

Six hundred and ninety women voted at a recent election in Seattle, W. T. A San Francisco belle has given away her pug dog and bought an Indian baby for a pet. A 11 year old girl has opened a shooting gallery in Nevada. She is an expert shot. The woman market is down now in Tunis, Africa. Wives only bring from \$20 to \$120 a head. A Troy, N. Y., laundry firm will soon open a branch in London, England, managed by girls from the parent house. A New York woman has sued, at different times, three young men for breach of promise of marriage. She is determined to let it jiltly man escape. A Boston woman notifies train boys through the press, that if they throw copies of Ingersoll's lectures in her lap she will throw them out of the window. A Parsa girl has astonished her race in India by bringing an action for breach of promise of marriage. It is the first of the kind known among them, and the scandal is great. A young girl, who is a journalist, and residing for a time in London, has her modest apartments so decked with vines and grasses that people come to see them as they would a museum of curios. On the subject of winning a husband, a woman writes "Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman none."

The New York Commercial Advertiser thoughtlessly discards the bill-collecting business by telling of a Jersey City woman who soaped a dun "with boiling water," and remarked that "Mrs. Hanley takes the dipper." The late Empress Maria Anna of Austria bequeathed a rare and valuable legacy to the treasury of the Dom of Prague, consisting of a magnificent bouquet of thirteen golden roses in a golden vase of old Roman workmanship. The vase stands on a square pedestal, likewise of pure gold. A girl at Long Branch has a music box in her bath house. It is a valuable and large instrument, and she pays a servant by the season to take it to the bath house and back to her room every day. It probably plays "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" or "Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?" A curious needle is in possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Reddeth, and represents the Trajan column in miniature. Scenes from the Queen's life are depicted on the needle, so finely cut and so small that they are only discernible through a microscope.

Anglo-Saxon. The time when Latin and Greek formed the chief essentials of learning is fast receding into the past, and these languages are having a place assigned them more consistent with the necessities of the modern world, which is not tolerant of the acquisition of a kind of knowledge that in great part is archaic and useless. Under the influence of this change our own language is rising into an importance which it could never attain so long as it was regarded simply as a vulgar tongue, and the historical study of English is becoming one of the most popular as well as one of the most useful pursuits of our Philologists. The great English dictionary of the Philological Society is only one evidence of this; for individual scholars, during the last twenty years, have done not a little to lay bare to us the inner structure of our language, and the changes and modifications to which it has been subjected in the course of its long descent. Anglo-Saxon literature is the oldest of the vernacular literatures of modern Europe. The materials of this early literature are found chiefly in written books and documents; but they are found also in such subsidiary sources as inscriptions on churches and church towers, sun-dials, crosses, and even on jewelry. One of the most remarkable in this last category is what is known as the Alfred Jewel. It was discovered in Newton Park, near Athelney, in 1693, and in 1718 had found its way to the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, where it still is. It consists of an emerald jewel enshrined in a golden frame, with a golden ball to it, with a thick piece of rock-crystal in front, to serve as a glass to the picture. Around the sloping rim of the following legend is wrought in the fabric: "Alfred mec heht Gewyrcean (Alfred me commanded to make) the language of the legend agree perfectly with the age of King Alfred, and it seems to be the unhesitating opinion of all those who have investigated the subject that it was a personal ornament of the great West-Saxon king.

Queer Things in Georgia. Following are some of the strange things seen in the State by an editor during a visit into the mountains: A man who has twelve living children, the oldest under sixteen years; a man let a horse bite an apple from his mouth and had his lips bitten off; a natural spring of water that carried the thermometer almost to the freezing point; a man in Gaddistown stuck a small briar in his wrist and died in three days from its effects; two children so exactly alike that even their parents had to mark them to tell them apart; a young lady in Gaddistown with hair nearly six feet in length; a Dahlgone young man who has increased over one hundred pounds in weight in two years; a dog that barked himself to death; a man who has often walked from Atlanta to Gaddistown, a distance of eighty-five miles, from sunup to sundown; a coach whip snake that measured some ten inches in length; justice administered in Davis district under the shade of a gigantic oak; the mountaineers are very clever, but will neither feed nor shelter revenue officers nor their stock; an old man who thought that Grant was still President of the United States, and had never heard of the assassination of Garfield; the houses in Union county are generally built to resemble a man who has been wedded to three sisters.

The Detroit Man's Opinion. "What's this talk about annexing Canada to the United States?" inquired a Louisville man on a Washburn train. "That's it—it's all talk," replied the passenger from Detroit. "I'll never amount to anything. You can't get that. I believe the States are ready to take her in, and about all the Canada is so stuck on the fan of American Presidential campaigns that they are just hankering for it. But it won't be done." "How do you make that out?" the Canadian says. "They are willing and the Canadians anxious. Then what's to hinder?" "Why don't you see?" The immigrants from America are now in the majority in Canada and they'll never allow any annexation scheme to be put through."

Why Business Men Fail.

Let me give your readers, says a correspondent of the United States Economist, the benefit of the robes I have received from leading men of our country to the question, "What, in your observation, have been the chief causes of the numerous failures in life of business and professional men?" Governor St. John answers: "Idleness, intemperance." Alexander H. Stephens answers: "Want of punctuality, honesty and truth." Hon. Darwin K. James answers: "Incorrect views of the great end and aim of life. Men are not contented to live plain lives of integrity and uprightness. They want to get ahead too fast, and are led into temptation." President Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, names as causes of failure: "Lack of principle, of fixed purpose, of perseverance." President Eliot, of Harvard, replies: "Stupidity, laziness, rashness, and dishonesty." Dr. M. Dexter, of the Congressionalist, answers: "1. Want of thoroughness in preparation. 2. Want of faith in the inevitable triumph of right and truth." Anthony Comstock's answers are: "Unholy living and dishonest practices, lust and intemperance, living beyond one's means." Mr. H. E. Simmons, of the American Tract Society, replies: "Fast living, mental, spiritual, and bodily; lack of attention to the details of business." General O. Howard answers in substance: "Breaking the yoke of the law of the body by vice, those of the mind by the heart by making an idol of self." Professor Homer B. Sprague, of Boston, answers: "1. Ill health. 2. Mistake in the choice of employment. 3. Lack of persistent and protracted effort. 4. A low ideal, making success consist in personal aggrandizement, rather than in the training and development of a true and noble character." Dr. Lyman Abbott answers: "The combined spirit of laziness and self-conceit that makes a man unwilling to do anything unless he can choose just what he will do." Mr. A. W. Tenney, of Brooklyn, replies: "Outside of intemperance, failure to grasp and hold, scattering too much, want of integrity and promptness, unwillingness to achieve success by earning it in the old-fashioned way." The attorney general of a neighboring State replies: "Living beyond one's means, spending with borrowed funds; unwillingness to begin at the foot of the ladder and work up. Young men want to be masters at the start, and assume to know before they have learned," and another reason of the same line: "Desiring the success that another has, without being willing to work as that man does. Giving moneymaking a first place and right doin a second place." Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," considers the frequent cause of business collapse to be: "Trying to carry too big a load." As to those he says: "I don't know about a professional man's falling, if he works, keeps sober, and sleeps at home. Lawyers, ministers, and doctors live on the sins of the people, and of course, grow fat under reasonable exertion, unless the competition is too great. It requires real genius to fail in either of these walks of life." Hon. Joseph M. Dill, ex-Mayor of Chicago, answers: "Liquor drinking, gambling, reckless speculation, dishonesty, tricky conduct, cheating, idleness, shirking hard work, frivolous reading, lack of manhood in the battle of life, failure to improve opportunities."

Among the causes of failure given by my correspondents many may be classified under the general fault of wavering, such as "wavering purposes," "not sticking to it," "faltering and holding," "scattering too much," "trying to do too many things, rather than stick to the one thing one knows most about." A young man spends seven years in a grocery store, and when he has just learned the business he concludes to go into dry goods. By failing to choose that first he has thrown away seven years' experience. Probably after learning the dry goods business, he will conclude to become a watchmaker, and at last become a "jack-of-all-trades," good at none. A prominent merchant says: "Nearly all failures in legitimate business come from not serving an apprenticeship to it," that is, from leaving a business one knows for another which he does not understand. Another cause of failure is the disposition to escape hard work, and get rich in a hurry—desiring the success another man has without being willing to work as the man does, and begin as he did, at the foot of the ladder." How many workers in haste to get rich, to reap without patient industry in sowing, have learned the truth of the old proverb: "The more haste, the worse speed!"

Eccentric People.

Half the people who are called eccentric deserve to have a much worse epithet applied to them. Here and there a man or woman is found whose oddities of opinion and erratic conduct are genuine, and the outcome of some real earnestness in their mental and moral disposition. Such persons are generally intolerant, and sometimes very likable, their idiosyncrasies serving as a gentle entertainment rather than an annoyance to us. We feel that they are quite unaware of their own queerness, which is the result of a native incapacity to comprehend the ordinary conventions of society. But there are other people whose eccentricities are not, or ought not to be, endured. They are not innocently ignorant, but wilfully disregarding of a reign of law in the social world. The world's judgments are no doubt superficial, and therefore very uncommonly defective or false; but the world's conventions—that is, its rules tacitly agreed on for the preservation of the order and decency of social intercourse—are not so respectable and are to be observed. But in the unendurable "eccentric" prides himself upon being a law to himself in these matters. He likes to know what his acquaintances are saying of him, "Oh, that is Mr. B's way, you know. He is not like other people; he always does and says just as he pleases." And the notable fact is that so many persons are imposed upon by this absurd pretension that they will let certain behaviour pass for independence and originality which is simple rudeness, the expression of egotism and ill-breeding.

A Famous Lighthouse.

The history of the famous Edaystone lighthouse is a convenient epitome of the progress of the art of building these edifices as it has been developed in England. The first house stood for five years, and was swept away by a storm; the second, after a life of forty-six years, was destroyed by fire; the third, built by Swenson in 1766, stood for 122 years, when it had to be removed because the rock on which it was built began to give way; the fourth, designed by Sir James N. Douglass, was finished two years ago. Its total height is 170 feet, exceeding its predecessor by 74 feet. In height, indeed, it stands preeminent among its fellows, though the Skerryvore house, eleven miles from Tyree, a small island among the Outer Hebrides, shows its light at a somewhat elevation. The Edaystone, which may be taken to represent the newest ideas of lighthouse arrangement, consists of ten stories, arranged in the following order: Entrance, oil rooms, store and coal room, crane and store room, living room, low light room, bed room, service room, the lantern being the highest of all, as the water tanks are, on the other hand, the lowest.

The Monks of China.

Life in the Windowless Pagodas of Keat. Won Chin Foo, formerly editor of the Chinese American, is a contributor to the columns of the Brooklyn Eagle. Of a Chinese brotherhood of ascetics he says: "In the Flowery Kingdom men get tired of life, of society, of the endless struggle for existence and retire to some retreat where they can spend the remainder of their days in quiet study and beneficence. These retreats (mi-au) correspond to the monasteries of Christian lands. They are invariably long brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests. Around the buildings is a windowless wall, symbolic of the busy life forever shut out from view. In the ground and upon the surrounding land nature is assisted but never interfered with. The flowers bloom and die, the trees grow, guard and crooked, the weeds and creepers thrive until sometimes it would seem as though no human being lived in the vicinity. Closer examination will show that every plant producing beautiful flowers or wholesome food and fruit is carefully watered, and every resource of vegetation in supplying human wants husbanded to the last degree. The monks of these retreats, who are also a symbolical of the brotherhood of man, are dressed in simple, unadorned, and useful furs and the tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds the evil. The duty of true manhood is to aid and develop those who are righteous, but not to injure the wrong doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy. These retreats do not belong to specific orders as in the Western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons of the brotherhood of man. The formal and ceremonies of admission amount to nothing. Any person who has failed in life, who has lost those he loved, who has sinned and repented, who is old and unable to work, is eligible. He presents himself giving his name, address and history, transfers to the brotherhood all he possesses, promises obedience to all lawful commands of the Brother Superior, loyalty, friendship and sympathy to those fellow members and declared himself to aid to follow in sickness or distress. He is then admitted, given a new name and a new costume, assigned a room, instructed as to his duties, and the initiation is complete. From now on his life is fixed. Study and conversation, the cultivation of the field and garden or the improvements of the retreat and the instruction of brothers who have been less favored, are his daily duties. He is not allowed to obtain subscriptions for the common fund or to nurse the sick or feed the starving, but these occur infrequently. The government of the brotherhood is a pure autocracy. A brother superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor; if the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, with the element of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectual, charity and humanity are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine or narcotic permitted except for medical use; no quarreling, loud conversation, game of chance, indelicat or vulgar talk is allowed. Disobedience is punished by imprisonment, suspension, temporary ostracism or expulsion, according to the degree of the offense."

The Monks of China.

"The truth?" she murmured faintly. "Yes, all the truth, Sidney." He hurried out into the passage, where his own groom, who had been waiting at the Rutledge Arms to bring him news of the verdict, stood, the snow lying heavily upon his shoulders. "Well," Stephen said eagerly, "is the inquest over or adjourned?" "It is over, sir," the man answered, still somewhat breathless from the haste with which he had ridden—"quite over. Doctor Arnold desired me to give you this, sir." With unsteady hands Stephen took the slip of paper and opened it. It contained these words written hastily and unevenly—"Willful murder against Frank Greville the younger." It was so much worse than Stephen anticipated that the young man staggered back as he read it, uttering an exclamation of surprise and pain. "Murder? There is some mistake," he said; "surely it is manslaughter, not murder!" "Murder sir," the groom answered. The evidence is not very strong, people said; and some folks say—I can't say for certain, as I was not there myself—that Mr. Greville said the jury was quite right, and swore that if he could give his son up to justice, he would do it." "How will she bear it?" broke from Stephen's pale lips, as he turned away. "How can I tell her?" said the groom. "But there was no need to tell her, for she had followed him, and stood leaning against the wall, white and still, as if turned to stone; then before he could reach her, she slid downwards and lay at his feet, white, cold, and motionless, as one dead." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ridle it would be to see the pain upon her face, the horror, the misery! How would she bear it? Could she live through such a trial! How— "The train is coming, sir," said the porter, touching his cap respectfully; and Stephen started and stared at the man for a moment, as if he did not understand the meaning of his words; then, muttering a hasty word of thanks, he went forward to meet Sidney. "She was the only passenger who alighted at Ashford, and one or two of the railway officials glanced at her curiously as she stood for a moment on the platform, in her soft rich furs, the fair young face looking very pale as the light of the station-lamps fell upon it, although a faint color rose in it as Stephen met her. "Have you come to meet me?" she said, giving him her little gloved hand as he stepped forward to greet her. "I telegraphed to Frank. Is he here?" "I have not seen him," Stephen muttered. "Your furs sent me to meet you, Sidney," he added hastily. "Your train is very late." "Yes," Sidney said, looking at him, wistfully. "Is papa engaged?" "Yes; will you come? The brougham is here." He hurried her out of the station to the waiting carriage, folding her wraps carefully around her. "Papa is not ill, Stephen?" she said suddenly, looking up at his haggard face. "No—no, no! You must be very cold and tired, Sidney." "Yes, I am very cold." She was shivering under her sealskin and furs, but not with cold only; and the fear upon her face struck him. "Sidney, why did you come home?" he said, almost passionately. "How could I keep away?" she said, with some reproach in her unsteady tones, adding almost fretfully, "I wonder why Frank did not come? It was not he who wrote to tell me, Sidney?" "Not to-day," Stephen answered as calmly as he could; then, as a thought struck him, he turned to her eagerly, when she spoke again, "Ah, why did he go away?—for he is innocent." "No," she said with a nervous little laugh. "He is not very attentive, is he? He comes neither to see me off when I go nor to meet me when I return. Stephen," she added, breaking off, and turning to him with a pitiful entreaty, "what terrible thing has happened? Is it true that—?" "I will tell you nothing until we reach home," he said gently. "Patience for a little while, dear child." Sidney sank back upon the cushions, and did not speak again until the brougham stopped; and Bessie's kindly, anxious face appeared as the hall door of the Gray House was thrown open, letting a stream of bright red light flood the pavement and the stone steps.

The Monks of China.

Bessie received Sidney in silence, hurrying her into her own pretty room, where a wood fire was blazing cheerfully under the lamp and candle-light. "A cup of tea will do you good, my dearie," the old servant said gently, and then hurried out of the room, disengaging herself from Sidney's little clinging hands, which sought to detain her, and turning away her face to escape meeting the girl's pitiful entreating eyes, so full of questions that Sidney could not put in words. When Stephen Daunt came in a few moments later, Sidney was standing by the table, still wearing her furs, her face pale as death, save for a burning spot on either cheek which made her pallor still more apparent. She had removed her hat and gloves, and Stephen saw that her fingers were trembling and unsteady as they moved among the dainty things which stood ready on the table. "You will have some tea," she said abruptly, looking at him with restless shining eyes, which Stephen could read the agony of fear she strove to conceal, which made his heart ache for her. "Thank you," he answered, and tried to add a few words; but he could not steady his voice sufficiently, and he took the tea from her in silence. Her hand was the staidier of the two then, and she drank some tea eagerly, thirstily, as if her throat were dry and parched; then, putting down the cup, she moved over to the fire, and said, in the same abrupt manner—"You must have known I should come home, Stephen. I was anxious to hear all about this terrible business. Did you know of it when you saw me off yesterday morning?" "I know this much," he answered gently, "that Squire Rutledge was dead, that his servants had found him in his library that morning." "And papa was there?" "Yes." "And you let me go!" she said, passionately. "You should have known that I could have borne it better here than there. It is horrible; but—" "Doctor Arnold wished you to go," Stephen interrupted gravely. "We hoped to keep it from you for a time." "How could it be kept from me?" she said bitterly. "All the county knows it now, of course; why should not I?" "Ah, why? Stephen thought sadly, as he stood opposite to her, feeling as if this thing which Doctor Arnold had asked him to do were beyond his strength. How could he tell her—this woman whom he loved so dearly, for whom he would have willingly laid down his life—that the man she loved was a murderer? "It is very horrible," Sidney went on, trying to speak calmly. "But such things happen at times, and no one never knows when—" "Poor Mrs. Rutledge—it is terrible for her! How does she bear it? Who did it? Is there any suspicion?" She was talking with feverish eagerness, almost incoherence, and Stephen could see how she was trembling, and knew that it was better that she should know when— "And yet how could he tell her?" "He was quite dead, the papers said," she went on, in the same nervous manner. "Is that so?" "Yes. He had been dead some hours when Doctor Arnold reached the Hall." "And—and the papers said that—Mrs. Rutledge had disappeared. That, of course, is not true; they always put such statements in the papers to excite people's interest. It is not true, of course?" "It is quite true," Stephen said gravely, "and he kicked you into the street—weren't you mad?" "No, not mad; but I did feel put out."

SIDNEY'S FOLLY.

CHAPTER IX. CONTINUED.

"Is Mr. Stephen Daunt present?" asked the coroner. Mr. Stephen Daunt was not present. He had not been summoned as a witness. Having apparently no evidence to give, The Coroner demurred a little, but, coming to the conclusion that, if Mr. Daunt could have thrown any light upon the subject, he would have volunteered his testimony, proceeded with the rest of the evidence.

Finally M. S. Rutledge's maid was summoned, in the vain hope that the night throw some event which seemed wrapped in mystery; but the woman had very little to say about it. She had waited up for her mistress on the night of the ball; but she had fallen asleep in the bed-room her mistress occupied, and, sleeping heavily, had only awoke when the day had dawned. To her surprise, she saw a man six feet high, and had shrunk in the wash till it wouldn't go on a small boy. The colors had run together, and plumes and spangles were in the last stage of dilapidation from contact with the scrubbing board. An exclamation that was almost an oath burst from the young man's lips, but just at that moment the washerwoman appeared in the room. "Oh what did you do it for? Didn't you know better? What did you think I could do with those things?" explained the young lady. "Now, you don't say I was the reply. 'Ain't they yours?' I thought they were the queerest-looking underclothes I ever did see, but you can't tell nothing about fashions nowadays, and—'hysterics and tableau.' —Boston Globe.

He Wasn't Very Recent.

The hard lines on the school master's face gradually became obliterated, and the stern features slowly became to relax. His head drooped lower and lower, until it struck against his breast. The shock awoke him from his slumber, and he opened his eyes in time to see the boys in all manner of grotesque attitudes and postures.

Now, the schoolmaster was nothing if factious. He could blister a boy's both hands until they turned as if consumed by fire, and then torture the boy by perpetrating a pun.

On this occasion, as the lads met the calm and dispassionate gaze of the "old man," their hearts sank within them, and two or three of the more sagacious ones leaned their elbows on their desks and began to study for dear life. They looked the very picture of innocence. The joke was so very "recent" that it made the schoolmaster smile.

Shooting a dark and ominous glance across the room, in the direction of the now studious pupils, he called out: "Wise!"

"Yes, sir!" looking up with an innocent interrogatory in his eye. "Sit otherwise, and you, Smith—likewise." Both lads faintly simultaneously.

Buddhism.

In Ernest Renan's latest work, "New Studies in Religious History," he alludes thus to Buddhism: "A doctrine which assigns to life its supreme end nothingness; a doctrine which proclaims that the culmination of perfection is the annihilation of life; one in which man is represented as the highest term of creation; in which the idea of a Supreme Being appears only at a late period, in such an extraordinary phenomenon that our mind can only conceive its possibility with some difficulty. To make the paradox complete, this doctrine, apparently the most despairing that has ever been professed, has inspired prodigals of devotion in the most various races; the church of Nihilism has remained to our days, without any notable schism, the most compact religious body of the East. This is certainly a most extraordinary fact in the history of the human mind. Strange in its destiny, Buddhism is still more so in its philosophy, its doctrine, in the legend of its founder, in the odd style of its sacred books."

Schools Centres of Epidemics.

Schools are the centres of children's epidemics. We proposed that in London they should be regularly visited and examined by a health officer, charged with the duty of removing any child on whom he detected premonitory symptoms of infectious disease, of going to its treatment there, and, when he found the conditions of the place such as to produce the disease, to take steps for having it treated elsewhere. This would often have led to the condemnation of places as unfit for habitation, and it must have carried relief far and wide. In Brussels preventive action against disease from school is carried out with encouraging success.—Edwin Chadwick, in the Contemporary Review.

The Art of Blushing.

The blush must be an indication of genuine feeling of one sort or another, and can not be summoned at will by the artful belle who has every other charming and bewitching device at her command. Yet the acquiring of the blush is not entirely hopeless. The blush is produced by genuine emotions, and until one can experience sensations of self-distrust, shyness and retiring modesty, one can never hope to obtain the blush as an accomplishment and "bid the cheek be ready with a blush modest as morning."

A Bullet-Proof Davkey.

At a picnic on the Fourth of July, Charles Jackson, colored, shot a colored man named Gaskins in the forehead. The weapon used was a revolver, and the ball split in two when it struck Gaskins's head, the pieces passing around the head and meeting at the back, where they were cut out by a physician. The first remark elicited from Gaskins was: "Dat ain't nuffin. I was blown 100 feet in the air by a steamboat explosion, and wasn't hurt much," and a large scar on the back of his neck seemed to give color to his claim.

Every man's ability may be strengthened or increased by culture.—J. Abbot.

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Bryson Markets. Butter... 12c... Eggs... 14c... Flour... 45c per bush.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

PERSONALS.—Miss Lorena Carmichael having concluded her vacation in Earlford last week to resume her duties in Earlford.

DOING WELL.—Mr. S. L. Brabant, D. L. S., who is well known to most of our readers, was struck by a train near Carberry, in the North West, some time ago, and received such serious injuries that his life was despaired of.

WHO WANTS IT?—We offer a beautiful CABINET ORGAN, manufactured by the Dominion Organ Company of Bowmanville, Ont., for sale at the lowest possible price and on the most reasonable terms.

MURDER.—The story reached town a few days ago that an Italian laborer on the Nipissing Division of the Canadian Pacific Railway was recently killed by his foreman, a man named Callaghan, it is said.

THOSE ECHOES.—The corner stone of the Episcopal Church which is to be erected at Cole's creek was laid by His Lordship the Bishop of Montreal last Saturday.

HOME AGAIN.—His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, who has been absent some two months on a tour to the remote shores of Hudson Bay administering the consolations of religion to the Indians there, returned to Pembroke last Thursday.

CHELSEA STABBING AFFAIR.—The charge against Walter Chamberlain of Chelsea, who assaulted Matthew Blair, is that of "wounding with intent to do grievous bodily harm."

JOTTINGS FROM OTTAWA.—Ottawa Aug. 18th.—Last week the city was very dull in the way of news items.

LOG ROLLING MATCH.—On Saturday last our local sports were treated to an aquatic exhibition in the shape of a log rolling match between two rival men named Sylvester Kennedy and William Frost.

IT IS GONE.—For years gone past an elderly female has enjoyed a squatter's right of keeping an apple stall on Sparks street close to the post office.

PORTAGE DU FORT NEWS.—Aug. 19.—Josh Billings does tell the truth sometimes, for instance: "All nature bleth: Roosters pant and so do lizards; And mules upon a dusty road can't raise a trot to save their hides."

IN COMPANY WITH A FEW pleasant fellows I made a fishing excursion to the Schmeaux Islands last week.

MISS NEILSON OF RAMSAY, is at present here visiting her friends.

KILLED.—An unfortunate occurrence took place on the morning of the 13th inst., on the C. P. R. track at Bissett's creek, in which Mrs. Josephine Langlois Latour, wife of Joseph Latour of said place, lost her life.

REFFERING TO THE SCOTT ACT the Renfrew Mercury says that in that county it is still progressing favorably.

A GERMAN lady of Amprio, who according to the Chronicle, had attained considerable local reputation as a physician, was last week arrested by Mr. John Martin, detective for the Ontario Medical Association, on a charge of practising medicine without being registered as the law provides.

MR. HURDMAN, who owns land in the vicinity of the scene of the recent dispute on the line of the Pontiac and Pacific Railway, in giving his evidence said he sold his land to the company for \$35 an acre, and he considered that the price was as valuable as that of Mr. Fonn.

ONE OF THE most interesting matrimonial events of the season, says the Chronicle, took place on Monday the 11th inst., at St. Bernard's Church, New Town, when Mr. Stephen Grace of the firm of M. A. & S. Grace, of Ottawa, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary McMahon, one of Fitzroy's fairest daughters.

OR DECIDING one was taken by the Ontario after a hard struggle... Old Sol is having it all his own way.

HERE AND THERE.

Oh, to be a little closer to zero! Farmers say potatoes are an abundant crop.

THE PROTRACTED warm weather is ripening the grain very rapidly.

THE MESSRS. Harris are holding revival meetings in North Clarendon with great success.

THE PICNIC at St. Luke's Church, Bristol last Tuesday week was a grand success financially.

PERTH hotel-keepers have increased the rate to be charged to "all known supporters of the Scott Act."

THE TAIL OF THE Upper Ottawa drive got into the Desjochims boom on Tuesday evening of last week.

EIGHT HUNDRED young women received holy communion at the Basilica in Ottawa last Sunday morning.

THE DUCK SHOOTING season has set in. Our local sports say this species of game is not so plentiful as last season.

SOME OF our village boys have been amusing themselves by cooking eggs in the hot sand during the past week.

ANOTHER big day in Pembroke on Wednesday of this week. Some of our village boys left on Monday with the intention of "scooping it in."

MISS NEILSON OF RAMSAY, is at present here visiting her friends.

MR. BECKETT has begun building his new shop; it will be 40x70 feet and 3 stories high.—TANBRID.

GOOD CROPS! Plenty to eat! Fine men, women, girls and boys! Lots of good crops of wheat, corn, etc.

A REVEL meeting is now in progress in the Ampror Methodist Church. The minister in charge is assisted by Mr. Shaver, a successful evangelist from Iroquois, and also a Miss McDonald, of Bryson.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—The rumor that a portion of the body of Chas. B. Henry, of the Greely expedition, was eaten has caused much excitement in the neighborhood of Cypress Hill Cemetery.

WASHINGTON, August 14.—The Star publishes the following:—Rochester, N. Y., August 14.—Dr. Charles Buckley and F. A. Mandeville this morning, at the request of the coroner, examined the body of Lieut. Kisingbury, of the Greely expedition.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 14.—A post mortem examination of Lieut. Kisingbury's body was made to-day in the chapel of Mount Hope Cemetery.

NEW YORK, August 14.—The charge of cannibalism against the members of the Greely expedition has been thoroughly investigated by the Herald reporters. It has been discovered that there was a basis for charges, though the circumstances of the cases are by no means so horrible or sensational as the published story indicates.

LIEUT. GREELY INTERVIEWED.

He partly admits the reports of cannibalism.

PORTSMOUTH, Aug. 13.—A special from Portsmouth says.—Col. Kent this morning obtained an interview with Greely, who admits that Henry had a military execution on the 6th June.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale an amount of first class lime, cheap for cash. Apply at once before it is all gone.

A MARVELOUS STORY TOLD IN TWO LETTERS.

FROM THE SON: "28 Cedar St., New York: My father, your father, of Greely, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the enclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

FROM THE FATHER: "It is in both a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

SIX MONTHS ago I was completely covered with a scrofulous humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an incessant and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause the blood to flow in many places when I moved. My sufferings were great, and my life a burden.

THE CONDITION OF THE MEN.

"It was a matter of surprise to me," said Commander Schley yesterday, "to find such an abundant harvest of little but these men were alive at all, but of still greater wonderment that Greely had maintained, even to the last, complete control over his companions."

CANADA. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Ottawa.

No. 101. In the Circuit Court in and for the County of Pontiac, at Chapeau Village.

On motion by D. R. Barry, Esquire, Attorney for Plaintiff, it is ordered that inasmuch as the Defendant cannot be found within the limits of this district as it appears by the return of F. A. Maynone, one of the bailiffs of the Superior Court, he, by an order in La Minerve, a newspaper published in the French language in the city and district of Montreal, (there being no newspaper published in the French language in this district) and twice in the English language in The Equity, a newspaper published in the English language in the village of Bryson, in said district of Ottawa, be ordered to appear before this Court within TWO MONTHS from the last publication of such order.

N. BESSETTE, Clerk of the said Circuit Court. Chapeau, August 11, 1884.

ALMONTE MARBLE and GRANITE WORKS. Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Work. OF ALL KINDS IN Foreign and Canadian MARBLES. GRANITE.

DESIGNS and estimates furnished on application to J. A. PHILLIPS, Proprietor, Almonte, Ont. Almonte, April 10, 1884.

was used for bait to catch shrimps, upon which the survivors subsisted for a long time. There is no doubt the whole affair has been grossly exaggerated. The Herald has learned that when the Greely party was rescued, each member was on the brink of insanity.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT. THAT VERY LARGE STORE with dwelling upstairs and outbuildings, with three lots of land being the best business stand in the Village of Portage du Fort may be better known as the "O'Meara Property."

Lime For Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale an amount of first class lime, cheap for cash. Apply at once before it is all gone.

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T. J. SOMERVILLE, RENFREW MARBLE GRANITE WORKS. MANUFACTURER OF Renfrew Granite and White Marble MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES, TABLETS, CURBING-POSTS, and Railings of all sizes and styles. H. B. SOMERVILLE, AGENT.

Wm. McVEIGH, Teas, Tobaccos, Sugars, &c., &c. LIQUORS: As he is making a specialty of this branch of business parties may rely upon getting the very best article in the market, either for medicinal or other use. Wm. McVEIGH, Bryson, June 7, 1883.

R. BRUCE GRAY, WHOLESALE & RETAIL CHEMIST & DRUGGIST, Pembroke and Mattawa. Orders from the County of Pontiac attended to with care and despatch. Correspondence solicited. Pembroke, June 21, 1883.

PEMBROKE :: CABINET :: FACTORY, BEAMISH BROS. PROPRIETORS.

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS KEPT IN STOCK AND MADE TO ORDER. Parlor Sets, Bedroom Sets, Spring Beds, Mattresses. As we intend giving the Furniture business our entire attention, we will be able to attend to the wants of the public both promptly and satisfactorily. BEAMISH BROS. PEMBROKE, October 22, 1883.

COBURN, SHEA & CO. OF PEMROKE.

ARE NOW OFFERING SOME GENUINE BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS, which are justly claimed to surpass anything ever offered in that town. Some lines away below WHOLESALE PRICES. Blankets, Etoffs, Tweeds, Ulsterings, Coatings, Prints, Cottons, and Dress Goods, in great variety. WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF Men's Women's and Children's Hosiery ever offered in Pembroke.

FARM :: PRODUCE :: TAKEN AND HIGHEST MARKET PRICE ACCORDED.

COBURN, SHEA & CO. Main Street - Pembroke.

DOMINION ORGANS AND PIANOS.

HIGHEST HONORS EVER AWARDED TO ANY MAKE IN THE WORLD. WE HAVE NOW MANUFACTURED SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS. BEST Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO CO., BOWMANVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

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

The subscriber in returning thanks to his numerous customers for past patronage would also intimate that he is now in a better position than ever to fill all orders in his line with satisfaction. —A GREAT VARIETY OF— TWEEDS, ETOFFS, &c. &c., ALWAYS IN STOCK. Good Suits from Ten Dollars and upwards! THOMAS MORAN. Bryson, June 7, 1883.

A. H. HORN - UNDERTAKER, PEMROKE, ONT. Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Cases, Shrouds, Caps, Gloves, &c., &c. TELEGRAPH ORDERS attended to at ALL HOURS.

