hundred millions of dollars. Millions of dollars are also expended for traps and poisons, while the cat dines on fried oysters and sleeps the hours away. No family should shelter a cat under the idea that she will keep the mice down. They will be sure to follow her to the house to secure safety. Boys who kill cats should put them out of pain as soon as possible. An average of ten dead cats to one live boy should be the record to strive for.

THE PIG.

The pig is a familiar object in natural history, and his origin dates back to some time before Noah had to pack up and go sailing. He got some pigs to go up the gang-plank and enter the Ark, but that was the only instance ever known where he accommodated anybody who was in a hurry. While there are several species and many breeds, no one travelling abroad into strange countries will ever mistake a pig for anything else. It was not until the year 1652 that his flesh was eaten. Up to that time his bristles were supposed to run clear through him and clinch on the other side, and his meat was supposed to be made up of burdock roots, old potatoes and tomato cans. There are still some people who declare against pork, but when pork is a shilling a pound codfish is only seven cents. The pig alive is of no good to anybody, but when dead his meat can be made to answer for chicken, mutton, turtle, quail, venison and pork—his bristles are made into camel-hair brushes—his hoofs into glue, his legs into pickles—his hide into alligator skin, and his fat was used for lard until cotton seed oil and wagon grease took its place.

Careful Diagnosis of a Sweetheart.

Young Winks—"Say, sis, I wish you'd tell me whether you think Nellie Minks cares for me or not."

Sister—"Does she seem to like to talk to you?"

"Always."

"Is she bright and witty in her remarks?"

"Just as funny as she can be."

"And seems to be enjoying herself ever so much when you are around?"

"Indeed she does."

"Well, she doesn't care a straw for you.'

The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.

"Ah, Mrs. Fogg," said the Professor, facing the biscuits in front of him, "I never more your rolls, whatever else I may do."

"Indeed, Professor, your words charm my soul. As the poet says, 'Every ear is tickled with the sweet music of applause;' but I have noticed that there is one of my rolls for which you seem to have a chronic aversion."

"And that is, my dear madam?"

"The pay-roll," responded the landlady, with a smile that reached over and tickled the solemn boarder so that he laughed.

Let The World Know It.

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, &c. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain-subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only 10 cents. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cents. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

The *Globe* says that in Gravenhurst and Orgus liquor is sold openly, as if such a thing as Scott Act had never been heard of.

Capt. Bertha Smith, of the Salvation Army, has again been arrested and imprisoned in Lindsay for holding an open air meeting. What is Christian Canada coming to?

The Y. W. C. T. U. recently organized by Mrs. Youmans in Woodstock, makes the number of unions now sixteen.

"Clear the way my lords and lackeys! you have had your day;
Here you have your answer woman's yea against your nay!"

There are 646 baseball players now under contract, and many of the clubs, as well as associations, are still incomplete. Probably 1,000 players will draw a salary in 1887, and very likely 1,500 people, directly or indirectly, will be supported by the game. It is quite a business.

In clearing away behind the temple of Hadrain, at Athens, the foundations of a temple to Pluto have been discovered in the rock of the Acropolis. Three natural caves have been found, and in them three fine sculptures. One is a statue of a draped man with bare breast and long flowing hair. Another, about three feet long, consists of two reliefs, one compartment showing Pluto and his wife in Hades seated at table. The third piece is a fragment containing well-carved heads of the same deities.

survivor of the battle of the Nile, fought 90 years ago.

A farmer made his last will and testament in words few but significant:—"I have nothing, I owe nothing and I give the residue to the poor!"

A miner in Leadville, Col., who can neither read nor write, is worth to-day at least $3,000,000. Four years ago he hadn't a penny except what he earned from day to day as a miner. His name is John L. Morrissey. He is a young man, not over 32 or 33. There is said to be in the mine of which he is half owner $5,000,000 worth of ore in sight. Morrissey cannot even tell the time of day. It is a stock joke among the boys if you ask Morrissey what o'clock it is for him to pull from his fob a $500 watch and, with a condescending air, tell you to "luk for yerself and then ye'l know I am not lying to yez."

FOR FARMERS' BENEFIT.

Experimental Farm Ready For Operation.

A special *Mail* despatch from Ottawa says:—The seed-testing department of the Government Experimental Farm near this city is now ready for work. Bulletin No. 1, just issued by Prof. Saunders, says of this department:—"It has been undertaken for the purpose of determining the value of the agricultural seeds which are sold to farmers from year to year, and to save them from some of the losses to which they are annually subject by using old and inferior seeds. Every farmer in Canada will have the privilege and right to send to the Experimental Farm samples of any seeds of which he may desire to know the germinating power, and it is hoped that all will avail themselves freely of the advantage offered. A suitable glass structure has been erected for this work of a sufficient size to admit of the testing of a very large number of samples at one time. The returns of the germinating power of seeds will not be based upon a single test, but every sample will be tested in duplicate, once in the soil and again out of the soil, in the most approved form of apparatus devised for this purpose. Small seeds will also be examined for impurities, such as sand, dust, foreign seeds, chaff, etc., and the proportion of these given.

"The samples sent should be a fair average of the whole of the seed from which it is taken. The quantities which should be forwarded will vary in proportion to the size of the seed. Of large seeds such as corn, peas, wheat, barley, oats, etc., about four ounces will be required, while of the smaller seeds, such as grass, clover, turnip, carrot, etc., from half an ounce to an ounce will be sufficient. The larger seeds may be put into small cotton bags each marked with the name of the seed, and these smaller bags enclosed in a larger canvas bag provided with a tag on which the address may be written. The smaller seeds may be folded in stout paper, each parcel marked and the whole enclosed in a strong envelope. Packages and communications should be addressed: 'Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Canada.' All mail matter will be carried free to and from the Experimental Farm within the limits of the general postal regulations as to the size and weight of packages."

An Ornamental Woman.

"The trouble with the wimmen these days is that they all want to be ornymints. They git more wuthlees and no-acount e'vry day of their lives."

"That's just 'bout so, Mr Hayseed. The wimmen air developin' a speerit of injeependence that ort to be curbed—cut off short, as it were."

They were a pair of grangers of the old-fashioned type, horny-handed, hard-visaged and narrowly conservative.

"Now, there's Lem Jackson's wife," one of them said; "I do'no how Lem ever does put up with her shif'lessness and uppish ways."

"She's one o' thim ornymintal kind of wimmen, hey?"

"I should say so. All she's got to do is to cook for only eight in fam'ly, milk nine cows, 'tend to the garden and Lem's onion patch, and help in the field a little in plantin' and hayin' time. Wimmen ain't no 'count nowadays nohow. They all want to set 'round and be ornymints like Lem's wife."

The Tired Old Woman.

There was an old woman who always was tired,
She lived in a house where no help was hired.
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going
Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning nor sewing.
And everything there will be just to my wishes.
For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes,
And though there the anthems are constantly ringing,
I having no voice will get rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, and don't mourn for me ever,
For I am going to do nothing forever and ever."

Antelope are getting pretty numerous in the river bottoms in the vicinity of Lethbridge, N. W. T., and herds of 30 to 40 may be seen almost any day.

"Do you know Frau Z—, madam?" "Oh, yes! she is my best friend; we have no secrets from each other." "Ah, then, perhaps you can tell me how old she is?" "Oh, sir, we are not quite as intimate as a'l that!"

Heart Disease.

The symptoms of which are "Faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with *beats, strong, rapid and irregular.* The second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, &c." *Can be cured* "in many of the first stages." Send 6c. in stamps for pamphlet and full particulars. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto Canada.

Economy is of itself a great revenue.

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

Let the Bible be thy standard classic.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and READ M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ont.

All the way to heaven is heaven,

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 308 King Street West Toronto Canada.

Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.

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

A. P. 322.

6 PER CENT. MONEY—INTEREST YEARLY—no commission; Mortgages purchased. R. H. TEMPLE, 23 Toronto Street.

NORFOLK COUNTY—75 ACRES, CLAY LOAM—For sale—one mile south of Simcoe; about 20 acres wood; living spring; (no house), barn 30 x 50. GEO. STANTON, Simcoe, Ont.

100,000 SHEETS OF 5 & 10c. MUSIC; '30,000 Plays,' Brass Inst's, 'Violins,' 'Flutes,' 'Fifes,' and Musical Inst. Trimmings, at reduced prices. R. B. BUTLAND, 37 King-s. W., Toronto.

SNOW DRIFT THE FAVORITE! THERE IS NO BETTER! BAKING POWDER
The Snow Drift Baking Powder Co., Hamilton, Ont

SONGS 100 new and popular songs sent free to all who send 4 cents to pay postage. 100 pieces choice music 6c. Catalogue free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

GUELPH Business College, Guelph, Ont., Began the Third Year Sept. 1st, having already received patronage from Ten States and Provinces. Young men and boys thoroughly prepared for business pursuits; graduates eminently successful; special courses in Shorthand, French and German; ladies admitted. For terms, etc., address M. MacCORMICK Principal.

MANGLES, 3 kinds; Clothes Wringers, 10 kinds; Washing Machines, 2 kinds. Churns, Carpet Sweepers, Meat Choppers, Trucks, and other sundries. HAMILTON INDUSTRIAL WORKS Co., Hamilton, Canada. Send for article wanted, or Illustrated Catalogue.

GOLD, COMPOSITION GOLD, Antique Bronze, Natural Wood, and other Picture and Room, Mouldings, Frames, Etc Paintings, Engravings, Etchings, Artotypes, Artists' Materials, Mirrors, etc. Wholesale and Retail. Trade Catalogue. MATTHEWS BROS. & CO., Toronto.

THE LONDON GUARANTEE AND ACCIDENT CO. (LD), OF LONDON, ENG. Capital, £200,000. Dominion Government Deposit, £55,000. Head Office: 72 King St. East, Toronto. Gentlemen of influence wanted in unrepresented districts. A. T. McCORD, Resident Secretary for the Dominion.

Seeds! FRESH, AND SURE to grow—Of all the Choicest Flowers. Select stock of Fruit Trees, Grapevines, Spruce Hedge Plants, Ornamental Trees, Choicest New Roses, Bulbs, Decorative Plants, and English Holly. Cut Flowers, Wedding Bouquets, of superior quality, on short notice. H. SLIGHT NURSERYMAN, TORONTO.

FILES. R. SPENCE & CO. RASPS
Consumers will find it to their advantage to ask the trade for our make of Files and Rasps. Re-Cutting a Specialty. Send for price list and terms.
HAMILTON - ONT.

JUNE 19, 1885.—For two years my wife's health was run down. She was greatly emaciated and too weak to do anything for herself; she was given up by five doctors, they all passed their opinion that she could not live. She commenced using Dr. Jug's Medicine in December, 1884, and after taking six bottles she was so much improved that she could look after her household duties
J. M. RODDICK, Engineer, C. P. R., West Toronto

J. L. JONES WOOD ENGRAVER 10 KING ST EAST TORONTO

SEEDS
RENNIE'S SEEDS ARE THE BEST.
Illustrated Catalogue for 1887
Containing description and prices of the choicest
FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS
Mailed free. Every Farmer and Gardener should have a copy before ordering seeds for the coming season. Handsomest catalogue published in Canada
Wm RENNIE TORONTO

I CURE FITS!
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

Confederation Life ASSOCIATION
GUARANTEE CAPITAL
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT.
President.—Hon. Sir W. P. HOWLAND
Vice-Presidents.—Hon. Wm. McMASTER
Hon. Chief Justice Macdonald, W. H. Beatty, Esq., Edward Hooper, Esq., J. Herbert Mason, Esq., Hon. James Young, M. P. Ryan, Esq., } Directors
Managing Director—J.
The Association has been fifteen years in operation returned to the Policy Holders
This year (1886) closes the third Quinquennial surplus of over $350,000. The surplus at December Guarantee Capital and Assets now over $2,800,000
Policies Non-Forfeitable after two years, a

BRICK MA
—WITH ALL
LATEST IMPR
SPRING PRESS BOX, - WHITE OAK
Over 500 of our Machines now in use and no complaints.
The E. & C. GU
TORONTO

SAUSAGE CASINGS.
New shipment from England, Ex-Steamship "Norwegian." Lowest prices to the trade. We are sole agents in Canada for McBride's Celebrated Sheep Casings. Write for quotations.
JAMES PARK & SON Toronto.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
MANUFACTURE ONLY
FINEST
Silver Plated Ware.
Artistic Designs, combined with Unequalled Durability and Finish.
HAMILTON, ONT.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal, weekly, Glasgow and Boston weekly; and Glasgow and Philadelphia, fortnightly
For Freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F., Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brockie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allan Portland, Boston Montreal

CONBOY'S IMPROVED

CARRIAGE TOPS are famous for their style, convenience, durability, and cheapness. Buy no other until you see them. All the leading Carriage Builders sell them
Factory: 407 King St. W., TORONTO.

ARMSTRONG'S
BUGGY AND CARRIAGE GEARS.

THE BOSS SIDE-SPRING GEAR
Has many advantages over any other side spring gear, and will undoubtedly be a great favorite. The bent tempered steel plate perches allow the body to set very low, IT TURNS SHORT, rides very easy, and has no SWINGING or UNDUE MOTION. Suitable for straight or phaeton bodies. PRICES RIGHT. Send for our descriptive circular.
J. B. ARMSTRONG M'F'G CO. (Ld.), GUELPH, Canada.

FOR ONE CENT
TENANT FARMERS, SMALL FARMERS, MECHANICS, and business men or capitalists, all who wish to make a change for health or profit, can get valuable information FREE, by sending your address on postal card to
J. M. HUCKINS, 96 King St. West, Toronto.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY.

A Beautiful Imported Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses Also a handsome Diamond Dye Sample Card to the mother and much valuable information.
Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

The National ELECTRO & STEREOTYPE Co.
23 ADELAIDE ST. E., TORONTO.
All classes of fine work. Mfrs. of Printers' Leads, Slugs and Metal Furniture. Send for prices.

THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, MARCH 3RD 1887.

LAST NOTICE

Within the past year we have made repeated calls upon delinquent subscribers to settle the amount of their indebtedness to this establishment, and in very many, in fact the great majority of cases, no heed has been taken to our requests. This is decidedly unfair to us and certainly militates to the detriment of THE EQUITY. By what process of reasoning people come to the conclusion that they are to be furnished with a newspaper year after year without paying for it, is something we totally fail to understand, unless it is that the printing office is looked upon as a place where money is actually *made*, not earned. There are cases where patience ceases to be a virtue, and the present is daily becoming a more striking instance of this fact. We have awaited anxiously the advent of that awakening power which we had hoped would some day come to arouse the slumbering impulse of justice that is surely encompassed within the breasts of those for whom this notice is specially intended. But, alas, we have watched in vain for a troubling of the waters; we have observed no agitation of the frigid surface of the apparently immoveable consciences of those individuals. Having failed in all efforts of our own to make the desired impression, there remains but one more step to take, and that is in the direction of the court house. It is a step we fain would avoid, but when there is no alternative open to us, we are obliged to proceed, and if anyone's corns unfortunately get squeezed, they will only have themselves to blame.

The object of this notice is not merely to accomplish a general squaring up of our subscription book, but to wipe out many old scores now to be found in our books against parties for job work and advertisements. A clean sheet we must have, and we mean to employ every legitimate means to obtain it.

Of course the Grit press will have all sorts of excuses and reasons for the result of the elections; bribery corruption, &c., on the part of the Tories, utterly refusing to believe that the real wish of the people is for the Conservative party and the National Policy in its entirety.

It is stated that the Dominion Government have decided to divide the Department of Agriculture, creating a joint deputy ministership. Mr. John Lowe, the present acting deputy, will be given the direction of immigration and quarantine matters, while the second branch, to be presided over by Mr. C. A. Dansereau, of Montreal, will be devoted to statistical and patent business. This step has been rendered necessary, owing to the enormous increase in the business of the department during the past five years. Dr. Tache, deputy minister, who has not been able to attend to his duties, owing to ill health, will, it is said, be superanuated shortly. In fact it is said that the Government has in hand consideration of the superannuation of a number of civil servants who have passed the required period in the service of the country.

An idea of what the Conservative members had to contend against in some of the Quebec constituencies may be gleaned from the following extract from one of Hon. Mr. Mercier's speeches in Quebec County: "The Canadian Pacific Railway was built by Orangemen, and the Orangemen got Queen Victoria to Knight Sir Adolphe Caron because he betrayed his church and his nationality." Are those the sentiments of Hon. Edward Blake and the Grit party?

Commenting on the result of the Dominion elections, *La Minerve* says:

The Province of Quebec has nobly redeemed the moment of thoughtlessness which placed power in the hands of the Liberals. There is not now the shadow of a doubt that the Mercier Government does not represent the majority of the country. Yesterday's triumph of the Conservative party is one of the grandest which the political history of the country will have to record. In spite of an agitation which their lordships and bishops qualified as revolutionary, the electors went in a body in favor of the Conservative Government and the real national party.

What think ye of the prophet, and where is now the prophecy of Mr. McCuaig, that Mr. Blake was coming to power with one mighty flourish of trumpets? He (Mr. McCuaig,) did not calculate that the electorate throughout this vast Dominion knew that Mr. Blake's trumpets were empty and that, when examined, were only tinkling symbols. Mr. McCuaig has now another five years before him to prophecy, and possibly by the end of that time, he may, peradventure, make some new departures and outstrip even the world-renowned Wiggins. Prophesy yet again friend McCuaig, fame awaits you; not in Parliament however.

It is well known that several of the French Canadian Conservatives elected to the new House of Commons voted against the Government on the execution of Riel question. They are all claimed as supporters of Mr. Blake—a claim as baseless as if the Conservatives were to claim Mr. Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright and the other Liberals who supported the Government on the Landry motion. But is not the Riel question dead? It did good service to Mr. Mercier—put him in power in fact, and it proved valuable to Blake, Laurier, & Co., in the recent contest, for it gained for them seats which without the cry that Riel was executed on account of his religion and his nationality they could not have secured. But what further use can be made of it? Why should it be introduced in a new parliament? Even if it should be brought up again and that the French Canadian Conservatives who voted against the Government last session were to repeat those votes, could Mr. Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright, Messrs. Patterson, Charlton and the other Liberals who voted with the Government, afford to reverse their votes? We think not. Blake & Co. are sadly out in their calculations if they imagine that they have secured the support of the anti-Riel execution Conservatives.—*Ex.*

A LITTLE TOO PREVIOUS.

A few days prior to the election some of our over-sanguine "Reform" friends, went so far as to caution certain government officials in the county against interfering in any way with the elections. They were told that Mr. Blake was surely coming into power, and that any official (Conservative of couse) who was found to have dabbled in politics would assuredly be dismissed. These injunctions, we might say, were inopportune and wholly uncalled for, inasmuch as we are aware of no case, where officials took an active part to secure the return of the Conservative candidate; but the fact of their having been given shows distinctly the tyranny that would be resorted to had the country unfortunately, and we must add thoughtlessly, placed Mr. Blake at the helm of State. Luckily for the people's freedom that calamity has been averted for at least some years to come. Some of these intimidatory reminders, we understand, were given at the suggestion of Mr. Mercier, Quebec's handi-capped premier. Considering the exceedingly shaky character of Mr. Mercier's lease of power, it ill becomes him to endeavor to suppress public sentiment with regard to matters affecting the Dominion government, without interesting himself in which he has sufficiently ample to occupy his time, if he hopes to keep his head above water for at least one session of the legislature. Mr. Mercier is, among other unenviable characteristics, conspicuous for his freshness, and events have proven that in attempting to intimidate people in this county by threatening the dire vengeance of Blake "the coming premier" local Grit understrappers have been too utterly previous.

ELECTION NOTES.

Information has been received at Ottawa of the election of Mr. Trembly, the straight Conservative candidate for Charlevoix; by a majority of 31 votes. Cimon Natsionalist polled 71 votes more than Clement the Rouge candidate.

Mr. White's majority over Mr. James Findlay in North Renfrew was 247.

Sir Hector Langevin's majority for Three Rivers was found at the official declaration to be 30 instead of 10 as previously reported.

The official returns give Sir Adolph Caron a majority of 259 in Quebec county. It will be remembered Grit papers announced his defeat last week.

P. E. Island will, after all, send one supporter to the Government in the person of Mr. Perry, who it seems received the plurality of votes in Prince county.

The returns so far show that 85 new members have been elected to serve in the next Parliament. Many of them, however, are not strangers to the chamber, and their voices have been listened to with pleasure before in the legislative halls of the nation.

It is said that Mr. Mackintosh has already received three offers from Conservative members to make way for him. That he will be in the new House seems pretty sure.

Hon. Mr. Laurier's musket brought him through the contest in Quebec East with a majority of 2,000. He would have been inclined to make it a cannon next time if Blake hadn't missed fire in Ontario.—Ottawa *Journal*.

It said that the corruption practiced in Glengarry in the interests of "Blake and Reform" can only be paralleled by the cases of H. H. Cook, M. C. Cameron, and John Walker. No doubt Mr. Macmaster will take the necessary steps to expose the rascalities of the Purcell brigade.

Gritism dies hard. Many warm adherents of the party still cling to the belief that Mr. Blake will have a majority at his back when the House meets. To such we accord our sympathy, and all the comfort they can extract from the gloomy situation.

Sir Charles Tupper's appearance in Nova Scotia proved a boomerage to the Secessionists. He did yeoman's service in the cause of Union, and the province voted to stand by Confederation. No wonder the Ontario allies of the Repealers are disgusted at the Conservative victory in Nova Scotia.

The *Citizen* says:—"It appears over $15,000 were drawn from the Ottawa Bank on Monday, and that most of it has found its way into Clarence township, Russell County, where Mr. Edwards had a majority of 455. It has transpired that the Ottawa Bank was short of small bills and other banks were asked to assist in filling the bill."

"The Conservatives have lost but very slightly in Ontario; while of the Maritime Provinces, only Prince Edward Island has the Liberals a majority; Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, contrary to Liberal expectations, having returned Conservative majorities. The falling off of Sir John's support is chiefly from the Province of Quebec."—*Renfrew Mercury.*

Yes, exactly. And had it not been for the services rendered "Liberalism" by the ghost of the late Mr. Riel, which was hawked around the province by Shoulder-his-musket Laurier, and other demagogues of his stamp, Quebec would have shown little, if any change from its historic record.

After the Battle.

THE SECESSION AGITATION IN NOVA SCOTIA KILLED.

Halifax, N. S., February 23.—Nova Scotia has nobly done its duty. The rout of the secessionists is overwhelming. Constituencies which gave large majorities for repeal eight months ago have now elected unionists by equally large majorities. The secessionists swept Halifax by 600 and boasted they would elect Jones and Fuller by 1,500. When Kenny and Stairs were nominated, I mentioned that the Grits were thunderedstruck and had commenced to talk Jones and Kenny. I also predicted that the Government would hold its own in Nova Scotia. Both predictions have come true. The repeal majority in Halifax has been reduced to very small proportions. Jones gets in by the skin of his teeth, while Kenny is away ahead of Fuller. Stairs made a gallant fight and deserved to be elected. He will be next time. The magnificent victory in Nova Scotia is due almost solely to Sir Charles Tupper's return. Had he not come back the Government could not have held its own in Nova Scotia. The result has been a splendid vindication of Sir Charles personally and an expression of renewed confidence in his leadership. The defeat of Vail is particularly gratifying as his canvass of rum and slander was most despicable. Mack also of Queen's, whose great argument against the Government was that Lady Macdonald had sold her honor and wore the price of her shame about her neck, is beaten and the county redeemed. It is believed a recount in Shelburne will give the seat to Major-General Laurie, who made a most gallant fight in a constituency which never yet sent a Conservative to Ottawa. The Grits made a dead set on Minister Thompson, but he pulled through safely, while Hon. Messrs. Tupper and McLelan rolled up magnificent majorities. Cape Breton did nobly in selecting McKeen (Principal Grant's brother-in-law) and McDougall over their five opponents. The result stands fourteen to seven, with a possibility of Shelburne. The secession agitation is dead and buried.

THE FRENCH PRESS.

Le Monde says of the victory: "After a desperate fight, and notwithstanding the hope given to the Liberals by their partial success in the provincial elections, the Macdonald-Langevin Government remain in power, and will have a majority of nearly fifty in the next Parliament. On the morrow of this brilliant triumph we feel kindly inclined, and we will not be so cruel as to recall to the memory of our adversaries all their boasting, nor to hurl back upon them all their insults to us during the last six months. In triumph as in defeat the great Conservative party always shows itself dignified. A great cause of rejoicing for ourselves and the whole party is the re-election of Sir John and all his colleagues, and the approbation which the Ministerial policy has received in all the provinces. We have, it is true, as it usually happens on such occasions, suffered some deplorable losses and it is with sincere regret that we record the defeat of Messrs. Joseph Tasse in Laprairie, and Macmaster in Glengarry.

La Presse says: "The general elections held yesterday throughout the Dominion will result in maintaining the Conservative party in power. The Government has obtained a majority in each of the provinces excepting Prince Edward Island. In the province of Quebec the Conservatives claim a majority of eleven, while the Opposition claim a majority of four. We are of opinion that the Government's majority in our province is between six and eight. The fight was made solely on the National policy."

La Patrie says: "The elections have resulted in a victory for the Tory party. The majority, however, is reduced to twelve, and with British Columbia and the Northwest Territories thrown in cannot amount to more than twenty-five. In spite of everything the Government has been maintained in power. We shall not try to hide the blow given us."

La Minerve says:—The Conservative victory of the 22nd is one of the greatest in the political history of the country. In spite of extreme hostility, in spite of bitter hatred, in spite of a combat which was fought under disloyal colors, in spite of an agitation called revolutionary by our lords the bishops, the country pronounced itself in favor of the Conservative Government, of the true National party. In spite of all this the country pronounced itself against the political quacks who had endeavored to deceive it by hoisting an alleged National flag, which was in reality but a disreputable rag, with which they hoped to hide their deceitfulness, their egotism and their coveteousness. Never had such an attempt been made to derive benefit from patriotism, from the noblest sentiments of the people. Fortunately the people did not allow themselves to be trapped by these hypocritical manœuvres, and the 22nd has avenged the honor of our population. Honor to the electors! The city of Montreal has done its duty. Nothing less was expected from it. After the Hon. Mr. Coursol, who was elected by acclamation, Sir Donald A. Smith was elected by a majority of almost 1,500 votes, and Mr. Curran by over 900. It is a great triumph which does honor to the metropolis of Canada."

British Columbia Governorship.

The Hon. Hugh Nelson, Senator, of Burrard Inlet, will succeed Mr. Cornwall in the position of Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia. Mr. Nelson was born in the town of Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, in 1830. He represented New Westminster in the British Columbia Legislature from 1870 to 1871, and when the Province entered Confederation, in the latter year, he was elected to the House of Commons by the same constituency, which he continued to represent until called to the Senate in December, 1879. Senator Nelson has many friends in Ottawa, who will be pleased to learn of his appointment to the highest position in the Province of which he has been a worthy representative in both Houses of Parliament.

Hanlan tells his Plans.

Edward Hanlan was in Boston Friday giving orders for two new boats and put up at George Hosmer's "Golden Car." Asked about his race with Gaudaur Hanlan said: "Oh, that is coming off all right. Monday I shall go to New York, where I am to meet Mr. St. John, the backer of Gaudaur, and arrange for a match for $5,000 a side and the championship of America. I am not decided as yet where the race shall be rowed, and, of course, cannot tell to a certainty until I have seen Mr. St. John. I think, however, that it will take place in the vicinity of Boston, and probably at Nantasket Beach. The race will not take place until after June 1 and possibly not before July. Of the other matches that are in my mind I cannot say much just at present, as they are all undecided, with the exception of the Beach race, which I consider as a settled fact, although I have not as yet seen the letter which he sent to me. I will probably leave for the Antipodes about August 1, and of course feel as though I ought to win the race, and will do my best. Mr. O'Connor and myself have challenged Ross and Lee to a double scull race. This challenge has not been accepted as yet, but I think I will hear from it very soon. There are also several other good double scull crews in the United States, notably McKay and Hosmer, and Hamm and Teemer, so that if one match is not made another is sure to be." Hanlan said he had not trained all winter. "As I am now I weigh about one hundred and seventy pounds stripped, and I want to take about twelve pounds of that off, which will not be a very hard task. I never felt better in my life and expect a very busy summer. I think that aquatics will boom the coming season, judging from present indications."

Montreal, Feb. 26.—The Canadian Pacific has ordered twenty-two new locomotives to be constructed at its shops in de Lorimer avenue. Overtime is being put on these engines as they are wanted at once.

Cardinal Jacobini, Papal Secretary of State, died Saturday the 26th ult., from an affection of the heart from which he had been suffering acutely for some time past. He will be succeeded by Mgr. Galimberti.

Paris, Feb.—26 M. Barthelemy, author of "Avant la Bataille," has written an article calculated to renew the war scare in a violent form. He contends that the increase of the effective of the German army necessitates a corresponding preparation on the part of France in order that she may be ready to resists an attack from Germany.

BORN.

In this village on Tuesday, the 27th ult., the wife of C. D. Blondin, Esq., of a daughter.

In this village on Tuesday, the 22nd ult., the wife of W. H. Walsh, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the brides father, on the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. G. Lett, Mr. W. H. Cross, of Winnipeg, Man., to Clara, second daughter of G. A. Purvis, Esq., of Portage du Fort.

At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. M. D. M. Blakely, B. A., on Tuesday the 15th inst., the Rev. D. H. Hodges of Oak Lake, Manitoba, to Miss Jennie McArthur McLeese, second daughter of William McLeese, Esq., of Ross Ont.

DIED.

At the General Hospital, Ottawa, at 11 a. m., on Friday, last, Margaret Duggan, wife of Captain Duggan of Pembroke and sister-in-law of Mr. Henry Duggan, of the Post Office Department, aged 44 years and 3 months.

At Otter Lake, on February 22nd inst. Birdie McGee, aged 5 years and six months, only daughter of Edward and Annie McGee.

This lovely bud so young and fair,
Cut off by early doom,
Just sent to show how fair a flower
In Paradise can bloom. E. C. B. F.

DON'T DO IT.—Dont rack and ruin your lungs with a tight, harrowing, distressing cough, when a few does of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will loosen the phlegm, soothe the irritation, and heal the sore throat and bronchial pipes, and may avert that destructive disease, consumption.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP has removed tape worms from 15 to 30 feet in length. It also destroys all kinds of worm.

PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for the cure of Eruption, Chafes, Chapped hands, Pimples, Tan, &c.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS require no other Purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms.

MORE THAN CLAIMED.—"For the past four or five years," says Mrs. Emery, of Cottam, Ont., "I have been subject to kidney troubles. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. It has done me more good than what was claimed for it. I can recommend it to all sufferers from like diseases."

DOUBLY BENEFITTED.—There is one remedy known that has more curative power over dyspepsia and liver complaint than Burdock Blood Bitters. "I had liver complaint and my husband was so bad with dyspepsia that he could not labor. One dozen bottles of B. B. B. has enabled us both to attend to our usual work," reports Mrs. John A. Campbell, of Brighton, N. B.

Fresh Codfish,
Finnin Haddie,
Herrings, &c.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION! We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of their time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5,00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

A KNOWING CANINE.—A curious case of animal sagacity says the Ottawa *Journal* is being talked about at the Union Depot. An engine driver employed by the C. P. Company has a dog which for the past few years has been his constant companion in the engine car. This animal has been known to enter the locomotive shed where over thirty locomotives are kept and go direct to the locomotive run by his master, and remain there until the stoker comes to fire up. The other day the dog was accidentally left at Carleton Junction, the train going off without him. He waited about the station till the next train due east arrived, boarded the engine car of his own accord, came to Ottawa and proceeded to his master's house.

NO BOODLER WANTS IT.—Under the foregoing suggestive caption this week's issue of the Advance has the following item :

"Mr. James Mohr of Onslow writes to say that he wants to know his indebtedness to the Pontiac Advance so that he can pay up, as "no boodler in the county wants the Pontiac Advance." Question: Is James Mohr a boodler? We had a higher opinion of Mr. Mohr than that. If no boodler in this county wants the Advance, we should say that the reverse would also be true that: no honest voter in the county wants THE EQUITY. In accordance with the lines laid down by Mr. Mohr, we will keep a list from this forward of all the boodlers in this county. It may come handy for reference some day in the future.,'

We presume the question : "Is, Mr. Mohr a boodler?' is an open one, and therefore make bold enough to venture a reply. Mr. Mohr is a Conservative, and as the Advance, since the day it came within the clutches of Mr. McCuaig, has never hesitated to class all Conservatives in the boodler's category, it is only reasonable to conclude Mr. Mohr is a boodler from our cotem's point of view. As the *Advance* has signified its intention to keep a list of all the boodlers who may follow Mr. Mohr's example, and as they have been its chief source of sustenance in the past, we would suggest that it employ a recording secretary at the earliest date, in case the task of putting down the names should interfere with the ligitimate work of the staff. If rumor can be credited with anything, we fear our cotem. will have sufficient material to fill a large subscription book, that is of names of parties who have ceased to be its patrons. The reference to this journal may be intended for a point of some importance ; if it is our cotem, should be more explicit. Vagaries of this kind are so liable to be misconstrued. Another attempt may "fetch it". Try again.

The Exact Majority.

The following is the exact majority of the Government :

La Minerve, Montreal says	39
L'Electeur, Quebec, "	0
The London Free Press "	37
The " Advertiser "	0
The Ottawa Citizen "	29
The " Free Press "	0
The Montreal Gazette "	29
The " Herald "	2

The Toronto Globe says the Liberals have a majority of 3 or thereabouts. The exact majority according to the independent press is as follows:

The Toronto World says	35
The Montreal Star "	34
The " Witnsss "	29
The Toronto Mail "	23
The Ottawa Journal "	23

Newfoundland's Trouble.

St. Johns, Nfld., February 28.—An angry feeling prevails. The Telegram openly advocates annexation to the United States which, it claims, is more popular in the Island than confederation. Premier Thorburn and Sir Ambrose Shea carry a message which practically amounts to this: "Allow the Bait Bill or we'll cut loose." The address of the Legislature to Her Majesty is very outspoken, and accuses the Imperial Government of neglect of British interests and ignorance of the fishery question. It denies the right of any property in the fisheries except that of the colony itself. Newfoundland, says the address, does not propose to sacrifice her rights nor to have them sacrificed. The true state of affairs is that a free supply bait to foreigners means the effacement of our British trade, the exodus of the population and forbids all thought of a possible equivalent.

THE FISHERMEN'S DEMANDS.

St. John's Nfld., February 28.—The fishermen of Newfoundland are petitioning the Legislature of the Island to impose a duty on fish coming from any country equal to the duty levied on fish from Newfoundland entering the United States. They also ask for an adjustment of the tariff as will cause it to bear more equitably on the fishermen than it does at present.

Riel's Unfortunate Followers in Hot Water on the Other Side of the Line.

Winnipeg, March 1.—There is trouble at St. John, Dakota, between the authorities and some Canadian half-breeds who settled there after the Riel rebellion. A number of horses were seized for non-payment of taxes, and the half-breeds banded to-gether to re-capture them by force. Troops have been asked for at Fort Totten.

PRESS DESPATCH.

St. John, D. T., March 1.—Serious difficulty is feared with the Half-breeds. There are n this settlement upwards of 1,000 families of Half-breeds, among whom are many of Riel's ablest lieutenants, who found it expedient to emigrate during the rebellion. They took with them a considerable number of horses and cattle. They have been taxed for these animals by the local authorities, but have steadily refused to pay a tax. Writs were issued last week directing Sheriff Flynn to seize sufficient goods and chattels to cover the tax. This Flynn has been doing, but half-breeds have been holding meetings and threaten vengeance. They say they will make an effort to recover their property by force.

Russia Ready for War.

AN IMMENSE ARMAMENT READY TO ADVANCE UPON BULGARIA AND AFGHANISTAN.

New York, Feb. 28.—The *Star's* London correspondent says: "The outlook in the east becomes hourly more threatening. The *Times* publishes a statement from Vienna that the relations of Germany with Russia and Austria are severely strained, and that there are no further attempts in official circles to conceal these facts. Despatches from other sources confirm this. The *Levant Herald* whose correspondents have recently been making close inquiries into Russian armaments, declares that the Russian forces now concentrated in Central Asia equipped for active service in the field, number fully 300,000 men of all arms. Of these, three divisions of fifty thousand each can march on Afghanistan at a few day's notice. Reports have also been received of Russian troops massed in Russian Poland, proving that Russia has made enormous preparations for an offensive war. Details confirm the outline of the Russian plans published by the Russian papers based on the assumption of a war between France and Germany. At the War office and the Admiralty the opinion grows hourly that Russia means simultaneous operations against Bulgaria and Afghanistan and that Austria and England will meet her on those fields.

OTHER WAR NOTES.

Vienna, 1st.—In official circles here an attitude of the strictest neutrality is favored whatever may be the turn of events, but it is admitted that Russian troops may cross the Pruth before the Roumanian government receives warning. Premier Bratiano adheres to the policy of keeping Roumania free in order to enable the Government to decide at the last moment whether to side with the Central European Powers or with Russia. Armaments are being completed and in readiness for mobilization. The Government has ordered large quantities of hospital and ambulance material. One thousand extra workmen are employed in the arsenal getting artillery and ammunition ready. A commission will start for England tomorrow to purchase torpedo boats.

Pesth 1st—The Hungarian delegation have unanimously voted urgency for the special military credit, and referred the matter to the Budget Committee without debate.

Vienna, 1st—The building of calvary huts and barracks along the Carl Ludwig Ry. has caused a panic in Galicia. Large numbers of people are selling their property and moving to Vienna.

British Politics.

London, 1st—A number of Conservative members of Parliament who are impatient over the delay in adopting coercive measures will meet to-day to take concerted action with the object of inducing Conservatives to combine in exerting pressure upon the Government to take immediate steps. The Dublin Executive has authorized all local magistrates to proclaim every "plan of campaign" meeting and to demand assistance of the military and police without awaiting sanction from head quarters.

David Sheehy, M. P. for South Galway will be removed from office by the Sherriff of Limerick for presiding at a "plan of campaign" meeting.

London 1st—In the debate on the procedure rules this evening Mr. Molloy, on behalf of Mr. Parnell, moved an amendment that the cloture should not be applied until the subject under discussion has been debated. Mr. Smith opposed the motion saying that the Government intended to promise an amendment of a similar character. Mr. Parnell complained that the Irish were unfairly treated and attributed the Government's action to the influence of Mr. Goschen.

London, March 1.—It is stated that Mr. Gladstoue will shortly issue a manifesto to the nation, giving details of his Home Rule policy and calling on the country to put an end to the present shameful condition of public affairs. The Liberal leaders favor a simultaneous mass meeting to decide for or against Home Rule, to be held in every considerable town in the country, and this progaamme will probably be accepted. The Tories are preparing for a countermove and only await a definite anuouncement from the Opposition to put their anti-Home Rule machinery in motion.

News Notes.

Hon. J. J. C. Abbot was elected mayor of Montreal, on Tuesday last by a majority of 1,785.

Paris, 1st.—General Boulanger has submitted to the Cabinet a comparative statement of the military and naval strength of France and Germany.

Berlin, 1st.—The negotiations for a renewal of the treaty of alliance between Italy, Austria and Germany have been suspended owing to the Italian Cabinet crisis. Prince Bismarck is unwilling to renew the alliance unless the Italian policy be guaranteed a permanence.

Vienna, 1st.—It is stated that under the terms of a renewed treaty between Austria, Italy and Germany, Italy agrees to place 200,000 troops at the disposal of Austria, in the event of war with Russia, and to place the same number at the disposal of Germany in the event of war with France.

Correspondence between the Globe and its Ottawa correspondent :—

"Toronto, Feb. 22.—Dear Mr. Blank. The result of the election campaign does not indicate Sir John's insanity to be of such a serious nature as to promise satisfactory results to the party at an early date. Please have him sized up again. Yours etc. The Globe."

"Ottawa, Feb. 45.—Dear Globe. The old tough's ways are very deceptive. It is difficult to diagnose him accurately at short notice. He evidently has lucid intervals. Yours truly, Blank Blank."

"Toronto, Feb. 20.—Dear Blank. The insanity business is played out. The lucid intervals are too frequent. Kill him. Yours, The Globe."

London, 1st—Slight earthquake shocks were felt yesterday at Alassio and Albenga. Trains on the Riveira Railway continue running, but at slow speed, a landslip being feared. On February 22nd, eleven hours before the earthquake shock, two kilometres of road were destroyed between Nice and Sospel by the fall of a hill. Similar accidents happened near Istria. Earthquake shocks were felt in several places in Austria and Bulgaria. Six severe shocks were experienced at Shumla on the morning of the 26th.

READ THIS

Campbell's Bay to the Front.

THE UNDERSIGNED begs to announce that he has opened a

Grocery :-: Store,

At Campbell's Bay,

where by strict attention to business and by selling goods at the lowest possible prices he hopes to receive a share of public patronage.

Tea, Sugar, Confectionery, Spices, Patent Medicines, Tobacco, &c.

or anything usually found in a Grocery Store will be kept in stock.

The public are requested to take no notice to what they may hear in reference to my store, but to call and inspect for themselves.

GOOD BARGAINS FOR CASH.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Campbell's Bay, Jany 13, 1887.

BRYSON POST OFFICE

TIME TABLE.

MAIL.

ARRIVES.

From Fort Coulonge, Vinton, Hathaway, Calumet Island, Collfield, daily, (Sundays excepted,	9.30 a.m.

LEAVES.

For Portage du Fort, Bristol, Quyon, Shawville, Thorne, &c., and all points east and west on the C.P.Ry	10.00 a.m.

RETURNS.

From Portage du Fort	6.00 p.m.
Leaves for Coulonge	6.20 "

Office hours 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Money order and Savings Bank hours 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

E. B. D. LAFLEUR,
Postmaster

Bryson, Dec. 22, 1884.

OTTAWA HOUSE,
PORTAGE DU FORT.

STAGES

LEAVE THE OTTAWA HOUSE TO

Connect with all Trains going East & West

FROM HALEYS.

SURE CONNECTION GUARANTEED

TRAVELERS will find it to their advantage to patronize the Ottawa House. Accommodations second to none. Bar supplied with choice brands of Liquors and Cigars. First-class Table. Good Sample Rooms in connection with the House. First-class Livery attached. Good Horses and Rigs—single or double.

CHARGES MODERATE.

-Farmers' -:- Custom -:- Solicited.-

DAN. McDONALD,
PROPRIETOR.

Portage du Fort, May 1, 1886.

Canadian Pacific Railway

TIME TABLE.

PASSENGER TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Pacific Express.	Mixed.	Local Express.
Leave Arnprior	1:47 a.m.	12:50 p.m.	7:14 p.m
" Castleford	2:12	1:29	7:40
" Renfrew	2:28	1:59	7:59
" Haley's	2:45	2:37	8:19
" Cobden	3:00	2:57	8:35
" Pembroke	3:41	3:54	9:21

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Atlantic Express.	Mixed.	Local Express
Leave Pembroke	12:48 a.m.	9:24 a.m.	1:49p.m
" Cobden	1:27	10:22	2:22
" Haley's	1:41	10:46	2:37
" Renfrew	1:56	11:10	2:56
" Castleford	2:12	11:38	3:12
" Arnprior	2:37	12:06 p.m.	3:40

The Atlantic Express reaches Ottawa at 4:36 a. m., and Montreal at 8:20 a.m. An Express connecting at Carleton Junction reaches Toronto at 11:45 a. m.

The Mixed reaches Ottawa at 3:00 p.m., and a Local Express, Leaving Ottawa at 4:40 p.m., reaches Montreal at 8:55 p.m. The Mixed also connects at Carleton Junction with an Express reaching Toronto at 9:50 p.m.

The Local Express reaches Ottawa at 7:00 p.m., stopping at Carleton Place from 6:30 to 6:02. An Express from Toronto to Montreal passes Carleton Junction at 4:40, arriving at Ottawa at 5:25, and Montreal at 9 p.m.

Trains reach Brockville from this section at 1:30 p.m., 8:50 p.m. and 12:20 a.m.

Connections at Toronto for all points West, Southwest and North-west.

For Tickets, rates, time tables of trains, and all information regarding passenger business, apply to

D. McNICOL, Gen. Pass. Agent.
JOHN PRUYN, Asst.-Gen. Pass. Agent.
W. WHYTE, Gen. Superintendent.
W. C. VAN HORNE, Vice President.

MONEY

to be made. Cut this out and return to us, and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

DR. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

A Card.

I was intending to go and live down below but having having been solicited by a good many friends I'll continue to keep my office in the Coulonge Village at Mr. George Morrissette's.

H. GAUTHIER M. D.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earning sure from first start. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

ALLAN LINE.
ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP.

THE SHORT SEA ROUTE, average passage eight days, two of which are passed on the calm waters, and amongst the beautiful scenery of the St. Lawrence,

RATES OF PASSAGE:

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL AND LONDONDERRY.

Cabin,	$60, $70, $80.
Intermediate,	$30.00.
Steerage,	$18.00.

If you are sending for your friends you can obtain prepaid passage tickets at lowest rates at this office, available from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Sweden and Norway.

STEERAGE, $18.00.

Liverpool, Londonderry, Queenstown, Glasgow, or Belfast, to Quebec, and always as low as lowest rate quoted by any other lines.

W. A. MOFFAT,
TICKET AGENT,
Pembroke, Oct

Pembroke, Oct. 8, 1885.

1872. - - ESTABLISHED - - 1872.

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

The subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous customers for past patronage would also intimate that he is now in a better position than ever to fill all orders in his line with satisfaction.

—A GREAT VARIETY OF—

TWEEDS, ETOFFS, &c. &c.,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

☞ Good Suits from Ten Dollars and upwards! ☜

THOMAS MORAN.

Bryson, June 7, 1883.

SIMON McNALLY AND SONS

WISH TO INFORM the inhabitants of Litchfield, Thorne, Leslie; Calumet Island and surrounding localities that they have opened a

CASH STORE
—AT—
CAMPBELL'S BAY STATION.

A FULL AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Groceries.
Hardware, Boots, & Shoes,
Hats & Caps, Earthenware,
Patent Medicines, &c.,

is now being opened up, which will be sold cheaper than such Goods can be got elsewhere within the County.

GRAIN, PORK AND BEEF

and all kinds of Farm Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

SIMON McNALLY & SONS.

Nov. 10, 1886.

B. V. STAFFORD'S
PALACE <FURNITURE> STORE
ARNPRIOR, - - - ONT.,

Is the cheapest and most reliable place to purchase everything in the Furniture line.

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

DOOR SASH AND BLIND DEPARTMENT.

This department of my business is now running in full blast, and as we use nothing but the best of kiln-dried lumber in the manufacture of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Architraves and all kinds of House Finish, patrons may depend on receiving solid satisfaction every time. Turning and Scroll Sawing a specialty Newell Posts, Balusters, and Hand Rails always in Stock. Contracts for the erection of all kinds of buildings taken at reasonable prices. Specifications and estimates furnished on application.

UNDERTAKING.

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

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

B. V. STAFFORD,
Madawaska St. Arnprior, Ont.

Arnprior, October 19th, 1886.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I hev a pitishun heah," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "from thirty cull'd people of Niles, axin' dis Lime-Kiln Club to use all its influence to secure de restorashun of capital punishment in Michigan. Long ago dis club announced its stand on dat queshun, an' it has thrown its influoence in favor of a law, but it am plain enough dat the present Legislachur' doan' intend to make any radical move. We shall, darfore, pay no furder attenshun to pitishuns. It am evident dat we ar' too good an' nice an' soft hearted in dis Stait.

"We call it barbarious to hang a murderer. He am a hero who should be presented wid bouquets and poetry. If he happens to be poo' we should chip in to furnish him a lawyer. All his acquaintances should try hard to remember dat he has always acted queerly, an' dat he must hev bin insane when he committed de deed. If he am accidentially foun' guilty his lawyer mus' move fur a new trial on new evidence, an' de hole fur him to crawl out of mus' be made larger. In case he goes to prison he is incouraiged to look fur a pardon an' advised to consider himself a sort of lion.

"If you come to my hog pen in the arternoon an' steal my two hogs I kin promise you five y'ars in State Prison. If you come into my cabin at night an' kill my old woman an' steal de $27 I hev got hidden away in de chiny teapot in de pantry, your chances of remainin' at liberty ar' as good as your goin' to prison fur life. Nine-tenths of de public sentiment in dis Stait am in favor of hangin' fur murder, but de restorashun of de law am allus check-mated in de Legislachur' by a dozen pussons so entirely too good fur dis world dat de sooner dey break frew de ice an' git drownded de better it will be fur de rest of de publick.

"Meanwhile each of you go to de grocery and buy twenty feet of rope to tie up a cow wid. Make a slip-noose in one end an' soap de rope so dat it will slip freely. Hang it up on a nail in de kitchen, an' de fust night you tumble outer bed at de cry of 'murder' take your cow rope along wid you. If de murderer has bin caught dar orter be a lamp post near by. If not, try a shade tree. However, you should fust ascertain if de murderer's victim am a member of de Legislachur. If not, hang de murderer. If so, let de murderer go free an' chip in a purse to help him reach Canada. We will now attend to de abnormal business which has brought us together.

OUR COAST DEFENSES.

A communication from the office of the Third Assistant Secretary of War inquired what sum the Lime-Kiln Club was willing to donate to help put our coasts in a state of defense against a foreign enemy. Brother Gardner was scratching his head in a reflective way when the Rev. Penstock arose and inquired:

"I presume dat de Cha'r grasps de subjick?"

"De Cha'r does, sah!" was the prompt reply, "an' de Cha'r recommends dat you sot down before you am fined $13,000 fur disruptin' de meet'."

"I—I didn't know but de Cha'r might be a leetle mixed on coast matters," observed Penstock as he fell back.

"No, sah! No, sah. Dis Cha'r was readin' in a paper only two days ago dat dis kentry had 2,000 miles of coast which an inemy could jump on wid boaf feet any day in de week, 'but 'dis club hain't gwine to subcribe a cent fur all dat. If de kentry goes an' sasses anybody an' gits herself into a wa' she must take de consequences. I hain't got no fence aroun' my cabin, an' no clubs an' stones laid up in de woodshed to do battle wid, but am I afeared my naybur means to attack me? Do I go around wid brass knuckles in my pockets bekase some one may knock my hat off or spit on my butes? We am to-day a peaceful nashun. Let de kentry git a lot of big guns an' forts an' ships, an' she'll want to sass somebody an' git a chance to show off. Dis club won't chip in."

RESTORED.

Sir Isaac Walpole secured the floor to make a few remarks on behalf of Samuel Shin, who spit on the new stove at the last meeting and was fined $7,500 and costs, making a total of $12,800, he regarding the expectoration as a purely accidental matter. Samuel had been chewing a new make of tar gum, warranted to cure sore throat and relieve backache, and accidentally swallowed it. In his surprise and confusion, and the stove being directly in front of him, he expectorated. It was no more than Julius Cæsar or Mark Antony would have done under the circumstances. Brother Shin went home from the meeting with financial ruin staring him in the face, and the gaunt specter of Want had appeared to him every night in his dreams. He was a penitent man. After this he would spit out of the broken alley window—in Elder Toots' overshoes—anywhere but on the stove, which was now a sacred object in his eyes. He would ask the President to pardon Brother Shin and remit the fine.

Brother Gardner reflected for a moment and then replied that the prayer of the petitioner would be granted, although Brother Shin must walk a chalk-line in the future.

SOMEWHAT.

Pickles Smith arose for information. He had been asked many times if the Lime Kiln Club and the State Legislature officially recognized each other and worked in harmony. He now desired official information on the subject.

"De Cha'r am able to state," replied the President, "dat dis body an' de Legislachur' am in most cases workin' tur de same objick—de publick good. We hev not yet offishually recognized de Legislachur' in a formal manner, but shall probably do so in a few days, onless we hear some derogotary reports consarnin' its character as a body. We mus' go a leetle slow in recognizin' a publick body which am charged wid de regulashun of all de railroads in de Stait, an' yet trabble on dead head passes issued by dese same railroads."

WILL RESIST.

The Secretary announced a communication from Mrs. Dina White, relict of Joe White, of Arkansas, who was drowned last fall. He wrote out an application to become a member of the Lime-Kiln Club, and started off to mail it, but while crossing a river was swept away and drowned. She felt that the club ought to pay her at least $5,000 damages. If he hadn't felt inspired to join the club he would never have written out the application. If he had not written out the application he would have had no call to mail a letter, and therefore would not have been drowned. She wanted the money in $10 bills and by express, and on the headstone which she would erect at her husband's grave she would speak a good word for the club. If not, she would at once begin a gilt-edged and fur-trimmed law suit.

The Secretary was instructed to ignore the communication and stand on the defensive, and the meeting adjourned.

The Greville Memoirs.

The last part of Greville's Journal of the reign of Queen Victoria, embracing the period from 1852 to 1860, has very recently appeared. This completes a very curious and upon the whole most readable production. It is uncommonly frank and outspoken in its revelations, and certainly does not tend to exalt in the estimation of the public the most of those who figure in its pages, the writer himself included. Upon the whole, with of course considerable exceptions, they must have been a mean, ignoble, immoral, self-seeking lot of people, intensely earthly, many of them ostentatiously vicious, with very little noble about even the noblest, and very little calculated to make even the greatest snob worship before such shrines. Laymen and clerics among them were evidently not much to boast of. Still, they are a great improvement on the wretches that flourish in the early volumes of Greville, when George the Fourth was Regent and King.

Greville was in these latter years not so well acquainted with what was going on. Indeed he felt this so much that he thought of dropping his diary altogether. There is a characteristic item in connection with Gladstone. The date of the entry is December, 1852. Mr. Greville says:—

"Twenty ruffians of the Carlton Club gave a dinner there to Beresford. After dinner they got drunk, and went up to the drawing room, where they found Gladstone alone. Some of them proposed to throw Gladstone through the window, but dare not do it, and so contented themselves with giving some insulting message or order to the waiter."

Here is what is said of the visit of Victor Emmanuel to London:—

"The Queen was wonderfully cordial and attentive; she got up at four in the morning to see him depart. His Majesty seems to be frightful in person, but a great strong, burly, athletic man, brusque in his manners, unrefined in his conversation, very loose in his conduct, and very eccentric in his habits. When he was at Paris his talk in society amused or terriffed everybody, but here he seems to have been more guarded. It was amusing to see all the religious societies hastening with their addresses to him, totally forgetting that he is the most debauched and dissolute fellow in the world; but the fact of his being excommunicated by the Pope, and his waging war with the ecclesiastical power in his own country, covers every sin against morality, and he is a great hero with the Low Church people and Exeter Hall. My brother-in-law said that he looked at Windsor more like a chief of the Heruli or Longobardi than a modern Italian prince, and the Duchess of Sutherland declared that, of all the knights of the Garter she had seen, he was the only one who seemed as if he would have had the best of it with the Dragon."

Lord Melbourn, the Prime Minister and trusted friend of the young Queen, has his special peculiarity hinted at as a mere matter of course in the following way:—"He was always much addicted to gallantry, and had endless liaisons with women, most of whom continued to be his friends long after they had ceased to be his mistresses, *much to the credit of all parties.*"

The more that is told of the Queen and her family life, the more she is found to be worthy of all the respect and affection of which she has been so long the object. For instance:—

Lady Lyttleton gave Mr. Greville, in 1853, some interesting details of the private life of the Queen. Her Majesty was very fond of her children, but severe in her manner, and a strict disciplinarian in her family. Lady Lyttleton described the Prince of Wales as extremely shy and timid, with very good principles, and particularly "an exact observer of truth." Mr. Greville writes this "because it will hereafter be curious to see how the boy grows up, and what sort of performance follows this promise."

TAVERN SIGNS.

Some of the Favorite Ones and Their Origin.

What is the origin of signs? The earliest signs are certainly heraldic. We have still in many villages the So-and-So Arms, with the shield of the lord of the manor emblazoned upon it with all its quarterings. Or we have the Red Lion, or the White Hart, or the Swan, all either crests or cognizances of a family, or of a Sovereign, or Queen. The Swan sign is said to date from Anne of Cleves; the White Hart was the badge of Richard II., and inns with this sign probably were erected in that region and have retained the sign unchanged since. We know of inns under the name of the Rose which there can be little question came into life as hostelries in the time of the Yorkists and Lancastrians. The Wheatsheaf was the Burleigh badge, the Elephant that of Beaumont, the Bull's Head was a Boleyn cognizance, the Blue Boar the badge of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford; the Green Dragon of the Earls of Pembroke, the Falcon of the Marquis of Winchester. It does not, however, follow that the inns that have these signs date from the periods when, let us say, Anne Boleyn was Queen, because they bear the token of the Bull's Head, or from the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Burleigh was in power, because of the wheatsheaf, for they will take their titles and sign from a much more local origin, the coat or cognizance of the squire who holds the manor. There was a reason for this; the inn was originally the place where the true landlord—i. e., the lord of the manor—received his guests and every traveler was his guest. In Iceland at the present day there is but one inn at Reykjavik, the Capital, and that is kept by a Dane. The traveler in the island goes to any farm-house or parsonage and is taken in. Indeed, by law, a traveler cannot be refused hospitality. When he leaves he either makes a present in money or of something else that will be valued, but this is a present and not a payment. In many parts of Tyrol it is much the same.

Her Economy.

Husband—"It is kind of you to remember me on my birthday, but I had concluded to stop smoking on the score of economy."

Wife—"Oh, these are not expensive, my dear I bought them at seventy-five cents a hundred."

One Type of the Modern Dives.

BY O. INGLIS.

Ha! ha! ha! well, that's a good one—'pon my honor—ho! ho! ho!
Really, my good sir, excuse me; you're Quixotic, don't you know.

How am I my brother's keeper? What is Lazarus to me?
What although my many millions mock his bitter poverty?

Can I help it? Who begat him? Did I make him? Need I care,
Though my "riotous abundance" aggravate his deep despair?

I'm successful; he's a failure; that's the way the world goes.
Might have been the other way with Lazarus and me—who knows?

He in robes and I in tatters; half starved I and he full fed;
All his children plump and rosy; mine in tears for want of bread.

Homeless I and helpless, hopeless, living, dying in despair;
All the world to him an Eden, ever changing ever fair.

Had the luck been so against me—fate so pitiless and grim—
He'd have let me grin and bear it 'best I could; so I let him.

There's the poorhouse; let him enter. No, I would not see him die.
Beggars dying on the sidewalk would destroy life's harmony.

Shall I not wear gorgeous clothing, eat the food my soul adores,
Just because luck's so against him that the dogs can lick his sores?

Though his starving children shiver, pinched and blue with bitter cold,
Why not mine in furs close mantled, costing all their weight in gold?

Though they herd in filthy hovels, pestilentially vile,
May not my palatial dwelling o'er their squalor proudly smile?

Don't I pay him daily wages when I've work for him to do?
Screw him down to bottom figures! Why, of course, that's business, too.

Ain't it his affair, not mine; his at least as much as mine?
Cheap as may be will I get him, though he fast the while I dine.

Each man for himself the word is; climb and push your neighbor down.
Anvil you must be, or hammer, so the world will smile or frown.

"Live and let live," once a motto, will not do these modern days.
Now it's "Choke your rivals off, and on their ruins fortunes raise"

Competition! Competition! That's the law that governs trade,
Cheaper you can buy your labor more's the money to be made.

That's the only thing worth doin'; money 'tis what marks the man.
Gospel good enough for me that; give me better one who can.

Money! Money! Nothin' like it; I'll have all that I can get,
Get it any how I can and hunger for more money yet.

No, not *any* how I can—not exactly; there's the law;
Stupid jackal who, when hunting with the trapper, leaves a paw.

Pshaw! you philanthropic fadists! how you stir my very gall!
'Tis a law of nature forces him and such like to the wall.

In the "struggle for existence," "might makes right" 's the proper view,
That's the law of evolution; I'm Darwinian through and through.

A Daring Attack on Confederate Cavalry.

November 14, 1864, began Col. Henry Young's life as Sheridan's chief of scouts. Maj. Young very carefully selected his 100 men, taking most of them from my command, where he knew the men so well. He armed them with double-barrel shotguns and two revolvers to each man. The revolvers were carried in their cavalry boot legs. In a very short time Maj. Young and his scouts became the terror of all rebel outposts and out-lying detachments in the valley. Soon the rebel vidette lines had orders to fire on any one approaching them at night time without even waiting for a reply to their challenge, and "Halt, who comes there?" Then a volley was their programme. One night in November, 1864, Young deployed his 100 men in the edge of a forest skirting a road that he knew a rebel cavalry brigade was to pass on that night. His men as well as himself were dressed in rebel uniform and each man carefully instructed and when the head of the column of rebel cavalry had just passed Young's command, he and his men mingled with them. Suddenly, Young wheeled his horse to the rear in the midst of the rebels, fired his pistol, and gave spurs to his horse. At this signal every one of his men also wheeled their horses to the rear and fired their double-barrel shotguns loaded with buckshot down the column, then with a revolver in each hand they charged down the road through the panic-stricken rebels, emptying their revolvers in the faces of the foe as they went. This attack beginning within themselves, and so sudden and unexpected by the "Johnnies," so paralyzed them that Young took his command safely through them, dealing death as he went, and he lost but one man.—[Gen. Oliver Edwards, in Springfield Republican.

A GREAT GUN.

The Latest Monster Turned out at Woolwich.

The largest gun yet made has just been tested at Woolwich Arsenal, Eng. It is called the one-hundred-and-eleven-tonner, is forty-four feet long and its maximum service charge of powder is 900 pounds. It is to be mounted on a recently-launched British ironclad, the Benbow. It was fired three times in the presence of a large company of ladies and gentlemen. The first charge of powder was 600 lbs, the second 700 and the third 800. The noise was not as great as might be expected from the explosion of such enormous quantities of powder. The recoil was up an inclined plane, the machinery of which was so admirably adjusted that there was no violent wrench or wear. The total weight of the gun and platform is 225 tons, and the projectile was a frightful mass of iron, weighing 1,800 lbs., which will pierce 33 inches of armour at the mile range. Heretofore the largest guns made have been those on the Italian ironclads furnished by the Krupps, their weight being 105 tons each. But the Krupps are now making for the Italian land service a gun even larger than the one to be mounted on the Benbow, as it is to be of 119 tons weight.

Household Hints.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar, well beaten, with three tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cup of milk, one egg, three-quarters of a cup of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in a quick oven.

LEMON SODA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream of tartar, one pint of flour, measured after sifting.

STEAMED OATMEAL.—Half pint oatmeal, one teaspoon of salt; put in two quart basin and pour over it one quart of boiling water; put it in a steamer and steam two hours. Do not remove cover during that time.

SODA POUND CAKE.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four eggs, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one-half teaspoon of soda, three and one-half cups of flour, sift cream tartar and soda in the flour.

WAFFLES.—Three cups sugar rolled fine, one cup of butter, three beaten eggs, half teaspoon of soda, one cup of milk; stir in sifted flour to make a batter, add half a nutmeg grated, half teaspoon of salt. Bake in waffle irons.

BREAD FRITTERS.—Cut thin, round slices of bread, butter them very thinly, spread with jam and stick together in pairs. Fry in boiling lard, after dipping in a batter of one egg, one pint of milk, a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a pancake batter.

VERY RICH PUMPKIN PIES.—One quart of sifted pumpkin, one quart of rich, sweet milk, ten or twelve eggs; one pound of butter; one and one-fourth pounds of sugar, two grated nutmegs; four spoonfuls of rose-water. Bake the mixture in a puff-paste in pie pans.

DOUGHNUTS.—Beat two eggs until light and foamy; add one cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of cream or a piece of butter, one cup of sweet milk, add salt and spice if you choose, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour until the mess is stiff enough to roll on the board and cut in squares or rounds nicely. Drop in hot lard and fry brown.

CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF MILK.—According to a recent analysis the average composition of milk is water 87.5; Fat 3.4; Casein 3.2; Albumin 0.6; Lacto-protein 0.1; Milk Sugar 4.5; Mineral Matter (ash) 0.7 in every 100 parts by weight. The proportions, however, vary considerably, amounting sometimes to nearly 5 per cent. in the quantity of water.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, whites of two eggs, three and a half cups of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. For the cream; one pint of sweet milk sweetened to taste, yolks of three eggs; thicken with flour to the consistency of custard, flavor with lemon. This amount makes two good-sized cakes.

SOMETHING ABOUT WASHING.—A very good washing fluid may be made by bringing to a boil one pound salsoda, half a pound unslacked lime, a lump of borax and five quarts of water. When cool, pour off and bottle. Use one teaspoonful to a boiler of clothes. This will not injure the clothes. To wash blankets, put boiling hot suds into the washer with a tablespoonful of borax to each gallon of suds. Put in the blankets, one at a time, and wash each five minutes adding more liquid soap (that is, soap dissolved in hot water) as is needed. Wring from the suds and put in a tub of scalding water. Rinse thoroughly in this, sousing the goods up and down with the clothes-stick. Pass through the wringer and hang upon the line. Quilts can be washed in the same way easily. The soap in which flannels are washed should contain no resin, as resin hardens the fibre. If this precaution is used and bluing put in the scalding rinse-water, blankets may be washed a great many times, and still retain their original softness and whiteness. The nap on them may be raised, as it wears off, with a pair of fuller's cards. These are excellent to raise nap on the inside of woollen hose, thus adding greatly to their softness and warmth.—[Chicago News.

Author and Sportsman.

That Ned Buntline was a marvel of literary industry his voluminous writings amply prove, and that his labor was well directed is evident from the fact that his income from this source was was larger than any of his American contemporaries in the line of serial writing. His time was pretty equally divided—"all summer in the field, all winter in the study." In a letter to the writer, he once remarked that he had no love for the cities, but was happiest in the camp, with the music of birds and breeze and rustling branches and flowing waters around him. His hunting experiences embrace all kinds of game, and his rambles with gun and rod extended to every quarter of the United States. He preferred buffalo, elk and antelope hunting to all other field sports, and in angling cared for only salmon and trout fishing. His library, sanctum and armory, he remarked, were one. Gun-cases, sabres, fly-rods, pistols, etc., could be seen in every corner, and around his bookcases were many relics of the field and stream. The picturesque sanctum of the novelist and sportsman is carefully kept in order by loving hands, and the casual visitor at the Eagle's Nest may behold it in much the same conditien as when the gifted Ned Buntline lived.—[Will Wildwood in Turf, Field and Farm.

Enormous Losses of the Montana Cattle Ranches.

A special despatch from Fort Keogh, Montana, says in round numbers there were on January 1st 200,000 head of cattle and 520,000 sheep on the ranges north and south of the Yellowstone River, within a radius of one hundred miles to this point. Up to that date the stock had not suffered much from the severity of the winter, but during January and the half of February just closing losses have been enormous, in some places amounting to practically the annihilation of whole herds. An Indian Territory special says reports from all parts of Indian Territory state the stock have wintered well and are in fair condition.

Over 75,000 bicycles and tricycles have been sold in the United States during the past ten years.

The only time that a man feels ashamed of a kind action is when he is chasing another man's hat, that is blowing along in the wind at thirty miles an hour, with an interested crowd of observers on either side of the way offering him facetious advice.

Can Eat Quail and Never Tire.

The proprietor of a chop house on 26th street, New York, named Emile Paul, recently completed eating 82 quail in 41 days. He also ate five birds additional on a side bet. Ten thousand dollars were wagered on the result. Paul now offers to eat one hundred quail in 42 days.

This match was suggested by a paragraph in a French paper, which announced that M. Lacost, a Parisian, had died of dyspepsia after five days of heavy quail eating. Mr. Paul said that he would eat one quail a day for forty days. A member of the Union League Club who was present declared that Mr. Walcott had eaten two quail a day for thirty days at Gabe Case's. Mr. Paul at once offered to eat two quail a day for forty-one days. Inside of two hours he had a wager of $205 to $500 against a well-known physician, another bet of $150 even, another of $125 to $200 and still another of $100 to $250. In addition to these he wagered about $50 worth of new hats, neckties and gloves. Many members of the Union League Club and the Lambs' Club have put up money on the event.

A few minutes after midnight Mr. Paul sat down at a table in his cafe with two nicely roasted birds before him and a crowd of Club men at his elbow. He picked the bones clean and then sealed them up in an envelope. Two witnesses then signed their names and the date.

"I got along with the quails finely," said Mr. Paul last night, "until last Sunday. Then my stomach began to go back on me and I felt rather rocky. For the last four days my skin has begun to smell of quail. The legs are the gamiest part, and when a man has eaten all the quail that he really cares for and must eat more, he revolts at the legs. Another great difficulty is eating at the same time every night. It worries me a little. But take it all in all I find very little trouble, and my appetite is simply bully. I have gained ten pounds in weight. I drink lots of Worcestershire, Tobasco and pepper sauces. In fact, I drank a whole bottle of Tobasco sauce on a wager of $25 the other night, and for $50 I added another bottle. What do I attribute my digestive powers to? Well, simply to the fact that I do not use tobacco or intoxicating liquors. There is one very curious effect that quail-eating has had upon me. I'm chock full of phosphorus. When I go in a dark room and blow my breath out hard I can see a sort of luminous mist, just as if I was the d——, that is, some sort of a ghost."

Mr. Paul has taken a Turkish bath three times a week since he began his quail match. Notwithstanding this his weight has steadily increased. He claims that the only serious effect of the quail-eating is in his eyesight, which is affected

A Simple Remedy for Whooping Cough.

MRS. J. J. C., CINCINNATI, O.

The seed of the common sunflower is the best remedy for whooping cough that I have ever known. Brown the seeds slightly, like coffee, then grind and steep; when sufficiently steeped drain clear of the dregs and sweeten with rock candy or lump sugar. Let the little ones drink freely of it at intervals throughout the day, and especially before retiring at night In all ordinary cases, where children are properly cared for and kept in bad weather, no other medicine will be required. It also has a very loosening effect on a hard, tight cough, and thus it seems that even the despised sunflower is good for something. To any who are inclined to be skeptical I would only say, please try it before you condemn. I consider it so excellent a remedy that last summer I devoted a considerable portion of my kitchen garden to the raising of sunflowers that I might gather the seeds for medicinal purposes.

Got Out of the Peace-making Business.

Judd and Jamm were quarrelling and had called each other liars, when Jones, wanting to act the part of peacemaker, remonstrates:

"Oh, come, gentlemen! come! You are both wrong. Now shake hands and—"

Judd—"So I lie when I call Jamm a liar?"

Jamm—And I am telling a lie when I assert that Judd is a liar, am I?"

Jones (much discomfited)—"I—I didn't make myself quite clear. I mean you are both right."

Chorus by Judd and Jamm in a threatening tone—"So we are both liars, are, we?"

Jones is no longer in the peacemaking business.

No Charge For the Improvement.

The doctors had been going through the hospital examining the injured after an accident, with reference to awarding damages. One doctor said to a victim:

"You've got both your legs and an arm broke, I see, and badly scarred in the face. What were you working at before the accident?"

Victim—"Oh! nothing. I'd been out of employ for a month."

Doctor—"Good! You'll make a splendid one-legged, one-armed beggar. Improved; but we won't charge you anything for the improvement."

How he Wanted it Done.

Friend: Now, Charley, I'd advise you to have the operation performed by Dr. Sawbones. He is a very skillful surgeon, and will perform his work in a rare manner.

Patient *(alarmed)*: Rare? I'd rather it be well done.

A Tottenham woman hailed a half-frozen tramp the other day: "Say, come around to the back door and I'll give you something." When the tramp put in an appearance she exclaimed, "There! you've done a good job for me. You've broken a path to the clothes line, and here's a temperance tract for you."

The electricians are almost unanimous in the opinion that the electric spark would be an immense improvement upon the rope as an executant of the death sentence. The passage of an electric current through the body of a condemned man in any convenient method would launch him into eternity, they affirm, in an infinitesimal fraction of a second; while it takes an average of sixteen minutes to kill a man with a rope even when the hangman is an expert and meets with no accident. If the electric method were adopted in some State where the death penalty is still enforced one of the strong arguments against the resort to that penalty would be rendered useless.

AN UNSEEN POWER.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A perusal of the following synopsis will give the reader a complete idea of the portions of the story already published, and he or she may start in now and enjoy this great romance to its close.

("Thorburns" was a fine estate in old England. It had for many years been untenanted save by a few servants. The heir to the property is Captain Eldred Thorburn, of South Africa. At "Little Thorburns," adjoining the larger estate, lives one Mr. Esking, a collector of antiquities, who has long coveted the treasure of Thorburns. Hearing that the heir was coming home, Esking takes steps to secure the treasure. He first solicits the co-operation of Hubert Fanshawe, a nephew, who refuses to aid his uncle. Esking then asks and obtains the consent of George Genest, a young lawyer, to the plot to seize the treasure, promising to give him his daughter Hilda in marriage. Young Genest is deeply enamored with Hilda, though she by no means reciprocates. One dark night Genest and old Esking repair to Thorburns, dig for the treasure, secure it, and hasten back undiscovered to Little Thorburns. The day afterward Eldred Thorburn, the heir, appears on the scene, and is informed by Kate Fanshawe of the robbery. He vows vengeance and proceeds to interview Esking, but in the meantime meets Hilda, whom he falls in love with and proposes marriage. Hilda reciprocates his feelings but cannot marry him owing to her previous enjoyment with Genest. Eldred then resolves to expose both Genest and Mr. Esking. He goes to Esking's house, where Genest happens to be staying, and charges them both with the robbery of Thorburns. The threatened exposure carries consternation to the guilty parties as Genest's marriage to Hilda is shortly to take place, though very much against the will of the latter, who is only marrying to please her father. Going home one day from Little Thorburns, Genest's carriage is struck by lightning, his driver killed, and himself knocked senseless. The carriage takes fire and Genest would have been burned to death had not Eldred Thorburn, who happened along, rescued him. Genest, grateful to Thorburn for saving his life, renounces his claim to Hilda and seeks to get Mr. Esking to restore the stolen treasure.)

CHAPTER XX.—A SUNDAY LUNCH AT THORBURNS.

To allow Mrs. Godseff time for preparing lunch, Eldred took his guests round the building, and pointed out the alterations he designed. No entertainment other than this could have drawn Mr. Esking from the cares and anxieties which pressed upon him, though in heart as in face he preserved his cool courage. Eldred also found a warm interest in the lore which his guest poured forth, and the ideas he suggested. Thorburns had been a sacred thing to the Africander from his earliest recollection, and assuredly it was not less absorbing now, when he had undertaken to renew its former glories—feeling desperately ignorant himself and advised to distrust the conventional authorities. As a matter of fact, Eldred knew better what was required than nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of young Englishmen who might have found themselves in his position. He had tact also, that instructive appreciation of the fitting, which belongs to a man of intelligence who has not been corrupted by the barbarism of civilization.

Mr. Esking commended all his ideas for reproducing the appearance of the house as it stood three centuries and a half ago; that date was chosen because it was the earliest in which any sort of description could be found. A vast deal, of course, Eldred had been obliged to reconstruct from his moral consciousness, and it was flattering to learn, from an antiquarian so distinguished, that he had made no serious error. Mr. Esking was a good deal concerned about the gate towers, which he described as unique. Not a stone should be touched there, inside or out. Eldred agreed with him, and when his concurrence was established, Mr. Esking's approval of everything suggested became enthusiastic.

Kate and Mendel were frankly bored by this learned talk, and the pauses for dissertation. They wandered afield, exploring the neglected shrubberies, inventing grotesque legends, and laughing loud at their own fancies. They reached the Pool Dam suddenly, and Arthur was rewarded by an outburst of surprise quite as pretty and as clamorous as he had hoped. In fact the view of that black water sleeping fifty feet below, unseen behind a mask of trees which grew on a very edge of the precipice, was startling to nerves more robust than Kate's.

"Oh, how awful!" she exclaimed, with eyes rounded and lips parted in unfeigned horror. "What a ghastly pit! Oh, Hilda! Did you know of this?" She turned and ran with graceful impatience towards the other party.

"Mrs. Fanshawe has discovered our Pool Dam, I suppose," said Eldrod. "Come and look at it, Miss Esking, from the stoop—terrace, I mean."

They clambered over the ruins of the banqueting hall, which had fallen outwards on this side, whilst Kate breathlessly described the dreadful chasm she had seem.

"Here it is," Eldred said. "I confess that this ornament to my grounds is rather a disconcerting object to come upon unprepared."

"It is, indeed! I have often seen it, you know, from the tower, but a near view is much more striking. Why, Mr. Thorburn, I wonder that none of your ancestors had it drained, if only to find the Treasure. It must lie there."

"Tradition says not. And, besides, I understand that the pool was not dug at that time. Is it not so, sir?"

"I should not care to say, positively. Legend does not tell who made it; at least, your uncle did not know."

"Indeed?" replied Eldred thoughtfully, "I took it gor granted that this work was done not so very, very long ago. My father thought so, I fancy. Anyway, Miss Esking, the Pool Dam was never associated with our Treasure."

Kate had warily descended the steps, Arthur in attendance, of course. She came up just in time to hear this observation.

"Do you really believe that funny old tale?"

"Most ceatainly, Mrs. Fanshawe."

"Dear me! And are you going to hunt for the Treasure?"

"As soon as I can get some necessary information."

"May I ask what the information is?"

"Certainly. I have to find out which is the oldest portion of my house. I hope to succeed to-morrow."

Eldred felt himself bound by the convention to lay a trap for Mr. Esking before hostilieies were resumed; and, much more, not for a guest. He did not even look towards him, until Hilda said:—

"Papa could tell you that, I should think."

The blow was so sharp, suggesting that a clue had been found at last, her father could not quite command his face. The smile upon it became a wiry distortion, and his voice was harshly irritable.

"A mere student in architecture could tell Mr. Thorburn this wall behind us is de Warren's erection. The lower windows remain almost perfect—rare specimens of domestic building in the fourteenth century."

Eldred looked at them. His excursions into antiquarian science told him that the statement was probable, and he glanced thoughtfully beyond, towards the walk, unseen from this point of view which led to his neighbor's garden.

"Well, I hope to know soon," he replied, moving on. Mr. Esking longed to ask how, but dared not. He hoped somebody would put the question, but Kate interrupted. She understood partly what was going on, and began to feel alarm at the troubles she had raised—a physical discomfort, not repentance.

"Mr. Mendel says that the water it fifty feet deep. Can that be true?"

"So they say."

"And not a boat on it, is there? Suppose Hilda or I were to fall in? What could you do?"

"Heaven forbid! For myself, Mrs. Fanshawe, I could only drown with you, for we have no opportunity to learn swimming in South Africa."

"That would be chivalrous, but hardly consoling. Pray get a boat, at least, Mr. Thorburn."

"Let me suggest a drag or two, and a cork jacket, and a copy of the Humane Society's rules for the treatment, &c.," said Mendel.

"I will have them all to-morrow," Eldred replied with energy. "And I'm most grateful for the suggestion. There was a boat here formerly, I believe; it is lying full of water in the shallows, almost beneath your garden wall, Mr. Esking. Very thoughtless of me to overlook the chance of accident. For God's sake, Miss Esking, come away from the edge. Here is my man to announce lunch at last."

"I was wondering," Hilda said, as she turned, "what could possibly be the object of digging such a pit. It's quite artificial, isn't it, papa!"

"Quite. The bed of the brook is raised half a mile higher up, which makes a little waterfall. I imagine that when this pool was dry, the cascade lay within sight, or hearing at least, of the banqueting hall yonder, and it has gradually worked back."

"A proof that the Treasure isn't there, sir! In the fourteenth century people didn't care much for waterfalls."

"A shrewd remark, Mr. Thorburn; but I am not sure that it is safe argument. Anyhow, to make a cutting through a hill, fifty feet deep at least, and, as you believe, a hundred, is a work which in later ages would cost an enormous sum of money. Only eccentric millionaires could dream of such an undertaking now, and I may observe without offence, that your ancestors have always been too much of the country gentleman to have millions at command."

"And what then?" Arthur asked.

"Why then, it follows that the Port Dam could only have been made by labour more or less forced—by corvee. If the work could be proved later than the abandonment of villainage, it must still be of that very early date when wages were little more than nominal."

"Unless," said Hilda, "the Thorburn who did it had an overpowering motive. He might ruin himself with the object of making a death-trap."

"The very word I used," Arthur cried eagerly. "Depend upon it that ugly pond was sunk for the purpose of murdering somebody!"

They had reached the hall door. "I am glad to cut short these speculations," said Eldred laughing. "They roflect upon my blameless forefathers to a degree quite embarrassing."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Thorburn," Kate began.

"Don't name it—I was joking! Will you ladiei take off your bonnets?"

Mrs. Godseff was standing in the hall to receive her master's visitors with due honour.

"I am curiously interested in your Pool Dam," Hilda said, after greeting the housekeeper. "May I ask Mrs. Godseff what people used to say of it in her young days?"

"By all means! I hope you have a dreadful legend, mother?"

"The Pool Dam? Ay, there was talk of it, miss, when I was a girl. The old folks shook their heads and put us off, but now I'm an old woman myself, I'm fain to think perhaps they didn't know more than others."

"That doesn't promise, Miss Esking. Now, mother, will you send a maid to show these ladies to a room?" But Hilda had already taken off her bonnet without glass, and Kate, unwillingly, followed the example.

The lunch was so odd that Mr. Esking noticed it, though he had even greater perplexities upon his mind than before.

"I cannot forbear to say, Mr. Thorburn, that you have found an original sort of cook," he observed. "I am hardly acquainted with the science of antiquarian cuisine, but it vaguely seems to me that these are the kind of dishes I read about."

Arthur exclaimed, "I'm so glad to hear some one say that! The extraordinary flavours and combination I have met with in this house, will never be effaced from memory."

"The point with me is, are they nice? Kate said. "You gentlemen who travel and sturdy are judges of the eccentric, but we know as well as anyone what's good, and I protest that these rissoles of fish, if rissoles of fish they be, are quite the most delicious things I ever tasted. What do you say, Hilda?"

"I agree heartily. If this is the antique style of cooking, papa, pray find me some recipes for my book."

"Perhaps it's South African," said Kate.

"Something like it, I admit," Eldred replied, "but vastly superior. I seem to recognise the pure form of our fricadel in the dish you are good enough to praise, Mrs. Fanshawe. But my housekeeper is solely responsible."

"Ah, Mrs. Godseff is a practical 'archæologist! You must extract the secrets of her lore, Hilda."

"If Mr. Thorburn permits, we will have a long talk presently."

And after lunch, whilst the gentlemen smoked at table—Eldred had not yet learned that English ladies are supposed to dislike the smell of tobacco—she and Kake sought the venerable dame in her quarters. The drawing-room has been assigned to her, a small apartment off the hall, with its window looking towards the front. In old times it had another, blocked up centuries ago, when the banqueting hall was built. So roughly had the work been done that naked bricks and mortar stared one in the face on entering, at the back of a deep recess.

"Dear me!" Kate exclaimed sarcastically.

"It's not that Mr. Eldred don't care about my room, madam," said Mrs. Godseff, answering her thought indignantly. "He'd fill the blank with gold if I wished it."

"But I understood this was the drawing-room formerly?" Hilda remarked.

"Aye; look at the ceiling."

It had been white washed and repaired, as well as a country upholsterer could do it, before Mrs. Godseff came into occupation. But Kate only saw an old-fashioned arrangement in plaster.

"What are we to look at in the ceiling?" she asked innocently.

"That's took to be the finest work in England, madam, executed by the Italian artists who carved the mantel-piece in the hall. And I can recollect when every bit of furniture and plenishing in the room matched it. Ah, sad changes! For the old window-nook there, it was filled with a bookcase, that poor Captain Thorburn sold in London for seven hundred and twenty-five pound, not counting the books in it, which your papa bought, miss."

"Well, the good times have come again, Mrs. Godseff, and that must be a great comfort to you. I want to hear all you know about the Pool Dam, and other things. Now, sit down and tell us stories."

"But where are we to sit?" Kate asked, disconsolately, looking at the worm-eaten chairs, clean now, but colourless with ages of dust and neglect.

"They're quite safe, madam, and if old bones can sit easy on 'em, young ladies should be comfortable."

"Of course, Kate! And Mrs. Godseff has her own chair which I used to admire at the cottage. Now, begin."

"I must say that circumstances less favorable for the proper enjoyment of a ghost story were never designed! How could one possibly thrill and all that at 3.30 p. m., sitting bolt upright like a poker on wires? Tell us, Mrs. Godseff, which is the oldest part of this awfully venerable building?"

"The oldest part? Why do you ask?"

"Mr. Thorburn wants to know," Hilda said. "We were talking of it."

"And why does he want to know?" Mrs. Godseff seemed strangely interested in the question. She tapped her stick upon the floor imperiously, and her features worked with senile anger.

"Dear me!" said Kate again, but with another significance. "Mr. Thorburn seems to think," she added, watching the dame "that the family Treasure is buried under the oldest part of this house."

"Ah, Miss Hilda, he'll listen to you! Beg him, for the Lord's sake, to put that out of his mind. The treasure has been ruin to his forefathers, and will be to him! Ruin it was to the man who had it; ruin to the man—to every man who searched for it—ruin, ruin, ruin to all! Don't let Eldred go the way so many of 'em have gone! Ask him, Miss Hilda, for your sake, to throw it off! I look back over a many years, and us Godseffs have served Thorburns faithful from father to son, mother to daughter, since there was Thorburns in the land! Never nought but mischief came of the Treasure! I beg of you, Hilda, to put it so before him, in the words you could use! He'll heed you!"

"Dear me!" Kate exclaimed, for the third time, with yet another tone.

Hilda did not blush nor pale.

"I do not understand, Mrs. Godseff, why you should suppose that Mr. Thorburn would heed me. I know absolutely nothing of the matters you refer to, and if I did it would be very impertinent to offer advice."

The old woman made no reply for a moment, gazing in Hilda's face;—then shook her head gloomily.

"What must be, must! I've said my say, Miss Hilda, and you've heard. What was it you asked, madam? Oh aye, about the Pool Dam."

"When was it made and why?"

"I have heard 'twas a John Thorburn who did it, and if your father has got the family tree as used to hang in the hall, he could tell you when he lived. Things have happened in the Pool, but the lady there——"

"Mrs Fanshawe," Hilda suggested.

"Yes, miss. She would like something by way of a ghost story? Thorburns was never folks for such. I've heard Lord Roxton say, in this room, that it's odd there shouldn't be the ghost of a ghost about such a ghostly old place as this—that was the grandfather of his lordship now. But there isn't, so far as I've been told."

"The Thorburns have always been quiet, virtuous persons?" Kate said.

"Nay! Enough of 'em have been wicked, and enough of 'em have come to an awful ending to people the neighbourhood with ghosts. There was Ralph Thorburn, as I was just thinking of. He manned a ship and fought agin the Spaniards, and the Queen knighted him. Then he asked of Her Majesty's grace to give him the heiress of Genest of the Warrenge, who, as was well beknown, loved a young man of the Bohuns. But the Queen gave her to Ralph, for it was the custom of those times that an heiress belonged to the Crown. And three days after the marriage her body was found in the Pool Dam."

"Good gracious!" Kate exclaimed. "Did she drown herself?"

"Of course, she did, madam! But there was talk, and in the end Ralph restored the Warrenage property to the heir-at-law. He went to sea again and was lost in a fight."

"A three volume novel in half a dozen sentences! You are an excellent story-teller, Mrs. Godseff. Pray let us have some more."

"It was before Ralph's time, I think, that the heir—I don't mind his name—was playing on the terrace with Jim Godseff, who was one of us, but not my forefather. They fell over. Eldred Thorburn stood by, talking with Sir James Bohun. He jumped in, caught young Godseff, and brought him to the steps, forgetting that the children was dressed alike, being foster-brothers. When Eldred saw his mistake, he pitched Jim back as far as he could throw! Sir James Bohun saved him, but the heir was drowned."

"Decidedly I withdraw my opinion that the Thorburns have always been quiet and virtuous. Please go on!"

"Haven't you any prettier legends?" Hilda asked.

"Not that I mind just now, miss—of the Pool Dam, that is. Oh, it's told that a young lady was sitting on the parapet—I don't know who she was, nor when it happened. The wind snatched off her top-knot and dropped it in the Pool. Hig Thorburn was standing beside her. He plunged, and in doing, or afterwards some way, put his foot out of joint. He brought the top-knot back, but lamed for life. I suppose doctors couldn't cure him."

"But he married the young lady, I hope?"

"I never heard of it."

"Then," Hilda exclaimed, "I feel sure it's a true story!"

"What an odd name, Hig. It's short for something, I suppose?"

"No, madam. There have been several Higs in the family. The great-grandfather of Mr. Eldred who is now, was christened so."

"He was very fast, wasn't he?" said Hilda. "I think I have heard that the ruin of the family began with him."

"It's true, miss! Eh, dear! What wild times they were when I came to help my mother in this house!" She paused in dark reflection.

"Mr. Thorburn's great grandfather? Why, he must have been very old when you were very young," Kate said.

"Old in years, but the devil kept him young for mischief! His son, Miss Hilda, was a weakling, and so was his grandson—that's Captain Thorburn. No one dared say nay to Hig. And so it all came about."

"What came about?"

"Why—the devilry, for short! The younger grandsons, Ralph and David, had spirit. They looked down on their elder brother in a way, and when they got short of money they dug for the Treasure, and knocked half his house down."

"Why didn't you stop them, Mrs. Godseff?"

"I was a wife then, miss, though I hadn't to change my name, marrying my cousin. And we was living far from this neighborhood, in Leicestershire. It was when my husband died I came back, and Captain Thorburn gave me the cottage. Ah, I little hoped to be housekeeper at Thorburns again!"

"You belong to the place like its ivy. All these legends and recollections will be lost when you go. They should be written down, Mrs. Godseff, and I wish I could help. We must leave you now," Hilda added, "grateful for a most interesting talk. I have to ask you at the same time for another sort of recollections. We are all delighted with the old world dishes served at lunch, which, Mr. Thorburn says, are your making. Will you let me have the recipes?"

"Certainly, miss, and with pleasure. They were my mother's and her mother's, and back time out of mind. I can't make 'em as they should be made, for our cook is not up to the old fashion; and, besides, I havn't the herbs and things by me yet. But the recipes are at your service. And, Miss Hilda, I don't ask you to do it again, but if the chance comes, or if you can strain a point, beg of Eldred to leave the Treasure alone. Do, now!"

"But why not urge it yourself?"

"Ah, he's a Thorburn, every inch? D'ye think he'd mind mind me? It would be a laugh and a joke first—if I went on he'd walk off—and then a black look and a sharp word. But he'd mind you."

Hilda blushed now, and retired without giving a promise.

They found Eldred and Mendel alone The former said, "Mr Esking could not wait, and he entrusted us the pleasing duty of escorting you." Just a little surprised, Hilda put on her bonnet.

The truth is that Mr. Esking could not repress his anxiety to learn by what means Eldred proposed to find which was the oldest part of his house; how he had come to suspect that the Treasure lay there, might be a question deferred. Not many authorities were capable of pronouncing—if on authorities he relied. The Clock Tower might well be overlooked, for its upper floor and roof had been rebuilt many generations since, and the more ancient courses of stone were mantled with ivy. Mr. Esking could think of one man alone in England who might pronounce at a glance, and one other alone who would detect the truth to a certainty if he gave his full attention.

There was no need for *finesse* in ascertaining what method Eldred designed. He said at once, in answer to a circuitous suggestion:—

"I am expecting a gentleman to-morrow whose name, I understand is known to you, since his father refers in a note to "my learned neighbour's valuable contributions to your society." Does that give you any hint?"

"I am very dull. What is the name?"

"The father's is Sir Richard Onslow—I am not yet acquainted with the son's."

All would be over in twenty-four hours! Genest had deserted him, and if he had not gone over to the enemy, his support could not be relied upon. And Wace Onslow was at hand. Within twenty-four hours he would be prying round, his musings aided and accompanied by that everlasting cackle of laughter which antiquarian savans know so well. About this time on the morrow they would rise from lunch, probably. Mr. Esking saw the whole incident in his mind's eye. Wace Onslow would not overlook the Gate Towers. Within an hour, the pavement would be up, or if Eldred waited till the workmen left, it would be up before dinner. And then—how could he have been so reckless as to bury odds and ends of rubbish in filling the hole! The whole fabric of Mr. Esking's defence broke up and dissolved. If it was not yet proved that Thorburn had a Treasure, the evidence would suffice to show that somebody had been digging on his ground within a recent time. And then, all the testimony of footmarks, of the besom, and the rest would come in Thorburn had a case at last, and George Genest was not trustworthy. It was nearly all over indeed!

Not even Mr. Esking's nerve was proof against this terrible threat. He could not command himself, and after a few effects to sustain the conversation, rose suddenly, complaining of illness. Eldred fetched the key of the garden gate, and took him that way home. He said, as they went, in a grave and gentle manner:—

"If you have anything to propose, Mr. Esking, anyt ing!—that I can accept, it is not too late now, nor ever will be, so long as I can control events! I asked only my own!"

"I have nothing to say!" They parted at the door.

"Do you know," Hilda began, "that the dear old soul you call 'mother' is very anxious about you? She let us see as much today, and I think it neighbourly to tell you, Mr. Thorburn."

Eldred looked down at her with stern inquiry, but to suspect this pure and noble being was impossible. His brow cleared.

"I know she is concerned about my interest in the Treasure. Is that it?"

"Yes. She says it has brought ruin, ruin, ruin, to all of you, and if that's the case, wouldn't it be wiser to leave the thing alone?"

"Clearly!" he said laughing. "But the good old creature refuses to show how a thing which has never been discovered has brought ruin to anybody. I have invited her to make out her case often, but the evidence is not forthcoming. Did she lay it before you?"

"I must confess that I took her assertions for granted. She knows so much, that I did not think of doubting."

"Persuade her to tell the facts that bear upon this matter. I assure you, Miss Esking, that I have no wish to be ruined. On the production of any reasonable case, showing that to look for my own property, left by my forefathers to a descendant who must hand it down to future generations of his name—if it can be proved that this object, which seems to me laudable, and indeed a duty, is mistaken, I will give it up. But not till then; emphatica ly, not till then!"

"You have a strong sense of your rights, Mr. Thorburn!"

He knit his brows again, seeking if there might be a purpose in the remark. Her eyes met his this time, not falteringly, but replying. He answered, gravely:—

"I suppose that men who have led my life come to regard their rights as doubly sacred, and their wrongs as doubly grave. In a poor country, Miss Esking, where many foes surround one, these things are not mere questions of law and property, as in England. Life depends on them sometimes, and always the means of existence. So perhaps we come to take what happier folks would call an exaggerated view of things."

"I understand that," said Hilda, in a tone of relief unmistakable. After all, perhaps, this grievance against her father, which George in his excitement suggested as so grave, was a matter which English people would think trifling.

"Don't make too much of what I have said with regard to any special instance. Perhaps I might be too exacting in certain circumstances, but there is no such case here."

Hilda caught him up. "Where?" she asked eagerly. Eldred paused, disconcerted.

"I believe, Mr. Thorburn—I have been told that you charge my father with taking advantage of you?"

"I am grieved and surprised that you should have heard any such thing. May I ask who was so indiscreet and so heartless as to tell?"

"My father had the right to do so, and since you associate Mr. Genest in the accusation, I am grateful to him for confirming my suspicions. Now, I come to you."

"But if you know, what occasion is there to ask further?"

"I do not know! They gave me hints, but nothing more. Tell me all the truth."

"But, think! Would it be becoming in me to make a confidence your father refuses? I cannot say a word, Miss Esking. Don't press me, I beg. It is impossible!"

"Now tell me this. You make an accusation—you assert that my father has wronged you seriously, and yet you go to his house, you entertain him, you talk and laugh together. Explain that."

"It will suffice, perhaps, to point out that Mr. Esking knows the charge, yet he comes to my house, he entertains me, and we chat together. Ask the explanation of him."

"No! He may have motives; you can have none. He may wish to keep on terms; but you are the accuser. Or, as I believe, he may think your idea too absurd for serious attention."

"That is not the case. It was I who proposed that we should be friendly. I felt the motive."

"What was that!"

"I let you see it once, Miss Esking; and it vanished. But the compact remains until I am in position to prove my words. The end may come shortly now. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall be able to do so."

"To-morrow? To-morrow, you are hoping to find which is the oldest part of your house—where the Treasure lies? Is there any connection between that fact and the charge you make against my father?"

He was silent, bitterly regretting his careless speech.

"If you do not answer, I shall know there is."

"What is the use of this, Miss Esking? Within a few hours probably all will be cleared up. I will say this—if the trial I expect to-morrow fails, I will not pursue the matter further. I stake all on that, for I have suffered, and I suffer keenly now."

"You accuse my father of stealing the Treasure—that is it? Deny, sir, if you can! You cannot! And, with this suspicion you dared to say you loved me, the daughter of a thief?"

"I would love you," he said, with a gust of passion, "If you were the daughter of a murderer."

"Then I understand it all now, for I understand you, Mr. Thorburn, and I despise you. *You* charge my father with theft! You, whose sense of honor is so dull, that, accusing him as you do, you are willing to ally yourself with him, to condone his infamy, and treat him with respect for the sake of a girl! It is enough! If I could suppose for a moment that he was guilty, this would show the truth."

"It is but a little time to wait!" Eldred answered, pale and fierce. "But I must correct you in one point. It was never suggested that I gave up my rights, or abated one tittle of them, if I won you!"

"What? You would still have prosecuted my father?"

"Prosecuted, no! But I did not put you in one scale and justice in the other."

"Call it what you please! If the proof you expect is forthcoming, though at that moment I had promised to be your wife, you would have gone on?"

"How could I do otherwise?"

"And what part was I to play under those circumstances?"

"I know not—but my duty was plain."

They had reached the front door of Little Thorburns, and parted without a word. Hilda learned that Mr. Esking had ordered the carriage at once, and started for the Warrenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

For Julian's Sake.

A Camping Story.

By the author of "Incidents of a Holiday Tramp."

CHAPTER V.

The very thing, providence had placed a kindly hand 'twixt Smith and the labour of love.

They had barely reached the tent when Jim came in, dripping wet.

"I say, Jim," cried Pullman, "I've just found a bonanza in the shape of two bottles of Hennessy's. We want to have a slight jollification. Are you in?"

"Well I don't mind," said Jim slowly. "What do you say Oakes?"

"No objection," responded the worthy. "Wet out, wet in, is my motto."

Pullman was very busy preparing the grog, and they all gathered about the table. Jim fastened the flap, and made things generally cosey.

Smith was a man easily affected by liquor, and so it was not long ere he showed unmistakable signs of inebriation. Once in this state the thought of Kate standing upon the beach waiting for her lover, struck him as rather funny, and he burst out into a loud guffaw.

"What's the matter?" cried Oakes.

"Mashher? Oh, noshing, noshing much. Shly girl, zhat, ha, ha!'

"Who's a sly girl?" snapped out Pullman, looking decidedly nervous.

"Oh, I'm not going to telish you. Shly dog Pullman. Why don'sh go? Eh? Near twelve clocksh, ole man. Zhare waishing for you."

Pullman pounced forward and grabbed Smith by the collar.

"What do you mean, you fool!" he cried. "Confound you, what do you mean?"

"Hang'sh, Pullman, dont chok'sh feller! I mean noshing."

"I've got a little engagement at twelve o'clock, gentlemen, said Pullman with a nervous laugh, as he looked at his watch. "It is now only half past eleven, so I need not leave you yet. Come, let me mix you some more grog.'

"I've got little engagement, too. Pullman, at midnight. But ish minnight now, Pullman, You'll be laesh."

"My watch says twenty-five minutes to twelve, which is correct," answered Pullman imperiously. "However, to settle the question, what time do you make it, Mr. Oakes?"

"Twenty-five minutes to twelve," said Oakes slowly, looking at his watch.

"And yours, Jim?"

"Same."

"Thash queer," said Smith looking at his timepiece, and looking puzzled also. "My wash zaysh it ish twenty-fivsh minish to onesh."

"Oh, hang the time!," said Jim."

Come, let's have a song, and be merry."

Then the cups rang, Pullman's deep bass rolled out, Smith yelled and skouted in drunken delight, while Oakes and Jim Lee seemed as if they wished their vocal efforts to cause the tent to collapse and smother Roman Punch and singers and all.

While the unfortunate and historic 'John Brown' was having his body maltreated in a a most disgraceful manner, Mrs. Wyldmere, *en dishabille*, rushed into the tent.

CHAPTER VI.

"MY DAUGHTER! OH, MY DAUGHTER!"

There was a pause and a lull. The 'grave' 'mouldered' on the instant, and Jim's countenance assumed a stern, business-like look. Pullman looked grave, and Smith straightened up as much as was in his power, and endeavored to put on a serious and guiltless expression. The effect was ludicrous. Then he looked at Mrs. Wyldmere, nodded, and smiled an imbecile smile.

Mrs. Wyldmere glared round upon the four for some moments ere she found a voice. When she did, it echoed:

"Where is my daughter?" she screamed, and the unsteadily seated Smith was startled so much that he fell off his chair, and rolled into a corner, where he lay helpless.

"Yo-Your daughter, Mrs. Wyldmere?" stammered the clergyman, while Oakes had to turn his head away to conceal a wanton snicker.

"Yes sir, my daughter. Where is she? Where is that young reprobate who has been leading her to destruction? Oh, you villains! You have aided your comrade in villainy! But you shall tell me!" and she grasptd the despairing Pullman—who was attempting to edge his way out of the tent—and held him back.

"I—I have a slight matter to deal with at twelve, and it is twelve now," stammered Pullman, as he attempted to free himself from Mrs. Wyldmere's clutch.

"Matter! what right have you, you, a clergyman, to be dealing with matters at midnight? oh, your congregation shall know of this, you hypocritical scape-grace! It is you who have aided to lure away my child! But you shall bring her back! Where is she, you devil?" she literally shrieked, while Smith curled up terror-stricken in his corner. "Where is she?"

"My good woman," said Oakes in a most aggravatingly sargastic tone," why should we know anything about your daughter? Do you imagine that we have her stowed away in one of our vest-pockets? You wrong Mr. Pullman, madam. His character is unimpeachable."

"Mrs. Wyldmere," said Jim slowly, as the lady was about to shriek out some terrible invective upon the intrepid Oakes, "I regret to have to inform you that your daughter is in all probability at this moment viewing the glimmer of the lights of Seedytown."

"Jim," said Pullman gravely, "I don't want to call you a liar, but—"

"It is no lie," said Jim sternly, and giving the clergyman such a meaning frown that the latter immediately saw his mistake, and bit his lip.

"At Seedytown! The vixen! But I shall follow her! I must follow her! Somone, anyone, row me after her! You, Mr. Pullman, will aid me, and earn a despairing mother's blessing?"

Here Smith gave an idiotic laugh, and then shrank further up into the corner as Mrs. Wyldmere turned the angry blaze of her eyes upon him.

"You miserable wretch!" she screamed, "why did you not guard her?" Then she turned and threw her arms about Pullman's neck just as he was seizing a second opportunity to break from the tent, to his intense dismay, and evoking a second idiotic 'he he!' from the helpless Smith.

"You will help me, Mr. Pullman! You must! You shall! Don't say you won't! I won't take it!"

"Really, Mr. Mrs. Wyldmere," said the clergyman with a nervous little laugh," it would not be safe for you to be alone with me. I am a very bad young man. I am, honest."

"If you will promise me never to tell," said Jim in the serious tones which had characterized his speech during the evening, 'I will row you after them."

"You will?" she cried in mad delight, as she clasped the retiring Jim in her arms. Oh, you darling boy! You will merit a mother's everlasting thanks!"

"We have no time to lose," and Jim, as he fancied he heard the dip of a paddle. And he led the lady to the boat.

A moment later he had shoved the skiff containing Mrs. Wyldmere out into the wa er and taken his seat, seized the oars, and was rowing the too trustful and anxious mamma down the stream!

Pullman heard the drip of oars subside, and then went inside the tedt. He sat down, and threw his head despairingly upon his arms.

"Too late! too late!" he groaned. "It is long past twelve, they will be afraid to come back, and I have broken my promise."

To be continued.

Fatal EarthQuake In Europe.

GREAT DESTRUCTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY AT WINTER RESORTS ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Rome February 23.—Two shokes of earthquake were felt at Nice at 6 o'clock this morning. The earth rocked, walls cracked and in some cases frail tenements were thrown to the ground. People rushed from their houses and fell upon their knees in the streets praying for deliverance from sudden death. Visitors to the city have become thoroughly frightened and are leaving the place. Many persons were injured by falling debris. Much alarm was felt lest there should be a recurrence of the shocks. The Prince of Wales, who was in Nice a few days ago witnessing the festivities which precede the lenten season, had taken his departure and was safe at Cannes. Shocks were also felt at Monte Carlo and Monaco, at which places they were so severe that rocks were detached from the cliffs and precipitated into the sea. The disturbances extended as far as Genoa.

AN ACCOUNT, VIA LONDON.

London, February 23.—Advices from Nice at noon says many casualties were caused by the earthquake. The people are panic stricken and the entire population is in the streets. The railway station is beseiged with visitors who are anxious to leave at the first chance that offers. Two houses, one in St. Etienne street and one in St. Phillippe street, and the Maison Bourke were destroyed by the earthquake. Three persons are buried in the ruins of these buildings. There was also a slight shock at Marseilles this morning. The walls of a number of houses in that city were cracked. Shocks were also felt at Leghora and Milan and several places in the province of Genoa, Italy. At the time of the earthquake this morning the Riviera was crowded with English and American tourists and persons of distinction. When the first shock occurred the streets of Nice were fairly thronged with persons in ballroom costumes returning to their homes from the last carnival ball of the winter season. To these the earthquake

CAME WITH PECULAR TERROR.

The shocks were felt with great severity at Savona, near Genoa, and a number of houses were wrecked and eleven persons killed. The Prince of Wales being at Cannes, the Queen became exceedingly anxious concerning him when she learned of the earthquakes. Her Majesty at once telegraphed him. The Prince immediately telegraphed a reassuring reply, saying he was well and uninjured. The Government, taking into consideration the popular concern about the safety of the Prince, have requested him to return to England as soon as he can conveniently to allay anxiety

SOME FURTHER DETAILS.

London February 23.—Further despatches concerning the earthquakes in the South of Europe this morning sta te two violent shocks were felt at Toulion at 6 o'clock. The first shock was of fifteen seconds' duration, the second of twelve seconds. The movement was from west to east. At Cannes three shocks were felt at the same hour. The first shock, which was very violent, lasted for a minute. The second and third shocks were not as heavy as the first. Many persons at this place rushed to the sea shore for safety and nobody was injured. At Avignon three shocks were experienced between 6 and 8 o'clock. The first shock was very severe and awakened everybody in the place. Several shocks were felt at Geneva at 6 o'clock.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE REPORTED.

Rome, February 23.—The earthquake this morning devastated the whole of the Riviera. At Noli, on the Gulf of Genoa, and not far from Savona, several houses fell and fifteen persons were killed. Six persons were killed and thirty wounded at Oneglia, also on the gulf of Genoa. At Diano Marino, near Oneglia, scores of people were killed and hundreds injured. Fully one-third of the town was destroyed. A second and severer shock of earthquake has occurred in Genoa, Pavia, Lucca, Cunes Albissola, Porto Maurizio and Noli. At Savona eight persons were killed and fifteen others injured. Immense damage was done to property.

A GREAT CATASTROPHE.

London, February 24.—An official despatch from Cannes says that no injury was done to life or property there, but that a great panic prevails. Further details from the Riviera increase the disaster. At Cervo, near Diano Marino 300 pesons were killed by being buried in the ruins of falling buildings. Railway traffic is suspended beyond Savona. The prisoners in the Government jail at Finalborgo, alarmed by the earthquake, attempted to escape, but were overcome by the guards. At Genoa the shock was very violent and the ducal palace and many houses were seriously damaged. There was an enormous crowd at the Carlo Felice theatre to witness a gala performance and the greatest alarm was manifested when the shock came. At Turin the churches suffered severely. In the neighborhood of Dordigera many houses fell, killing the inmates.

OVER 2,000 KILLED.

Rome, February 24.—Reports of disaster continue to arrive. The total number of deaths reported up to the present time is 2 000. Shocks were felt at Parma, Turin and Cosenza. Undulations of the earth were noticed at Catania, in Sicily, at the foot of Mount Ætna. The director of the Turin observatory telegraphs that the seismic instruemets are now quiescent and that no further disturbance is feared.

The C. P. R. and its Accomplishments.

"The C.P.R. is already a paying work. It has all the traffic it can carry, and the rate at which business is being developed through its agency, is seen by the reports of the Board of Trade of Winnipeg just made public. The experts of grain for the past year are valued at about $3,000,000 and the total business done is estimated at $26,000,000, an increase of nearly $3,000,000 over the previous year. The statement of vacant lands made by the sub-committee indicates that there are upwards of one million acres of good land about Winnipeg to be had at an average price of $6.50 per acre, land that before the railway era was not worth more than $1 per acre. Then scores of new settlements have been brought into being, some of them already rising towns, doing a trade proportionally as prosperous as Winnipeg. The railway has raised that place from a village of a few hundreds of poor people to a wealthy and go-a-head city of 30,000. It has created a large and flourishing town at Port Arthur, where before was a struggling village. It has opened a wheat region equal to that of Russia or India. It has opened the largest coal field in the world, according to the report of Prof. Selwyn head of the Geological Survey. It has transformed in five years the buffalo grazing country into great and thriving cattle ranches. It has made gold mining in British Columbia possible on the largest scale. It has created a new market for the manufactures of Ontario, thus opening almost unlimited employment in future for our artisans. It has raised Canadian credit the whole world over."

IMPORTANT.—It is of the utmost importance that some good household remedy should be kept within handy reach in case of pain and accidental injury. The most useful remedy of this kind is undoubtedly Hagyard's Yellow Oil, for internal and external use in all painful complants.

HUMOROUS.—The most humorous man is not always the happiest; the man who has scrofulous humor or any obstinate humor of the blood does not feel very lively, at least not until he is cured, which, by the way, Burdock Blood Bitters will do in the most troublesome of blood humors.

WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.—The preparation sold by druggists known as Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worthy of all confidence as a household remedy for pain. It has been over a quarter of a century in the market, and never fails to cure or relieve rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat, quinsy, deafness, burns, scalds, bruises, frost bites and internal or external pains and injuries.

Wm. McVEIGH

KEEPS

IN stock

Teas,
Tobaccos,
Sugars, &c., &c.,

ceptionally ood and at prices to suit all buyers.

LIQUORS:

As he is making a speciality of this branch of business parties may rely upon getting the very best article the market, either for medicinal or other use.

☞ A call solicited. WM. McVEIGH.

Bryson,, June 7, 1888.

ALMONTE

MARBLE and GRANITE

WORKS.

Monuments,
Headstones,
—AND—
Cemetery Work

OF ALL KINDS IN

Foreign and Canadian
MARBLES
—AND—
GRANITE.

Designs and Estimates furnished on applicaiion to

J. A. PHILLIPS,

Rroprietor, Almonte, Ont.

Almonte, June 8, 1885.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING leased the premises, commonly known as the CLIFTON HOUSE, in the Village of Bryson, begs to inform the public that the same has been

REFITTED -: AND -: FURNISHED,

and will hereafter be known as the

CHATTERTON HOUSE.

The House affords superior accommodation for travellers, and guests may rely on receiving the best attention.

Table and Bar well furnished.

A call solicited.

Yours truly,

S J. CHATTERTON.

Bryson, May 20, 1886.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Hay for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale 25 tons of Good Hay, which is now stored in a barn on Lot 14, 7th concession Clarendon.

Apply to

J. M. HODGINS.

North Clarendon P. O., Feb. 15th 1887.

Goldsmiths Hall.

:o:

Waltham Watches,
English Watches,
Elgin Watches,
Swiss Watches,
Diamonds,
Fine Jewelry,
Silver Ware.

The largest and most elegant stock in the Ottaw valley.

W. J. DOUGLAS

MAIN STREET, . . . PEMBROKE

A Lecture to Young Men on the Loss OF MANHOOD.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacisy, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D

The world renowed author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dargerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of four cents, or two postage stamps. Address

THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL Co.,
41 Ann St., N. Y. Post Office Box, 450

A. H. HORN,

Undertaker, - Pembroke, Ont.

Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Cases
Shrouds, Caps, Gloves, &c., &c.

TELEGRAPH ORDERS attended to at ALL HOURS.

REMOVAL!

I beg to announce to the people of Pontiac that I have removed my large Stock to more commodious premises just a few doors south of my old stand, where I will, as usual, attend to the wants of my customers.

J. M. QUINN, - - - MERCHANT TAILOR,

510½ Sussex Street, Ottawa.

P. S.—Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Ottawa, January 25, 1887.

THE RENFREW

GRANITE & MARBLE

WORKS,

WILL GIVE AWAY A

A New William's Sewing Machine, Worth $65.00,

to the customer who guesses the nearest to the exact number of beans in a quart jar now on exhibition at their Shop, Main St. Renfrew.

A guess ticket will be given every CASH purchaser of not less than a $12 Headstone. For a $25 Headstone, two tickets; $50 Headstone, three, &c.

Any parties buying from the agent, and paying cash before this expires will receive a ticket the same as if buying at the shop. This will be kept open **For ONE YEAR, from 1st March, 1886, until 1st March, 1887.**

We are prepared to furnish the latest designs in

Monuments, Headstones, Mantlepieces, Railings etc., either in Renfrew Granite or Vermont Marble, at Lowest Prices.

T. J. SOMERVILLE, Proprietor

H. B. SOMERVILLE, Agent.

Renfrew, March 30th, 1886

STAGE LINE AND EXPRESS AGENCY

—BETWEEN—

HALEY'S STATION and PORTAGE DU FORT.

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

STAGES LEAVE PORTAGE DU FORT:

9.00, A. M,	.. ..	CONNECTING AT HALEY'S STATION	.. ..	10.46. A. M.
1.00, P. M.	.. ..	"	"	"	"	.. ..	2.36, P. M.
6.30, P. M.	.. ..	"	"	"	"	.. ..	8.19, P. M.
12.00, A. M.	.. ..	"	"	"	"	.. ..	1.41, A. M.
1.00, A. M.	.. ..	"	"	"	"	.. ..	2.45, A. M.

D. M. RATTRAY, STAGE OFFICE: *RATTRAY HOUSE,*

GENERAL FORWARDER, EXPRESS AGT. AND STAGE PROPRIETOR. GEORGE O'BRIEN, PROPRIETOR.

Portage du Fort, September 2, 1886.