

THE EQUITY.

VOL. X.

SHAWVILLE, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1892.

No. 2.

THE EQUITY,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL
Specially Devoted to Local Interests.
PUBLISHED AT SHAWVILLE
EVERY THURSDAY
—BY—
JOHN A. COWAN.
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none in the county. Tables always well supplied.
Every attention paid to guests. Free buses to and
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special facilities for accommodating the commercial
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This house is in every way furnished to afford
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Commercial men will find the sample rooms second
to none on the road. The Bar is always supplied with
the best brands of Liquors, Wines, and Cigars. Good
livery in connection.

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IN LINE!**Old Pontiac Shakes off the Delusion!****And gives T. M. (Tom Murray) the Grand Bounce.****Bryson leads the Poll by over 700!****Unrestricted Reciprocity Strongly Condemned!**

The News Received with Great Rejoicing Elsewhere.

Monster Demonstration at Shawville in honor of the Victor.

It was a race between the people of the
surroundings and the election reports,
to see which would reach here first on
Tuesday last, and it must be said the
former were the winners by big odds.
But long before dark, however, sufficient
returns had been received to place Mr.
Bryson's election beyond the vestige of a
doubt. A thousand eager electors—elec-
tors who had fought and won the victory
—in possession of this fact, it may be
readily imagined, were not likely to let
a matter of such transcendent import-
ance pass without being heard from.

Just exactly how to give vent to the
enthusiasm in a manner becoming the oc-
casion was for a time the sticking point.
The first general expression of opinion
was "Bryson should be here." Then in
a few moments came the imperative man-
date "Bryson must get here!" This was
quickly communicated to Coulonge by
wire, and in a short time came a reply
from the member elect that he would
comply if possible. Steps were then taken
to decide upon some form of reception,
when it was decided to have a torch-light
procession to the exhibition grounds and
a bon-fire, etc. Meanwhile the crowd
kept momentarily increasing.

Mr. Bryson not having a team at his
disposal to accomplish the long drive, had
to abandon the idea of coming, for the
moment, but the multitude in Shawville
insisted on his getting a special train and
bringing the whole of Coulonge down with
him.

Happily this arrangement was secured
from the company, and at about half past
ten the whistle announcing the approach
of the special was heard in the distance.
Meanwhile the crowd were assembled at
the railway crossing with a carriage for
the victor and a forest of torches, which
being speedily lit as the train approached,
illuminated the locality almost to the bright-
ness of day. Nearer and nearer drew the
train with its cargo of exultant, living
freight, and louder and louder rose the
cheers which the reciprocating crowds
sent forth, till at length the visitors be-
came commingled with the recipients,

Mr. Bryson was escorted to the carriage
in waiting for him. Then all moved to-
wards the village and on to the exhibition
ground, where a platform was erected in
front of the grand stand, and the brilliant
flames of a huge bon-fire lit up the scene.

Mr. Bryson made a very appropriate
and pleasing speech, in which he tendered
his most sincere thanks for the splendid
majority which the people had rolled up
for him, thereby securing such a complete
and decisive victory, a victory which he
did not wish to characterize as a Conser-
vative victory, but as a Pontiac victory,
as by it the electors had shown their de-
sire to be represented by one of them-
selves.

Mr. Campbell, M. L. A.; Mr. Moir,
Dr. Lyon, Mr. N. E. Cormier, and Mr.
Roach were in turn called on to speak,
which they did. This terminated the
proceedings, and the crowd returned from
the grounds. Some of the villagers and
others subsequently escorted the visitors
to the station and gave them three rousing
cheers as the train steamed off.

Quyon Public School.

FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

Friday, June 24th, was a red letter day
for the boys and girls of the Quyon Pub-
lic School, it being the occasion of the
public distribution of prizes won during
the school year. Drenching rain kept
all those who live outside the village from
being present, but in spite of the weather
the hall was comfortably filled. This is
the first time anything of the kind has
taken place in Quyon, and the names of
the successful competitors was kept a se-
cret until the prizes were distributed. A
grand concert was given by the pupils, all
of whom did so well that special comment
would be out of place. The performance
consisted of a juvenile oratorio entitled
"The Festival of the Rose," every num-
ber of which was beautifully rendered.
The stage was tastefully decorated and
was a perfect representation of forest in
miniature. The entire arrangements were
under the management of Mr. Ernest
Smith, and there can be no better proof
of the excellent manner in which the pu-
pils rendered their several parts than the
fact that Mr. Smith has been requested

to repeat the performance here in Sep-
tember.

At the fall of the curtain, His Worship
called Mr. Smith to read his report of
the school work, and in a few well chosen
words, spoke to the children of the neces-
sity for regular, systematic study. He
said that there was an old saying, "Strike
the iron when it is hot;" but he believed
the right thing to do was to hit it all the
time and make it hot. He spoke most
encouragingly to those who had not gained
prizes, and suggested that they should
strike on all the next year and not be
satisfied till they get the prize.

After the reading of the report came
the prizes, amounting in value to nearly
sixty dollars. The competition has been
very keen, only half a mark deciding the
winner of the prize at the June examina-
tions. With regard to the prize for writ-
ing, the Principal of the Ottawa Business
college was kind enough to undertake the
decision and in sending his report wrote
as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Yours of the 1st inst. containing
specimens of penmanship to hand. We have
decided No. 3 is the best specimen. No. 1 is
good and is not much inferior to No. 3. No.
1 was evidently nervous when writing, as
considerable shake is noticeable.
The writing is all good, great care was evi-
dently taken by each student.
Yours very truly,
JOHN KEITH,
Examiner.

The following is the list of prize win-
ners:

Grade IV.—1st, gen. prof., Ernest
Mohr; 2nd, gen. prof., Nellie McColgan;
3rd, gen. prof., Grace Delong. History,
Ernest Mohr. Grammar, Ernest Mohr.
Arithmetic, Ernest Mohr. Geography,
Ernest Mohr. Writing, Nellie McColgan.
Attendance, Grace Delong. French,
Grace Delong. Home lessons, Nellie Mc-
Colgan. Prof. at June exam., Mamie
Amm.

Grade III.—1st, gen. prof., Bella Mc-
Colgan; 2nd, gen. prof., Kate Ryan; 3rd,
gen. prof., Josephine O'Donnell. Cana-
dian History, Bella McColgan. English
grammar, Josephine O'Donnell. Arith-
metic, Myrtle Delong. Geography,
Belle McColgan. Writing, Maud Mulli-
gan. Home lessons, Kate Ryan. Prof.
at June examinations, Josephine O'Don-
nell.

Grade II.—1st, gen. prof., Isaac Rain-
ville; 2nd, Annie Ross; 3rd, Hilda
Moore. Attendance, Leah Boyer. Con-
duct, Leah Boyer.

Grade I.—Attendance, Geo. Trudeau.
Conduct, Peter Dervin.

The gold medal given by Rev. Father
Kiernan was awarded to Kate Ryan. A
handsome work basket given by Dr. At-
ley, was awarded to Mamie Amm, for the
general knowledge paper, and this young
lady also won the prize offered for the boy
or girl who was at the head of the school
longest during the year. This interest-
ing entertainment was brought to a close
at 11 o'clock by singing the national an-
them.

**Examination and Closing Exercises
of No. 1 School, Bristol.**

A large number of people, embracing
the parents and relatives of the pupils of
the district, as well as others from a great-
er distance, assembled at No. 1 school
house early in the afternoon on Friday,
24th, to witness the exercises in con-
nection with the annual closing examina-
tion of the School. The number present
and the keen interest manifested must
have been highly gratifying to the teacher.
The first part of the programme consisted
of one or two recitations, and music by
the children with organ accompaniment
by Mrs. D. J. Craig.

The teacher, Mr. Drummond, then took
several classes, beginning with the juniors,
and examined them in reading, spelling,
grammar, arithmetic and geography illus-
trating at several points the importance
and value of some of the most modern
methods of imparting instruction. The
pupils acquitted themselves remarkably
well, affording good evidence of diligence
on their part and thoroughness on the
part of their teacher. At the close of the
examination, Rev. T. A. Nelson, also
had taken some part in it, was asked by
Mr. Drummond to address the meeting,
which he did, making special reference to
the excellent condition of the school and
Mr. Drummond's superior qualities as an
instructor, and suggesting that in the
event of his devoting his life to teaching
he would attain distinction. In response
to the teachers' invitations Mr. Walter
Russel, Mr. E. Graham, D. W. Campbell,
Mr. Neil McKillop, and Mr. T. Thomas
of Clarendon each briefly addressed the
children and their friends. Mrs. D. J.
Craig at the organ and Mr. Andrew Mc-
Credie with the violin furnished a very
acceptable instrumental duet; some vocal
music, very nicely rendered by the chil-
ren, brought the programme to a point to
which the little folks had looked forward
with much pleasure. On a small table
dozens of beautiful prize books were piled,
and these the teacher began to distribute,
and continued till every pupil was the
happy recipient of one of them. Here
an oversight occurred which the teacher
seemed to regret keenly. A special prize
had been offered for the best paper on
temperance. The article was a superior
gold fountain pen, and it was won by
Jane Young, but being small in size, or
in some way misplaced, it was overlooked
in the distribution, and the mistake only

discovered when the meeting was break-
ing up. However, Miss Young will have
her handsome and well merited mement-
to, none the less valuable on account of
the slight oversight. Mr. Drummond in-
timated that he intended to remain ano-
ther year, and the announcement seemed
to give general satisfaction. The district
is to be congratulated on having a teach-
er so competent and enthusiastic in the
discharge of his duties. The singing of
the National Anthem and the benediction
by Rev. Mr. Nelson brought the meeting
to a close. Com.

**PROGRAM OF SPORTS,
DOMINION DAY,
SHAWVILLE.****PRIZE LIST.**

Special, Football Match, Billerica vs.

Bristol Mines.

Drawing Bag of Sand, \$5.00.

Tug of War, \$3.00.

Cutting Maple Sugar, Special.

Throwing Ball, prizes, \$1.00 .50.

" Heavy Weight, \$1.00 .50.

Boy's Race, 100 yds., \$1.50 .50.

" " 220 yds., \$1.50 \$1.00 .50.

Girls Race, 50 yds., special.

Ladies Race, 50 yds., special.

Eating Buns, .75 .50 .25.

Wheelbarrow Race, \$1.00 .50.

Sack Race, \$2.00 \$1.00 .50.

Standing Jump, \$1.00 .50.

Running Broad Jump, \$1.25 .75 .50.

Three Standing Jumps, \$1.25 .75 .50.

Run. Hop, step & jump \$1.25 .75 .50.

Running High Jump, \$1.25 .75 .50.

Obstacle Race, \$3.00 \$2.00 \$1.00.

100 yd. Dash, \$2.00 \$1.25 .75.

One Mile Race, \$7.00 \$5.00 \$3.00.

Special prizes for Prettiest Baby and
Ugliest Man on the grounds.**"HORRIBLES."**

Entrance to the grounds, 10 cents.
Entrance fee for sports, 10 per cent. of
purse.

Sad Drowning Accident.

An event which cast the pall of grief
over a large portion of this community,
and by which a young life in the full bloom
and vigor of manhood was suddenly cut off,
occurred at the saw mill of Messrs. Hod-
gins Bros, of North Clarendon on Friday
afternoon last about 6 o'clock. The vic-
tim of the accident was Henry McDowell
Hodgins, eldest son of Mr. Edward Hod-
gins of Yarm, aged 21 years. It seems
the young man was at the time, working
in the mill pond, among the logs and drift-
wood when he unfortunately fell in, and
being unable to swim sank in about twelve
feet of water before the other mill hands
could make use of a means to effect his
rescue. His uncle, Mr. William Hodgins,
as a last hope of saving the young man
plunged into the water, and he also, being
unable to swim, would have been drowned
had not Mr. William Wall succeeded in
grasping him. The young man's body
was recovered in about half an hour after-
wards, when efforts were made to restore
him to life, but without avail. On the fol-
lowing day the remains were brought home
accompanied by a sorrowing procession of
thirteen conveyances, and on Sunday the
last sad tribute to the dead was paid, by
the assembling together of the largest fu-
neral cortege that has been witnessed in
this section for many years past, a fact
which attested to the high esteem in which
the departed was held, and the sincere
and wide spread feeling of sympathy which
existed towards those who were so sudden-
ly and unexpectedly plunged in the depths
of sore affliction. The interment took
place in the Shawville cemetery, the ser-
vices in connection therewith having first
been held in the Methodist Church here.

The Head Surgeon

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at
Toronto, Canada, and may now be consulted
either in person or by letter on all chronic
diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old,
or middle-aged, who find themselves weak,
nervous and exhausted, who are broken
down from excess or overwork, resulting in
many of the following symptoms: Mental
depression, premature old age, loss of vital-
ity, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of
sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions,
lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headaches,
pimples on the face or body, itching or pec-
uliar sensation about the scrotum, wasting
of the organs, dizziness, specks before the
eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids and
elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine,
loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and
spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to
sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipa-
tion, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire
for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken
eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily
looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nerv-
ous debility that lead to insanity and death
unless cured. The spring or vital force hav-
ing lost its tension every function wanes in
consequence. Those who through abuse com-
mitted in ignorance may be permanently
cured. Send your address for book on all
diseases peculiar to man. Books sent free-
sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which
are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, pal-
pitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood
to the head, and pain in the heart with beats
strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart
beat quicker than the first, pain about the
breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No
cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V.
LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave. Toronto Ont.

THE SECRET UNRAIDEN

A Story of the Great West.

BY W. THOMPSON.

We were camped on an affluent of Colorado River, Texas, about ninety-five miles northwest of Austin. Including the guide, Will Ferris, our hunting party consisted of seven persons, the others being Colonel Tom Eastlake, his fifteen-year-old son Dick, Gus Howland, Jack Townley, Charlie Brooke and the writer.

One evening we were returning from a hard day's hunt in the hills, where we had killed a fine jaguar and two black bears. Brooke and I happened to be riding side by side, and gradually fell behind the rest of the party.

Charlie appeared in low spirits and was unusually taciturn, but attributing this to fatigue I did not force conversation upon him, and for several miles neither of us spoke. At last he roused himself, as if from a painful reverie, and said:—

"That story which Ferris told us about the Apaches the other night has reminded me of the saddest period of my own life. I seldom refer to it, but somehow I feel like doing so this evening, and if you care to listen I will give you the story in a few words."

I eagerly assented and Charlie continued:—

"It was in the summer of 1876. I was then a very young man, but had been for the two preceding years running a cattle ranch on Gila River, Arizona, not far from the southeast corner of White Mountain Indian reservation.

"Up to Christmas Day, 1875, there were three of us in family—myself, my wife and her four-year-old orphaned brother Fred. Having no children of our own, we were perfectly wrapped up in this little fellow, and he was the delight of our lives. We were entirely happy and the future seemed full of promise—a promise never to be fulfilled.

"My beautiful young wife had been ailing, slightly as we thought, for several weeks. I believed her to be convalescing, when pneumonia suddenly set in and she died on Christmas Day—almost her last words being a tender request that I would always care for Fred.

"Of this terrible time I will not attempt to speak. No language can picture my desolation. The companionship of the boy alone gave me courage to live. But let that pass.

"At the time my miserable story opens I had been for six months a widower, and was making every exertion to close out my business in order to return to civilization with my precious charge when a frightful catastrophe occurred.

"I had found it impossible to secure a reputable white couple to look after my house and take care of the child, and hence had engaged a Mexican and his wife—decent, faithful people—to do so.

"When the weather was fine I usually took Fred with me in my long rides over the range. The little fellow would sit perched up in front of my saddle, proud as a king, and the cowboys never tired of petting him.

"One day early in July, however, I was called suddenly to a distant part of the run and had to leave the boy at home. I shall never forget how he looked, standing at the door, kissing his hand to me so prettily, and calling out as I rode away, 'Goodby, Charlie, goodby.'

"The job we were engaged in proved a tedious one, and it was late in the afternoon when, accompanied by four of my herdsmen, I came to the brow of a rise overlooking the ranch buildings—no, not the buildings, but their smoking ruins, for the accursed Apaches had been there and swept all away!

"Dashing like madmen down the slope, we reached the smoldering pile, and there in front of where the house door had been, lay the scalped and mutilated bodies of the Mexican and his wife!

"Sick with horror, and for the moment utterly unable to proceed, I sat hopelessly upon my saddle, but my men made a partial search and could find no trace of that which I so dreaded to see. Then I joined them in probing the hot ashes with long poles, but we found nothing and were forced to conclude that my dear boy had either been carried off alive or his little body totally consumed.

"No help was at hand, the nearest military post, Fort Thomas, being fifty miles away. Gila Mountains were, however, but fifteen miles distant, and for these the savages would certainly make. They had driven off eight horses, kept in the home corral, and as their own ponies as well as the other animals would, of course, be loaded down with plunder, it was barely possible that we might overtake at least the rear guard of the band.

"Our rifles had been taken, and in the way of arms we had only our belt revolvers left. But our saddle beasts were comparatively fresh and all were swift of foot. My cowboys, fuming with rage and crazy for revenge, urged an instant pursuit, and in less than twenty minutes after our arrival we five men were spurting hotly on the trail of the murderers—out-numbering us, probably, ten to one.

"I need not give details of the chase, except to say that we did come up with the rear of the column, in which were my horses, just as it was entering the mountain defile. Utterly regardless of our own lives, we charged upon the hostiles at once, and though we shot down four of them, stampeded the others and recovered the eight broncos, not one of us received a scratch.

"One of the wounded bucks lived for a minute or two after being shot, but all efforts to make him give information as to the child's fate, or, indeed, to speak at all, proved unavailing, and he died while crooning his death song.

"To have followed the main body of the enemy into the mountain passes would have been sheer madness. So, partly to stay pursuit by leaving the savages most of their plunder, partly to facilitate our own retreat we quickly cut away the broncos' loads, retaining only a few necessities, and returned sorrowfully to the ranch—the Indians not daring to follow.

"Within three days I sold out everything for what I could get and devoted one whole year thereafter to an extended search for my little Fred. I hired Indian runners, white scouts and old trappers, and penetrated the haunts of the hostiles, but not one atom of intelligence as to any captive boy did they or I ever gain, though our

combined efforts resulted in the rescue of two white women.

"Failing to receive tidings of the child, notwithstanding the large reward offered, and no calcined bones having ever been found in the ruins, it now seemed certain that his tender form had indeed been reduced to indistinguishable ashes. Finally concluding that such must be the fact, I gave up the hopeless search, removed to Texas and engaged in my present business. Six years have since passed away, but the image of that lovely boy, as I last saw him, rises up before me to-night as vividly as ever."

My friend sighed heavily as he concluded his sad story. I offered no idle words of consolation. Indeed, the case seemed to admit of none. But after a while he bravely rallied and said:—"Well, it is all past and gone. The child is beyond the reach of sorrow. Let us ride on and overtake the party."

It was nearly midnight when we arrived in camp, and all were glad to tumble into bed without ceremony.

On the second day after this we arranged to look up a small herd of buffaloes of which the guide had told us. It consisted, he said, of two bulls and a dozen or so of cows and calves, located in the broken lands about fifteen miles away.

Much to the boy Dick's disappointment, we decided not to kill any of the adult beasts, but merely capture a few young ones, if possible.

As Eastlake, Brooke, Will Ferris and myself were more or less skilled in the use of the lasso, the scheme appeared quite feasible and was, I may at once say, successfully carried out—the hunt resulting in securing one male and three female calves.

These young buffaloes proved to be quite as fleet as their elders, and the exciting chase led us many miles into a rough, wild country before the last one was lassoed.

When we at last got matters fixed and were ready to return it was found impossible to lead the obstinate little brutes. We had to tie them together in pairs and drive them as best we could.

It was past noon when, steering directly across the country by compass, we started for camp—the refractory conduct of the youngsters making it exceedingly doubtful whether we should reach it that night. Sometimes the little villains would quietly, straight ahead for a while, then suddenly bolt to one side, or, perhaps lower their big heads, stick their stumpy tails in the air and charge with nimble savagery upon the nearest horseman. Quickly learning that they were not to be hurt, they took a mean advantage of the knowledge, and for the first hour proved well nigh unmanageable. After that we began to make fair progress, the seven hunters riding in a semi-circle, with the captive bisons in the hollow of the crescent.

Our odd looking cavalcade was toiling up a long hill in a particularly wild district, when Ferris, riding in the lead, exclaimed:—"What in thunder is that half breed girl doing up there with her signalling?"

We looked in the direction pointed out by Will, and saw a tall young woman standing on the rock at the turn of the hill and rapidly gesticulating. Her back was toward us, and she seemed to be engaged in warning of our approach some one or something in the valley beyond.

"There's some devilry going on, sure," said the guide. "Watch the critter! she makes just seven moves of her hand, then stops and starts again. There's something down in the bottom we're not to see, and the girl daren't go ahead for fear of leading us onto it."

We soon came up to the young woman—a wild looking, unkempt creature, but with an extremely handsome face and magnificent eyes. Ferris tried her with English, Spanish, Mexican patois, and half a dozen Indian dialects in turn, but she would not answer, and stood twirling her thumbs with an assumed air of idiocy.

Half alarmed and wholly amazed at the strange being's conduct, we looked apprehensively down into the valley. Nothing unusual was to be seen there except a light wreath of smoke rising lazily from out a thick grove of pecan trees.

"What do you think Ferris? Is there not something here that ought to be looked into?" inquired Colonel Eastlake.

"I reckon there is, Colonel. Moonshine whiskey, maybe. Let's tie the buffaloes up and go prospecting."

Taking the old guide's advice, we secured the calves to a couple of saplings and rode cautiously down the further side of the slope—the girl sullenly following. Seeing that we made straight for the smoke, she suddenly started past us, and, running like a deer, disappeared in the grove. We reached it a moment afterward, but found it impervious to horses.

Hastily dismounting, we pushed through a tangled mass of trees and creepers and presently came upon a cleared space less than one half of an acre in area. In the midst of this stood a big log cabin, and before its open door the self same girl, looking now quite bright and fearless.

"The trick's done, whatever it was. The critter ain't a mite scared any more," observed Will.

Determined to fathom the mystery, we gently put the young woman aside and entered the cabin. The interior seemed to consist of a single room only, which, however, was much smaller than outside appearances had led us to expect. The only visible occupants were an old Mexican greaser and a withered, hag-like Apache squaw, both of whom sat curled up in the chimney corner over the embers of an expiring fire. We accosted them civilly, but they appeared to be deaf and dumb and did not ever look at us.

The guide then spoke to the girl again, asking her in Spanish, to explain the meaning of her strange signals. To our utter astonishment she answered in English:—"Why, stranger, I didn't mean nothing in particular. The old folks is mighty scared of white men an' I just wanted to let 'em know you was comin' so's they wouldn't be took by surprise. That's all."

"But why are they afraid of white people?" asked Howland.

"Oh, mam she used to live out West, and she's seen lots of injuns killed by soldiers. I s'pose that's the reason. She's gittin' kind of foolish, anyhow."

"And is this all the family; have you no brothers or sisters?"

"Nary one. There's just the old folks an' me," jauntily replied the girl.

"But how do you live? I see no fields for crops."

"Well, jest by huntin' an' farmin'. We've got some clearin's 'tother side of the bush, an' all fo'—(she caught her breath) all three of us works into them. Dad and mam's a good deal abler nor they looks."

A gleam of intelligence flashed from one to the other of our party.

"Four folks, is there," muttered Will Ferris. "It's aly whiskey, plain enough."

Colonel Eastlake nodded. "Now tell me, girl," he said sternly, "whether this is the only room in the house?"

"Can't you see that for yourself," she

partly rejoined. But there was a curious

flickering of the dark eyes which confirmed

our suspicions of some guilty secret.

Presently, Jack Townley backed quietly

against the inside of the front wall and

thence walked carelessly across the floor.

There was nothing in this to attract attention,

but we saw in a moment that he was

really measuring the width of the room.

With some casual remark about the horses,

he then strolled out of doors.

In a few seconds he returned and said:—

"Boys, there's a secret chamber in the

shanty somewhere. The inside of this room

measures only fifteen feet from front to rear,

but the outer wall is close upon twenty-four

feet! Allowing for the space occupied by

the front and back walls a partition,

there must be a blind room six feet wide

reaching clear across the rear end of the

house."

As Jack spoke the girl's swarthy face

paled to a ghastly yellow, and the old woman

shuffled uneasily in her seat. But no

move was made until Gus Howland said:—

"Let's take up the back part of the floor.

There may be a trap door under."

Then in the twinkling of an eye the whole

scene changed.

The apparently decrepit pair, each one

grasping a pistol, sprang to their feet. The

girl, drawing a similar weapon from her

bosom, ranged herself beside them, her

glorious eyes flashing ominously.

"Quick, men, quick!" shouted Eastlake,

and before any one of the three dared to fire

all were overpowered, disarmed and bound,

while a torrent of blood curdling curses

poured from the lips of the old Mexican.

"Once she's something more, then white

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under the floor, and, climbing four

steps at the further end, pushed up another

trap and came into a long, narrow

chamber.

At first glance the place seemed empty,

but as the faint candle light pierced the

darkness we saw in one corner a pile of bu-

ffalo robes, and upon this couch, gagged and

bound, lay an Indian boy.

The mystery was deepening.

Only a half inch of candle was left. With-

out staying even to loose the prisoner we

carried him through the passage toward the

front door.

Young Eastlake, wild with excitement,

was the first to spring out of the tunnel.

Then he drew the captive up after him, and

prepared to unbuckle the straps confining

his legs and arms. He had, however,

scarcely knelt for this purpose when he

shouted:—"Oh, father! it's a white boy!

it's a white boy!"

An instant later we all stood by Dick's

side. The straps and gag were quickly re-

moved and the prisoner set upon his feet.

For one brief moment he looked around, as

if bewildered, then fixed his eyes upon

Brooke and cried out:—"Oh, Charlie!

Charlie!"

The scene which followed beggars all de-

scription.

Charlie Brooke at first staggered back in

sheer amazement, pale as death and trem-

bling as from the sight of a spirit. Then he

rushed forward with a cry of rapture, caught

his recovered treasure to his breast, laughed

and wept over him by turns, hugged and

kissed him in a delirium of joy, and shower-

ed upon him every endearment which a

mother might bestow upon her first born

child received back from the grave, while

over and over again he murmured, "Oh,

Fred! my darling Fred! Thank God for this

day!"

To the astounded party—all except my-

self in the dark—he then told the story of

his bereavement. "But, Fred," he con-

cluded, "who could have supposed that you

would know me after these six long years?

You were only four when we parted?"

"Why, Charlie, I knew you in a minute,"

said the happy boy. "I remember that

morning when you rode away from the door

just as plain as can be."

Now that we could see him clearly we

found Fred to be a handsome, well grown

little fellow. His face, hands and arms had

been stained dark as those of an Indian, but

every other part of his skin was fair and

white as ever.

"And have these people abused you Fred?"

asked Brooke, looking threateningly at the

glowering family.

"No, they've been real good to me; but

they always shut me up when there's white

hunters anywhere around here. Wah-ga-

na-ah—that's the girl's Indian name, but

I call her Waggee—gets track of them some-

how, and then she goes to the top of the

hill and watches. The old woman—I have

to call her 'Mam'—stands at the edge of the

bush, and when Waggee makes signs that

white folks is comin' she hides me right off

and fixes me so I can't speak nor move.

They don't ever let me go anywhere by my-

self."

While this conversation was going on the

Mexican and his wife seemed in deadly ter-

ror.

They were, doubtless, most agreeably

surprised when we unbound and set them

and their daughter free.

On being assured of perfect immunity for

all past offences, the old woman, who spoke

tolerable English, told the story of Fred's

abduction. I reduce her tedious narrative

to a few words of necessary explanation.

When Brooke's ranch buildings were burn-

ed and his servants murdered this woman's

husband had long been an Indian by adop-

tion, and it was, the squaw said, solely ow-

ing to his influence that the boy was not

killed with the others. The couple having

only one child, and that one a girl, were

allowed to keep him on condition of making

an Apache warrior of him. Both they and

their daughter quickly became much at-

tached to the little white stranger, but

when the search for him grew too hot they

found that, to avoid danger to himself and

CURIOSITY COLUMN

Burning of an Oak 1,100 Years Old.

The other day an unusual spectacle was witnessed in the Home park at Hampton court, when a magnificent oak growing about 20 yards from the long water was discovered to be on fire. The Palace fire brigade, under Superintendent Moorman, were quickly on the spot, and the alarm having been set to Kingston and Surbiton, the steamers from those places arrived shortly afterwards, a copious supply of water, pumped from the Long water, being poured on the burning oak. The tree is said to be 1,100 years old, and one of the eight largest oaks in England. It is 33 feet in circumference, having an average diameter of 11 feet. The trunk is hollow for about 10 feet, and several of the larger branches above that are also in a decayed condition. It was in the hollow of the oak that the fire burned fiercest, and as the flames spread from branch to branch the effect was singular in the extreme. The fire was extinguished in a few hours, but not before the fine old tree had been almost completely destroyed. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Horseflesh as Food.

Horseflesh for food has increased wonderfully in popularity in France. At Paris, the first horse butchery was opened on July 9, 1886, and in that year 902 horses were slaughtered. Through seventeen years the business steadily increased, and the count shows that 203,537 solipeds were consumed in the city. On Jan. 1, 1889, the horse butcheries numbered 132. In other cities of France the output of the horse butcheries is enormous. Hippophagy is also in great favor at Rotterdam. Horse meat is used there as human food to an extent that is unknown in Denmark, Sweden and Switzerland, as well as in parts of Italy. It is extensively used in Milan, while it is scorned in Turin. In the latter city only fifty-five horses were slaughtered in 1888, and the flesh was used exclusively for feeding the animals of a menagerie. A Spanish writer regrets that hippophagy is not adopted in Spain, where it would benefit numerous poor laborers, to whom ordinary meat is an article of luxury on account of its high price. In Paris, the price of horse meat is about half that of beef for corresponding cuts.

The Temple of Baal.

There rises a huge wall 70 feet high, inclosing a square court of which the side is 740 feet long. Part of the wall, having fallen into ruins, has been rebuilt from the ancient materials, but the whole of the north side, with its beautiful pilasters, remains perfect. As the visitors enter the court they stand still in astonishment at the extraordinary sight which meets their eyes; for here, crowded within those four high walls, is the native village of Tadmor. It was natural enough for the Arabs to build their mud huts within these ready-made fortifications, but the impression produced by such a village in such a place is indescribably strange. The temple, so to speak, is eaten out at the core, and little but the shell remains. But here and there a fluted Corinthian column or group of columns, with entablature still perfect, rises in stately grace far over the wretched huts, the rich, creamy color of the limestone and the beautiful moldings of the capitals contrasting with the clear blue of the cloudless sky. The best view of the whole is to be obtained from the roof of the naos, which, once beautiful and adorned with sculpture, is now all battered and defaced and has been metamorphosed into a squalid little mosque. To describe the view from that roof were indeed a hopeless task. High in the clear blue air and the golden sunshine rise the stately columns; crowded and jumbled together below, untouched by the gladdening sunbeams, unfreshened by the pure, free air, lies all the squalor and wretchedness of an Arab mud-hut village.

The Eagle as a Symbol.

The history of the eagle as the symbol of the Roman Empire, and of other powers claiming succession to the same, is here fully stated. In Europe there are still the eagles of Austria, Russia and Germany, besides others pertaining to minor principalities. An able writer remarks that "owing to the restoration of the Western empire during the rule of the Byzantine Caesars, the world has never since (the time of Augustus) been without one or two Emperors of the Romans. The present Austrian Emperor, though holding scarcely a province of Adrian's, is the direct successor of Charlemagne, who was crowned in Rome Emperor of the Romans, the sixteenth from Augustus." The Czar of Russia bears the double-headed eagle, which was assumed by the Grand Duke Ivan Basilovitch, who in 1472 married Sophia daughter of Thomas Paleologus and niece of the last Emperor of Byzantium, Constantine XIV. The German Emperor reigns over some Roman provinces and bears a single-headed eagle with the crown of Charlemagne. The single-headed eagle, assumed with the imperial title by the first Napoleon Bonaparte, sets forth the union of the whole Roman Empire as the traditional aim of his family. All this strikingly harmonizes with the admitted fact of the continuance to the present time, though in a divided state, to the Roman Empire, and suggests thoughts as to what may be the ultimate meaning of the words, "Whosoever the body is thither will the eagles be gathered together."

Nails.

It is safe to say that not one person in a thousand is able to give the origin of the terms ten-penny, six-penny, two-penny, etc., as applied to nails. For many years these useful commodities were made a specified number of pounds to the thousand, and this standard is still recognized in England and other countries. For instance, in the first-named locality, a ten-penny nail is understood to be one of a kind of which an equal number would comprise six pounds, and a six-penny nail one of a lot of which an equal number would comprise six pounds. "Penny" is really a survival of the English "pun," a corruption of "pound," as originally intended. Formerly the pound mark (£) followed the figures designating the size of the nails, thus: 2£, 6£, 10£, and so on, but this in time gave way to the penny mark (d), as at the present time.

Handcuffs might appropriately be called sad-irons.—[Lowell Courier.

PERSONAL

Mr. B. Sawden, of Toronto, is contributing to the "Dominion Illustrated" a series of articles on "Civil Government in Canada." Mr. Sawden is a clever writer and this subject in his hands will be efficiently treated.

The Archdukes of the reigning house of Austria became of age on the twentieth anniversary of their birth. The attainment of his majority by Archduke Joseph Ferdinand Salvator, son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a few days ago, was celebrated with considerable pomp at Vienna. The young man is a pupil of the Military Academy in the Austrian Capital.

General Obrutcheff, recently placed in command of the Russian armies, is too stout to sit in a saddle and even walks with difficulty. His wife is a Frenchwoman, and he is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of a Franco-Russian alliance. This being so, he is an ardent Pan-Slavist and a bitter foe of everything German. General Obrutcheff is some 65 years of age.

Gladstone buys so many books that he invariably demands a discount of 10 per cent. from his booksellers. The story is told that when a dealer in the Strand refused to give the discount to the G.O.M. because he was not a bookseller, the ex-Premier replied: "I buy books and I sell them when they have served my purpose; I ought to have the discount." But the bookseller refused to give it.

Otto, the insane King of Bavaria, is reported to have become much worse as the result of his incessant smoking of cigarettes, of which he consumed six packages a day. He is at times so violent that it is necessary for his attendants to strap him to his bed. He has daily periods of unconsciousness, and has recently been too ill to leave the apartment in which he is confined.

General Lord Wolseley at Sebastopol lost an eye and received a severe wound, the trace of which is clearly visible on his cheek to-day. He was then a young engineer officer and stood in the advance line of intrenchments sketching a plan of the works when a round shot struck near him, shattered a gabion full of stones, killed two men, and threw Lord Wolseley to the ground.

The details of the shooting of two men by a Berlin sentry, imperfectly reported by cable certainly put a new light upon the act of the Emperor in publicly commending the soldier, and it is only fair that they should be published as widely and as fully as the original story. It appears that the sentry, Private Luck, was on duty in an unfrequented street at 11:30 p. m., when he was hustled by three men who deliberately blocked his way and insulted him. He warned them several times, and finally threatened to arrest them, when one of them drew and brandished a knife. The sentry seized him, but the man broke from him and fled. Luck pursued him, crying "Halt!" to the end of his beat, and then, according to regulations, fired, killing his chief assailant and wounding one of the others. The dead man, who drew the knife, turned out to be one Brandt, who had been convicted of participation in the February riots, and was "wanted" by the police for a murderous assault which he had committed only a few days before his attack on the sentry. Luck's promotion was not an impulsive act by the Emperor, but the result of a long and careful examination by the military authorities, five weeks after the shooting. Why there need have been so much delay in finding all this out no one seems to know.

SOME OF THE HEROES.

Awful Stories Told by Members of the Rescuing Parties in Oil City.

A thrilling story is told by Harry McVeagh, a member of a rescuing party which saved a number of lives. The party found eleven persons clinging to the foot bridge crossing at the head of Seneca street. "Their condition was horrible," I wish that I could close my eyes and shut out the sight. Their clothing was burned off of their bodies, their hair was singed, and their eyes, even in some cases, were burned out. Yet, some of them, I believe, will live. They clung piteously to us as we took them from the bridge into our boat, and the cries they sent up were the most pitiful that ever reached my ears. There were seven men and four women. The appearance of the latter was particularly distracting. We have cared for them the best we can, but God pity them."

William L. Stewart of Silverville lost his life while saving others. His body was fearfully burned.

John S. Klein, superintendent of the shops of the National Transit Company, gave timely warning of the disaster, thereby saving many lives. He was near the tunnel on the Lake Shore road, when the pungent odor of benzine borne on the breeze attracted his attention. Knowing that some accident must have happened upstream, or that a volume of oil was floating down the creek, he recognized at once the fearful result that would ensue if it should catch fire.

Running as fast as he could from house to house he shouted: "Put out your fires and run for your lives." Many heeded him and fled to the hills. He had not gone far before a flash as if from some huge thunderbolt illuminated the valley, and in an instant a wall of flame arose from the creek, enveloping everything within the compass of the rushing water in its awful grasp.

Just before the fire a little boy was found clinging to a plank in the creek. He was rescued, but died in a few minutes after being taken out of the water. While the boy was being taken out the rescuers saw a dead baby float down the river with the drift just for the explosion.

Thomas McGinnis rescued a little boy 3 years old who had fallen in the mud. The lad said his name was Johnny Green.

An Inherited Attitude.

Father—"Your school report is generally good, but you are marked very low in deportment. Why is that?"

Boy—"I always forget and stand on one foot and rest the other on a railing or something when I recite and teacher marks me for that. I told her I couldn't help it and she says maybe I inherited it."

"Inherited it?"

"Yesir. She said that's the way men stand when they are talking over a bar."

In the Matanzas district of Cuba crops have been destroyed and about 450 cattle drowned by floods. The furniture of 325 dwellings was carried away or ruined.

BOUND FOR ARCTIC REGIONS.

A Number of Scientific Men Are setting Their Faces Northward.

Two well-known Swedish scientific men, Messrs. Bjorling and Kallstenius, arrived in St. Johns, N. F., a few days ago. They are commissioned by the Geographical and Zoological societies of Stockholm to explore the shores of Smith Sound, in the Arctic regions, to collect specimens of the flora and fauna of the district, and to take astronomical observations. They will hire a schooner here for their voyage, from which they expect to return in September.

Whalers here who are acquainted with the work these explorers have planned for themselves think they cannot carry out the programme. It is believed to be utterly impossible for a sailing vessel to reach Smith Sound this summer in time for the party to do any scientific work and return this season. The last sailing vessel to pass through the difficult ice of Melville Bay was the schooner of Dr. Hayes. He had a terribly hard time of it and could not possibly have returned the same season.

The sealers and whalers here think that vessels depending on sails alone have no business at all in Melville Bay. It is thought certain that unless the Swedish explorers equip their vessel for a stay of a year and a half at least they will either come to grief or will return without having accomplished anything.

Information has been received that a party of Americans is coming to explore Labrador and visit the Great Falls, which were discovered last year.

It is reported that the expedition which will leave here about July 1 under the leadership of Prof. Heilprin of Philadelphia to bring back the Peary party who, it is supposed, have been sledging on the inland ice of North Greenland will bring back a large collection as possible illustrating the life and arts of the Smith Sound natives for exhibition at the World's Fair.

Another American party will leave here soon in order to transport for the World's Fair three villages of different tribes of Eskimos with all their belongings, and also a village of Indians inhabiting the mountainous districts in the interior of Labrador.

Talk From a Horse.

Don't ask me to back with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't lend me to some blockhead that has less sense than I have.

Don't think because I am a horse that iron-weeds and briars don't hurt my hay.

Don't be careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eyes, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't hitch me to an iron post or railing when the mercury is below freezing. I need the skin on my tongue.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured, especially if snow be on the ground.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cold right where I must lie down. I am tired and can't select a smooth place.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food. When I get lean, it is a sign my teeth want filing. Don't make me drink ice-cold water, nor put a frosty bit in my mouth. Warm the bit by holding a half minute against my body.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't say whoa unless you mean it. Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save a runaway and smash-up.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself, too. Try it yourself some time. Run up hill with a big load.

Alive After Execution.

That weird story that comes from Texas of the negro who was hanged upon the scaffold until justice was satisfied that he was legally dead, and who afterwards came to life and is now able to polish off a "possum in first-class style, reminds me that there are several cases on record of criminals surviving judicial execution. More than six centuries ago Juetta de Belsham hanged for three days, was cut down and pardoned, the superstitious people believing that God had decreed otherwise. Obadiah Walker, a former master of New College, Oxford, England, tells of a Swiss who was hanged thirteen times, every attempt being frustrated by a peculiarity of the windpipe which prevented strangulation. Ann Green, who was hanged in Oxford in 1650, survived the ordeal, was pardoned by the crown and was soon after married. In 1808 one John Green was hanged in London and recovered on the dissecting table of Surgeon Blizard. A fitting close for this "note" is the story of "Half-Hanged Maggie." She was hanged in Edinburgh in 1740, came to life while being taken to potter's field and lived for years afterwards.

Growth of Hair After Death.

The growth of the hair and beard after death have been too often proven to be doubted, but the most remarkable case on record is probably that of a man named Haskell, who in the year 1868, died in Northfield, Minn. During his life he had worn only a heavy black mustache, but a few years ago, when his friends removed his body to another cemetery, the coffin broke open and the face and head were found to be covered with a growth of bushy black hair over two feet in length. Such cases as this seem to encourage the idea that the air has a life of its own apart from the dy.

Dr. Mall, of Berlin, adopted recently a novel method of testing the genuineness of certain spirit manifestations given by Dr. Pinkert, a noted medium. Dr. Mall provided himself with a syringe of liquid caustic, and when the spirits appeared he gave the shadowy forms a shower that sent them howling. As a result of the exposure Dr. Pinkert has been arrested.

A Lord and His Hurdy-Gurdy.

A nation possessing a nobility and aristocracy is bound to have incidents of personal errandism which in countries where all people are born equal would excite little more than passing notice after serving as seven-day wonders. In England it seems to be next to impossible to have the public cease talking about Lord So-and-so's indiscretions, or Lady Somebody's errors. As death loves a shining mark, so does the public dote on a bit of gossip affecting a person of high degree. The lordling who annexes a consort from the ballet stage becomes as well known as a prime minister, and living down the notoriety of such a match, or the divorce-court proceedings which usually follow, is impossible.

The "performance" of a scion of a noble house which never will be forgotten in England, is that of Viscount Hinton, who some two years ago set out on a campaign as unique as it was mortifying to his family. Not possessing the talent or the means to acquire "fame" through the ordinary mediums, he gave expression to such musical instinct as he possessed, not by becoming an operatic tenor, or a player in the orchestra, nor even a performer on the yellow clarinet in a German band, but supplied himself with the vulgar hand-organ of commerce and embarked on the career of a strolling street-musician.

The shock to the pride and feelings of the peer of the realm, Earl Poulett, his father, must have been very great; but the noble earl kept his grief to himself, and the public is left to conjecture his chagrin or attitude on the subject, beyond the indefinite understanding that the viscount has been disowned. True, the will and say-so of the old earl cannot overturn England's law of primogeniture, and the musical-inclined son remains as much the heir as the day he was born, and nothing can rob the young man of his right, if he survives, at some time to wear the coronet of the earldom and take his seat in the House of Lords.

Viscount Hinton's queer freak was at first believed to be but a drastic measure for forcing the earl to terms in some matter, but as he persists in his fantastic course and the old gentleman preserves outward imperturbability, organ-grinding may now be regarded as his more or less permanent employment.

Wherever the proud earl goes, whether to Hinton St. George at Crewkerne, or to his more favourite seat at Bishop's Waltham in Hampshire, or to his town club in Pall Mall, he is never beyond the possible reach of the—to him exasperating—strains of the family hand-organ. Let there be a house-party or a gathering of country people, Viscount Hinton is more than likely to turn up in the neighborhood with the latest turn in machine-made melody.

I saw the young man a few months ago at Southsea, the residential quarter of Portsmouth, where he was playing his calling to reap the harvest of coins from the hotels and villas thronged with the fashionable world drawn to the Solent to witness a grand naval pageant in which royalties were playing a prominent part. In front of a hotel, just as the dinner hour was over and daylight was giving way to darkness, "his lordship" trundled his piano-organ inside the gates and started grinding out the repertoire of the instrument. The waiters said it was Lord Hinton, and the statement was substantiated by a neatly-framed placard appended to the organ which read:

I AM THE
VISCOUNT HINTON,
Son of the Earl of Poulett and heir
to the Title and Dignities.
(Vide Burke and Debrett.)
through no fault of my own I am
educated to earning a livelihood
in this manner.

The music was rather better than that of the average street organ. Technique and execution being governed mechanically, there was, of course, small chance for a display of ability, but he managed to impart taste and sentiment in the modulations of the movement of the crank. He was dressed with obvious propriety for the occupation. The coat of velvet—not velvet—betokened the artist, and was accentuated by a cravat knotted in the mode affected by the fleur-de-musical Paris. The current melodies of the music hall, with a sprinkling of Offenbach, and one or two airs that always strike the patriotic chord in British hearts, having been duly filtered through the machine, the viscount, with a grace worthy of a court ball, turned the crank over to the young woman who was sharing his fortunes as viscountess. While she ground out "Here comes the bogie man," or some such tune, Viscount Hinton, with much elegance of demeanor and unruffled cheerfulness, ran lightly up the steps to the hotel entrance to look after the business feature of his enterprise. Each person present was given the opportunity to drop any stray coin he or she might possess into the artistic little metal cup politely extended by his lordship. The "I thank you kindly" was uttered with unvarying precision as each dote was contributed to the exchequer of this noble representative of the higher cult of musical mendicancy.

The result must have been satisfying, for the takings easily amounted to nearly two pounds. No one felt the poorer for giving liberally to one who, whatever his failings, certainly had the courage of his convictions. It was a good-natured and considerate audience, preserving an attitude of kindly amusement, and with no thought of jeering or chaffing. There were present, perhaps, men born to the same rank to whom fortune and circumstances had been more propitious than to this confrere whose name was never seen in the society column of the Morning Post or in the lists of grantees attending a court function.

Lord Hinton plies his calling in no perfunctory way, but with dignity and directness. Even if inspired at the outset by malicious motives, he has persevered in his career long enough to win a certain admiration for his "pluck."

He goes wherever he can find a holiday or gala gathering, and at times plays on the steamers crossing the channel. Museum and side-show "engagements" have been offered him by the score, but he chooses to maintain the integrity of the pursuit he has adopted by declining with thanks all such proposals.

He finds there is money in his business, and who can say he does not earn it?

Presidents without policy would be potatoes without salt.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS

Succi, the faster, is insane, and now in an asylum near Paris.

The revenue collected from last year's ascents to the top of the Eiffel Tower amounted to \$115,000.

In the centre of the Russian petroleum district the water used for the boilers costs more than the fuel.

The business of preparing banana meal is about to be started on the Isthmus of Panama.

Philadelphia is said to be the greatest carpet manufacturing city in the world.

The oil fuel used in a copper-smelting works at Kedah in the Caucasus is pumped to an elevation of 328 feet through fifteen miles of four-inch steel pipe.

The Town of Cassel is going to spend 730,000 marks, to which the Government will add 230,000 marks, in making the River Fulda navigable and erecting warehouses, &c., near the harbor.

The Spanish Government has taken possession of the largest shipbuilding works in that country, and is offering inducements for English shipwrights to superintend the work.

The harbour works in Lisbon are about to be abandoned, as far as improvements are concerned, as the contractor finds himself unable to carry on the work.

They have shot a leopard in Bengal credited with destroying 154 persons.

1891 saw the first increase in the export of Chinese tea that has occurred in ten years.

The best road, according to Parsian experts, for hardness and unwearyable service is made of volcanic scoria.

Herr Sonnenschein, the Chief Judge in German East Africa, has sentenced seventeen Arabs to be hanged for holding a slave market within his territory.

Last year 6,346 pipes of wine were exported from Madeira, as against 5,592 pipes during 1890. The 1891 vintage is reported to be excellent.

A miniature copper tea kettle has been hammered out of a copper cent by Robert Ducker, foreman of a copper shop at the Bath (Me.) Iron Works. The kettle is perfect in every detail, and water can be boiled in it. The words "one cent" can be seen on the bottom. Ducker was eight hours doing the work.

There has been a tremendous increase of drunkenness in France since the destruction of the vines by the phylloxera. Bad wine is thought to be largely to blame.

The novelty of the production of an opera by a woman composer occurred at the Grand Theatre, Bordeaux, a short time ago. The opera is by Mme. de Grandval. It is named "Mazepa," and is in four acts and six tableaux. The local critics speak in high praise of the music.

A young man in Newcastle, Del., having inherited \$8,000 or \$10,000, astonished his neighbors by spending \$2,100 in three weeks and starting off with another \$1,000 in his pocket. He bought among other things two bicycles at \$150 each, a diamond ring for \$275, eight suits of clothes, and several 1,000-mile tickets on various railway lines. In addition to all this he hired a box for the summer at an opera house in Philadelphia.

The Columbus celebration at the Spanish port of Palos, from which the navigator sailed, will begin on Aug. 2 and continue to Oct. 13. The announcement of the opening of the festivities will be made by heralds going about the streets with trumpets and cymbals. The whole celebration will be very picturesque, and as romantic as the Spanish mind.

Because the Canet system for naval guns and carriages represented the most advanced type best adapted to modern warfare is given as the reason why it is adopted for use on board the Greek ironclads in preference to other well-known types of foreign ordnance.

In one of the Comstock mines a new water wheel is to be placed which is to run 1,150 revolutions a minute, and have a speed at its periphery of 10,805 feet per minute. A greater head of water than has ever before been applied to a wheel will be used.

The French appropriations for 1893 will be 645,000,000 francs for the army and 280,000,000 francs for the navy. Ninety-eight new vessels are in course of construction, of which eight ironclads are to be finished next year. Twenty-one new cruisers will be launched by 1896. Sixty-two torpedo boats are to be built, and the Bank of France has 1,447,000,000 francs in gold in its vaults; more than any other European nation.

About 22,000 people of the Kafir race are settled in one of the divisions of Cape Colony, in southern Africa. They have a finely cultivated tract of country there, and have made remarkable progress in civilization within a few years. They are of a peculiarly peaceable, law-abiding character, and have little use for the few policemen whom they keep. Mr. Gresswell, an African geographer, who knows them well, holds that they are a higher type than the Malays, or the Maories, or the red Indians, and believes that they will become very influential in southern and central Africa.

The German cyclists held a grand meet near Friedrichruh in honor of Prince Bismarck, the latter delivering the following address: "Gentlemen, your visit gives me extreme pleasure. I take it as a great honor that you have come from such distant parts of Germany to greet me. I am also rejoiced to see, from the telegrams I have received from Thuringia, Silesia, and elsewhere, that your comrades there unite with you in your greeting. I am pleased to note the prosperity of your association. Your sport involves an exercise by which health is promoted, and some substitute provided for the ball and wrestling games so popular in England. They have not yet taken root among us, whereas in England even the ladies delight in such pastimes. Muscular exercises, such as ball games involve, have not gained real acceptance among us. Almost the only sport which promotes the action of the lower muscles is that which you carry on, and you deserve all praise for procuring your countrymen this blessing."

Hofbauer (on his deathbed)—"At last the time has come for me to be revenged on that Lindenbauer. So then, wife, you hear, the wretch is not to be invited to my funeral."—[Unsere Gesellschaft.

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, JUNE 30, 1892.

VICTORY!

Seldom if ever in the history of the county has there been such a genuine cause for rejoicing in the ranks of the Conservative party as the magnificent victory which perched upon their banners on Tuesday evening last,—the grand culmination to a fierce and bitter fight with a relentless and unscrupulous foe. But whilst saying this we do not think it would be just to claim that so great a victory belongs altogether to the Conservatives of Pontiac: good Liberals and men of independent views,—men possessing the true sentiments of loyalty to our own institutions, who have a belief and a faith in the future of our country, and men who believe, too, that Pontiac has material within its own borders wherefrom to mould her contributions to the Legislative Halls of this country, without seeking for such in other provinces of the Dominion; we say—and we rejoice to have it to say—these elements combined to make one solid phalanx, and thereby were enabled to present a firm and invulnerable front to the enemy.

Mr. Murray has been shown for the third time, and on this occasion, with a determined and unmistakable positiveness that Pontiac will have none of him; and it has also been made manifest to the Dominion at large, that this grand old county is solid for a policy which preserves Canada for the Canadians, and a home market for the products of the Canadian farmer and the Canadian artisan.

As has been all along contended in these columns, Mr. Murray was not the choice of the people of this county, when he by a narrow victory succeeded in getting the seat. In the result of Tuesday we have a full bearing out of that contention, and the action of the people on that occasion demonstrates conclusively, that they were quite in accord with the course which was taken to wrest the county from Mr. Murray's grasp, the ravings of political ranters of the Pattisonian type to the contrary notwithstanding. Pontiac has adjusted itself and don't you forget it. It therefore behooves us to commend Mr. Murray to the care of his friends on the other side of the Ottawa river. We have no use for political back numbers on this side.

The New Mining Bill.

EXPLAINED BY THE COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS.

In the Quebec Legislature on the 20th of June, Hon. Mr. Lynch made the following explanations regarding the amendments to the Mining Act, which he introduced and which have become law:—

He said: Notwithstanding the advanced stage of the session I think that, seeing the importance of this bill, I should give this House some explanation of its aims. Twelve years ago I had the honor to submit to the Legislature the Mining law of 1880. It will be remembered that this law was opposed both here and elsewhere. Its disallowance was even asked for. Finally it went into operation and has been able to survive for twelve years, a long career for a bill in this province. I can foresee a brilliant future in store if the Government, with the aid of the people, legislates wisely and administers this source of revenue from a business rather than a political standpoint.

"The law of 1890 will be done away with by that which I now propose. I do not wish to criticize those who approved of that legislation, but I think that it was subject to many serious objections. One of its clauses, article 1,425, was so strongly opposed that its disallowance was asked for, having enunciated the principle that all mines belonged to the Crown. The law of 1880 gave in certain cases the right of buying back mining rights, for example, by seigneurs. All these principles were supported by the law of 1890, in that section which speaks of all mines belonging to the Crown. Those interested ask that this clause be disallowed. The law of 1890 was subject to another objection, which resulted in the arrangement of the royalty. The law of 1880 imposed no royalty, but simply allowed the Lieutenant-Governor in-council to impose it, and as a matter of fact it was not imposed. It has been represented against these royalties that our mines being yet in their infancy, it will imperil the mining industry in this province to impose them. The then Government recognized that the time was not propitious for imposing royalties. The present law only allows the Lieutenant-Governor in-council to impose it five years after the concession of mining rights."

He then explained the general tenor of the bill and drew the attention of the House to the classification of the different metals into superior and inferior metals, which has for its object to make clearer other dispositions with preference to the

prices of mining concessions. There are also exceptional dispositions, the objects of which is to protect all vested rights. Since 1880 the mines belonged to the Crown, even in the case of a concession without the reserve of mining rights. Happily in concessions without any reserve the rights of gold and silver mines still belonged to the Crown. The bill also contains a special clause as to phosphate, which require special legislation.

"As to seigniories very few people have taken advantage of the act of 1880, but I may say that they were wrong not to do so, for one may well be ignorant for many years of the existence of a rich mine which is suddenly discovered. I then invite the interested parties to profit by the legislation which the Government offers them in their own interests as well as in the interest of the public revenue. On the subject of royalties there is much to be said for and against them. Personally I do not care much for these royalties, but they are a right given to the Crown under the French administration, and it does seem just that the Government should keep something in return for the protection afforded to the mines. Persons interested in the mines have asked me to rather impose a tax. We have concluded to authorize the Government to impose royalties five years after concession. The Ontario law puts a term of seven years. The basis on which this royalty is to be established is indicated. It is the mode followed in Ontario, and I think that our measure will meet the views of interested parties, for it is as liberal as possible. It being granted that the Government is proprietor of the mining lands, the bill points out the mode of acquiring these lands. It is two-fold, either by purchase or by obtaining a permit of exploration. The latter mode can be followed by observing certain formalities. As to the purchase price, it varies according to the degree of these metals and the distance of the mine from railroads. It is also lawful for the Governor-in-council to modify these prices. Suggestions on this subject have been received from persons interested in the mining industry. They proposed much higher taxes than these, but they did not insist upon royalties.

"I saw one objection to these propositions. An immense extent of mining lands has already been disposed of at prices of \$1, \$2, and \$5 per acre. Purchasers of this land could give back these lands and thus create such a feeling on the market that the Government could not sell thousands of acres not yet granted. But if these gentlemen really wish to pay the high prices which they suggested, we will accommodate them as soon as possible. (Laughter.) To ensure the exploration of mining lands the bill requires that the purchaser before being able to acquire his letters patent must do a certain amount of exploring. This is not a new idea. The Ontario Legislature took very rigorous measures to oblige the operators of mines to explore them. The act of 1890 on this point granted the Commissioner of Crown Lands extreme powers. It authorized him so revoke letters patent after their issue. By the law which we submit the issue of letters patent is suspended. The advantages which we offer to those who take a permit is to give them the preference in buying the mine which they discover."

THE INSPECTION OF MINES.

Speaking of that part of the law referring to the administration of mines, Hon. Mr. Flynn said that the inspection of mines should be confided to persons specially adapted for the work. His personal opinion was that some two perfectly competent inspectors should suffice. The system of inspection in vogue is absolutely inefficient. We should be able to analyze our minerals, and the province is sufficiently advanced on the mining industry not to require to ask Americans to value our minerals.

Some new clauses have been inserted to protect the very life of our mining industry. Other clauses relating to mining claims which had no longer any *raison d'être* have disappeared. As the result of a misunderstanding the bill does not contain the provisions which the hon. minister wished to insert to restrain the judicial powers granted to mine inspectors.

Roller flour, oat and corn meal at lowest market price, at J. Hodgins & Son.

Hon. Mr. Blake left for Ireland on Saturday last.

The Quebec Legislature was prorogued on Friday last.

It is expected the House of Commons will prorogue about a week from Friday, 8th July.

There is to be a social on the grounds of the Presbyterian Church, Bristol, on the evening of July 7th. Posters giving particulars have been issued.

Three men named John Curren, James Kearns and William Gunn were blown to pieces by an explosion at the Lachute cartridge factory on Tuesday.

Ladies, before purchasing your Dress Goods for spring and summer, see Hodgins & Son's stock, all new goods and latest shades.

In some places where the land is low the heavy rain during this month has partially destroyed the growth. The crops, on the whole, however are forging ahead unto maturity with phenomenal strides.

HATS, HATS—Jas. Hodgins & Son are showing a very large line of men's and boys' felt and fur hats in all the latest shades and shapes.

The Sunday school picnic at No. 5, Clarendon on Wednesday last came off very successfully, the very creditable sum of \$27.61 being realized. In the evening a social was held at Mr. John Hodgins's house, at which a further sum of \$3.85 was taken.

Daily Arrivals

NEW GOODS

FOR OUR

Spring and Summer Trade

COMPRISING

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Boots and Shoes,

—HATS.—

Shelf & Heavy Hardware, Paints,

Oils, Wall papers, Groceries,

Drugs and Druggists',

Sundries.]

The Largest Stock at Lowest Prices.

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED.

JAS. HODGINS & SON.

P. S.—Beware of bogus half-price Sales.

BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.

THE POPULAR PLACE

FOR

POPULAR PRICES.

DRESS GOODS.

Genuine and surprising bargains all this week in Figured Bedford Cords, Serges, Cashmeres, Henriettas, Cheviot Checks, Cheviot Diagonals, Muslin de laines, Challies, &c., at prices that will increase the crowd of last week.

No dull times here,
No incomplete stock,
No old goods.

Day after day, week after week, the crowds become larger. Our success in your success.

CHINA BARGAINS.

There's a great line of China and Glassware on the list today. Dinner and Tea sets, Water pitchers, Ice water sets, Berry dishes, Lamps of all kind, Sheffield and Rogers' Cutlery, Silverplated ware.

Prices, of course, 30 to 40 per cent less than others.

BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.,
146, 148, 150, 152, and 154,
Spark's Street, Ottawa.

Grocery Department—33 and 35 O'Connor Street.

Teachers Wanted.

THE BOARD of school commissioners of the school municipality of Clarendon, will meet at the Town Hall in the village of Shawville at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of Saturday the 2nd day of July next, to receive applications from school teachers, to fill the vacancies in the 13 schools in the municipality.

Personal, or applications by letter, will be received. Applicants will please state salary.

13 Elementary and one Model teacher.

By Order,
H. MATHESON Sec.-Treas.

Shawville, 13th June, 1892.

THE SHAWVILLE LIVERY

Is now fully equipped to meet the requirements of the public.

Good Horses and Rigs

always on hand and available on the shortest notice.

Particular attention paid to the Commercial Trade.

Stables - - - opposite Russell House.

ROBT. HOBBS,

PROPRIETOR.
Shawville, April 11, 1890.

WANTED.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, will be received until noon on the 25th of June, 1892, for a secretary-treasurer for the school commissioners of the municipality of South Ouslow, county of Pontiac. The commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.
JOSEPH EDEY,
Quyon, P.O., Que.

WANTED.

TWO FEMALE TEACHERS for the Bryson Model school. One Principal, holding a Model school diploma, and one holding a first-class Elementary diploma. Applicants to give date and place diploma was secured and also to state salary expected.
Address W. RIMER.

23rd June, 1892.

Teachers Wanted.

WANTED—A teacher holding a second-class diploma for No. 1 School, Leslie. Duties to commence the 15th August. Apply, stating salary, to
H. H. SEAMAN,
Leslie, June 28th, 1892. Otter Lake P. O.

Teacher Wanted.

A FEMALE Teacher holding a first or second class diploma for the Province of Quebec, for diss. school, No. 1, Calumet Island. All applications, stating salary, expected to be made to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of July next.
MALCOLM LEROY,
Sec.-Treas.,
Dunraven, P. O.,
Pontiac, Que.
June 16th, 1892.

NOTICE.

We Head the List in the Oil Trade,

and as in the past we guarantee every barrel to be as represented.

Our Diamond (new process) Burning Oil

HAS NO EQUAL:

Peerless Oil, for Machine Purposes,

Is Guaranteed to be the Best Wearing Oil in the Market.

The Samuel Rogers Oil Company,

OTTAWA, - - ONT.

R. M'CREDIE & SONS.

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

Contractors and House Builders,

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, etc.

Plans and Specifications Furnished and Estimates Given.

ALL KINDS OF

Rough and Dressed Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Doors

Sash, Frames, Mouldings, etc., in stock.

House Building a Specialty.

ROBT. M'CREDIE & SONS.

Shawville, Oct 15 1888.

PROPRIETORS

DOMINION DAY

- - CELEBRATION. - -

Grand Celebration at Shawville on
JULY 1st, being the 26th
Anniversary of

CONFEDERATION !

Sports and Games of all kinds !
Large amount of Cash Prizes !

PROGRAMME :

FORENOON:—Grand Parade, Football Match, Drawing Bag of Sand, Tug-of-War, &c.

IN THE AFTERNOON—A splendid programme of sports will be conducted in the Exhibition Grounds. A nominal fee of 10c. will be charged at the gates.

Throwing Cricket Ball,
Tossing Caber,
Throwing Heavy Weight,
Eating Buns,
Foot Races for Boys under 14 years,
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Standing Broad Jump,
Running Broad Jump,
Three Standing Jumps,
High Jump,
Prettiest Baby,
Ugliest Man,
Wheelbarrow, Hurdle, Sack, Obstacle
and other Races, 100-Yard Dash, Mile
Race, &c.

RULES.—All entrance fees to be 10 per cent. of purse, excepting ladies' race and girls' race, for which no fees will be charged.

The "Horribles" will appear on the streets at the close of the programme. The Committee are trying to secure the services of a band for the day. All are cordially invited.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

PONTIAC WOOLLEN MILLS,

1892. — ESTABLISHED — 1869.

The above mill will begin operations on or about the

15th of May,

when all orders for

Weaving, Spinning, Carding, &c.,

will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to.

In addition to the above announcement, I wish to inform the public that I have now on hand,

AN IMMENSE STOCK

TWEEDS,

of superior quality, comprising all the new and latest designs in

CANADIAN, ENGLISH & SCOTCH GOODS,

which are offered at prices away below competing point.

Do not miss the opportunity of examining these goods before purchasing.

Also for Sale, Flannels, Blankets, &c., etc.,

A HODGINS.

Shawville, May 10, 1892.

HOLSTEIN'S

is the place to buy your

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

UNDERWEAR,

&c.

Watches, and Jewellery,

A Speciality.

**F. HOLSTEIN,
SHAWVILLE.**

SEASON OF 1892. ROSS POINT FERRY.

The Short Route Communication

opened MAY EIGHTEENTH between Ross Point in the Township of Bristol, and the Northern Terminus of the 14th concession of McNab, Ont., and will continue until the close of navigation, (barring accidents.)

The scow will cross any time required From 8 a.m., till 6, p.m. Tariff,—the same as last year.

The road has been made as good as the average travelled roads of the county, and is intended to be kept in good repair, so there will be no fault to be found with the route.

Excellent accommodation for the conveyance of hay, lumber, farm machinery, grain, produce, &c. Good arrangements to load and unload.

JAMES GREENSHIELDS, MANAGER.
Bristol, June 1, 1892.

READY
For the Spring Trade.

Buggies,
Buggies,

Waggon,
Waggon,

Carriages,
Carriages,

JOHN BECKETT, JR.

is now prepared to supply the public with a first-class article in the above lines.

ORDER NOW.
Shawville, March 24th 1892.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES —IN— SPRING & SUMMER MILLINERY.

now on exhibition at

Mrs. McKenzie's, Shawville.

The ladies of Shawville and vicinity are requested to call and examine the stock which will be found complete in every particular.

Goods of best Quality,

Goods that are Attractive,

Goods that can't be undersold.

MRS. MCKENZIE.

Shawville, April 25, 1892.

IMPORTANT

TO FARMERS!

THE undersigned wishes to inform the farmers of the surrounding country that he has recently purchased a fine Durham Bull with registered pedigree, which will be available for the improvement of stock during the present season. Service—One Dollar.

EDWARD BROWNLEE.
Clarendon, May 23, 1892.

SHAWVILLE

Hair Dressing Parlor,

SILAS YOUNG, - PROP.

Hair-cutting, Shaving, Shampooing done in first-class style.

A CALL SOLICITED.

Shop next door to Turner's, Feb. 15, 1892.

I. A. CADIEUX,

(Spellman's Old Stand.)

QUYON,

KEEPS THE

CHEAPEST HARNESS

AND ALL KINDS OF

HORSE MILLINERY

To be had anywhere in the county.

Nice Sets from \$10 upwards!

Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere
Quyón, May 31, 1892.

DRAIN TILE.

THE UNDERSIGNED will deliver Drain Tile on the Quebec side of the river at Ross Point Ferry, at the following low prices:

2 inch Tile,	\$ 9.50 per thousand.
2½ " "	11.25 " "
3 " "	13.00 " "

WM. BAKER,
DOCHERT BRICK & TILE WORKS.
ARNPRIOR, ONT.

THE PORTAGE DU FORT

ROLLER

FLOUR MILL

Is now running full blast, and is prepared to do every kind of work, Chopping included.

A stock of **FLOUR** always on hand to meet the wholesale and retail demand.

Bakers and housekeepers obtain excellent results in fancy bread or pastry from Manitoba hard wheat flour which is a specialty at this mill.

HIGHEST PRICE paid for WHEAT.
GERALD H. BRABAZON.

Portage du Fort, 23rd May, 1892.

JOHN HODGINS

BAKERY, GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE

TO THE PUBLIC

If you want anything in his line of goods, he is prepared to furnish it at lowest prices, viz:

Good Teas,
Sugar,
Maple Syrup,
Apples,
Oranges,
Lemons,
Oatmeal, Confectionery,
Rolled Oats,
Corn Meal,
Germ Meal,
Fish,
Pork,
Canned Apples, Canned Fish,
Strawberries,
Peaches, &c.

RENFREW ROLLER FLOUR ALWAYS ON HAND.

Farmer's Produce taken in Exchange for Groceries.

Bride's Cake Prepared on Shortest Notice.

E. HODGINS' ADVT.

Notwithstanding the great importance of our election, and its absorbing interest to the great majority of the people, we would gently remind them that at this season of the year they require

BUTTER CROCKS,
CHURNS,
PRESERVE CROCKS,
GEM JARS.

Muslins, Embroideries, Prints,
Dress Trimmings, Hosiery & Gloves.

DON'T FORGET

YOUR PARIS GREEN,

AND THAT

OUR HAYING GOODS ARE NOW IN STOCK.

BUTTER.

Owing to the great loss sustained in packing Butter we will not buy pails pieces this summer. Kindly pack in tubs.

PROCLAMATION!

Electors of Pontiac,

GRITS AND TORIES.

YOU ARE HEREBY INVITED to attend at the premises of the undersigned during the next 30 days and supply your wants in

HAYING and HARVESTING TOOLS,

MACHINE OILS,

PARIS GREEN,

SPADES,

FENCE WIRE

SHOVELS,

CROWBARS, &c.

AT LOWEST PRICES.

June 10th, 1892.

J. H. SHAW.

DORIS AND I.

BY JOHN R. STAFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

There was evil in front of us, and much aching of hearts and suffering. But the thistle sang in the sycamore tree, and the swallows curved and twittered all about us, and in the rich amber light we could see that all was fair and good; then our eyes would meet, and we thought not of evil, Doris and I. We spoke little, our hearts being very full and words mere idleness. Doris looked out again to the west, leaning her head against me, and taking my hand as it twined over her shoulder. We were in the orchard by the old green wicket, where a month ago, before the blossoms had burst their buds, she had allowed me to tell her an old tale, and had said one word of her own to give it finish. And as the thistle sang his love-song, and the sun sank to his bed behind the hills, I thought of then and now, and my head lowered and I kissed her forehead gently. Then Doris sighed as if a spell was broken. For I had come to tell of my windfall; that I was no longer a poor man; that instead of waiting for years, we might begin our married life on my return from Canada in three months or so; and the sudden happiness of the thing had wrapt us round and silenced us both. Now that the first flush of it was over, we remembered the fleeting minutes, and fell to talking. What we said is of no account here; but so little did we dream of harm, or a accident of nature to cross our happiness, that not once did we mention him, though we knew he was coming next day, to stay perhaps for some weeks, as sick people do.

Then we said good-bye, and I opened the wicket to pass through; but seeing the wet in her eyes, lingered a while longer till she was smiling again, when I let her go. But I looked back again every dozen yards or so; and when I got across the second meadow and stood by the stile before vaulting into the high-road, I could still see the straight white figure among the green, and the waving handkerchief. So I asked God to keep her, and went my way with the rose she had given me. Walking home in the pink twilight, the heaviness at leaving her wore off as I looked into the future and saw what was there, or rather what I pictured in it. For when love is the warp and fortune the woof, what will not the shuttle of love do?

Yesterday, things had been so different. Of all my airy castles, there seemed hardly one left, and I had built a good few. Before I knew Doris, such imaginings had never troubled me; but when I had met her at Winchcomb flowershow, love had touched me with its wand, and of a sudden the dead wall of my life, like that in Chaucer's Romaunt—for I had read a thing or two in the long winter nights before the old place had been hammered into other hands—seemed all alive with pictures. Everything was lit up; the world seemed a new place, and life had sweeter meanings after I had looked into Doris's eyes and she into mine. And when, after many months, I plucked up courage to ask her heart how it was, and as she told me, the future widened out in such a fashion that the sight of it nearly made me light-headed.

Had I known how things were, I should have held my tongue, through shame and hopelessness. But my father never gave a sign that ruin was near upon him; that my comfortable heritage, as I deemed it, was mortgaged to its last rood. The crash came, and then the sale, and then life in a little cottage with a broken-down father and a changed look-out which perhaps made me over-moody. For sometimes I despaired of ever possessing Doris, or of being able under many years to support her in a way fitting to her upbringing. Everything would be broken off, and it would all be dead wall again.

It was in some such humour that the notary's letter found me that morning. I had seldom heard of Uncle Ben, and had never seen him. He had in early manhood deeply wronged my father in some way, and his name was rarely mentioned. I handed the letter to father, and he was dumb like myself, his face working strangely between anger and something softer. Then he put it down and said: "Conscience money, lad, every penny on it; but it's saved yer from my folly, so tek it, an' thank God for teachin' Ben repentance an' me forgiveness—no easy lesson, when a brother— Well, well, let lie. Poor Ben!"

No wonder, then, that I saw visions as I walked home in the light of the aftermath. It was nearly dusk when I arrived at the cottage; and as I turned for a last look at the burnished hills, a bat came between me and the light and fluttered mockingly before me. But I kissed my rose and laughed at the flittermouse.

I had lived some twenty-five years in the world without knowing much more of it than what our valley and its neighbourhood had to show; so that what I saw on my long journey to my uncle's Canadian farm made me wonder and marvel, as young people do when they go for the first time beyond the mountains and see what is there. But there is no need to dwell upon that; and, moreover, it doesn't concern the drift of what I am telling you.

Nor need I say much about the farm and personal estate which had come to me by my uncle's will. I found that the latter came to some eighty thousand dollars chiefly invested in Northern Pacific and other stock; and the former a large tract of prairie-land, with house, farm-buildings, and every appointment of a first-class property. There was a new railway creeping up, which would double its value in a few years' time; and it was for me to say, after I had seen the place, whether I should let it, or wait, or sell it right out. I wrote the lawyer, saying that for the present I would take it in hand till the corn was safely harvested.

So one thing leads on to another, and we prepare our own destiny without knowing it. But I had looked at things in a practical way and according to my lights; and the notary commended me; and Doris sent a letter along saying: "Yes, Jack; but don't tarry the thrashing too," which was only sweetheart like.

The weeks passed on, and I found plenty to occupy and interest me, as was natural. I let Boss Wilson keep much of his authority—he had been in charge of the farm since the death, and his loquacious company was not disagreeable after I had learned to know him. One day in the town near by I happened upon a Worcester man—one Henshaw—and his clannish good feeling made the place still less lonely. Then every

week Doris wrote down her little heart for me to read it, and I sent her an account of mine; and all the while the same sun warmed us, and the same moon set us thinking one of the other when the day was over and our souls skipped out for a game at dreams. She was there and I was here, and soon there would be no there and here, but only one place and we in it.

Thinking to this time I jumped into the saddle one August morning and rode up to the post-office for the usual weekly letter. I always rode over, because the postboy who passed us on his way to the next settlement waited for the second mail at noon. I met Mr. Henshaw at the door of the office with two letters and a newspaper in his hands.

"Mornin', Mr. Sedley," said he; "let o' letters this mail; let me hold the cob till you come out."

That was the beginning of it—there was no letter. I rejoined Henshaw, and walked down with him to his store, heavy with disappointment.

"Like to see the paper?" said he, as I was leaving, after ordering some supplies of this man. "Tain't often I get one; but my brother's hay-ricks a' bin blazin', an' he's sent the account of it. Airl new hay too, an' on'y part insured. Ain't it a pity?" I said it was, and looked moodily through the columns for news that might interest me. Only learned that there had been a regatta at Evesham; and that our old doctor at Ranston had sold his practice to a Dr. Robson—that was all. But as I rode home I kept muttering that doctor's name, wondering where I had heard it before, till suddenly it came to me, bringing a lot of something else with it.

Why had Doris never mentioned him beyond the postscript in her first letter, weeks ago? I had clean forgotten she had a Cousin Stephen, so little did I heed him; but he was still at Ranston, still perhaps an inmate of her home. Why—Here I dropped the reins, and drew out her last letter, to steady me. I read it through, and the dear words brought kindness back, and I kissed her name at the end, saying some one was a fool.

But the doubt had found entrance, and grew, as cancers do, without our knowing it. For the days went on, and no letter came, no sign, till I grew half-wild at the cruelty of it. I wrote, reproaching her; and another week went and another. At last the letter came. The postboy handed it to me as I stood at the gate—I dare say he wondered why I was always there—and I ripped it open, while my heart pumped fit to break itself. Then the paper dropped from my hands, and I held on to the gate with a singing in my ears, and a sudden weakness in seeing, which darkened the sun and all beneath it.

Doris unfaithful—it wasn't natural. Our souls had grafted, and we were one; we were two streams that had met to turn the same millwheel together; our hearts were bound with ligaments of their own growing; there was no undoing what nature had so willed. Yet there was her handwriting, her own words in good black ink telling white it was a liar.

Then all at once, through the rush and swirl of it, came the thought of the new doctor, and a queer coldness went through me as if I had been turned to clay before my time. The life seemed to go out from me, and I could scarcely move my feet as, half staggering, I went indoors and dropped into a chair. Again I read the note, though every cursed word was burnt in my brain for ever.

"I cannot marry you, dear—it is impossible. I like you—I am fond of you, as I told you in the orchard that evening; but I cannot be your wife—I cannot indeed. Oh, I wish I had told you earlier how things were; it was cruel of me to let you go on loving me without telling you the truth. I was afraid to at last; but now you are away it seems less difficult to say. Forgive me; look elsewhere for a more fitting mate—some one who can fully share your new life with you, and help you as a wife should, with head, heart, and hand—some one who can love you better than Doris."

An hour went by, maybe two, while the hardening went on; while the love died away, and the light and the joy of life dimmed and flickered out, leaving me in darkness with hate and revenge. Then I rose up and looked round at the difference of things; for all seemed altered, and not the same. I moved to my desk, and unlocking a drawer, took out all her letters, and they, too, had altered, and were merely so many pieces of paper, not sacred things to be touched with reverence, like bits of the holy rood. But the breath of lavender from them got at some soft corner in me, making my eyes hot and tightening my throat. For a second or two I paused, looking at the vision that grew out of them, till anger puffed and blew it all away, leaving me with only the bundle of papers. This I wrapped up, along with a dead rose and a lock of yellow hair, and directed to Miss Hanlow, Ranston-in-the-Vale, Worcestershire, England.

"Here," said I, as Nita, my uncle's old house-keeper, hobbled in to lay the cloth for tea; "let one of the lads take this to the depot before dark. No matter; I'll take it myself.—Where's Boss?"

"Goin' away?" said Boss Wilson, as I pulled up, half an hour later, at the gate he was mending—"just as the corn's yellowin' for the machines? Summat wrong? You look kinder hit—hope 'tain't serious." He wiped his face, looking hard at mine, which I turned away, feeling it was a tell-tale.

"You won't be alone long," I went on. "My father is on his way, and will take possession of the farm and see to things in my absence. I have asked him to keep you on, Boss, and I think you'll find him a good sort.—Good-bye. See you again some day when I've—when I've found what I want." I glanced down at his furrowed face and saw kindness in it.

"Lost summat, gaffer?" said he, and I could feel the search of his look. He was a shrewd man, twice my age, and may have noticed many things since we had been together.

"Ay, I've lost something," I answered; "but it's not that I'm after, Boss. No use hunting for broken bubbles, I take it."

"No, 'tain't," drawled Boss; "but whatever you're after, it'll tek some findin', I guess, an' you may scour the world up an' down an' find it in yourself when all's done. Have a good knock round, gaffer; an' when it's all burnt out, come back again and mek friends wi' things."

I could see his outstretched hand, and mine went to it involuntarily.

"St'long, gaffer," was all I heard as the horse leaped away with me down the rough track.

"So long," I said to the hot silence and the western solitude, where I had dreamed

my dreams awhile, tolerant of the summer loneliness as long as I could people it with fancy and see Doris and good company beyond it. But to remain there with my dead hopes all about me grinning like marionettes which love had made caper, deluded by its own magic; to live on through the long monotonous heat with no opposite shore for the bridge of thought to touch, with no future but a fogbank where had been a fair country. No, I could not.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RATS ON A STEAMSHIP.

They are in Possession and Will Not be Dislodged.

Probably no ship that enters the harbor of Philadelphia is more dreaded by the sailor man than the Earn Line steamship Unionist, owing to the fact that she is nearly alive with rats. Thousands of these animals enjoy all the luxury of sea life and every effort to rid the ship of the plague has proven futile. Those on board the Unionist dread to sleep, as frequently they are awakened by the pricking sensation of a number of rats running over any portion of the body that may be exposed, and thus the handsome ship is rendered a pest hole by the intrusion of the rodents.

Pilot Kelly, who came up in charge of the Unionist, says he was very tired after walking the bridge all day on the lookout while she was coming up the river, and when she was safely anchored he turned in for a good night's sleep. About midnight he was awakened by the blowing of a ship's steam whistle, and on rising in bed he was horrified to find himself covered and surrounded by rats, every one as large as a cat. Many had nibbled large holes in the quilt, while others jumped around on the floor, gnawing at a large piece of bread they had some way got from the pantry. Kelly was frightened, and walked the deck the rest of the night.

Capt. Neate, the commander of the Unionist, is at his wits' end to know what remedy to adopt. He always carries his wife, and the conditions were such that he had erected on deck a wooden house, in which they both live nearly all the time. Not long ago he adopted a plan to smother the rats by means of closing up all the hatches and burning sulphur throughout the entire ship. By this he succeeded in getting rid of a few thousand of them, but a few weeks later the ship was as thoroughly infested as ever.

The rats on board the Unionist are of a peculiar kind. Some are actually as large as fair-sized cats, and have weighed as much as four pounds. They are of a rare species, never seen in this country, and Capt. Neate thinks they are the pure East Indian rat.

The Unionist, for some years previous to being chartered by the Earn Line Steamship Company, was engaged in the India trade, principally between Pondicherry, the French settlement of the Indies, and Marseilles, carrying peanuts, and it was in this way that the rats first got on board at Pondicherry, they being very fond of peanuts. After this the Unionist went from England to all parts of the world, but the rats in the hold had some cargo to gnaw at until now, and confined themselves to that portion of the ship, never entering either the cabin or fore-castle.

Since January the Unionist has been carrying coal to Cuba and reloading with iron ore, and the rats being unable to subsist on either commodity, have forsaken the holds and invaded the cabins. The sailors have all got news of this and it is next to impossible to get a crew to go in her, as the rat, above all things, is what Jack is most afraid of.

Maori Version of the Deluge.

According to the tradition in the Nga-i-tahu tribe of Maoris, men had become very numerous, and evil prevailed everywhere. The tribes quarrelled, and wars were frequent. The worship of Tane was neglected, and his doctrines were openly denied. Men, says a writer in Science Siftings, utterly refused to believe the teachings of Para-whaeamea and Tupunui-a-uta respecting the separation of heaven and earth by Tane, and at length cursed these two devout men when they continued their teaching. Then these two teachers were very angry, and got their stone axes and cut down "totara" and other trees, which they dragged together to the source of the River Tohinga (baptism). They bound the timber together with vines of the pirita and ropes, and made a very wide raft. Then they made incantations, and built a house on the raft, and put much food into it—fern root, kutmar (sweet potato), and dogs. Next they repeated their incantations, and prayed that rain might descend in such abundance as would convince men of the power of Tane, and prove the truth of his existence, and the necessity of the ceremonies of worship for life and for peace, and to avert evil and death. Then these teachers—with Tia-Rete, a female named Waipuna-Nau, and another woman—got on the raft. Tia-Rete, who was the priest on the raft, prayed that the rain might descend in great torrents, and when it had so rained for four or five days and nights he repeated his incantations that it might cease, and it ceased. The raft was lifted by the waters and floated down the river Tohinga. All men and women and children were drowned of those who denied the truth of the doctrines preached by Tane. The legend then gives a detailed account of the wanderings of the raft, and the doings and adventures of its occupants. Once they saw goddesses wandering on the face of the ocean. These came to make a communion in the sea, that the raft might be destroyed, and those on it might perish. The sea was boisterous, but the raft and its occupants were not overwhelmed. When they had floated about for seven moons, Tia spoke to his companions, and said, "We shall not die; we shall land on the earth." In the eighth month the rolling motion of the raft had changed; it now pitched up and down and rolled. Tia then said that the signs of his staff indicated that these were becoming less deep, and he declared that was the month in which they would land on dry earth. They did land at Hawaiki—the place from which the Maoris, according to their tradition, migrated to New Zealand.

A female parachutist fell 500 feet from a balloon at Berlin on Tuesday and was instantly killed.

Above the length of nineteen or twenty feet, snakes in the Philippine Islands increase greatly in bulk for every foot in length, so that a snake nineteen feet long looks small beside one twenty-two feet long.

MISS MARSDEN'S LEPERS.

An Englishwoman's Long Journey in Search of Disease and Fame.

Miss Kate Marsden is to visit Canada and the United States. Perhaps Miss Marsden may not be well known to you. Well, she has just returned from Siberia, from away up the Lena River. She is now in St. Petersburg, and has told her story of her long journey of thousands of miles through Siberia, where she has been hunting for lepers. She says she has found a few settlements of these outcasts, and now she intends to lecture for the purpose of securing funds to provide medical care for the unfortunate, and to enable her to go and place them in colonies, and so to win glory as did Father Damien in Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands.

From the story she tells, she has apparently been to Viliusk, a place about 200 miles north of Yakootsk, on the Lena River. There, she says, she found lepers banished to the forests, where they were kept away from the rest of the people, but fed by the latter on fish and treebark. Thirty guides, she says, were obliged to cut out a path through the undergrowth of the forests in order that she could reach the leper villages. She found the stricken people ill-clad, living in indescribable degradation, and many of them so loathsome in appearance as to have lost all semblance to humanity.

Miss Marsden further says that there has been found in Yakootsk a plant that is a sure cure for leprosy, but that she has not been able to test it as yet. So far as can be gathered from Miss Marsden's latest reports, the enthusiastic woman has made a long journey, about which she will doubtless be able to write an interesting book, but as to any fresh knowledge about the lepers she does not appear to have added much to what she started out with. A year ago, before she started for the Lena regions, she met near Samara the Bishop Dionysius of the Ufa, who had laboured at Yakootsk for a period of over forty years, and he had seen the plant and had known of cures of leprosy accomplished by its agency.

THE BISHOP'S STORY.

The lepers so he informed Miss Marsden, live in a settlement apart, of the banks of the Viliu River. Here a number of huts have been erected for their accommodation and here they live in an indescribable condition of filth and immorality. In spite, however, of such unfavorable conditions by the use of the plant cures are said to be effected. The plant is found growing wild on the banks of a small river called the Ugur. The discovery of its curative virtues was due to a curious accident. It appears that at this place a leper had been living with his family. His state at length became such that they could no longer suffer him to dwell in the house, and he was accordingly turned out into the fields. His relatives each day brought him a certain quantity of food, but, as may readily be imagined his length rapidly declined, till at length he could no longer walk, and was forced all day to lie prostrate on the ground.

After a few days he was surprised to observe that his sores commenced to heal, and it was finally discovered that this was owing to the contact with a certain plant which grew there in abundance. Further experiments were made, and it was found that the application of this plant to the leprosy sores caused them to heal. Unfortunately there is no proper medical aid in the district, so that until now no scientific observation of its effects has yet been made. Bishop Dionysius informed Miss Marsden that a young doctor had gone to live among the lepers, with a view of investigating scientifically the action of the plant, but he unfortunately took ill and died before he had time to make any communication on the subject. One peculiar discovery he made during his stay, and that was the discovery of the leper bacillus in a fish common in the district. He attributed to the eating of this fish the prevalence of leprosy in and around Yakutsk.

MISS MARSDEN'S JOURNEY.

Miss Marsden made her journey under the most advantageous auspices. She was provided with an autograph letter from the Czarina, with whom she had been in constant communication. She made the journey from Moscow as far as Omsk in company with a young English woman named Miss Field. At Omsk the Governor sent an aide-de-camp to accompany her as far as Tomsk, and as he spoke English fluently Miss Field returned to St. Petersburg. In one of her letters from the north, Miss Marsden wrote:

"Dr. Alexeeff and myself are now by the banks of the Lena waiting till our cargo boat starts. We have found out that we must ride on horseback from Yakutsk to Viliusk, a thousand versts, then ride about finding the lepers, which may mean another 2,000, then 1,000 versts back again to Yakutsk. I have to ride all these thousands of versts, as there are no roads, only marshes and forests, and I rather dread it, I must confess. To begin with, I have been obliged to have trousers made and very high boots over the knees, as I must ride like a man; they say it is too unsafe to ride the other way, as we have cons to get off the horses and wade through either the water or forests, so I shall be a little tired when I get back to England, but I would go through fire and water to help my poor lepers."

Miss Marsden's most remarkable feat is doubtless her long journey in Summer and Winter. Her talk about lepers will, presumably, be interesting, and her idea of caring for the poor creatures is a humanitarian one. But there is no cure for leprosy on the Lena. Russian and Polish doctors have studied the disease thoroughly. It was taken there in its primitive form a hundred years ago by exiles. The disease, an infectious one, has, in many cases, died out in the villages where it was originally planted, in the course of generations. But occasionally children are born with the hideous hereditary disease on them, which develops to what is styled leprosy, but is quite incurable. The poor creatures seem to bear upon themselves the collective inherited punishment of past generations.

A peculiar insurance company has got into operation in Denmark. Young girls may enroll themselves, and by paying a small sum periodically become entitled to a regular weekly allowance from the company if they remain unmarried at and after the age of 40. The fact that marriage forfeits all claims is expected to assure the success of the scheme, not to speak of the tardiness with which many of the members will announce their arrival at the age of 40.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Fifteen To-Day.

For the last time, dear dolly, I dream you, And carefully put you away; You cannot tell how much I miss you. But then I am fifteen to-day.

And you, not so very much younger— Have you nothing at parting to say? Are you sorry our fun is all over, And that I am fifteen to-day?

What talks we have had through the clover! What rides on the top of the hay! What feasting in grandmother's garret! And now I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly, With its eyes open wide, and as blue As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute; I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop dolly! what am I thinking! Why cannot I give you away! There's a poor little girl I love dearly, And she's only ten years to-day.

How happy your bright face would make me! She never had playthings like you, With all your fine dresses and trinkets. Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying, "What nonsense, child!" grandma would say. Good-bye; one last kiss; I'm half sorry That I am fifteen, dear, to-day. MARY A. DENISON.

How School Slates Are Made.

Slate is a variety of rock, having a small, compact grain and a very fine, continuous cleavage or splitting structure, by which it can be separated into thin, even plates of great consistency. It was originally just so much soft mud on the floor of an ancient sea, but in the course of ages it became consolidated and then metamorphosed or gradually altered in character by the continued operation of various natural forces until its present condition was attained. The chief employment of slate in commerce is that of a roofing material, for which purpose it is better adapted than any other substance that has yet been tried.

School slates are prepared in a very simple manner from picked specimens of the common roofing variety, those of the Welsh quarries, however, being generally preferred to any other. The plates which are to be made into writing slates must have a homogeneous or finely grained and equal texture, and be without any yellow pyrites or "slate diamonds," as these familiar glittering crystals are often termed. After they have been separated from the other sorts they are carried to workmen, who fashion them into school slates, by first splitting them up evenly if required, and then finely polishing them over with specially adapted steel tools. They are next sent to the joiners to be fitted with wooden frames, after which they are quite ready for the educational markets at home or abroad.

Physical and Moral Health of Children.

There is no more important question in the social economy than that of properly developing the minds and bodies of the children. A healthy being is the best heritage that a father or mother can leave to a child. Health is a comprehensive term and includes the moral as well as the physical nature. The child whose body is in a good condition, but whose morals are in a poor condition, is not a healthy child as I mean the term healthy. Better poor health and great morality than great health and poor morality. But why cannot the equilibrium be preserved? The mother by observing certain conditions, by placing herself within as well as without certain influences, by cultivating certain phases of her moral nature, can largely foreshadow the character of the offspring. But parents—the mothers as well as the fathers—are lamentably deficient on this point. They do not bestow upon the subject the thought that it deserves. If they would give to their children the care that by every natural law they are required to give to them, there is no doubt that the children would be better and society would be benefited by the careful oversight. That there are many parents that do not properly care for their offspring is quite as true as that there are some parents that do give them all the attention they need. A child should not only be well fed and properly housed and clothed, but its moral life demands just as proper cultivation as a tree or a flower, if there is a desire that either the tree or the flower shall reach its full stature in the one case and its complete efflorescence in the other. And what is the child in its relation to society if its moral nature is not careful and systematically developed? The evolution of the mind is as important as the evolution of matter. In many ways it is more important. The moral nature affects others. The physical nature chiefly affects the individual.

It Touched Saint and Sinner.

A few years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday-school. She was told that the classes were so full there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies—her family was poor—for the purpose of enlarging the church in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however, so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later, to comfort her in her severe illness, he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of 6½ years.

The little sufferer died, and a week later there were found in her battered red pocket-book, which had been her savings bank, 57 pennies and a scrap of paper that told in childish print the story of her ambition and the purpose of her self-denial.

The story of the little red pocketbook and its contents, and the unflinching faith of its little owner, got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men labored and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfillment. These 57 pennies became the nucleus of a fund that in six years grew to \$250,000, and to-day this heroine's picture life-size, hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building in which 1,400 students attend, and connected with which there are a church capable of seating 8,000, a hospital for children named for the good Samaritan, and a Sunday-school-room large enough to accommodate all the boys and girls who have yet asked to enter it. A fairy story? It reads like one, but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hattie May Wiatt, and the splendid institutions described are located in Philadelphia.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Thirty-sixth Annual Meeting of Stockholders—A Prosperous and Busy Year.

The Thirty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of The Bank of Toronto, was held at 15th June.

On motion George Gooderham, Esq., was called to the chair, and Mr. Coulson was requested to act as Secretary.

Messrs. Walter S. Lee and Thos. G. Blackstock were appointed scrutineers.

By request of the Chairman, the Secretary read the following Report:

The Directors of the Bank of Toronto have pleasure in presenting to the Shareholders the Thirty-sixth Annual Report, together with a statement of the Accounts, as at 31st May last.

The net profits realized compare favorably with former years, and the Bank continues to show an increase in all the departments of its business.

Your Directors are pleased to report that they have been able to place \$50,000 to the credit of Profit and Loss Account, representing amounts recovered from debts which had been written off in previous years.

The balance at credit of Profit and Loss, on 30th May, 1901, was \$6,258 61.

The net profits for the year, after making full provision for all losses and deducting expenses, interest accrued on deposits and rebate on current discounts, amount to the sum of \$82,725 43.

Amount recovered from debts written off in previous years \$50,000 00

\$338,983 95

This sum has been appropriated as follows:

Dividend No. 71, Five per cent. \$100,000 00

Dividend No. 72, Five per cent. 100,000 00

Added to Rest Account. \$100,000 00

Carried forward to next year 38,983 95

138,983 95

With the above mentioned addition of \$100,000 to the Rest that fund now amounts to \$1,700,000.

An office of the Bank has been recently opened in the Point St. Charles district, in the City of Montreal, and your Directors believe it will prove to be of service to the Bank.

The Directors have to refer with deep regret to the loss the Bank has sustained in the death of their late colleague, Mr. John Leys.

His tenure of office was a short one, but he rendered the Bank essential service, and his counsel was highly valued. The vacancy thus caused was filled by the election of Mr. Robert Reford, of Montreal.

The Directors have pleasure in testifying to the satisfactory manner in which the officers of the Bank have performed their respective duties.

The whole respectfully submitted, (Signed) GEORGE GOODERHAM, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT, 31st May, 1902.

LIABILITIES.

Notes in circulation \$1,473,327 00

Deposits bearing interest \$5,420,011 55

Deposits not bearing interest 1,300,807 71

7,817,489 26

Unclaimed dividends \$ 130 00

Half Yearly dividend, payable 1st June, 02. 100,000 00

100,130 00

Total liabilities to the public \$9,054,754 25

Capital paid up \$2,000,000 00

Reserve 1,700,000 00

Interest accrued on deposit receipts \$1,240 00

Rebate on notes discounted 78,663 00

129,903 00

Balance of profit and Loss Account carried forward 38,983 95

3,868,886 95

\$13,823,641 20

ASSETS.

Gold and silver coin on hand \$310,246 40

Domestic notes on hand \$15,844 00

Notes and cheques of other banks 282,364 88

Balances due from other Banks Canada \$1,365 50

Balance due from agents of the Bank in Great Britain 38,668 81

Balances due from agents of the Bank in the United States \$42,220 30

Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation 37,141 00

Municipal debentures \$6,620 12

Loans and bills discounted \$10,912,887 25

Overdue debts, matured loans provided for 3,065 02

Real Estate other than bank premises 6,215 92

10,922,168 19

Bank Premises 120,000 00

\$13,823,641 20

(Signed) D. COULSON, General Manager.

The above having been read, the President, George Gooderham, Esq., addressed the meeting as follows:

from debts that had been written off as bad and doubtful. We have always tried to act on the safe side in estimating the results of our yearly business, and in cases where we have felt uncertain as to the future of any of our loans have sought to make ample provision, but we by no means lose sight of anything we write off, and care is taken to nurse these debts back into strength, and to avail ourselves of every opportunity to make the best of them. These old matters are kept constantly before us, and we have the pleasure of placing back amongst our assets proceeds of such debts when realized. From this source we have this year given our profit and loss account credit for \$50,000, which, together with the surplus profits after payment of \$300,000 in dividends, has enabled us to add \$100,000 to our Rest, and to bring forward the substantial balance of \$38,983 95 to next year.

The Rest now amounts to \$1,700,000, and it is customary to compare the proportion this fund bears in relation to the capital. Upon this basis our proportion is eighty-five per cent. I prefer, however, to call your attention to the proportion which our Rest bears to our loans and discounts, since it is as a provision against possible losses arising from that source that a Rest should be maintained. Based therefore upon nearly \$11,000,000 outstanding in loans, we have a Rest fund of 15 1/2 per cent. Viewed in this way the margin provided as a reserve is by no means too large, and I consider that this fund should continue to maintain a reasonable ratio to our increase in business. I feel that I have but to call your attention to this view of the Rest to secure your approval of our action in strengthening it, and I would say further that the Shareholders are reaping great benefit from the policy which has been pursued in the past with regard to this fund.

A branch of the Bank at Point St. Charles, in the City of Montreal, was opened very recently, and we have reason to believe it will prove to be of advantage to many of our customers and lead to increased business for the Bank.

The report refers to the loss the Bank has sustained in the death of our late colleague, Mr. John Leys. He had been a member of the Board for a short time only, but rendered valued assistance and gave promise of being a very useful director. To fill the vacancy thus caused, the Directors, acting under the powers conferred upon them, elected Mr. Robert Reford, of Montreal, a well-known and highly valued customer of the Bank, it being deemed desirable to have on the Board a representative from that commercial centre where the Bank's interests are steadily increasing in importance.

I have again pleasure in bearing testimony to the zeal and efficiency with which the General Manager and the other members of the staff continue to discharge their respective duties.

With these remarks, gentlemen, I beg leave to move, seconded by the Vice-President, that the report now read be received and adopted.

In responding the adoption of the report the Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Beatty, referred to the change that had taken place in Mr. Coulson's position, he being made General Manager of the Bank, and Mr. Wadsworth, formerly Manager at London Ont., being placed in charge of the business at the Toronto Branch. The change had become necessary owing to the increase of the business of the Bank which, during the past ten years, since Mr. Gooderham became President and he Vice-President, had more than doubled. He concluded with a very fitting reference to the present severe illness of Mr. Fulton, an esteemed Director of the Bank.

The report was adopted and the thanks of the Stockholders were tendered to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their care and attention to the interests of the Bank during the past year.

The following named gentlemen were elected directors for this year:

Geo. Gooderham, Alex. T. Fulton, Wm. H. Beatty, Henry Coventry, Henry Cawthra, Wm. Geo. Gooderham, Robert Reford.

The new Board met the same afternoon when George Gooderham, Esq., was unanimously re-elected President, and Wm. H. Beatty, Esq., Vice-President.

A WINTER OF SUFFERING.

The First News Received This Year from Far-off Labrador.

A Halifax, despatch says:—The first news received at St. John's Nfld., from the northern region of the island, since last fall, was by the steamer Panther. She had been blocked at Battle Harbor by a gale which continued, without intermission, for 21 days the result being that the heaviest jam of ice ever seen in that locality was piled up on the shore. Late last week it shifted and on Monday she was enabled to start and worked her way out through the ice, of which she got clear 40 miles e. a. e. of Belle Isle. The past winter was a very mild one on Labrador and very few seals were caught. Much starvation and misery have been experienced among the people on the northern coast, and at Seal Island, Spotted Island, Dominio, etc., they have suffered terribly, having scarcely any food; and as Battle Harbor and Carter, where relief could be obtained, were not accessible to the unfortunate people owing to the heavy ice, their situation was most extreme.

'Ceptin' Jim.

We boys 'ud run an' romp an' play From early morn till close of day; We'd tramp for miles with dog an' gun An' think that huntin' was such fun 'Ceptin' Jim.

He was a cripple from his birth An' wuz no sort o' use on earth, His mother wuz the Widder Flynn, Who hadn't nary chick nor kin 'Ceptin' Jim.

Shelved by takin' washin' in, The Widder's face wuz sharp an' thin; Hard work hed left it creases there, An' no one thought her sweet nor fair 'Ceptin' Jim.

One day we went below the mill, Where shadders fell so cool an' still A fishin' thar fer perch an' trout, An' no one know we were about 'Ceptin' Jim.

When some one came an' raised the sluice An' turned the rush o' water loose, While every thing began to go, An' we were down thar below 'Ceptin' Jim.

He got a pole an' limped aroun' An' pried the gate back to the groun'; Then slipped. We used ter gather by A little grave where grass grew high, 'Ceptin' Jim.

Love.

Love puts thorns on friendship.

Jealousy is love turned upside down.

Men measure love by time; women, by eternity.

Love is a great care.

Love needs no messenger to say it's come.

Three meals a day is good for love.

Love is twin to sorrow.

Love cannot be hidden.

Each one has his own definition for love.

Hate is love gone mad.

"If you like," said the young man at the desk, "I'll have your poem submitted to the editor." "No," she answered positively. "I'll read it aloud to him. I prefer to have the editor submitted to the poem."—Washington Star.

THE BICYCLE IN WAR.

England's Experiments.

England had the idea of using bicyclists as orderlies suggested to her in 1881 by one of her regular officers, at a time when bicycle clubs were being formed all over the kingdom. Lord Elio, an authority on military matters suggested that the clubs were already in sufficient training to volunteer for active service in the field, all they needed being a "rifle slung across their back, cartridge boxes and well defined duties." However, not until 1885 were military cyclists employed in England, and then they made a successful experiment, using them as scouts during the Eastern manoeuvres. This was in the Sussex regiment, who have ever since employed them with advantage whenever field operations have been practised.

A couple of years later a commander during some evolutions, finding himself short of cavalry, conceived the bold idea of using cyclists as scouts on the flanks of his line of march. This was a scratch cyclist corps made up of volunteers and civilians, some of whom had no military knowledge whatever, but they soon fell into what was required of them. The main body of cyclists moved forward in the centre of the road, while the flankers on their bicycles scoured the country from eight to ten miles on each side. During these same manoeuvres two picked wheelmen were sent out on a special mission and rode fifty miles in just under five hours, though much of the road was in bad condition.

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION.

The success detailed above, of the first employment of cyclists as cavalrymen led to the formation in England, by authority, of several bodies of military cyclists. A cyclist corps, known as the Twenty-sixth Middlesex, probably the most thoroughly organized body of wheelmen in the world was created by direction of the War Secretary, composed of 120 men of all ranks.

There is also in England a well formulated scheme for training the regular soldiers as cyclists, at Aldershot, under the superintendence of the gymnasium inspector. Besides, volunteer battalions have been granted permission to organize cyclist sections within their establishments, the strength to be one officer, two non-commissioned officers, twelve to twenty privates and one bugler.

In August of 1887 a series of instructions concerning the formation of cycle corps, their duties, drills, tactics, &c., were set forth. These instructions also indicated clearly that it was the intention of the authorities to employ the cyclists not merely as messengers, but as a fighting force to perform such duties as might fall to the lot of mounted infantry.

So much has been given about England's cyclists because even in the initial organization of her bodies of military cyclists the authorities enlarged upon the greater functions of the riders, who, as seen above, might be employed as infantry. In the armies of the Continent cyclists as a rule are employed in performing duties of minor importance.

LIASSO OF HUMAN HAIR.

A Gruesome Relic in the Possession of an Old Indian Chief.

Living in the Wenatchee, a narrow valley putting into the upper Columbia River at a point called The Mission, because French priests years ago located there and taught the Indians, is an old Indian chief, La Pier by name, who has in his possession a remarkable souvenir. It is nothing less than a lasso of human hair, 50 feet long and of variegated colors. The lasso is very old, just how old is not known, for old La Pier, who cowers in his cabin on the banks of the Wenatchee, is not talkative to strange callers. Only the priests of the mission have known him long can get anything from him regarding the curious relic. The lasso, however, speaks for itself if one gets his eyes on it. It is undoubtedly composed of human hair, and women's hair at that. There you see the dark tresses of women who once were doubtless famous, locally at least, as brunettes beauties. Further along in the rope may be noted hair of brown and of auburn and in half a dozen places of yellow. Hair jet black, straw-colored and even red is shown, but the saddest of all to contemplate are the long tresses of gray and white which are twisted yards long in places in the strange lariat.

As has been intimated, old Chief La Pier will not talk much about the lasso, but to the priests he has confided its gruesome history. The hair was taken by the savages from the heads of wives and daughters of pioneers. Many years has it been in the possession of the old chief. He will not sell it, no matter how much he is offered, and it is rare that he will show it to anyone except a particular priest who has won his confidence. To all others he is exceedingly reticent. He will scarcely talk of the rope at all. The lariat has been used many a time on the trail. Old La Pier's savage ancestors used to lasso buffalo in Blackfoot Valley, and when he got it he increased its length by the hair of several scalps he had. It is believed that probably 30 women have been scalped to furnish material for this fearful relic the taciturn chief has in his cabin. It has come to be regarded as very valuable. The wily old Indian and his followers think there is some occult power attached to it, and it is rare that it is brought to the light from the blanket in which it lies.



Children
always
Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little tads and tassels who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Safe, Sure, and Painless.

What a world of meaning this statement embodies. Just what you are looking for, is it not? Putnam's Painless Corn Extract—or—the great sure-pop corn cure—acts in this way: It makes no sore spots; safe, acts speedily and with certainty; sure and mildly, without inflaming the parts; painlessly. Do not be imposed upon by imitations or substitutes.

Easy Enough.

Miss Bagley. "Yes; but now you must forgive and forget."

Miss Faraway. "Oh, I can forgive but it's not so easy to forget."

Miss Bagley. "Nonsense! I can tell you a hundred things I've forgotten."

It is enough to make a man swear, to find when taking a big load to market, that the wheels suddenly refuse to go round. You will save dollars by using Peerless Axle grease only. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Ethel—"I hope the men aren't going to wear those horrid broad-straw hats again this Summer." Maud—"Why?" Ethel—"Because they must one's bang up so."

"WARNING," ask your Druggist for GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM, take no substitute.

A.P. 612.

TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO. make the best goods. Try them and see.

JOE HESS' "Out of Darkness into Light," or, the story of my life, is the book for agents to handle. Selling price only \$1, terms liberal. William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

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HOW TO COOK IT. It pays to take some trouble.

Wash in three waters, carefully picking out imperfect grains, add a teaspoonful of Salt to a cup of Raw Rice, put Rice into plenty of Boiling Water, allowing ample room for the grains to swell freely. NEVER STIR THE RICE. DO NOT COVER. Boil 20 or 30 minutes, test the grains to see that they are tender. Remove from Fire, Drain, and shake well until nearly dry, set where it will keep hot without scorching until ready to serve. Serve hot with Sugar and Cream or Milk, or with grated Maple Sugar or Jam. Cold Rice makes delicious Pancakes or Waffles worked up with batter. For recipes write to the Mount Royal Milling and Manufacturing Co., Montreal. Recipe Book will be mailed Free.

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Superior Accommodation for Saloon Intermediate and Steerage Passengers Rates of Passage, Montreal to Liverpool Saloon \$40 and \$50. According to Round Trip, \$80 & \$90. Accom'dn. The \$40 and \$50 rates are per week. Napsin, one Intermediate, \$30. Steerage \$20.

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I had dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, blood poison, etc., could not rest, day and night was harassed.

Miserable and despairing for health. In desperation I quaffed St. Leon Mineral Water; had a barrel in the boat house. It cleared my blood of poisons, brought joy, vigor, and strength for weakness, and although I have gained 27 pounds I feel as light as a bird.

JAMES FERRIER, Alexandria Bay.

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IMPROVED THE LAST 20 YEARS NOTHING BETTER UNDER THE SUN

RUPTURE

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ONE ENJOYS

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Of Complete Steam Launches from 20x1 to 34x7 "Acme Coal-oil Boilers and Engines" from 1 to 8 H.P. Large sizes. Coal or wood fuel. "The Marsh Steam Pump" the best boiler feeder in the market. Returns exhaust into feed water heating it from 40 to 80 degrees. For catalogue send 2c. stamp. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

The Montana Mining Loan and Investment Co. (INCORPORATED IN MONTANA) PAID UP CAPITAL, \$12,000,000

Loans money anywhere in the United States, Canada or Mexico, without security. If you need money, apply to Local Agents or write to HENRY L. HAUP, President, BUTTE CITY, MONTANA. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

GRIP COUPLINGS WATERLOUS BRANTFORD CANADA

A PRIZE PORTRAIT REBUS.

This young lady has three brothers, each one of whose picture is combined in the above portrait. The manufacturers of PEARLIFOAM, THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, will give a handsome Gold Watch to the person who can make out the faces of the three brothers FIRST; to the second an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth either a SILK DRESS PATTERN or a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a beautiful pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the sixth an elegant MANTLE CLOCK; to the seventh a pair of SOLID GOLD CHAIN BRACELETS, with Padlocks, and to the eighth a COIN SILVER WATCH.

Each contestant is to cut out the picture rebus and make a cross with a lead pencil on the three brothers' faces, and send same to us, with ten three-cent Canadian postage stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one package of Pearliffoam, before July 20th, 1902. The envelope postmarked FIRST which contains the three brothers' faces correctly marked will receive the first prize, the balance in order as received. For the last correct answer we will also give a handsome Gold Watch; to the next to the last a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION; to the second to the last an elegant pair of genuine DIAMOND EARRINGS; to the third from the last a PIANO LAMP in Antique Silver; to the fourth a SWISS MUSIC BOX playing six pieces; to the fifth a SILK DRESS PATTERN; to the sixth a pair of PEARL OPERA GLASSES; to the seventh an elegant MANTLE CLOCK; and a valuable prize will also be given to every person who is able to answer this picture rebus correctly until 100 prizes have been awarded if there should be that number answering correctly. Nothing is charged for boxing and packing prizes. We shall offer extra premiums to all who are willing to help us introduce Pearliffoam. Our prizes are entirely FREE. Our object is to introduce and attract attention to Pearliffoam, which is the only preparation whose manufacturers are willing to offer a reward of \$100 to any dentist who can show that it contains anything injurious to the teeth. Ladies who have used Pearliffoam cannot say too much in its favor. A mouthful of pearly white teeth is the sure result of its constant use. It is recommended by the leaders of the profession everywhere, ask your dentist what he thinks of it.

Pearliffoam is sent by mail postpaid. Prizes in the above Portrait Rebus are to be carefully awarded strictly as described. Address, EXQUISITE TOILET STUFFS CO., 170 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not necessarily endorse nor hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Editor of Equity.

I am requested to give you a sketch of the picnic at Pine Grove. The school, for the last year, taught by Mrs. Murphy, held its annual picnic on the 23rd inst. The people wished to purchase a Sunday school library, and a nominal charge was made for dinner and tea. Every body knows that in this part of the country, refreshments are perfect and abundant. Several clergymen and others were invited to speak, but none came except Rev. Mr. Dafos and Mr. Gosselin. Mr. G. was chairman. He spoke on the necessary qualifications of S. S. teachers, and the help or hindrance the school might be to the teacher. Mr. Dafos followed on the same line. While he was speaking, Mr. Gillies, M.P.P., who had been detained by an accident, came on the ground. The chairman had him invited on to the platform. When Mr. Dafos sat down, the chairman introduced Mr. Gillies, who gave a short but gentlemanly and appropriate speech. After complimenting the ladies, he said a little on the usefulness of Sunday schools and the mother's influence. Besides the pieces sung by the whole school, the following little girls sang several pieces very nicely: Jemima Horner, Maggie Hamilton, Beatrice and Edith Loughrin and Effie McDowell. Each did well and it would be unfair to give praise to one more than another. The whole was a success. Receipts, \$32.

Yours truly, X.

[Owing to the rush of political matter which we have had lately we were unable to give the following letter a place in our columns till this week.]

San Francisco, California,
June, 1892.

MR. EDITOR,

Dear Sir,—Our friends of the "Equity" might be pleased to hear something about California life. Owing to the great distance between us, and the Christian sympathy which has long ago united us, I shall endeavor to put forth an effort in passing a few remarks upon the chief characteristics of the city and surrounding country as they are represented to us.

We fear that as a rule this great city of liberty does not get quite justice in the opinion of Canadians. Generally they are inclined to regard the good only in a small way compared with the immorality of the place. When they come to find out the culture and refinement of the people they must admit we have many things to entice us here besides carelessness and vice.

We have the same God and He has beautified this part of His world the same as the rest.

Our climate is fine, no snow in winter, cool nights and pleasant sunshine at mid-day, no thunder and lightning, some rain and cold wind during autumn and winter months, and occasionally a little wind on the summer afternoons which we may call dust or sand storms, a few shocks of earthquake in the spring which is not felt in this city so much as in Southern California.

The scenery from the hills in the suburbs of the city and on the opposite side of the Bay is to say the least grand on a clear day, and lend inducement to the citizens to take the cars and come to sit on the hills and get the salt water sea breeze. South San Francisco is a city in itself of recent date, situated at the end of a lovely drive by the side of the water.

As we enter the Golden Gate which leads us to the Bay, we pass a large brick fort, four storeys high, equipped and ready to protect the city with powder magazines underground in order that they may

without observation be prepared for the enemy's guns. The guards are on duty, while on the opposite side is another fortress on Alcatraz Island; no strange vessel can enter without warning.

Among the principal pleasure resorts of the city is the Cliff House, a great large building by the sea with numerous attractions, then the park, with its trees and flowers beyond description for the reason that they are natural. The conservatories are gorgeous indeed with magnificent plants of various climates.

The only fault to be found with these places is that they are as much if not more frequented than the churches. People who are busy all week fancy they must have the privilege of spending the Sabbath in the open air.

The museums are of great advantage to young people in the formation of general knowledge. There are several nuggets of gold of immense value to be seen, gems and every curiosity of the age, including the cart, shovel and tin can used by some old California miners. There is also the Egyptian mummy embalmed in her coffin of several thousand years ago, the lid representing herself a woman twenty seven years old. Another interesting scene of the past is an Indian, his wife and two children who were killed by an earthquake a few years ago, they are laid in a large case lined with white satin, lying in the position in which they were found. Their hair is quite natural, and in scanning the features of each, one can discern their peculiar expressions, the children between their parents, and close by lies a poor rat that shared their fate. Here we find a large collection of gems, stones, shells, etc.

The surrounding country is more beautiful still, especially when you get quite away from the city, there is only one land route out of the city, which makes it very bad for people who do wrong and come here for refuge, they are nearly always caught.

Two, three and four hours on the train and you will be in an ecstasy if you are an admirer of natural scenery. Oakland, which is called the bed-chamber of San Francisco on account of business people having their private residences there, and coming to the city every day or week is a pretty place. Mostly everyone who is comfortably situated leave during summer months for summer resorts. Many have their own special homes to go to. At Tiburon there are a few Noah's Arks and it would be too much to attempt to describe the magnificence of their summer residences. Alameda and San Jose are pretty places, but Santa Cruz is considered the most prominent resort on the Pacific coast. The climate is expected always to permit of sea-bathing summer and winter. This city might truly be called as it is the "land of flowers," it is one vast garden, a little hilly, just enough to add to its beauty. Some places the tall trees are in the valleys, while the flowers of variegated colors twine around the hills; the vineyards are lovely. After leaving the capital we come through Santa Clara county, San Jose and other cities, then we strike the Santa Cruz mountains; the scenery here is highly picturesque. After passing through five or six tunnels we come to that remarkable group, the California Big Trees, four miles from Santa Cruz. The famous redwood grows here in abundance. The timber of S. C. comprise the leading varieties of the State. As a place for permanent residence it extends the best inducements, therefore we cannot censure the old settlers when they tell us they are proud of their homes. The State Convention of the Christian Church of California meets here, so that Garfield Park and Twin Lakes are worthy of honorable mention as their locations cannot be excelled to hold annual conferences. The sea beach, with baths and all

modern conveniences, are worthy of notice.

If any further description of this country would interest our old friends, and they would be pleased to look over this simple truth and forget to ask for eloquence in composition, we will try to find time to read up the history of the place wherein our lot is cast and give whatever information that would be agreeably accepted.

Yours of the past,
EMMA E. SHEPPARD.

SESSIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Friday, June 24th.—Yesterday morning's and afternoon's sittings were taken up in discussion of Hon. Mr. Davies amendment to the Prince Edward Island section of the Redistribution bill. Arguments for and against were repeated, and on a division being taken the Davies amendment was defeated by 47 to 71.

Mr. Davies then suggested that the proposal to add lot 24 to East Queens be abandoned, as its sole object was to throw a hostile Conservative majority of 200 into his constituency.

Mr. MacDonald (Kings) said it was common rumor had been privately representing that lot 24 was placed in East Queens because it contained a large number of Catholics.

Hon. Mr. Davies replied that it was because this lot or township was mostly Tory and would make the East Queens majority hostile to him.

Sir John Thompson could not concede the Hon. gentleman's appeals to be made on the "grounds of justice and fairness," since they were made avowedly and really for the purpose of gaining a political advantage. Otherwise he would have much pleasure in acceding to the Hon. gentleman's wishes. But for the sake of giving him a political advantage it would be anything but fair to undo the equalization of population affected by the bill, to the extent of making a discrepancy of about 4,000. Amendment lost by 29 to 59.

The remaining Prince Edward clauses were passed. The committee then dealt with clauses which had been allowed to stand over.

Sir John Thompson's motion to amend a clause of the Ontario subsection by providing that the islands off the mouth of the St. Clair river shall form a part of the constituency of Bothwell, was carried.

The remaining clause respecting the redistribution in New Brunswick was passed.

The committee rose and reported progress. The House then went into concurrence on the estimates, and good progress made, till 11.35 p.m., when they adjourned.

Notes of the Legislature.

Quebec, June 22.—Hon. Mr. Beaubien moved, sec. by Hon. Mr. Taillon, that the agricultural societies throughout the province be allowed to devote the money obtained by them during the past year to the aid of those unfortunate who lost so much by the recent cyclone. The motion passed its three readings at once.

Hon. Mr. Hall's resolution respecting certain licenses were concurred in and a bill based thereon read a third time. Mr. Hall then moved the House into committee on certain resolutions respecting direct taxation on certain persons.

Mr. Stephens thought that professional men were not taxed sufficiently at \$6 each and moved that the amount be raised to \$20.

Mr. Fitzpatrick said they had better come to the serious part of the resolutions. Every one knew that the taxing of professional men was a mere gilding of the

bitter pill which the province would have to swallow. The Treasurer himself did not expect to make anything out of it. He contended that it was wrong in principle to tax any one class.

Mr. Dechene moved an amendment in favor of bringing in farmers, but this was defeated by a vote of 39 to 15, Fitzpatrick and Ste. Marie voting with the Opposition.

The main motion to adopt the resolution was then put, and the Opposition wanted it to go without a division, but the Government insisted on a vote, and the whole House voted in the affirmative with the exception of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who voted against. The resolutions were passed and the bill based thereon read a first time.

Mr. Hall then moved the House in committee to take into consideration certain resolutions respecting taxation on certain persons. While in committee the Treasurer moved an amendment to exempt from the operation of the law all sales by the sheriff or by licitation and all others that already pay duty.

The resolutions were finally passed, as also were resolutions respecting the Lake St. John Railway company.

There seems but the smallest occasion for the elation Canadian Liberals are showing over Mr. Blake's call to Ireland. Though their ex-leader goes, he leaves his West Durham letter condemning the Liberal policy behind him.

One of the Government amendments to the Quebec Licence law does away with the requirement that pawnbrokers' sales and other legal notifications must be advertised in the columns of papers named by the ministers of the day. The manner of doing business thus condemned was one of the Mercier ideas for rewarding the reptile Liberal press for its subservience to his cause. A straightforward administration and a free press has no use for it.

Rural Deanery of Clarendon.

Our aspiring town had in its midst for two days last week a number of clergymen and laymen from the surrounding parishes attending the annual meeting of the above deanery. Every parish but one, we believe, was represented, and anyone who had the privilege of attending the meetings must have been convinced, if he were in any doubt in the matter, that the position of the Church of England in this part of the country is secure, and such as may afford encouragement to its adherents.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst., a "quiet day's" services were conducted by the Rev. G. O. Troop, M.A., rector of St. Martin's church, Montreal, for the benefit of clergymen and students in charge of missions. All who attended these services derived much benefit from them, and found them highly profitable. The sense of the Deanery in regard to this was given expression to by the following resolution:—"That this Deanery desire to have placed on record its keen sense of appreciation of the good done to all present on the "Quiet Day," as conducted by the spiritually-minded rector of St. Martin's, Montreal, and their hearty thanks are hereby tendered to him." Mr. Troop's words of counsel on a matter in which his advice was solicited by the Deanery were such a faithful laying bare of the truth that they must have produced a feeling of thankfulness to the great Head of the Church that He is raising up such witnesses for Him in His church today. The matter was one in connection with the difficulties experienced in raising the stipulated amount of

the incumbent's stipend in poor missions. The rev. gentleman said that he believed the difficulties experienced were caused by a departure from first principles; that we give too much now as from a sense of a painful duty, and that we have forgotten and ceased to give as into the pierced hand of Christ himself. But his words, though so permeated with a spiritual sense, were not without a practical application. He suggested as a plan calculated to be more satisfactory than the present one of raising the clerical stipends the sending of the contributions of the people from every parish to one common fund, and the clergy being paid from that fund, the difficulty to be made up by the wealthier congregations at the centre.

The reports received from the several parishes were encouraging, showing that in many phases of parish work steady progress is being made.

Two special gifts to the church made during the year were reported from the rectories of Hull and Aylmer, amounting to ten or twelve hundred dollars.

The welcome of the Deanery was extended to those clergymen present who have entered the Deanery during the past year, viz., Rev. W. C. Dilworth, of Bristol, and Rev. J. M. Coffin, of Leslie.

The Rev. F. R. Smith, rector of Hull, was the preacher at the Thursday morning service. During the course of his interesting address he said he was glad to know that along the Gatineau and Ottawa rivers (confining the application of his words to this rural deanery), there stands a line of sacred edifices which testify to the beauty, the strength and the holiness of England's church.

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