

THE EQUITY.

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SHAWVILLE, Co. PONTIAC, P. Q., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1898.

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'THE EQUITY'

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Correspondence of local interest solicited from all parts of the country.

Birth, Marriage and Death Notices inserted free; but obituary lines, or "poetry" will be charged at the rate of 3 cents per line money to accompany the manuscript in every case.

J. A. COWAN, Publisher.



Court Shawville,
No. 276.

Meets the 4th Wednesday of every month. Court dues must be paid promptly every month. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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THIS hotel has been recently opened for the public accommodation, and has been equipped in first class style with all necessary requirements. Bar furnished with choice liquors and cigars. First class table, good yard and stabling, and large commodious Sample Rooms.

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This hotel will be found fully equipped for the accommodation of the public generally, and especially commercial men. Free bus meets all trains. Good livery in connection. Ladies' and gents' bicycles kept for hire.

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Local and General.

Are you using Dowd's Flour?

Sharbot Lake village suffered a \$15,000 fire last week.

Fast colored prints of neat pattern at the Pontiac Woollen Mills.

Straw hats of all kinds and at all prices. J. H. SHAW.

The Douglas Advocate has reverted to the eight page form again—the same size as when first issued.

Our local bakers, in consequence of the heavy rise in flour, raised the price of bread to 28 cents a pan last week.

Cured hams, pork sausage—we manufacture and sell at a very low price.

J. G. MCGUIRE.

Mr. J. H. Bromley, of Pembroke, and Capt. Garrett, of Toronto were here last week "buzzing" the insurance business.

Mrs. Horace Landon of Chichester, who has been in the Pembroke General Hospital for some months is quite well again, which her many friends will be glad to hear.

Mr. G. F. Hodgins, and Mr. Thos. H. Brownlee, head miller for H. S. Dowd, purchased a car of wheat in this neighborhood on Wednesday last. Mr. Hodgins shipped the car to Quyon on Monday morning. It is said to have been the first shipment of wheat made from here.

The Lamirand family, (numbering five persons,) of the rear of North Onslow, were recently accused of burning a neighbor's building and taken to Bryson for trial. On Thursday Mr. Rimer, J. P. committed all excepting Mrs. Lamirand to stand their trial at the next assizes. Bail, however, was accepted for the others, and they were allowed to return to their homes.

New Williams Sewing Machines are always ahead. Just as far ahead as the Massey-Harris implements are ahead of any others. They always go together. Buy a New Williams and make your wife happy and get a Brantford Mower or a Massey-Harris Binder, with improved roller and ball bearings, and you will have something to be proud of.

For sale by A. S. SMART.

The trial of the man, John Daley, whom we mentioned in last week's issue as having attempted to indecently assault the 13 year old daughter of Mr. John Farquharson, of Horton, was discharged last week by Judge Deacon, at Pembroke, on the plea of insobriety, and that he had meant no evil. Much dissatisfaction was evinced in Renfrew over the acquittal of the prisoner, whose charge was a serious one and punishable with two years imprisonment, with whipping in addition.

Messrs. Smith and McDonald, of the Pontiac Advance, announce in last week's issue, that they have sold the paper and plant to Mr. Wm. H. Meredith, of Quyon, who has since removed the type and machinery to that village, with the intention of there continuing the publication of the Advance. The new proprietor, while possessing no practical knowledge of the printing business, is, by reason of his high educational attainments, fully qualified for the editorial work which will devolve upon him, and so far as this feature of the enterprise is concerned, should make the paper a success. Much depends, however, on the ability of his town to render the support and assistance necessary to the life of a weekly journal. With the Times already in possession of the advertising field, it does seem as if our friend Meredith, were possessed of considerable courage.

Have you tried Dowd's "High Loaf" Flour?

Secure wire, poultry netting, spring hinges, bird cages. J. H. SHAW.

Pork Hams wanted in exchange for a first-class Japan Tea at J. G. MCGUIRE'S. O'Connor's washing machine establishment at Ottawa, was badly damaged by fire last week.

Mr. R. A. Millions, of the Quyon Times, was in town on Saturday soliciting business for his journal.

All the latest designs in spring and summer tweeds at the Pontiac Woollen Mills. A. HODGINS.

Rev. Mr. Poston, who officiated in Thorne for a time last year, is now the assistant of Ven. Archdeacon Naylor in this parish.

Mr. Thos. Dolaghan formerly of Vinton has purchased the old Dufferin hotel property in Douglas from Mr. M. Breen and will continue business there.

\$3.00 will get you one dozen best cabinet photos at Green's, studio, Shawville, which he visits on the first Friday of each month. Don't forget date.

Wheat, which went up to \$1.25 a bushel, and was bought for that figure during the fore part of last week, took a tumble of 10 cents per bushel on Friday.

Mr. A. Smiley has commenced the erection of a two storey frame building on his property south side of Court street. The work is in charge of Mr. L. Dumas.

A Holiness Convention will be held in the Union Evangelical hall, (Knox's) Clarendon, commencing on Monday, May 30th and continuing for four days. All are cordially invited.

A most extensive range of Canadian, English and Scotch tweeds, worsteds, serges, etc., at the Pontiac Woollen Mills. If you need a spring outfit don't make the mistake of purchasing before inspecting these goods. A. HODGINS.

Mr. Ratte, boat liveryman of Ottawa, has entered an action against the several parties who have continued to deposit sawdust in the Ottawa River, since the law prohibiting them from doing so has come into effect.

Constipation Cured.

It's important you should have natural action of the bowels. Purgings and griping do violence to the system. Laxative pills is nature's own medicine for all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Cure constipation by toning the bowel wall and stimulating the secretions. Leave no bad after effects.

The little village of St. Anne de Parade, made famous by the landslides of 1892, was again thrown into excitement last week by the occurrence of a landslide at St. Thurbie, a few miles distant, in which two farmers lost their buildings and entire belongings, including the five year old daughter of one of the parties.

Apologies of gardening operations now going on in this village, it may be mentioned that one enterprising lady intends forestalling the customary autumn visit of the patent medicine-man, by raising a crop of pills for domestic use. The forthcoming harvest of these little essentials to the physical welfare of suffering humanity is expected to be entirely free from the usual nauseating qualities of kindred remedies, as the result of planting the seed—a small brown variety—along with the fragrant sweet pea.

OBITUARY.—There died at the Pembroke Hospital on Sunday last, Mr. Thomas Kennedy, one of the oldest residents of Allumette Island. The deceased gentleman was nearly 67 years old and died from heart disease. He leaves behind a family of two sons—Richard on the homestead and Thomas in the United States—and three daughters—Mrs. Patrick Carney, of town; Laura on the homestead and Emma, who lately graduated as a nurse from the St. Mary's Hospital Training School for nurses, Brooklyn, N. Y., and who was home on a visit to her sick father a few days ago. The funeral took place at Chapeau yesterday and was largely attended.—Pembroke Standard.

At two o'clock on Tuesday, says the Pembroke Observer of last week, a very pretty but quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. John Bromley, when his eldest daughter Elizabeth Frances was united in marriage to Mr. Alexander Bain Petrie, jr., of Guelph. The Rev. Geo. Edwards performed the ceremony. The bride was presented by her father, and Miss Mary Bromley, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while Geo. R. Petrie, of Hamilton, attended the groom. The invitations were limited to a few immediate friends of the bride's family, but a large number of friends assembled at the C. P. R. station to give the couple a hearty send off, but they were doomed to disappointment for the bridal party drove to the government road five miles down the line, and there boarded the train for a honeymoon trip to New York.

Baby Brightness

Soon fades when diarrhoea seizes on the little form. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has saved many infants as well as adults. Lives. Mrs. W. Walters, Richmond Street, Ont., says—"I cured my baby of a bad attack of Cholera by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Nothing else did any good, but the baby improved from the first dose of the Wild Strawberry."

WANTED—A good cook or Dining Room Girl; experienced hand preferred. Apply at once at Pontiac House, Shawville.

Don't forget us when you want covering for your feet. Our stock is immense. J. H. SHAW.

J. S. Durie & Son, the well known stationers of Spark St., Ottawa, have sold out to James Hope & Co.

The shore pier of the Nepean Point Bridge, on the Ontario side of the river was completed on Thursday last.

Get the best by dealing with us. We sell high class goods at right prices. J. H. SHAW.

Several persons lost their lives by the burning of a wholesale store in Philadelphia on Tuesday.

Mr. Henry White has been appointed postmaster of Portage Du Fort, vice Mr. John Amy, resigned.

Rev. George McArthur, of Cardinal, Ont., has been elected moderator of the Montreal and Ottawa Synod of the Presbyterian Church.

Shawville was visited by a terrific thunderstorm on Wednesday evening. No damage was done, however, although some pretty large hail fell.

Mr. J. W. Eades, of this town, has acquired the aerated water manufactory of Burroughs & Co. We wish "Jim" success in his new undertaking.

Six persons are known to have perished and six others are missing as the result of the burning of the St. Hyacinthe hospital on Monday morning.

We understand Mr. Robert Thackray has sold out his Ragged Chute mill to his step son, Mr. Donaldson of Ottawa. The new proprietor was here on Thursday transacting business with Forest Ranger John Thompson.

Mr. Bailey, late electrician for the Pontiac Telephone Company, and Mr. Nolan, contractor of Ottawa, are seeking a franchise from this village to supply the town with water and electric light. We understand they will lay their scheme before the council at its next meeting.

Vigor for Heart and Nerve.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure anemia, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, palpitation, throbbing, faint spells, dizziness or any condition arising from impoverished blood, disordered nerves or weak Heart.

Obituary.

MRS. OWEN O'REILLY.

It is our sad duty to chronicle, this week, the death of one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of Onslow in the person of Mrs. Owen O'Reilly, which took place on Monday, May 9th, in the seventy-fifth year of her age.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Ellen McColgan, was a native of county Tyrone, Ireland. She emigrated with the family in 1847, to Onslow, where she lived till the time of her death. She leaves a family of three sons and five daughters to mourn her loss, her husband having pre-deceased her twenty years.

The funeral, which took place to North Onslow cemetery, was largely attended, showing the high esteem in which she was held. The pall bearers were her three sons and three nephews, (O'Reillys) Com.

MRS. JAMES R. HORNER.

The sable winged messenger of death has conveyed desolation to another home in our midst. On Saturday at one o'clock the spirit of Mrs. James R. Horner forsook its earthly tenement, and took its flight across the divide, which intervenes between Time and Eternity. This highly esteemed lady's decease only anti-dated her illness a few days, so serious indeed was the nature of the malady with which she was stricken down. But notwithstanding the suddenness of the call, she was thoroughly prepared and willing to go, contemplating the inevitable with that calm assurance which it is the lot of the true Christian only to possess.

The funeral took place at one o'clock on Monday, and was one of the largest ever witnessed in this locality. Before the removal of the remains from deceased's late home, a short service was held at which the Rev. R. C. Horner officiated. The cortege then formed and wended its way to the Methodist church, where the usual services observed on occasions of this character were held. The resident clergymen had the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Sproule, who gave out the opening hymn, and then followed in prayer. The scripture reading was by Mr. Celand, and the sermon—a very touching discourse—by Rev. Mr. Knox, who also offered the closing prayer. The funeral procession then retraced its steps to the cemetery to witness the last sad rites performed.

Deceased was the second daughter of Mr. Noble Armstrong, of Clarendon, and as already remarked, was a lady held in high esteem by all who knew her, an earnest Christian and a zealous worker in the Master's service. She leaves, besides her parents and immediate relatives, a sorrowing husband and three children, all of comparatively tender years, to bewail her sudden and unexpected departure. To each and all we offer our deepest sympathy and condolence.

SOCIAL.—Remember the Garden Social at the residence of Rev. Wm. Black, Campbell's Bay, on the evening of May 24th. Refreshments served from 6.15 to 7.15 p.m. All are cordially invited. Admission 25 cts.

The Canada Gazette of Saturday last contains among its official notices an announcement of a meeting to be held on June 1st at Montreal of the shareholders of the Ottawa and Gatineau Valley Railway for the purpose of authorizing the issuance of \$500,000 first mortgage bonds. These bonds are issued for the construction of the interprovincial bridge, and will be a first lien and charge upon it.

Rural Deanery Meeting.

The 28th meeting of the Rural Deanery of Clarendon was held at Aylmer on the 11th and 12th inst. The meeting of the 11th was of a business nature. Reports of mission work amongst lumbermen were given, and arrangements were made for the visit of the Bishop of the Diocese, in August, and for missionary meetings. The inadequate support given to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund and to the Superannuation Fund, and some methods of securing improvement were discussed.

The Deanery Service was held in Christ Church at 8 p.m., at which addresses were given by the Rev. W. A. Fyles, and the Rev. W. Kaneen.

The meetings on Thursday, the 12th, were of a devotional character, and included the study of Heb. X, in its bearing upon the Mosaic and Christian Covenants, a service based upon the Ordination Service, and a discussion upon the studies of the parish clergymen.

The members of the Deanery were most hospitably entertained by the Rev. R. F. and Mrs. Taylor, and by members of the congregation, and it was felt that the two days had been spent both pleasantly and profitably.

Greenmount Notes.

Most of our farmers have finished putting in their crops. Some of the most energetic ones finished early last week.

Preparations are going on at G. M. for the picnic on the 24th of May. If U. T. Centre Clown will attend it, he will receive desired information from the writer, as he can inform him better than the "Scribe". (The picnic will be a basket instead of a pay affair.)

Mr. Alex. Hodgins is very pleasant looking—face wreathed in smiles. A boy arrived here on Friday last, and intends to stay.

Miss Smiley spent Saturday with Miss Katie Woods.

Mr. Ed. McDowell, of Campbell's Bay, spent Sunday with his parents.

A new Anglican minister has arrived for Thorne and Leslie. I do not know his name, but I hear that the young ladies are rejoicing because he is not a married man. TORSY.

Bristol Mines Notes.

War is the general topic around here now.

The farmers are all about through with their crops, and times are improving.

Mr. Geo. Walsh has gone to work on the Southern Pembroke Railroad.

Messrs G. W. Craig and J. H. Williams were renewing old acquaintances in Braeside recently.

Miss Clara Findlay was visiting at Mr. McNeill's last week.

Miss M. J. McNeill has returned home from Ottawa.

Miss Rachael Walsh Sundayed at Mrs. Williams.

Miss Johnston has organized a Band of Hope here which will celebrate the 24th of May at Norway Bay picnic grounds.

Miss Frances McElhiney was visiting friends in Elmside recently.

Mr. John Williams was fortunate enough to trade his wheel for a watch.

Mr. C. Sylvester is going to move to Manitoba where he intends to take up his abode.

Mr. J. J. Henderson, of Billerica, spent Wednesday evening in town.

Mrs. John McNeill has returned to this place.

Miss Josephine Roy, spent a few days visiting here.

Miss Elizabeth Ade is visiting friends in Sudbury.

Mr. Andrew Davis was in town on Saturday evening. KLONDIKE.

The Cyclists' Friend.

No cyclist's kit is complete without a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Can be taken internally or used externally. For bites, cuts, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, coughs, sore throat, pains in the chest, etc., it is always effectual. Has no equal as an all round remedy.

Shawville Produce Quotations

Oats.....	32 to 34
Peas.....	55 to 57
Buckwheat.....	30
Eggs, (fresh),.....	0 to 9
Wool.....	18 to 20
Butter.....	00 to 15
Pork per 100.....	3.75 to 4.25
Hay per ton.....	9.00 to 10.00
Calfskins.....	30 to 35
Hides.....	3.75 to 4.00
Felts.....	60 to 1.00

THE LAST VOYAGE OF MARTIN VALLANCE:

A SEA STORY OF TO-DAY.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY,

Author of "Steve Brown's Bunyip," "In the Great Deep," etc.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

In an hour the storm had gone, the sun shone out, and a nasty tumble of sea got up, one of those criss-cross seas that seem to come from all quarters at once—a sea that speedily made a half-tide rock of my refuge, and threatened to fill it completely in another hour or two more. As to wind, there was none to bother much about; and I was getting the benefit of the released sea, held so long under by its iron hand. Presently, to avoid being swept off, I had to change my position, and now I stood on the bottom leg up to my waist in water and hung on to the top one—a precarious business, to say nothing of sharks. Every few minutes a couple of chopping seas would make a rendezvous of the pen and meeting, break clean over it, half smothering me, and, as I could plainly feel, each time putting more water inside. At this rate of going, I considered that less than an hour would finish matters, unless the wretchedly wild sea went down.

I had been straining my gaze to the horizon, when, gradually bringing it round, I saw something over my shoulder that made me actually yell with the surprise and delight of it. There, not two hundred yards away, nodding and dancing to the chop, was a fine big lump of a cutter-rigged boat, her foresail hauled down and partly hanging in the water over the bows, the mainsail and gaff heaped along the boom. Over the latter spar leaned a couple of men clad in blue cotton dungaree, looking straight at me, but giving no sign. Their features were dark and as their arms hung down over the sail the sunshine glittering on some bright objects, apparently held in their grasp. Climbing on to the pen, I shouted at the top of my voice and waved my arms. But they never stirred, and I thought I could make out, even at that distance, a sneering expression on their livid faces. Again I yelled; ay, and cursed them, and shook my fist at them, for the boat was passing me, blown along before the wind—passing me at right angles, a beautiful model of a craft, her white side, with its narrow gold heading, glistening wet to each heave of the straight stem. A regular dandy of a boat, never built, it struck me even at that moment, to be carried on shipboard. My God, how swiftly she was getting away from me! Evidently there was only one thing to be done, but I hesitated. The stolid cruelty of those dark faces scared me. Would not such villains be apt to take pleasure in repulsing a drowning man who came to them for rescue? Then I laughed aloud.

What could it matter how the end came, when come it must if I stayed where I was? And without further thought I stripped, plunged in, and swam for the boat. I was weaker than I thought; and the cross sea took a lot of getting through. Also, the boat was further away than I supposed her to be, and had it not been for the sail acting in great measure as a drag, I doubt whether I should ever have done the swim. As it was, when at last I grasped the sodden canvas, all I could do was to hang on to it, panting convulsively, and not knowing when boat-hook or hand-spike might descend on my head. A minute or so's rest, and then, painfully crawling over the bows mother-naked as I was, I staggered aft. The pair still stood in the same position, close to each other, staring steadfastly seaward, their backs towards me, in the natural, easy posture of men resting. Were they drunk, or blind, or deaf and dumb? I wondered, as I stood there, on the break of the little half-deck, staring down at them. And then, my eyes travelling along their bodies, a great hot sweat broke out, tingling like prickly heat all over me, and I reeled back in dismay as I saw that, from the hips downwards, they were the colour of saplings charred by a bush-fire!

Black as ink, without a stitch of clothing, ran four straddling, shapless stumps that had once been thighs and legs—black as ink they ran into the foul rain-water that washed between them in the boat's bottom. A truly desperate and awful sight, and one that made me feel sick and ill as I gazed alternately at the burnt supports and the fleshy trunks above them. The horrible spectacle took all the stomach out of me, perhaps because that organ was so miserably empty just at the moment. Anyhow, it was some minutes before I mustered courage to step across and face that grisly pair. God only knows what colour their skin had originally been, but now it was a horrid purplish blue. They had stiff, scrubby black hair and beards, and were so much alike they might have been brothers.

In more than one place on breast and arm I caught sight, through the slashed dungaree, of scarred-healed wounds, telling of wild work not long since. On each hip lay, in its curved sheath, a murderous-looking knife; and from a steel cuff on each of their wrists hung a small chain—some of the links fused and melted as if in a furnace. These were the bright objects I noticed. And they doubtless formed a key to the tragedy, or at least to part of it. Snugging their boat in the terrible storm of the morning, the pair had been struck by lightning and instantly shattered and withered as I now beheld them. But before that? I could not give a guess even—mutineers, pirates, convicts? Well, here was romance at last, of a sort, good measure, heaped up, more than enough to satisfy me for those humdrum years that had passed!

The boat was larger than I imagined. Decked better than half-way her length, giving her a cabin with handsome doors, facing a space aft—a sort of

well, wherein was a small binnacle, and around which ran lockers—I should have taken her for a pleasure-boat, built for use and rough weather; or one belonging to some government official who had to run out to sea, or down a harbour to meet ships. Certainly, no sort of vessel that I was acquainted with carried such a craft on her deck. But, wherever she hailed from, she looked a sound, fast, wholesome boat, and more than a handful for any one man to manage; also, decidedly not the property of those two silent ones. All these thoughts passed through my brain in less time than it takes to put them down. Indeed, whilst thinking, I was busy hauling the foresail on deck, not without, I must confess, more than one or two nervous glances over my shoulder. Then stepping gingerly aft, I looked around for the pen having no idea of deserting a shipmate in distress. For some minutes I could not see it; and when at length I picked it up, I was astonished to find what a distance away it was, and what a mere speck it appeared on the sea. Taking its bearings by the compass, I paused, reluctant with disgust at the job on hand. But it had to be done. I wanted that mainsail, and yet I hated to touch those biddling figures gazing silently over the sea with lowering, hideous faces.

Easing off the mainsheet, I thrust the boom to leeward. But they were not to be got rid of in that fashion, and they hung on with a terrible tenacity that dismayed me. As I stood watching in half-hearted fashion, the boat gave a sudden swerve, bringing the boom back again, and causing the bodies to hit the side of the cutter violently; and, to my horror, the lower parts of each of them snapped short off, carotid-wise, whilst the trunks swayed to and fro like pendulums on the spar. This sort of thing was not to be borne, and, with desperate energy, I picked up the halves—they were as light as corks—and hove them overboard. Then, grasping the body nearest me, I dragged it at it, having to exert all my strength to make it let go its hold, and served it the same way, the belt and sheath slipping over the exposed hip-bones as I did so. Tackling the other one, I pulled too hard, and it came away with a swing, and, turning, flew to me, resting on my bare breast.

Shaking myself free with a shout of terror, I pitched it overboard. I was trembling all over, and the sweat ran down my body in streams. Never, in my worst nightmare, could I have imagined such a gruesome contrast as the one I had just finished. With a feverish eagerness to be gone, I cast the gaskets loose, hoisted the mainsail, and the foresail up, got the cutter before the wind, and kept away for Nan and the pen—bearing a good couple of miles ahead.

She steered like a clock; and though the breeze had dwindled to a mere light air, she slipped through the easing tumble at a rate that soon brought me alongside my first refuge. "Hurrah, Nan, old woman!" I shouted, whilst I quickly got into my clothes; "here we are again; never say die; for neither of us was born to be drowned!" "Ma-a-a-a," bleated poor Nan as I rolled back the tarpaulins and, with some trouble, threw open the big barred door. On my calling her, she was out on top of the cage in a second, and after just one sailor-like stare around, watching her chance, she hopped into the boat as clean as a whistle, although it stood full four feet above the cage, and had footing both ways. A rather dilapidated-looking goat she was too, with chafing sores on hips and shoulders, and her coat all brine-roughened and matted. But there was lots of life in her still, and she made the deck rattle as she scampered fore and aft, bleating at the top of her voice.

Dowsing the sails, I made fast to the pen for a time whilst I did a little exploring with a view to food and drink, which, Heaven knows, we both needed badly.

First, with a bucket, I baled the water out, not liking the feel of the greasy splashing between my legs, any more than the suggestive dark colour of it. Then, opening the door of the little cabin, I crouched in, closely followed by Nan. The interior was low, and dimly lit by a couple of glass bull's-eyes in the deck. There were no bunks, but all around ran a cushioned seat, covering, as I soon found, lockers full of odds and ends. On the floor were some rugs and blankets; an empty demijohn, smelling of rum; some tin pannikins and plates; mats of Indian manufacture; long black Trichinopoly cigars; woven bags of grass, containing betelnut and withered areca-leaves for chewing, together with many more signs of dirty native occupation. But everything was scattered about in the wildest confusion. A handsome little lamp swung from a bracket, and lighting it with a match from a big tin boxful in one of the lockers, I was enabled to see more clearly. And now I noticed ominous black patches on the brown leather of the cushions, and the floor was simply piebald with them. Also, I picked up a couple of great sheath-knives covered with rusty-brown stains from haft to point. Undoubtedly there had been murderous work done in that little sea-room. Opening some of the lockers, I found preserved meats, a few bottles of rum, a great bag of cabin biscuits, a lump of cold salt junk on a tin dish, a jar of some sort of wine, another of molasses, more cigars, a whole cheese, a string of onions, and one locker was nearly full of sweet potatoes, at which Nan sniffed approvingly. Perhaps what pleased me most of all was, lashed right in the eyes, a big cask of water, which, on sounding, I found over half-full.

Carrying on a full of provisions, I went out, glad to breathe the fresh air after that of the cabin, which smelled stifling with an odour of rum, stale cigar-smoke, murder, and sudden death.

But Nan seemed uneasy, and in place of eating the potatoes and biscuit covered with molasses, one of her special weaknesses, she started to butt me and sing out complainingly. At last, losing patience, I was about to tie her up, when my eye fell upon her udders, swollen near to bursting; and, sailor though I was, I felt that something wanted easing. So, taking a basin, I set to work, awkwardly enough I dare say, but effectually; and Nan, relieved, presently made great play with her food.

And what a meal that was! Never have I eaten one like it since! Nor, I suppose, shall I ever eat such another—I mean with the same relish and appetite. For twenty-four hours nothing had passed my lips but a nugget or two of brine-sodden, weevily biscuit. And now, cold junk, potted ox-tongue, white Peak and Fren's best ship's bread, raw onions, and cheese, all washed down by copious draughts of Nan's milk mixed with a little rum! I had never drunk such a brew before, but I argued that what was good for the skipper, couldn't very well hurt a second mate. And very capital that, too, I found it. After stowing, tier upon tier, such a feed as one never gets the chance of eating in the same style twice in a lifetime, I cleared away the things, moored afresh on a bright, ready to go at a moment's notice; and fetching the cleanest cushion I could find out of the cabin, and placing it on a grating close to the tiller, I lay down, first drawing the mainsail over the boom, to form a sort of awning. But for a while, tired as I was, I couldn't sleep. I was young and thoughtless, and, like most seamen, although far from irreligious, still extraordinarily shy of making my show of devotion, openly or otherwise.

As I lay there, however, and there passed through my mind the wonderful series of what one might almost fairly call miracles by which I had been preserved and brought to my present hopeful and comfortable position, when destruction seemed so inevitable and so near, I all at once felt impelled to get up on my knees and thank God heartily in as suitable words as I could muster, for the mercies I had experienced at His hands since plunging overboard in that dark middle watch. I am sorry to say that, notwithstanding the stock I came of, it was an unwonted exercise. But I felt all the better for it and lying down again, went off at once into a sound but not altogether dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER III.

I had slept long indeed, for when I awoke, mightily refreshed, the stars were paling before the approach of a new dawn, creeping up the eastern sky. A cool and gentle breeze was blowing from the south, and I put on my coat and vest that I had hung up to dry. After attending to Nan I had a biscuit and a cupful of the warm milk, which ever since, by the way, I have intimately perferred to cow's. As yet I was rather undecided what to do, although now with a good boat under my feet, Southward lay the ships. But there, also, lay the bitter weather and the high seas, necessitating such constant vigilance as with so scant a crew must end in mishap dire and complete unless very speedily some vessel were sighted. The boat, too, was rather large for one man to manage with comfort in anything like a sea-way, and the lighter the wind and warmer the weather, the better, I judged, would be the chance of eventual escape.

Of my position I was, of course, uncertain; nor, though I overhauled the cabin again more carefully, could I find any instrument that might enable me to take an observation. My one chance, it seemed to me, was to get far enough north so as to cross the track of Australian steamers. I would the last voyage of Martin Vallance. Have given my little finger for a sextant. But the boat evidently had carried a purely native crew, wherever they had come from, and I must think myself lucky to have a compass even. And, in any case, I could hardly keep going night and day; so, actually, as long as I made lots of nothing, it mattered little about a degree of drift one way or the other.

As the sun rose I cast off from my moorings and made sail on the boat, waving my cap to the pen, heaving gently on the swell, a black spot in the red pathway of the orb, never doubting I should see it no more. It had served me well, and I felt like parting from an old friend as we headed away nearly due north with a flowing sheet, the cutter leaning over to it like a dog at a bone, and Nan standing under the foot of the foresail—a fine figure of a goat, now with well-filled sides and glossy hair, chewing her cud and keeping a sharp lookout to windward. Without a doubt I owed my life to her, as but for the sound of her calling to me from the sea I had never seen the pen, swimming away from it as I was, and nearly at my last gasp. Once, when the water began to come in so rapidly, just after the storm, the thought had crossed my mind of how much lighter the pen would float if Nan was out of it. But the notion was no sooner conceived than put aside, with the conviction that no good fortune could ever attend such a miserably ungrateful action, either in this world or the next.

In my rummaging I had come across a couple of short clay pipes, quite new, also a stick or two of ship's tobacco, far more to my mind than the rank cigars. And now, whilst the boat ripped through the blue water, I felt pervade me a joyous sense of hope and exhilaration indescribable, setting me to whistle and sing to the mere thrill of it. Nor did my imagination play me any tricks concerning those

two grim and blasted ones. If I had not, by any reason, been able to get rid of them, it might have been otherwise. But then, yards away, glistening wet with spray, was the boom to which the fiery bolt had fastened them, the good Kauri pine of it bucking to the tug of the sail, and all around the warm steady breeze and the blue sky, and the water and the life in it.

You see, I was young and healthy, with a perfect digestion; and I had company, also plenty of good food and drink. All the same, I shunned the darksome little den of a cabin, close and vile-smelling. Nor was there any need for its shelter, the weather keeping gloriously fine; the wind through the day steady and light, dying away at sundown, and giving place to soft airs, which scarce rippled the water heaving gently to the dark blue overhead studded with great constellations that glowed and burned and palpitated with a nearness and brilliancy I had never seen equalled.

(To be Continued.)

KITE TELEPHONE.

Perfect communication Between Ships in the British Navy.

The English naval authorities have just tested with great success a suggested novelty in the way of communication at sea which promises to render obsolete the present method of signalling.

Commander R. G. O. Tupper, of the Royal Navy, experimented with a "kite telephone." The kite used was of the regulation sort, except that it was minus a tail. It was six feet long and three feet wide at the broadest point. In place of the tail the kite carried two lines, one of which was retained on board the Daring, the instructional torpedo boat destroyer, from which the experiments were conducted. With the wind between the two lines referred to, it was found that the kite was so easily managed that it was no trick at all to drop letters or even a hawser into another ship, and in this way establish communication.

Following this experiment came one with a wire. The end of the wire which the kite bore away from the ship was dropped upon the deck of H. M. S. Dauntless, where it was secured by the electrician of the ship and attached to a telephone apparatus in waiting. The other end, which had remained aboard the Daring, was also attached to a telephone, and as soon as this task was completed, the two ships were in perfect communication. The kite remained suspended, secured by two lines, for more than four hours, during which time communication between the Daring and the Dauntless was uninterrupted.

The experiment that was made by the officers of the Daring and the Dauntless had another valuable result. It showed that it is possible to arrange for a new system of signals from one ship to another that would be greatly superior to any flag system which could be conceived. If the telephone wire can be arranged in this manner there is no reason why telegraphic communication cannot be made in a similar fashion. In this case an operator aboard the flagship could carry on a conversation with his fellow operator aboard one of the fleet without difficulty. As a means of signalling the kite is firmly believed, not only by naval officers but by those of the army, to be fraught with great importance when the future is considered. It is of course very much easier for a signal to be seen that is elevated to a considerable height than one which may float at the top of the mainmast or be waved from the summit of a hill.

AN EDITOR'S PENSION.

There is a rumor that Mr. William Mutford will shortly resign the editorship of the Daily Standard, the leading conservative organ of this country, says a London letter. He has been receiving a salary of \$25,000 a year, and I hear that it is the intention of the proprietor to allow him that same sum as a pension. Mr. Mutford is about 65 years of age. He is a bachelor and is credited with having refused knighthood and a baronetcy. He began life on the Standard about 30 years ago as a junior reporter and succeeded in not only becoming its editor, but making it a most powerful and wealthy organ and perhaps the most respected newspaper in all the British realm. There are some people who state that Mr. Sidney Low will be Mr. Mutford's successor, but he will not receive so large a salary. Mr. Low is the son of a naturalized Hungarian citizen.

KAISER WILHELM'S REVOLVER.

Kaiser Wilhelm carries with him a small but serviceable revolver, either in his pocket or in his belt when in uniform. The threats of the Anarchists have caused him to have recourse to this measure of security. His majesty is extremely skilful in the use of the weapon and the chasseur who accompanies him everywhere has had orders to inspect it every morning in order to make sure that it is in working order.

HARD ON HIM.

You can always judge a man by the company he keeps. That's pretty tough on the warden of the penitentiary.

A CHEAP MEDICINE.

IS ONE THAT WILL PROMPTLY AND EFFECTIVELY CURE.

Mr. John Hitch, of Ridgetown, Tells How He Had Spent Dollar Upon Dollar in Vain Before Finding the Medicine That Cured Him.

From the Standard, Ridgetown.

People who read from week to week of the marvelous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills little think that right in their midst exist many who have been relieved from pain and suffering by the use of those wonderful little pills after having suffered untold agonies for months.

Mr. John Hitch, a man well and favorably known throughout the county, was ever ready when opportunity offered to speak a word in praise of these pills and was never tired of recommending them to his friends.

A representative of the Standard, anxious to know of the cause of Mr. Hitch's recommendation called upon him at his home recently and upon telling that gentleman the object of his visit Mr. Hitch consented to an interview. The story in his own words is as follows: "In the winter of 1891 I was taken with a severe attack of la grippe, from which I was confined to the house for some time. This was followed by severe pains and swellings of my lower limbs. I consulted a physician and he told me it was acute rheumatism. I continued under his care for about two months. I was unable to stand alone, but sometimes when I got started I was able to make a few steps unaided. The trouble was principally in my feet and clung to me all summer long. I tried almost everything that friends suggested, hoping to gain relief, but neither medicine taken internally nor liniments applied externally gave me any relief. The pain was very great, and I was only too ready to try anything suggested. I spent dollars upon dollars in doctor's medicine, but all to no purpose. The last week I was attended by a physician it cost me five dollars, and having about that time read in the newspapers of the work accomplished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I concluded it was certainly worth the experiment and accordingly purchased a box from a local druggist and commenced their use, discontinuing the doctor's medicine. This was in June or July, 1892. After I had taken the first box of the pills I could feel some change and after taking seven boxes I noticed a great improvement. I continued taking them until I had used thirteen boxes when I must say I felt as well as I ever did in my life. Some of my customers who came into my yard would ask me what I was doing that I was looking so well knowing the sick spell I had undergone, and I would always tell them that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had wrought the change. They are the cheapest medicine I ever bought," said Mr. Hitch, "and if I had what I spent in other medicines I could sit at ease this winter. During the interview Mrs. Hitch was an occupant of the room and she heartily concurred in what her husband said, and stated that for one other member of the family the pills had been used with success in a case of severe nervousness. Mr. Hitch at the time he was seen by the reporter appeared in excellent health. He is 56 years of age and a man who has always been used to hard work. He was born in Cambridge, England, and came to this country 27 years ago. Before locating in Ridgetown he conducted a brick and tile yard at Longwood's Road, Middlesex county. He has been carrying on a successful business in Ridgetown for the past ten years.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FORTUNES IN INVENTIONS.

A patent for fastening kid gloves has yielded a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars for its fortunate owner, and the inventor of a collar clasp enjoys \$20,000 royalty a year as the reward for his endeavor. A new kind of sleeve button has made \$50,000 in five years for its patentee, and the simple twisting of safety pins in such a way that there is no possible danger of the point sticking in the child promises to enrich its owner beyond any of his early dreams of wealth.

TENDER MEMORIES.

Widower—I say, my dear friend, have you ever been here before?

Burglar—No sir.

Widower—Well, would you mind coming around quite often—say once or twice a week—and going through my trousers as you are doing now? You don't know how much you remind me of my dear, departed wife, Angelina. It seems almost as if she were alive again. Good-night, my friend—God bless you.

A VERY ILL BOY.

Anxious Mother.—I'm afraid Johnny is sick.

Father.—My Goodness! What does he complain of?

Anxious Mother.—He hasn't begun to complain yet; but I forgot to lock the jam closet to-day and there isn't a bit missing.

STYLE IN VEHICLES.

Dealer—I am sure, madam, you could look the city through, and not find a handsomer carriage than this.

Mrs. D'Avon.—Oh, it's handsome enough, but it looks too comfortable to be stylish.

DARING ROYAL EXPLORER.

PRINCE LUIGI HOPES TO FIND THE NORTH POLE.

The King of Italy's Nephew Has an Original Plan for Invading the Arctic Regions—He Ascended Mount St. Elias Last Year.

Prince Luigi, of Savoy, Duke of Abruzzi, is certainly a born explorer. Otherwise, how account for the fact that this man, who is a nephew of the King of Italy, should at present be bent on making a trip to the North Pole. Moreover, this is not the first proof which he has given of his love of adventure. As our readers know, he ascended Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, last year, thus accomplishing a feat which had baffled several older and more experienced men.

The Prince's great aim now is to approach nearer the pole than Nansen did, and in the depths of his heart there is a wild hope that he may have the good fortune to plant the Italian flag in the very centre of the pole. He is especially spurred to action just now, because he knows that Captain Sverdrup is also bent on a Polar expedition, and the idea of playing second fiddle to any one, even to the redoubtable Sverdrup, is abhorrent to him.

HELPED BY THE KING.

King Humbert, though he hesitated at first, has at last given his sanction to his nephew's plan, and has even shown his practical interest in it by promising to contribute 500,000 lire towards the expenses of the expedition.

The Prince does not propose to follow in Nansen's footsteps. His plan is to go by sea as far as Francis-Joseph's Land and to complete his journey by means of sledges and Eskimo canoes, known as kayaks. Apparently he is the first to conceive the idea of arriving at the North Pole in this manner, but the arguments which he brings forward in favor of his plan show that he is not acting rashly or without due forethought.

He claims that the main reason why his ascent of Mount St. Elias—a feat which was vainly attempted by a party of tourists a few days before he accomplished it—was such a pronounced success, was because he had with him a large and thoroughly organized caravan, the members of which were trained mountain climbers. Now he reasons that, if he and such men could ascend Mount St. Elias, there is no reason why they should not succeed in reaching the pole.

His plan then is to take with him about twenty of the most skilled Italian mountaineers, as well as several Eskimaux and teams of dogs. When the party approaches dangerous ground scouts will be sent ahead to reconnoitre, and thenceforth the journey will be made by means of relays. In other words, the party will form into a sort of human ladder, the duty of the foremost being to take possession of a certain point.

Prince Luigi maintains that in this way, not only is the risk of physical danger reduced to a minimum, but the chance of reaching the pole also becomes much greater. General Baldinera recommended that the same tactics be employed during the recent Italian campaign, but unfortunately his recommendation came too late.

The expedition will certainly not fail for lack of funds. "Not only will I have my uncle's 500,000 lire," said Prince Luigi to a friend the other day, "but I will also have ample funds of my own. My intention is to devote my entire income of 150,000 lire to this object during the three years that the journey will last, and if that is not enough I am ready to encroach upon my capital."

The Prince is only twenty-five years old, and he looks even younger. One who did not know him would say that he has not the robustness or physical strength which is necessary for the successful completion of such a hazardous enterprise. He is of slight build, medium height, and, so far as outward appearances go, is not to be compared to such hardy explorers as Nordenskiöld, Nansen or Sverdrup against whom he has fearlessly entered in competition. On the other hand, he has an immense fund of energy and will power, as his successful ascent of Mount St. Elias amply proves.

A TRUE SAVANT.

His brother, the Count of Turin, aptly described him some time ago. Speaking of the members of the family, he said: "My oldest brother, the Duke of Aosta, is the handsome one of the family; my youngest brother, the Duke of Abruzzi, is the savant, and I am simply a good fellow."

A savant Prince Luigi indeed is, but by no means one of the ordinary type. "A fin de siècle savant" he is," says a French journal, "and there is nothing in common between him and the legendary scientist."

Every one of the Quirinal is much interested in the forthcoming expedition, and the Italian people in general are proud to think that a member of the royal family has the courage to undertake such a perilous work and the scientific knowledge without which success could hardly be looked for. On the other hand, the immediate members of Prince Luigi's family, with the possible exception of King Humbert, are rather frightened at the thought of what the young man is about to undertake and they would not be sorry if some unexpected obstacle were to prevent him from carrying out his intention.

ALL PREPARATIONS MADE.

That any such obstacle, however,

Better Health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Has Produced a Change.

Lungs, Heart and Kidneys were Affected—All Run Down.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." Mrs. Sammerville, 217 Ossington Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

will arise is extremely improbable. Prince Luigi has made all preparations for starting, and those who know his resolute character are satisfied that he will start. The exact date of his departure from Italy has not yet been fixed, but all the indications are that he will begin his journey within a few weeks.

The Prince will be the actual and not merely the nominal leader of this expedition, as he was of the Mount St. Elias expedition. His lieutenant, too, on this occasion will be M. Capri, who is a son of General Capri and a distinguished officer of marines. M. Capri has for some time acted as aide de camp to Prince Luigi, and on all his foreign expeditions he has been his most trusted friend and companion.

He Explains.—Isaac—But, if you think der property will double der value in two years vot for der you wish to sell it? Cohenstein—Vell, I vos always a kind of a many-monopolist, undt I don't want to grab everything.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

Pat was suffering dreadfully from seasickness, and there was no prospect of relief, for the vessel pitched and rolled without cessation. By tunder, he cried in his agony. Won't somebody second this motion and let it be passed without debate.

MAN IN DISTRESS.

A whole family suffering. A dull aching of nerve or muscle, or the acuter pangs of neuralgia, toothache, or lumbago makes life a misery. But Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—will relieve all these. Nerviline is powerful, penetrating, and effectual.

Just a Suggestion.—Do you believe in the saying that "Man proposes and God disposes?" she asked. Of course, he replied. Then I should think you would do your share, she suggested. Shortly thereafter everything was arranged satisfactorily.

Quickcure heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, etc.

RACE PREJUDICE.

Hewitt—How did you queer yourself with that French girl? Jewett—I asked her to dance the "german" with me.

Hartford & Vim Tires

Head Office—9 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

A POSSIBILITY.

He never told the truth in his life, did he? Well, he talks a great deal, and he may have hit it accidentally.

Modified Mourning.—I notice that old man Grinnicks has quit mourning for his late wife. Indeed he hasn't. He has taken the craze off his hat, but he has dyed his beard and hair black.

EVERY POUND OF

LUDELLA Ceylon Tea....

Contains Sixteen Ounces of Satisfaction.

Try it. Lead packages. 25, 40, 50 and 60c.

IRONICAL IFS.

If manners make the man that explains some men's undone condition.

If a man is ruled by his feelings he is apt to travel in a zigzag course.

If riches didn't have wings there would be fewer flyers in the stock market.

If a man could only see himself as others see him he wouldn't say a word about it.

If a man thinks life isn't worth living he can very easily find a way to give it up.

If the saloons were open on election day it might be possible to poll a full vote.

If Eve hadn't been forbidden to eat that apple the chances are it wouldn't have happened.

THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

FUNNIGRAMS.

Many a young man who has entered on a career has been glad soon afterwards to get a steady job.

The Retort Surprising.—Teacher, showing off his pupils—Now, Johnny, tell us how the earth is divided, Johnny vivaciously—By earthquakes, sir.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives; but if it could be convinced that such knowledge was none of its business, it would try mighty hard to find out.

Host, to student—Look here, sir; if you pinch that cat's tail again whenever some one orders rabbit pie, I'll have you thrown out of the restaurant! The Last Creation.—She—You shouldn't blame a girl for being thoughtful. He—Why not? She—Because even the first woman was an afterthought.

Miss Blackleigh, looking at her photograph—I should like to know what people say about my picture. Miss Daisey—No, dear, I don't think you would.

The Accepted Time.—Pa, can I go to the circus? No, my son; if you're a good boy, you won't want to go to the circus. Then I'd better go while I'm bad enough to enjoy it, hadn't I?

Always Going.—Mrs. Prim—John, you used to say before we were married that you could die listening to the sound of my voice. Mr. Prim—Well, Mary, it begins to look as if I'll have to do it unless you go first.

Gets Off Easy.—James you ought to be ashamed of your language. Well, you would grumble, too, if you had the coal bills to pay. Nonsense; suppose you were a warship and had to lay in 8,000 tons.

\$100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SHE SET A DAY.

He—Ah, Miss Sharply, may I have the pleasure of calling on you? She—Yes, Mr. Softly, I am at home the second Tuesday of every week.

Quickcure cures Tooth Ache. Stops all Pain.

HER WAY.

Cholly—She-aw-laughed at me. Molly—Oh, well, she's always laughing at nothing.

WIND MILLS—Steel, Galvanized, Roller and Ball Bearings, Iron Pumps, Sprayers, and Grain Grinders. Gould, Shapay & Muir Co., Limited, Brantford, Canada.

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Fence, Fence—We can cut your 1800 Fence account in half. We claim we have the best and most practical fence on earth. Four miles of it in use at the Experimental Farm, Guelph, Ont. Send for prices. Address Toronto Picket Wire Fence Co., 221 River St. Toronto, Ont.

Not Exactly the Same.—Papa, said the youthful student of history, is an ultimatum the last word? No-o, not exactly, that is, not always, replied the old gentleman thoughtfully. You see, there are circumstances under which a man may give an ultimatum to a woman—his wife, for instance—but, of course, that doesn't mean that he will have the last word; not by a good deal.

FACT, FANCY AND FABLE.

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Over 200 are using it in Hamilton. Over 1000 in Toronto and London.

Removes Dandruff in One Week. Cures Itching of the Scalp. Prevents Breaking of Hair. Stops Falling Out.

POSITIVELY GROWS HAIR.

"HAIR PRODUCER"

60c per Bottle from Druggists, or on receipt of price to

Job Cook Mfg Co., London, Ont.

SURE!

TESTIMONY UNDER OATH

SEEDS

12 VARIETIES FOR 25 Cts.

This is a BONA FIDE offer made to introduce our Vegetable and Flower Seeds to new customers and which we guarantee to please you or the amount paid refunded and the Seeds given as a present. At these prices we can ONLY offer the varieties named below. Order by number. Buy what you want. They are sent by mail post paid. Select from the following list:—

VEGETABLES. (Order by Number.) 1. Beet, Ellipse, round 2. Beet, Egyptian, flat round 3. Cabbage, Wilmington 4. Cabbage, Fostler's Brunswick 5. Carrot, half long, scarlet 6. Carrot, Guevara scarlet 7. Cucumber, Chicago Pickling 8. Cucumber, Long Green 9. Celery, Golden Self-Blanching 10. Herbs, Sage 11. Herbs, Savory 12. Herbs, Marjoram 13. Lettuce, Nonpareil (Cabbage) 14. Lettuce, Denver Market (cured) 15. Musk Melon, extra early, Nutmeg	16. Water Melon, Early Canada 17. Onion, large red Wethersfield 18. Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers 19. Parsnip, Hollow Crown 20. Radish, French Breakfast 21. Radish, Rony Gem 22. Squash, Hubbard 23. Tomato, extra early Atlantic 24. Tomato, Dwarf Champion FLOWERS. 25. Astoria, mixed 26. Mignonette, sweet 27. Pansy, mixed 28. Petunia, mixed 29. Nasturtium, tall mixed 30. Sweet Pea, fine mixed 31. Wild Flower, Garden mixed
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FREE WITH EVERY ORDER

Providing this Coupon is CUT OUT and sent to us with an order for 12 packets, we will include 1 packet, New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis, price 25c. Free of Charge TO SUBSCRIBERS OF THIS PAPER.

WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

The Equity.

SHAWVILLE, MAY 19, 1898.

A new cabinet, more favorable to a prolongation of war, has been formed in Spain.

The possibility of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States, is decidedly unpopular in Spain.

It is stated that Messrs. Mann & McKenzie will demand \$400,000 indemnity from the Government owing to the failure of the passage of the Stikkeen Railway contract.

It is said that Mr. Sifton, with the idea of getting another Yukon railway bill through Parliament, intends to bait the peoples' representatives with an increase in their sessional allowance.

An immense gathering of people attended the funeral of the late Dalton McCarthy at Toronto on Saturday. Distinguished representatives from all parts of the country were present.

Serious riots have occurred in Italy during the past ten days, in which many persons were killed. A number of rioters have been arrested. The disturbance is directed against the reigning dynasty, whose existence was thought at the outset to be endangered.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has promised to meet the Quebec farmers, who have been petitioning for a reduction in the country's expenditures and taxation, some time after this session. The meeting will not do any good. The Premier will say nice things to the farmers and make nice promises too, but these things don't go for much. Laurier does not control his Cabinet. The farmers would work to better purpose if they arranged for a conference with Messrs. Tarte, Blair and Sifton.—Ottawa Citizen.

The efforts put forth by our Federal member, Mr. Poupore, to have adjusted the long standing claims of a number of our farmers along the Ottawa River, for damages caused by raising of the water from the construction of the Calumet and Rocher Fendu dams, we are sure will meet with the full approbation and hearty thanks of the parties concerned. The report, published in our last issue, of the discussion in the House on the subject, shows that Mr. Poupore was most persistent in having the Minister of Railways, get a proper understanding of the situation, and having accomplished this, and demonstrated the reasonableness of the claims, Mr. Blair could not very well avoid giving the assurance, which he did, that they would be looked into.

Aberdeen Resigns.

Lord Aberdeen has asked the home government to be relieved of the Governor Generalship of Canada a year before his term of office expires. The request has been granted, and His Excellency will probably leave Canada in October or November at furthest. It is understood that His Excellency's wish has been to be able to be in personal communication with his honored mother, who is now in very advanced years, and that it was his mother's desire that he should return to the old land before the end of his full term of six years.

The two persons most prominently mentioned recently as likely to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as Governor-General of Canada are the Earl of Selbourne, the Under Secretary of State for the colonies, and the Earl of Hopetoun, the Paymaster General. It has been said that the former can have the Governor Generalship of Canada if he wants it.

Georgian Bay Canal will be Built

BY AN ENGLISH COMPANY IF THE GOVERNMENT GUARANTEES THE INTEREST

Mr. James Meldrum, C. E., of London, England, gave some very important evidence before the special committee of the Senate on the Georgian Bay Canal, on Thursday morning last. Mr. Meldrum, who represents S. Pearson & Sons, of London, the largest contracting firm in the world, said that they had been approached by Mr. McLeod Stewart and asked if they would undertake the work and that they had agreed to do so provided proper financial arrangements are made. He believed no engineering difficulty existed which would prevent the construction of the works. Mr. Meldrum said that if the government would guarantee the interest on the capital that this company would undertake to raise the amount necessary to construct the canal, and that an arrangement could be entered into whereby the guarantee need not go into effect until the canal was completed. He believed the company could construct the canal in three or four years. Mr. Meldrum is also of the opinion that if the company guaranteed the interest

on the bonds that it would never be called for as he believes the canal would be a paying business. He thinks there would be no difficulty in raising the required capital at a slight advance on 1½ per cent. Mr. Ormond Higman, Dominion electrician, testified as to the facilities for electrical power on the Ottawa, which he believes to be unlimited and superior to those of Niagara.

THE EQUAL RIGHTS LEADER DEAD.

Dalton McCarthy dies

FROM INJURIES RECEIVED IN A RUNAWAY ACCIDENT

Dalton McCarthy, the eminent lawyer and statesman, died at Toronto at 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening, as the result of the injuries he received in the accident he met with on Sunday evening previous. The immediate cause of death was acute pneumonia, caused by broken ribs pressing on the lungs.

During the day he seemed to have taken a turn for the better. A consultation was held in the morning by Drs. Grasset, Pepler and Graham, who thought that Mr. McCarthy might pull through. In the afternoon Mr. McCarthy was not so well, still hopes were entertained of his recovery. Between 8 and 9 there was a sudden turn for the worse, and a few minutes after 9 he passed away. As stated in previous despatches, the accident which thus proved fatal to Mr. McCarthy occurred Sunday evening as he was driving to take train for Ottawa to attend to parliamentary duties. The horse shied at a crowd of people emerging from one of the churches, and ran away. Mr. McCarthy, who was driving, was thrown out, and clinging to the reins was dragged some distance. On being picked up and carried into a drug store he was found to be suffering from concussion of the brain and broken ribs.

At first it was hoped he would speedily recover, but the ribs, which were broken from the breast-bone, pressed in on the lungs, causing the pneumonia which resulted fatally last night.

MR. MCCARTHY'S CAREER.
Dalton McCarthy was a north of Ireland man by lineage, although born near Dublin, at Oakley Park, Blackrock, Oct. 10, 1836. His father was an Irish lawyer of the same name. Young Dalton came to Canada at the age of eleven with his parents, who settled at Barrie. He was educated at Barrie Grammar school and studied law with his father. He was called to the Ontario bar in 1858, and entered into partnership at Barrie with his father and the late D'Arcy Boulton, Q. C. The young member of the firm rapidly became a successful and noted lawyer. In 1871 he was elected a Benchman of the Law Society, and in the following year made a Q. C.

In 1879 he moved from Barrie to Toronto and there established the firm (latterly McCarthy, Oaler, Hoskin & Creelman) of which he has been always senior partner, and which has long ranked among the foremost doing business in the Dominion.

Mr. McCarthy handled many law cases of the greatest importance. A year rarely passed in which he was not in England arguing before the Privy Council. His income from law for many years is said to have averaged over \$30,000 per annum. Had he confined himself to law he would have been a wealthy man, but he went into lumbering operations and other deals in which he lost a great deal of money.

Mr. McCarthy was first returned to parliament at a by-election in Cardwell, Dec. 14, 1896. He had previously tried and failed no less than three times in North Simcoe, so it was through sheer pluck and persistence that he got into the House of Commons. But once in the House he immediately distinguished himself in debate, and before the close of the first session was regarded as the rising star in the Conservative party. "His first speech," says Mr. Davin, in his "Irishmen in Canada," "marked him as a man for whom all things may be hoped." Sir John Macdonald spoke of him as the "brains of the party," and designated him its future leader. After representing Cardwell two years, he again ran for North Simcoe at the general election of 1898 and was successful. For 15 years or more no one, with the exception of Sir Charles Tupper, possessed Sir John Macdonald's confidence to the same extent. Outside of parliament he undertook the work of organization for his party, and for a considerable period filled the position of chairman of the executive committee of the Conservative Union of Ontario. More than once he declined a seat in the Cabinet. Probably the chief reason was that he felt he could not afford it. He made treble or quadruple from law what he would have received as a cabinet minister, and in the financial difficulties in which he was involved for a considerable time, he felt obliged to continue the practice of his profession.

THE QUAL RIGHTS ISSUE.
When Premier Mercier of Quebec restored to the Jesuits the equivalent to the estates confiscated from them by France before the conquest of Canada by Britain and Sir John Macdonald's Government refused to veto Mercier's act Mr. McCarthy broke with his party in 1889. Although the Dominion cabinet did not see its way clear to veto the act, there was no doubt that almost the entire Protestant sentiment of the country was against the act, and while the majority of the Conservatives stuck to Sir John Macdonald, Mr. McCarthy had their sympathy in his opposition to the act. From this time, Mr. McCarthy remained independent in politics, and became a powerful disturbing force.

On receipt of the intelligence of Mr. McCarthy's death, in the House of Commons, on Wednesday evening, the Prem-

ier moved that the House adjourn out of respect to the memory of deceased. Words of tribute to the dead statesman were spoken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Charles Tupper and Hon. Clarke Wallace.

Sheep Astray.

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, 8th Range Clarendon, on or about the last of March, three white sheep, two of them marked with pieces off their right ears. Information that will lead to their recovery will be thankfully received by the owner.
MRS. THOS. RICHARDSON.

TAX NOTICE.

Pay your bonus tax on or before the first day of June and avoid unpleasantness.

J. R. HORNER,
Sec. Treas.

Shawville, May 9th, 1898.

It Will Pay

You - - -

To order your Suit from Frame

He leads in Fine Tailoring, and gives a perfect fit every time—so his patrons say.

His suits are guaranteed to be well and durably made, and will give good satisfaction.

Leave your order and be convinced,

C. FRAME,
THE PEOPLES' TAILOR.

Bristol Wharf

—AND—

Sand Point Ferry.

Until further notice, the undersigned, who has secured a good safe boat, will carry passengers and freight every day (Sundays excepted) between the above named places at the usual rates.

Leaving Bristol Wharf at 8 a.m., & 4.30 p.m.

Sand Point " 10 15 a.m., & 6.45 p.m.

Special trips run when they will not interfere with the regular.

GEORGE BALLANTINE.

Bristol, April 22, 1898.

Furniture,
Furniture,
Furniture,

good quality and
of all styles at

Amazingly Low Prices

FOR CASH.

JAMES MCARTHUR,
SHAWVILLE.

JOHN M. HODGINS,
Baker
and
Confectioner,

is always prepared to supply the public with

FRESH BREAD, BUNS, BISCUITS,
FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, Etc.

All kinds of cake made to order. Bride's Cake a specialty.

Stand next to J. Turner's Harness Shop
GIVE ME A CALL.

Hatching Eggs for Sale.

I also have eggs for hatching purposes of the following breeds of pure bred stock:—Golden Wyandottes, Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Rocks, Buff Cochins Black Minorcas. \$1.00 per setting of 13.

Two White Cockerels for sale at \$1.00 each.

PRESENT NEEDS.

Green Screen Wire,
Spring Hinges,
Poultry Netting,
Fencing Wire,
Spades and Shovels,
Painis and Oils,
Axle Grease,
Paris Green.

BUY HERE.

J. H. SHAW.

The Shawville Marble and Granite Works, Alex. McDonald, proprietor, turns out a superior class of work in Monuments, Headstones, etc. Prices reasonable

E. HODGINS & SONS.

New Goods.

We have just received
a new supply of

WINDOW BLINDS

PLAIN AND BORDERS
in good colors.

ART MUSLINS,
SCRIMS,
WINDOW PAPERS,
ETC., ETC.

P. S.—HOES AND HAYING
TOOLS.

E. HODGINS & SONS.

ARMS FOR THE KLONDIKE

Where Want and Prevalence must be chosen with CARE AND JUDGMENT.



Consider—If you can keep the wet out of your rifle it will not rust nor freeze. Only **Marlin Repeaters** have Solid Tops, shedding water like a duck's back. Our 197-page book (just out) tells all about them. Up-to-date information about powder, black and smokeless; proper sizes, quantities, how to load; hundreds of bullets, lead, alloyed, jacketed, soft-nosed, mushroom, etc. All calibres 22 to 44; how to care for arms and 1,000 other things, including many trade secrets never before given to the public. Free if you will send stamps for postage to The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Ct.

For Prices on MARLINS, (any calibre) consult
YOUR NEAREST DEALER.

Nursery Stock Agents!
Book Agents!
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Or any one desiring to better their positions or increase their income should write us. The demand for home-grown Nursery Stock is on the increase. We need more men. If you want steady, paying work, write us.

We furnish all supplies free. We have the largest nurseries in the Dominion.

We pay both salary and commission. We engage either whole or part time men.

We guarantee all our stock. We furnish purchasers with certificates from Government Inspector, stating our stock is free from San Jose Scale.

Our nurseries comprise over 700 acres, and growing stock in large quantity enables us to sell at the closest possible figure. Men SUCCESS with us who have FAILED with others.

It will cost you nothing to learn what we can do for you.

Don't write unless you mean business and want profitable employment.

STONE & WELLINGTON,
Toronto.

Fresh
Spring
Millinery
In all the Latest styles at
MISS A. McRAE'S.

Just returned from the city with a choice selection of the very latest and most attractive goods.

The ladies are respectfully invited to call and inspect stock.

MISS ANNIE McRAE, SHAWVILLE.

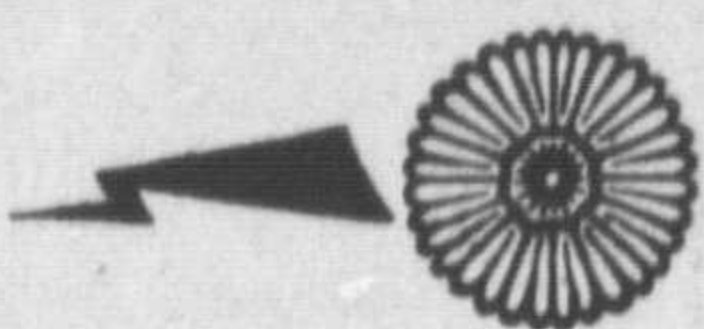
Bad
Blood
Will Out.

Can't help but come to the surface in the form of Ulcers, Sores, Boils, Pimples and Rashes of one kind and another. Especially is this so in the SPRING. At this time of the year the Blood needs purifying, the System needs cleansing. Nothing will do it with such perfect success as

B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

"I had boils very bad and a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle. The effect was wonderful—the boils began to disappear, and before the bottle was done I was totally cured. As an effectual and rapid cure for Impure Blood B. B. B. cannot be equalled."



G. F. HODGINS' CARPET DEPARTMENT

Is becoming a favorite resort
...for busy housewives...

Those Carpets appeal to their sense of the beautiful.

A FULL LINE OF
HANDSOME - - -

**TAPISTRY,
UNION,
STAIR CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,**

BEST MAKES. NEWEST PATTERNS.

Beautiful Art Squares in Oriental designs, suitable for Dining, Drawing Rooms or Libraries . . .

Muslin Curtains

- and -

Drapery Fabrics

Ideal Curtains for chambers and boudoirs.

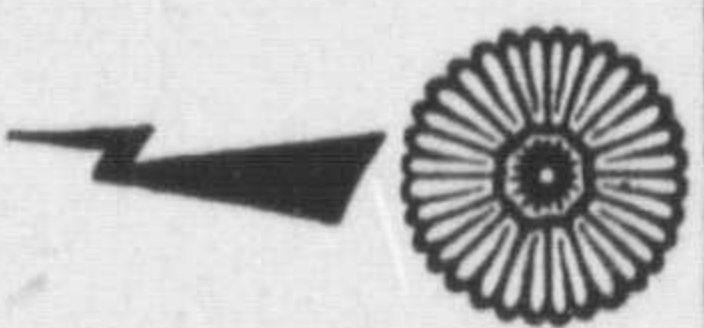
LACE CURTAINS,

CRETONNE,

ART MUSLINS,

The scissors are kept flashing at—

G. F. HODGINS' THE UP TO DATE STORE.



WAR NEWS.

MANILLA ARSENAL SURRENDERS.

Madrid, May 14.—8 a.m.—A despatch to the Liberator from Manila, dated May 9 and sent by a special steamer to Hong Kong says:—"The arsenal has surrendered and Cavite has been evacuated by our troops. The Spanish losses were 300 men killed and six hundred men wounded."

"The enemy suffered considerably, including an officer killed on the Olympia. The Baltimore was damaged. Our shells did not burst, as did all the enemy's shells."

"Admiral Dewey has had a long conference with the foreign consuls."

"The Yankees took and burned the merchant ships. Corregidor island was betrayed."

"A consultative assembly is discussing the horrible situation created by hunger and misery. We are isolated by the blockade and are in fear of an immediate attack."

"Since the cable was cut, little new has happened. The blockade continues but Admiral Dewey says he will not bombard the town without his government's orders."

HOT ENGAGEMENT AT CIENFUEGOS.

Key West, Fla., May 14.—The United States cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Nashville, and the auxiliary cruiser Windom, steamed up to the harbor of Cienfuegos early Wednesday morning, with orders to cut the cable connecting Havana with Santiago De Cuba. This task was accomplished, but only after a terrific fight between our warships and several thousand Spanish troops, which lined the shore and lay concealed behind improvised breast works.

One man, a seaman named Regan, of the Marblehead, was killed outright in one of the working small boats, and six men were severely wounded. In addition, a large number on board the ship received minor wounds.

Soon after the arrival of the warships off Cienfuegos, four boats were launched and proceeded in shore for the purpose of grappling for the cable in order to cut it. The warships lay to about 1000 yards or more off the harbor.

It was observed that the Spanish troops had assembled ashore, but it was not known that the heavy guns had been placed in a masked battery and that the old lighthouse, far out on a neck of land, had been transformed into a formidable fort. The small boats proceeded cautiously and, for more than an hour, worked unmolested on the cable. Suddenly, just as the work was about completed, the shore battery fired a shell at the boats. It was followed by others, and the Spanish infantry opened fire with their rifles.

Then, like a flash, the Marblehead sent a shell inland, and followed it with a perfect shower of shot. The Nashville was quick to follow suit and the little Windom cut loose with her four pounders. In the meantime, Spanish bullets fell in every direction around the small boats. The attack had come suddenly and fiercely, but the blue jackets were not dismayed and protected by the terrific return fire of the ships, work was continued and the cable was cut.

When the boats returned to the ships Regan who was in one of the Marblehead's boats, of which there were two was found to have been killed, and six men were seen to be badly wounded. The Spaniards by this time suffered severe loss. Their shots from the light house struck the warships several times, and although they did not do much damage, the fire aroused the determination of the American officers to exterminate the fort, and the fire of their warships was then turned upon the lighthouse and the improvised fort was blown to pieces. As there were great numbers of Spaniards behind the fort, there is no doubt that many of them were killed. The Marblehead and Nashville used their heaviest guns as well as their small rapid fire guns and hundreds of shots were thrown into the Spanish troops.

On board the ships a number of men were slightly wounded; but it is not thought any of the latter are seriously wounded.

London aroused.

TO THE POSSIBILITY OF A WAR WITH FRANCE.

London, May 14.—The speech delivered by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, at Birmingham yesterday evening, has caused a great sensation every where; and has increased the feeling of uneasiness on the stock exchange. There was an all around weakness, business was poor, and the market closed distinctly pessimistic.

Rumors of war with France are freely circulated.

Mr. Chamberlain's remarks have been interpreted as a prediction that grave international complications are ahead and his reference to the possibility of an Anglo American alliance are generally endorsed. The majority of the London newspapers cordially approve of the utterances of the colonial secretary.

The following extracts from the provincial press are even more significant. The Birmingham Post, Mr. Chamberlain's organ, says:—

"Two nations are already at war, and Mr. Chamberlain foresees that circumstances may arise which may involve other nations in a perhaps still more serious struggle. His allusion to America drew the utmost enthusiasm from the audience and reflects the spirit of the whole British race."

READ THIS!

WANTED a man who desires to fill a steady, paying position and earn good wages. If you are at present employed, that need not prevent you from sending us a postal card to learn what we can do for you. We have the largest most complete and thoroughly up-to-date nurseries in the Dominion. There is a largely increasing demand for HOME GROWN NURSERY STOCK. All supplies sent free; the trial costs you nothing; you get your money Saturday. If you cannot give full time to our interests we can arrange liberal terms with you for part time. We grow a full line of Fruit Trees, Berry Bushes, Flowering Shrubs, Ornamental Trees, Hedging, Bulb Roses and Seed Potatoes. All our stock warranted and guaranteed to live.

Write and tell us you are open for an offer and we will make you a proposition you will want to accept.

E. P. BLACKFORD & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

H. PERRY,

Practical Tinsmith,

has opened shop in the premises directly opposite the Russell House, Shawville, Que., where he has on display a fine range of

Tinware, Agateware, Stoves, etc.

Special attention given to furnace work, hot water or steam fitting, plumbing and roofing.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR HIDES AND PELTS,

A Call Solicited,

H. PERRY.

March 8, 98.

Mr. George Kerr, Jr., eldest son of Mr. John A. Kerr, town clerk, of Perth, is a full fledged able-bodied, seaman of the United States navy, and is on board the cruiser Baltimore, of the Pacific squadron, which was lately stationed at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands.

Dan. Godfrey's famous Military Band from England will play in Ottawa on Saturday, May 21st. This is one of the greatest—if not the greatest—military band in England, and perhaps no other attraction that has come to Canada has created so much interest and enthusiasm as the visit of this famous band.

W. Clark, Ridgeway, was smoking a long corn cob pipe, and on his way home in the darkness he ran against a shade tree and jammed the pipestem through the wall of his throat till it brushed the vertebrae, and, being charged with nicotine, developed into blood poisoning. He lay for some time where he fell, unconscious, but at last accounts was recovering.

Mr. Hector Lafamme, clerk at Danford Roche & Co., Ottawa, has been appointed by the Quebec government, agent of the Crown Lands and Timber offices at Hull, to succeed Mr. T. Madore, recently appointed postmaster of Hull. Mr. Joseph Cosineau, of Gatineau Point, a candidate to the position, was so dissatisfied over the nomination of Mr. Lafamme that he sent in his resignation as bush ranger, a position which he occupied for a number of years.

Honor Rolls.

No. 3, CLARENDON.—Sr. IV Class.—Lillian Smart 1, Herbert Smart 2. Jr. IV Class.—Annie Fulford 1, Robbie Stark 2, Earle Fulford 3. III Class.—Bertha Quinn 1, Ethel Stark 2, Gordon Smart 3. II Class.—Bertha Ralph 1, Katie Crick 2, Glennie Story 3. I Primer.—May Cox 1, Flossie Fulford 2, Jean Stark 3. I Primer.—Geo. Brown 1, Laura Leitch 2, Vance Storie 3. M. E. CORRIGAN, Teacher.

No. 3 SCHOOL.—Grade IV.—Mary E. Craig 1. Grade III.—Maggie McLeary 1, Leonard Judd 2, Maggie Hodgins 3, Ellen Stewart 4. Grade II.—Arthur Somerville 1, Birdie Judd 2nd, Eliza Black 3, Emily Rooney 4. I Primer.—Thos. Judd 1, Eliza Tubman 2, Florence McLeary 3, Geo. Tubman 4. I Primer.—Maggie Rooney 1, Lucy Rooney 2, Carrie Hamilton 3, Ida Aikinson 4. Conduct.—Thos. Judd 1. Attendance.—Birdie Judd and Leonard Judd (equal) 1. S. M. SMILEY, Teacher.

SCHOOL No. 1, ALDFIELD.—IV Class.—Minnie Stender 1. III Class.—Lena Malit 1, Rosa Stender 2, Minnie Thrun 3, Julia Stenkie 4. II Class.—Otto Thrun 1, Emma Stenkie 2, Johnny Stender 3, Freddie Rueckwald 4. I Primer.—Emma Malitz 1, Henry Rueckwald 2, Annie Caustin 3. I Primer.—Hannah Stender 1, Otto Caustin 3. HATTIE BROWNLEE, Teacher.

SCHOOL No. 2.—IV Class.—Annie Cuthbertson 1, Herbie Hart 2. Jr. IV Class.—May Cuthbertson 1, Henry Johnston 2, Tessie Little 3. III Class.—Harold Carson 1, Maggie Linn 2, Annie Johnston 3. II Class.—Eddie Cuthbertson 1. I Primer.—Lizzie Linn 1. I Class.—Ernie Johnston 1, Sherwood Cotie 2, Willie Watson, and Earl Cotie 3, Nellie Johnston 4. A. E. STEVENSON, Teacher.

BORN.

At Radford, on Tuesday the 10th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. John Horner a daughter.

At Shawville on Wednesday the 11th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hayes, a son.

At Upper Thorne Centre on Thursday the 5th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Ross, a daughter.

At Thorne, on Friday the 13th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Hodgins a son.

DIED.

At Elmside, on Wednesday the 11th inst., John Baird, aged 77 years, 9 months.

At Litchfield on May 11th, Patrick Bolan aged 28 years.

At Shawville, on Saturday, 14th inst., Julia F. E. Armstrong, beloved wife of Jas. R. Horner, aged 31 years.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

As we have sold out the business and plant of THE PONTIAC ADVANCE to Mr. W. H. Meredith of Quyon, we have decided to dissolve partnership by mutual consent.

All accounts due us, with the exception of subscription arrears, must be paid at once to Joseph A. Smith; also any accounts due by us must be sent in within ten days.

JOS. A. SMITH,

A. H. McDONALD.

Shawville, May 18th, 1898.

PAIN IN THE HEART.

Too serious a condition to neglect.

A Guelph harness maker tells how he was cured.

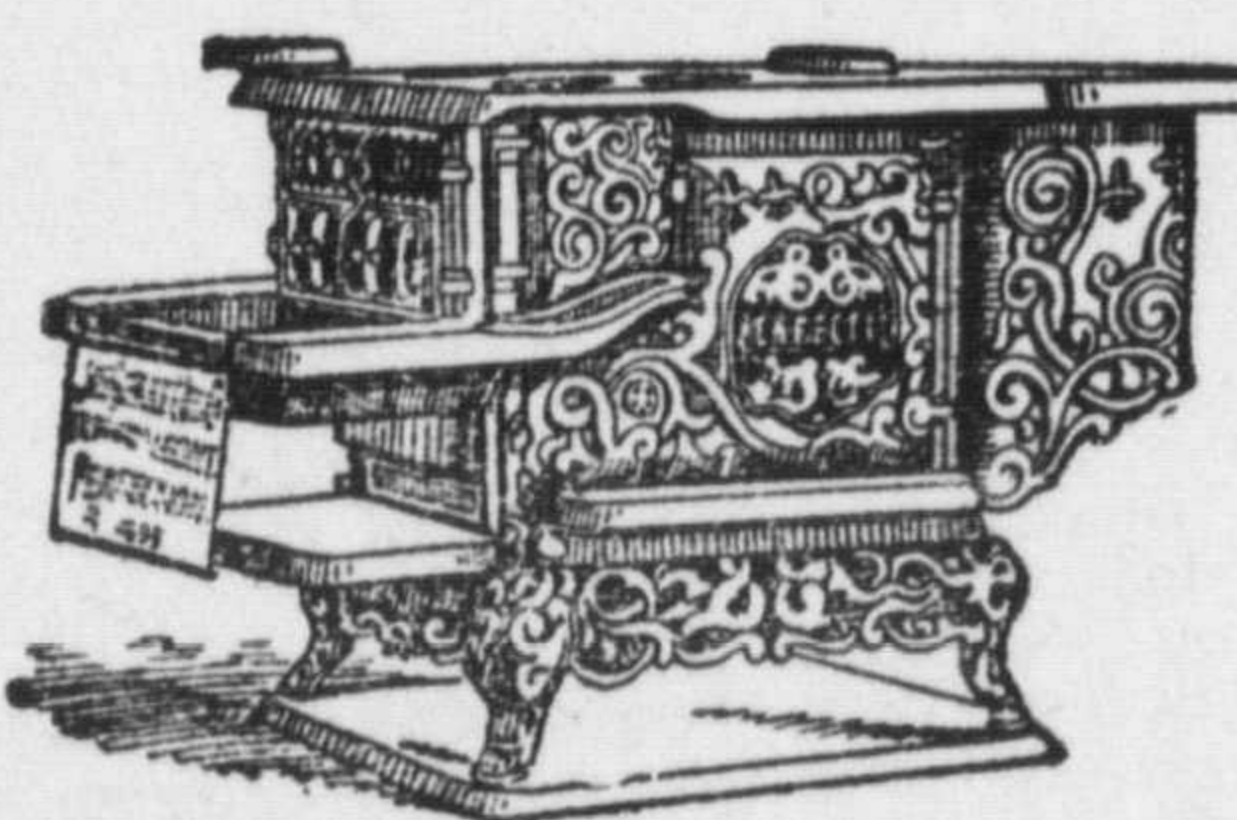
Mr. Wm. Dyson, the well known saddler and harness maker of Guelph, Ont., makes the following statement: "I heartily re-



commend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nervousness and heart trouble. They are a splendid medicine for such complaints. For a long time I was afflicted with nervousness and pain in my heart, which was especially severe at night, often destroying my rest. These pills cured me and invigorated my nervous system which is now strong and healthy. They restored restful sleep besides removing the distressing heart pains which formerly gave me so much anxiety and trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. a box 3 for \$1.25, sold by druggists or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.



Greatest Bargains

OF THE SEASON
NOW OFFERED IN

COOK STOVES —AT— GEO. E. WAINMAN'S.

Just fancy! we can give you a cooking stove for Eight dollars, and a better quality in the same line for a slight advance on this figure. And in everything in the line of . . .

**Tinware,
Agateware
Factory Cans, &c.,**

at equally low prices.

Special attention paid to Roofing and Furnace work.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for Hides and Pelts.

Come with the crowd and make your Spring purchases, and save money.

GEO. E. WAINMAN.

P. S.—SAY BUCKETS.

Auction Sale of Lots in Shawville.

The several village lots fronting the Exhibition grounds will be disposed of by public auction on Wednesday the 1st day of June next at half past one o'clock.

E. GRAHAM,
Sec. & Treas. Ag. S. No. 1.

UNEXPECTED.

It's the unexpected that's always happening.

Accidentally we stumbled upon one of the greatest Tweed bargains of the decade.—A large manufacturer had to have ready money, and all that sort of thing. This lot consists of ALL WOOL CANADIAN TWEEDS, and we intend to give our patrons a portion of the benefit of our good fortune by making these tweeds into any style of suit desired as the remarkably low price of

TEN DOLLARS.

This means an actual saving to the buyer of about three or four dollars.

Don't forget our Scotch Tweeds, in the latest colors. To see them means a sale.

A. R. MCGUIRE,

THE TAILOR.

P. S.—All guaranteed.

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EVERYDAY RELIGION

THE ORIENTAL WELL FURNISHES
REV. DR. TALMAGE A TEXT.

Zipporah's Fidelity to Her Father's Interests, and Her Custom of Working, Though the Daughter of a Rich Man, Won Her the Choice of Moses as His Bride—The Dignity of Work.

Washington, May 8.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the words: "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the priest of Midian," from Exodus iii., 1. He said: In the southeastern part of Arabia a man is sitting by a well. It is an arid country, and water is scarce, so that a well is of great value and flocks and herds are driven vast distances to have their thirst slaked. Jethro, a Midianite sheik and priest, was so fortunate as to have seven daughters, and they are practical girls, and yonder they come driving the sheep and cattle and camels of their father to the watering. They lower the buckets and then pull them up, the water splashing on the stones and chilling their feet, and the troughs are filled. Who is that man out there sitting unconcerned and looking on? Why does he not come and help the women in this hard work of drawing water? But no sooner have the dry lips and panting nostrils of the flocks begun to cool a little in the brimming trough of the well than some rough Bedouin shepherds break in upon the scene, and with clubs and shouts drive back the animals that were drinking and affright those girls until they fly and affright those girls until they fly. Mannered shepherds are driven to the troughs, taking the places of the other flocks. Now that man sitting by the well begins to color up, and his eye flashes with indignation, and all the gallantry in his nature is aroused. It is Moses, who naturally had a quick temper anyhow, as he demonstrated on one occasion when he saw an Egyptian oppressing an Israelite and gave the Egyptian a sudden clip and buried him in the sand, and as he showed afterward when he broke all the Ten Commandments at once by shattering the two granite slabs on which the law was written. But the injustice of this treatment of the seven girls set him on fire with wrath, and he takes this shepherd by the throat and pushes back another till he falls over the trough, and aims a stunning blow between the eyes of another as he cries, "Begone, you villains!" and he hoots and roars at the sheep and cattle and camels of these invaders and drives them back, and having cleared the place of the desperadoes, he told the seven girls of this Midianite sheik to gather their flocks together and bring them again to the watering.

Oh, you ought to see a fight between the shepherds at a well in the orient as I saw it in December, 1890. There were here a group of rough men who had driven the cattle many miles and here another group who had driven their cattle as many miles. Who should have precedence? Such clashing of buckets! Such kicking of horns! Such kicking of hoofs! Such vehemence in a language I fortunately could not understand! Now the sheep with a peculiar mark across their woolly backs were at the trough and now the sheep of another mark. It was one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. An old book describes one of these contentions at an eastern well when it says: "One day the poor men, the widows and the orphans met together and were driving their camels and their flocks to drink and were all standing by the waterside. Daji came up and stopped them all and took possession of the water for his master's cattle. Just then an old woman belonging to the tribe of Abs came up and accosted him in a suppliant manner, saying: 'Be so good Master Daji, as to let my cattle drink. They are all the property I possess, and I live by their milk. Pity my flock; have compassion on me. Grant my request and let them drink.' Then came another old woman and addressed him: 'Oh, Master Daji, I am a poor, weak old woman, as you see. Time has dealt hardly with me. It has aimed its arrows at me, and its daily and nightly calamities have destroyed all my men. I have lost my children and my husband, and since then I have been in great distress. These sheep are all that I possess. Let them drink, for I live on the milk that they produce. Pity my forlorn state. I have no one to tend them. Therefore grant my supplication and of thy kindness let them drink.' But in this case the brutal slave, so far from granting this humble request, smote the woman to the ground."

A like scrimmage has taken place at the well in the triangle of Arabia between the Bedouin shepherds and Moses championing the cause of the seven daughters who had driven their father's flocks to the watering. One of the girls, Zipporah, her name meaning "little bird," was captured by this heroic behavior of Moses, for, however, timid woman herself may be she always admires courage in a man. Zipporah became the bride of Moses, one of the healthiest men of all the centuries. Zipporah little thought that that morning as she helped drive her father's flocks to the well she was splendidly deciding her own destiny. Had she staid in the tent or house, while the other six daughters of the sheik tended to their herds her life would probably have been a tame and uneventful life in the solitudes. But her industry, her fidelity to her father's interest, her spirit of help-

fulness, brought her into league with one of the grandest characters of all history. They met at the famous well, and while she admired the courage of Moses he admired the filial behavior of Zipporah.

The fact that it took the seven daughters to drive the flocks to the well implies that they were immense flocks and that their father was a man of wealth. What was the use of Zipporah's bemoaning herself with work hillside near her father's tent and plucked buttercups and dreamed out romances and sighed idly to the winds when she might have reined on the brooks? No she knew that work was honorable and that every girl ought to have something to do, and so she starts with the bleating and lowing and bellowing and neighing droves to the well for the watering.

Around every home there are flocks and droves of cares and anxieties, and every daughter of the family, though there be seven, ought to be doing her part to take care of the flocks. In many households not only is Zipporah, but all her sisters, without practical and useful employments. Many of them are waiting for fortunate and prosperous matrimonial alliance, but some longer like themselves will come along, and after counting the large number of father Jethro's sheep and camels will make proposal that will be accepted, and neither of them having done anything more practical than to chew chocolate caramels, the two nothings will start on the road of life together, every step more and more a failure. That daughter of the Midianite sheik will never find her Moses. Girls of America, imitate Zipporah! Do something practical. Do something helpful. Do something well. Many have fathers with great flocks of absorbing duties, and such a father needs help in home or office or field. Go out and help him with the flocks. The reason that so many men now condemn themselves to unaffiliated and solitary life is because they cannot support the modern young woman who rises at half past 10 in the morning and retires after midnight, one of the trashiest of novels in her hands, most of the time between the late rising and the late retiring, a thousand of them not worth one Zipporah.

There are questions that every father and mother ought to ask the daughter at breakfast or tea table, and that all the daughters of the wealthy sheik ought to ask each other: "What would you do if the family fortune should fail, if sickness should prostrate the breadwinner, if the flocks of Jethro should be destroyed by a sudden excursion of wolves and bears and hyenas from the mountain? What would you do for a living? Could you support yourself? Can you take care of an invalid mother or brother or sister as well as yourself? Yea, bring it down to what any day might come to a prosperous family. 'Can you cook a dinner if the servants should make a strike for higher wages and leave that morning?' Every minute of every hour of every day of every year there are families flung from prosperity into hardship, and, alas, if in such exigency hardship, and, alas, if in such exigency the seven daughters of Jethro can do nothing but sit around and cry and wait for some one to come and hunt them up a situation for which they have no qualification. Get at something useful; get at it right away! Do not say, 'If I were thrown upon my own resources, I would become a music teacher.' There are now more music teachers than could be supported if they were all Mozarts and Wagners and Handels. Do not say, 'I will go to embroidery slippers.' There are more slippers now than there are feet. Our hearts are every day wrung by the story of elegant women who were once affluent, but through catastrophe have fallen helpless, with no ability to take care of themselves.

Our friend and Washingtonian townsman, W. W. Corcoran, did a magnificent thing when he built and endowed the Louise home for the support of the unfortunate aristocracy of the south—the people who once had everything, but have come to nothing. We want another W. W. Corcoran to build a Louise home for the unfortunate aristocracy of the north. But institutions like that in every city of the land could not take care of one-half the unfortunate aristocracy of the north and south whose large fortunes have failed and who through lack of acquaintance with any style of work, cannot now earn their own bread.

There needs to be peaceful yet radical revolution among most of the prosperous homes of America by which the elegant do-nothings may be transformed into practical do-somethings. Let useless women go to work and gather the flocks. Come, Zipporah, let me introduce you to Moses. But you do not mean that this man affianced to this country girl was the great Moses of history, do you? You do not mean that he was the man who afterward wrought such wonders there? Surely you do not mean he whose staff, dropped, wriggled into a serpent and then, clutched, stiffened again into a staff? You do not mean the challenger of Egyptian thrones and palaces? You do not mean he who struck the rock so hard it wept in a stream for thirsty hosts? Surely you do not mean the man who stood alone with God on the quaking Sinaiic ranges, not him of that most famous funeral of all time, God coming down out of the heavens to bury him? Yes, the same Moses defending the seven daughters of the Midianite sheik, who afterwards rescued all nations.

Why, do you not know that this is the way men and women get prepared for special work? The wilderness of Arabia was the law school, the theological seminary, the university of rock and sand from which he graduated for a mission that will balk seas and drown armies, and follow the cloud of fire by night, and start the workmen with bleeding backs among Egyptian brickkilns toward pasture lands that flow with milk and the trees of Canaan dripping with honey. Gracious God, teach all the people this lesson. You must go into humiliation and retreat and hidden closets of prayer if you are to be fitted for special usefulness.

How did John the Baptist get prepared to become a forerunner of Christ? Show me his wardrobe. It will be hung with silken socks and embroidered robes and attire of Syrian purple! Show me his dining table. On it the tankards a bluish with the richest wines of the vineyards of Engedi, and rarest birds that were ever caught in net, and sweetest venison that ever dropped antlers before the hunter? No, we are directly told "the same John had his raiment of camel's hair," not the fine hair of the camel which we call camel, but the long, coarse hair such as beggars in the east wear, and his only meat was of insects, the green locust, about two inches long, roasted, a disgusting food. These insects were caught and the wings and legs torn off, and they were stuck on wooden spits and turned before the fire. The Bedouins pack them in salt and carry them in sacks. What a menu for John the Baptist! Through what deprivation he came to what exaltation!

And you will have to go down before you go up. From the pit into which his brothers threw him and the prison in which his enemies incarcerated him Joseph rose to be Egyptian Prime Minister, Elijah, who was to be the greatest of all the ancient prophets; Elijah, who made King Ahab's knees knock together with the prophecy that the dogs would be his only undertakers; Elijah, who one prayer brought more than three years of drought, and whose other prayer brought drenching showers, the man who wrapped up his cape of sheepskin into a roll and with it cut a path through raging Jordan for just two men to pass over, the man who with wheel of fire rode over death and escaped into the skies without mortuary disintegration, the man who thousands of years after was called out of the eternities to stand beside Jesus Christ on Mount Tabor, when it was ablaze with the splendors of transfiguration—this man could look back to the time when voracious and filthy ravens were his only caterers.

You see John Knox preaching the coronation sermon of James VI, and arranging Queen Mary and Lord Darnley in a public discourse at Edinburgh and telling the French ambassador to go home and call his king a murderer, John Knox making all Christendom feel his moral power and dat his burial the Earl of Morton, saying, "Here lieth a man who in his life never feared the face of man." Where did John Knox get much of his schooling for such resounding and everlasting achievement? He got it while in chains pulling at the boat's oar in French captivity. So the privations and hardships of your life may on a smaller scale be the preface and introduction to usefulness and victory.

See also in this call of Moses that God has a great memory. Four hundred years before he had promised the deliverance of the oppressed Israelites, struck the hour, and now Moses is called to this work of rescue. Four hundred years is a very long time, but you see God can remember a promise 400 years as well as you can remember 400 minutes. Four hundred years includes all your ancestry that ites of Egypt. The clock of time has you know nothing about and all the promises made to them, and we may expect fulfillment in our heart and life blessings that were predicted to our Christian ancestry centuries ago. You have a dim remembrance, if any remembrance at all, of your great-grandfather, but God sees those who were on their knees in 1598 as well as those on their knees in 1898, and the blessings he promised the former and their descendants have arrived or will arrive. While piety is not hereditary it is a grand thing to have had a pious ancestry. So God in this chapter calls up the pedigree of the people whom Moses was to deliver, and Moses is ordered to say to them, "The Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob hath sent me unto you." If that thought be divinely accurate, let me ask, What are we doing by prayer and by a holy life for the redemption of the next 400 years? Our work is not only with the people of the latter part of the nineteenth century, but with those in the closing of the twentieth century, and the closing of the twenty-first century, and the closing of the twenty-second century, and the closing of the twenty-third century. For 400 years if the world continues until that time, or if it drops, then notwithstanding the influence will go on in other latitudes and longitudes of God's universe.

No one realizes how great he is for good or for evil. There are branchings out and rebounds and reverberations and elaborations of influence that cannot be estimated. The fifty or one hundred years of our earthly stay is only a small part of our sphere.

Do not retire too early. Like Moses you may have your chief work to do after 80. It may not be in the high places of the field. It may not be where a strong arm and an athletic foot and a clear vision are required, but there is something for you yet to do. Perhaps it may be to round off the work you have already done, to demonstrate the patience you have been recommending all your lifetime. Perhaps to stand a lighthouse at the mouth of the bay to light others in to harbor. Perhaps to show how glorious the sunset may come after a stormy day.

If aged men do not feel strong enough for anything else, let them sit around in our churches and pray, and perhaps in a way they may accomplish more good than they ever did in the meridian of their life. It makes us feel strong to see aged men and women all up and down the pews, their faces showing they have been on mountains of transfiguration. We want in all our churches more men like Moses, men who have been through the deeps and climbed up the shelled beach on the other side. We want aged Jacobs, who have seen ladders which let down heaven into their dreams. We want aged Peters, who have been

at Pentecosts, and aged Pauls, who have made Felix tremble. There are here and there those who feel like the woman of 80 years who said to Fontenelle, who was 85 years of age, "Death appears to have forgotten us." "Hush," said Fontenelle, the wit, putting his finger to his lip. No, my friend, you have not been forgotten, you will be called at the right time. Meantime be holily occupied.

Let the aged remember that by increased longevity of the race men are not so old at 60 as they used to be at 50, not so old at 70 as they used to be at 60, not so old at 80 as they used to be at 70. Sanitary precaution better understood; medical science further advanced; laws of health more thoroughly adopted; dentistry continuing for longer time successful mastication, homes and churches and courtrooms and places of business better ventilated—all these have prolonged life, and men and women in the close of this century ought not to retire until at least 15 years later than in the opening of the century. Do not put the harness off until you have fought a few more battles. Think of Moses starting for his chief work an octogenarian; 40 years of wilderness life after 40 years of palace life, yet just beginning.

There lies dying at Hawarden, England, one of the most wonderful men that ever lived since the ages of time began their roll. He is the chief citizen of the whole world. Three times has he practically been king of Great Britain. Agitated and agitated in coming from the House of Commons which he had thrilled and overawed by his eloquence, on Sunday morning reading prayers for the people with illumined countenance and brimming eyes and resounding voice, saying: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth and in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord."

The world has no other such man to lose as Gladstone. The church has no other such champion to mourn over. I shall never cease to thank God that on Mr. Gladstone's invitation I visited him at Hawarden and heard from his own lips his belief in the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, the divinity of Jesus Christ and the grandeur of the world to come. At his table and in the walk through his grounds I was impressed as I was never before, and probably will never be again, with the majesty of a nature all concentrated to God and the world's betterment. In the presence of such a man what have those to say who profess to think that our religion is a pusillanimous and weak and cowardly and unreasonable affair? Matchless William E. Gladstone!

Still further watch this spectacle of genuine courage. No wonder when Moses scattered the rude shepherds he won Zipporah's heart. What mattered it to Moses whether the cattle or the seven daughters of Jethro were driven from the troughs by the rude herdsmen? A sense of justice fired his courage, and the world wants more of the spirit that will dare almost anything to see others righted. All the time at wells of comfort, at wells of joy, at wells of religion, and at wells of literature there are outrages practiced, the wrong herds getting the first water. Those who have the previous right come in last, if they come in at all. Thank God we have here and there a strong man to set things right! I am so glad that when God has an especial work to do he has some one ready to accomplish it. Is there a Bible to translate, there is a Wyclif to translate it; if there is a literature to be energized, there is a Shakespeare to energize it; if there is an error to smite, there is a Luther to smite it; if there is to be a nation free, there is a Moses to free it. But courage is needed in religion, in literature, in statesmanship, in all spheres; heroics to defend Jethro's seven daughters and their flocks and put to flight the insolent invaders. And those who do the brave work will win somewhere high reward. The loudest cheer of heaven is to be given "to him that overcometh."

Your call will probably come in letters of fire. Ministers get their call to preach in letters on paper or parchment or type-written, but it does not amount to much until they get their next call in letters of fire. You will not amount to much in usefulness until somewhere near you find a burning bush. It may be found burning in the hectic flush of your child's cheek. It may be found burning in business misfortune. It may be found burning in the fire of the world's scorn or hate or misrepresentation. But hearken to the crackle of this burning bush!

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, MAY 22.

"The Day of Judgment." Matt. 25. 31-46.
Golden Text. Matt. 16. 27.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 31. When the Son of Man It would be of interest to know precisely what the Jews understood by our Lord's application of this title to himself. To us it means the consummate Man, the perfect flower of humanity. It carried with it whatever of religious sentiment had gathered about the Book of Daniel, in which it first occurs. Come in his glory. At the second advent. The holy angels with him. As a celestial bodyguard. The Son of Man was to be the King of heaven and earth, and the glory of his courtiers was to outdo in the splendor of any of the royal servitors of earth. The throne of his glory. That which he shares with Jehovah, "the Ancient of days." We think of it as surrounded by the brightness which no man can reach unto, encircled with the rainbow. (See Dan. 7. 13.)

32. Before him shall be gathered all nations. Better, "all the nations," which carries the thought of all the

Gentiles. Many expositors have undervalued this to be the simple meaning of the passage, and have explained the consciousness of moral character shown by the just and unjust to be due to the ignorance which they had as Gentile heathen; but many who are superficially acquainted with Christ are ignorant of what Christ stands for; and there is no reason which can be brought from the rest of holy Scripture to exclude Jews and Christians from this picture of the judgment. Rom. 1. 18-20 and 2. 9-16 make plain (what we should have to expect from a God of justice, that all, enlightened and unenlightened, are judged by a standard of justice which all recognize. He shall separate them. Dr. Marvin Vincent calls attention to the change in the grammatical construction here, which very suggestively changes the sense. The multitudes are gathered together as nations, but the Lord judges them one by one as individuals. As a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. Which the oriental shepherd always does on approaching the fold. One notable fact throws brighter light on the whole parable, that the goats and sheep do not instinctively mix; they tend like to like; although when led across long spaces of wilderness their groups may somewhat intermingle, there is an instinctive classification of themselves apart when they wait for water at the wells or for housing at the fold.

33. The sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Hardly any more could be made in oriental life that was not profoundly symbolical. Before the Jewish Sanhedrin acquitted prisoners were placed on the right hand of the judge and convicted ones on the left.

34. The King. The Supreme Ruler of the world, who is here identified with the Son of man, and the Son of man with Jesus Christ. Come, ye blessed of my Father. Dr. Carr calls attention to the fact that the words "of my Father" do not follow "ye cursed" in verse 41, and makes the comment that the blessing comes from God and the curse is brought by the sinner on himself. Inherit the kingdom prepared for you. "If children then heirs," Rom. 8. 17. Those are the children of God who, accepting him as their Father, partake of his life and show forth his graces by their behavior. For all such a noble destiny has been prepared. The foundation of the world. The beginning of things.

35. I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat. I, the "king," in the person of my representatives. Meat and drink are necessities so imperative, and the sufferings caused by their want are so pathetically evident, that it does not require an unusually tender heart to give food and drink even to one who is not loved; but this feeding the hungry and giving drink to the thirsty is the first gracious act of a series which arises steadily toward a climax, ready wicked when they cease to be hospitable. Our Western device of inns and hotels has made much of the ancient hospitality unnecessary in modern life. Ye took me in. Into your homes, into your hearts.

36. Naked, and ye clothed me. To do this a man must have gone beyond mere kindness and hospitality. Sick, and ye visited me. Visiting of the sick, also, is an act of notable self-sacrifice. See Luke 7. 2, 3; 10. 30-37. The word "visited" in the original indicates looking after, caring for. In prison, and ye came unto me. In the East prisoners are not, as a rule, provided with daily rations. A man once jailed may starve if no friend outside the bars visits him with timely refreshment. The prisoners of the Orient are outcast in a sense that nobody in our Western civilization can be. They have no rights, and to visit them with sympathy and help was an "unheard-of act of charity."

37. The righteous. The workers of good. Lord, when saw we thee. Dr. Plumptre's remark that it is clear that this question of surprise could not be asked by any who, as believers in Christ, have come under this teaching, is not a satisfactory remark. Christians do not know even now the full significance of their acts of mercy. The question is rather a beautiful assurance that the hunger and thirst after righteousness, the yearning for God, which is the gist and essence of Christianity, is of itself righteousness, and is to be rewarded as such by the King.

40. These, my brethren. Every man, woman and child who recognizes our Father in heaven as the Father of all is our Lord's brother or a sister. Jews and Gentiles alike our Saviour "is not ashamed to call brethren." He goes farther than the pagan who nobly said he counted nothing human alien from himself. It is a most comforting thought that we are unconsciously performing personal service for Christ. What a blessing it is that whatever we try to do for Christ he counts as done to him! Glance again at Acts 9. 4, where he so thoroughly identifies himself with his Church that when he would ask Saul why he persecuted the Church his words were, "Why persecutest thou me?"

41. Ye cursed. As we have seen, God is not the author of the curse; the wicked are cursed by their own wicked deeds and thoughts.

42, 43. Gave me no....took me not....clothed me not....visited me not. Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart. Neglect is one of the most disastrous of sins.

44. Lord, when. The wicked and the Christian alike are unconscious of the greatness of their lives, of the far sweep of their deeds, of the long echoes of their words. They are unconscious in spite of the assurances of this picture, that Jesus knocks at the door with the beggar's feeble fingers, pines on hospital beds, and peers out of faces made gaunt by hunger.

45. Inasmuch as ye did it not. So we will be punished for good left undone as well as for evil done.

46. Everlasting punishment. Life eternal. The Greek word for "everlasting" and for "eternal" is the same. What the punishment is is not in this text stated, but the reward is eternal life.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

BAD ODORS IN BUTTER.

My experience would lead me to hunt the cause, making sure that there is no decaying matter from which the milk could absorb the odor. I would look to the cement floor, if there is one. I once had trouble, says a writer, that arose from such a floor, and I never knew the cause. The bottom of the cellar was pure white sand, upon which was placed a layer of gravel, then cement. I noticed in skimming, the milk was not in a healthy condition. I had every cow milked separately and the milk set in shallow pans. Found the milk all right when fresh. Had entire cellar floor scrubbed every day. It was used for milk and butter alone. Still the cream was not right. The walls and ceiling were well whitewashed. I felt sure nothing lurked there. If it went on, I knew it must spoil a good butter trade. Thinking it might be the floor, which had been laid only a few months, down I went on my hands and knees hunting that peculiar odor. At about the height of a milk pan I noticed it slightly, right down on the floor. It was more perceptible, yet not so much as in a pan of milk. Had the milk attracted that odor and absorbing it, acted as a reservoir? I at once went to work on that floor with a strong solution of white lime and water, and with a broom made every inch of that cement floor as white as a new ceiling. This repeated several times made the milk all right. Not being a scientist I cannot explain what species of bacteria was killed by the lime. Can some one explain? At another time it was found by setting the milk in separate pans that one cow spoiled the milk of seven others. The cow was a full-blood Jersey of a noted butter herd and considered a good one. The cream was thick and yellow, but the skim milk looked like water with a small amount of indigo and skim milk mixed in. The taste was worse than the smell. That cow was given a long leave of absence. Have known of other instances where results were the same. Once the cream of one day's milk of sixteen good butter cows, running in summer time or red top, blue grass and white clover pasture, with spring water to drink, and fed a little bran night and morning properly tempered, refused to turn off butter at all although it was churned for six hours. All that could be gathered from it was a little white, greasy foam, giving off the worst smell I ever found. Before and after this the cream yielded the usual amount of good butter. Nothing in the surroundings was changed. Now, will some scientist tell us what became of that butter fat and what caused this decomposition of the cream?

WHY ORCHARDS ARE FAILING.

Experience is one of the most potent factors in our development. It brings facts and causes to our view better than possibly anything else. This point is well illustrated in my mind by an illustration of practical value. An orchard on my father's farm, and not an old orchard either, says a writer in Farmers' Advocate, seemed to be failing, and produced but little merchantable fruit. There was something wrong. This failure, or partial failure, was not due to insects or lack of care in the usual sense. It never occurred to us that perhaps there was a lacking fertility in the soil. At the same time, we were growing wheat, adding manure and even commercial fertilizers to get a maximum crop. We had used every method in the development of the field orchard, but perfectly neglected the orchard. Not intentionally either, but because we thought that it was not necessary and that an orchard had an easy time of it anyway. But soon after I went to college, I studied plant growth, chemistry, etc. My eyes were soon opened. I soon realized that the depletion of the land by the fruit trees is more serious than by annual crops, for this fact: Plant foods are locked up for many years in the trunks and branches of the trees, while a large part of the fertilizing elements in the common crops is returned to the soil each year. Besides the fruit taken off removes plant food that is seldom if ever returned. It has been estimated that an acre of apples during the bearing season will remove about forty-nine pounds of nitrogen, thirty-eight pounds of phosphoric acid, and seventy-two pounds of potash, at the average prices paid for fertilizing material, furnishing these ingredients on the market. Is it any wonder, then, that the orchards are failing? Taking from the soil that amount of plant food each year, it is only natural that the time soon comes when one gets but a partial crop. In ten years the amount of plant food removed from the soil will amount to \$120. Now, for the orchard land to be kept in perfect bearing condition, these fertilizing elements must be returned in some form. We know the value of clover, cow peas, vetches, crimson clover, etc., in adding nitrogen to the soil. Fruit trees require humus. Plow up the orchard and clear then keep the orchard clean and clear of weeds and insects. Humus is added, and at the same time an abundance of nitrogen is supplied to the soil for the use of the trees. It remains then only to use phosphoric acid and potash, which can be readily obtained in the form of acid phosphate and muriate of potash; an average dose of these would be about 200 pounds of the former and

200 pounds of the latter. It would be better to apply the potash and phosphate before the clover is sown, as they will assist in making a full crop of clover, which means the absorption of larger quantities of nitrogen, and the whole mass turned under will improve both the physical and chemical condition of the soil.

TO GRAFT OLD VINES.

Provide a sharp hand-saw, pruning knife, or strong pocket knife, a mallet, a two-inch chisel, a half-inch cold chisel, or a strong, blunt, half-inch chisel, a spade, strong, well ripened, three or four-eyed cuttings of last season's growth of the varieties to be grafted, and a flat basket or berry-picker's carrying case, in which to carry the small tools and cuttings. With the spade says T. V. Munson, clear away the soil around the collar of the vine, two to three inches below the surface. Saw off the vine horizontally about one inch below the surface. With the knife, or the broad chisel, if sharp, pare away the rough surface left by the saw; then with the broad chisel, hit with the mallet, split the stock in the centre, and where it will split down the straightest, until the chisel has entered an inch or thereabouts. With the knife cut the lower end of the cutting to a uniformly tapering edge, to match the taper of the cleft when opened with the chisel, leaving a bud at the base of the wedge, and that side of the wedge slightly thicker than the other. Insert the wedge of the cutting into the cleft so that the bud will stand on a level with the top of the stock, and the scion should lean a little outward on the side of the stock in which it was inserted, so the growing layer between the bark and wood comes opposite to the growing layer in stock, and nearly parallel with it, the slanting outward making it sure that the two growing layers cross, and thus certainly secure contact. If the stock is small, one graft will do, but if one and one-half inches or more in diameter, then two—one on either side—should be inserted. Sometimes, three or four scions are inserted in a very large stock by making cross clefts. The cleft in stock is held open with the narrow blunt chisel as a lever inserted in the cleft in the centre of the stock. After the scions are accurately and firmly set, press clean, damp soil carefully and firmly with the hands, all around and over the junction of the scions with the stock, so as to exclude the air. I never tie or wax my grafting of this kind, and succeed with about 90 per cent. The wax is not nearly so congenial to the vine, as is the damp soil, and much less liable to start decay. Finally heap loose soil about the scion until only top eye of each is left at the top of the mound of soil. This grafting in place should be done just as the buds begin to push in stock in spring, and when bleeding has about stopped. The scions should have been taken earlier, before bleeding began, and kept dormant in cold soil.

SCAB IN WHEAT.

This is a fungous disease which affects the heads of wheat and is quite prevalent certain seasons. It takes the form of mold and causes the wheat to ripen prematurely, the kernels being shriveled and worthless. Late-sown fields and those which lack vigor suffer most. Vigorous growth and early blossoming are the chief safeguards against the disease.

LIFE OF PREMIER THREATENED.

Head of Australian Colony in Danger From Angry Miners.

News is brought from Australia by the steamer Warimoo of a serious riot at Kalgoorlie gold fields, in which Sir John Forrest, Premier of Western Australia, almost lost his life at the hands of infuriated miners. About the beginning of March regulations were passed limiting surface rights of alluvial diggers to ten feet. Miners immediately rose in arms, and in a riot which ensued four were arrested and imprisoned. March 24, while returning from the opening of the new railway to Menzies, Sir John Forrest returned by way of Kalgoorlie. When his train arrived fully 10,000 miners were at the station. The Premier went direct to the Wilkes Hotel, where an appeal was made to the Premier to repeal the regulations.

The Premier listened patiently to the demands from the miners for a time, but on their getting more pressing he lost his temper, and telling them the men imprisoned must remain so, and that the Cabinet would consider the regulations he attempted to leave the hotel. As he came down the stairs, the miners, who had become most turbulent, rushed at him. Thousands pressed on him, and he was hit in the face and bruised. The Premier was much knocked about, and the warden, seeing that Sir John's life was in danger, read the Riot Act. The mounted troopers in attendance thereupon rode the crowd down, and galloped away for muskets. By the time they returned, the door of the station had been forced, and the Premier, having got through, the door was barricaded again. The Premier having entered his carriage, the train steamed towards the border, but, hearing that the rails had been torn up, the train returned to Perth. The riot was the most serious disturbance in Australia since the famous Eureka stockade affair at Ballarat in 1854.

The Home

CLEANING FURNITURE.

As the best of furniture will grow old and shabby in appearance, careful housekeepers are constantly fighting the approach of age and dirt from their household goods in the way of chairs and tables.

All furniture, no matter how careful we may be, is likely in time to assume a greasy appearance, which should be removed during the annual housecleaning. In the following article we shall endeavor to give some hints that may be of assistance.

If furniture is very dirty it should be washed in water and vinegar—equal parts—using a flannel rag, and then, after perfect drying, rubbed with a clean flannel and a little linseed oil before using any liquid or cream polish.

If the table bears the telltale marks left by a hot plate, rub it well with a flannel cloth and kerosene, finishing off with a clean cloth slightly wet with turpentine. Another notable housewife restores the original polish, when it has been removed by a warm dish, with linseed oil rubbed in with a piece of linen, changing the linen until the table is perfectly dry.

Unightly finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when rubbed with sweet oil, and from oiled wood if kerosene is rubbed on the spots.

A bruise should be treated with a piece of brown paper folded several times and soaked in hot water. Over this hold a moderately warm iron until all steaming ceases; if necessary repeat the process, remembering that one application does not always turn out a success.

Always apply alcohol sparingly upon furniture, if at all, or it will destroy the polish. In rubbing wood, follow the grain, and do not rub against it any more than you would in people if wishing a happy result.

All upholstered furniture must be beaten with a cane and then wiped with a cheesecloth duster. A grease spot on upholstery is removed with equal parts of ether and chloroform. Cane seated chairs require a vigorous scrubbing with soapsuds in which drop a little ammonia; scrub both sides of the seat, rinse and dry in the air.

Among the many liquid and cream polishes given by excellent authorities here are a few that are simple and effective, but remember the vigorous rubbing is the main ingredient of every recipe given:

Two parts of linseed oil, the same of alcohol and one part of turpentine; to a quart of this add an ounce of the spirits of ether. A polishing cream is made of equal quantities of linseed oil, turpentine and beeswax melted together and used cold.

For very old furniture an especial polish is recommended of half an ounce of gum arabic and two ounces each of copal gum and powdered shellac gum; dissolve in a quart of spirits of wine, set in a warm place and shake the bottle well every twenty-four hours until the gums are thoroughly dissolved; strain through a woolen cloth and rub on with a soft piece of flannel.

Equal parts of linseed oil, spirits of wine, turpentine and vinegar form a well-tried polish but some prefer a mixture of one pint of linseed oil, two ounces of alkanet root and a pinch of rose pink; let it stand for twelve hours then rub on the furniture and do not polish it off for an hour.

An excellent furniture varnish may be made of eight ounces of white wax melted and gradually mixed with one pint of oil of turpentine. When willow chairs lose their natural color it is said that a solution of chlorine will restore it.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

Hard-wood floors after laying are usually waxed carefully and polished, or they are coated with shellac, and, after drying, are varnished; either of these methods render them quite impervious to grease or water. Where, for one reason or another, the hard-wood floor is unattainable, the existing floor is planed smooth, the cracks and joinings filled with putty and wood-filling, and stained to harmonize with the surrounding woodwork. Two or three coats of stain and one of shellac will be found to wonderfully improve an almost hopeless floor.

The furniture for the dining-room includes a buffet or sideboard, as large as may be, with a drawer, velvet or chamois lined, for the small table silver, with closets for the week's supply of linen, and shelves or an enclosed space for treasured bits of glass and china; two large arm-chairs, with side chairs to match them—six or more, according to the size of the room and the number in the family; a firm extension table with as many extra leaves as the room will permit; a side-table to hold accessories during meal-time; a screen to shut ribbon and sashes matching the color of off draughts and undesirable glimpses into the pantry; closets with glass sides and doors to hold china and not in daily use; and, lastly, a safe, built in the wall, if possible, or concealed in a corner of the wainscoting, for the protection of the silver.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

New wooden pails sometimes "taste of the wood." To remove it, fill the pail with boiling water and let stand

till cold. Dissolve some soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it, and wash the inside of the pail with it. Scald again with boiling water.

The soapstone griddle bakes the pancakes, so the cooks say, instead of frying them. It must never, no, never, under any circumstances, be greased. One of the progressive housekeeper's chief cares is to keep the hired girl from ruining her soapstone griddle by greasing it. Keep it clean, let it heat up slowly and keep grease away from it.

Nearly all puddings made by directions that require them to be boiled may be baked exactly as well and are just as good. The time for baking is about half that required for boiling. Apple dumplings are far better baked than boiled, not to mention being more digestible.

As the berry season is coming, it may not be amiss to remind housekeepers that the fumes from an old fashioned lucifer match, held under stained fingers, will remove the color, if used before the hands are washed with soap. A little vinegar or lemon juice rubbed on the hands will restore the color and condition after washing, or washing dishes.

Many people who find they cannot drink coffee would soon find themselves enjoying a nice cup of cocoa. It is for general use, a milder, less stimulating and more nutritious beverage than coffee. It contains fifty per cent. of fat and twelve per cent. of albuminoids. To make it, rub a teaspoonful of the cocoa—scant or generous according to the size of your cup—with a teaspoonful of sugar, fill up the cup with scalding hot milk slightly diluted with hot water and serve hot with a lump of cut loaf sugar in the saucer.

If you have a hand grist mill or a nice new coffee mill that has not been used for anything else you can re-grind the oatmeal as it comes from the store into a flour that makes oatmeal pancakes that are said to be "delicious." To three cups of flour allow three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and wet to a thin batter with sweet milk, adding a little salt. Or buttermilk and soda can be used.

A mixture—half and half—of lard and beef suet makes an excellent pie crust. It is also better for frying—purposes than all lard, as there is less danger of articles fried in it becoming fat soaked.

PRESERVING NATURAL FLOWERS.

Take very fine sand, wash it perfectly clean, and when dry sift it through a fine sieve into a pan. When the sand is deep enough to hold the flowers in an upright position take some more sifted sand and carefully cover them. A spoon is a good thing to take for this, as it fills in every chink and cranny without breaking or bending the leaves. When the pan is filled solidly, leave the flowers to dry for several days. It is a good plan to warm the sand in the oven before using it, as the flowers will then dry more thoroughly. In taking the sand off, great care must be taken not to break the leaves, as they are now dry and brittle. Pansies preserved in this way will keep their shape and brilliancy of color all winter, and many other flowers can be equally successfully treated—anything, in fact, where the full pressure of the sand comes on both sides of the leaf; otherwise they will shrivel. To fill in flowers with cup-like shapes it is better to lay them on the sand, and with a small spoon fill in and around each flower. Ferns when preserved in this way have a more natural look than when pressed, and the maidenhair fern looks almost as well as when it is freshly gathered.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Pieplant Fritters.—Peel young, tender pie-plant and cut the stalks two and a half inches long. Make a batter of one cup of milk, one cup of flour, in which you have sifted a half teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt, and one egg and the white of another. Beat the egg well, stir into the milk, add the flour, then the beaten white of the other egg, with a little grated lemon peel. Dip each piece of pie-plant in the batter and fry in boiling lard till a bright golden brown. Dust with powdered sugar, and serve with a liquid sauce.

Raised Doughnuts.—One egg; one cake of compressed yeast; one cup of sugar; one-half cup of butter; one pint of new milk. Mix all together at night, with flour sufficient to make the batter about the same as for bread sponge. In the morning mix up, keeping the dough as soft as possible. Let rise till light, roll lightly and cut in rings. Let them rise again about 15 minutes in a warm place; fry in hot lard till done, then sift powdered sugar over them.

Fried Rice.—Now spring is here, and one has grown tired of the things eaten all winter, rice and hominy, prepared in differing ways, will be found very acceptable. To prepare rice for frying, boil it and when done put it in a dish with a cover, and weight the latter. When perfectly cold cut in slices, roll in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in hot fat as you would doughnuts. Eat with maple or sugar syrup.

Cocoanut Pie.—Whip three eggs light, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour two cups of hot milk on them and stir well. Flavor with vanilla or nutmeg. While still hot stir in half a cup of grated cocoanut, sweeten it with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Heat over the fire for three minutes, line a pie tin with paste, brush over with white of egg and bake.

Rice Pancakes.—Rub a cup of cold boiled rice smooth with a tablespoonful of melted butter and a teaspoonful of salt. Beat into it three well beaten eggs, then stir in a quart of milk with three even cups of flour in which you have sifted a rounded teaspoonful of baking powder. Do not get the batter too stiff.

GREAT IRISH LEADERS.

FOREMOST IN EVERY COUNTRY SAVE THEIR OWN.

Famous Irishmen in All the Civilized Nations of the World—Something on the Question From a British Authority.

The patriotism of the Irish to the land of their adoption, no matter where it may be, has never been questioned. Irishmen are loyal in time of war, and they never hesitate to demonstrate that fact. Irish brains have done much to win battles, as has been shown time and again during bitter fights. Great Britain's indebtedness to the Irish is remarkable enough to deserve a special article all to itself. A British authority on the subject, among other things, says: "Indeed, if a foreigner were to read through a list of the chief men in every profession in this country he would come to the conclusion that all the professions were 'bossed' by Irishmen." And there would be some excuse for this conclusion, too.

FAMOUS IRISH GENERALS.

Take the army first of all. Not only is the Commander in Chief a native of Ireland, but the two most famous Generals of the present day, Lord Roberts and Sir Bindon Blood, are Irishmen, too. And, of course, it's needless to mention the fact that Britain's most go-ahead Admiral, Lord Charles Beresford, is Irish to the backbone. As Irishmen have always been renowned fighters, this fact may only be in the natural order of events—but if we look at the lists of a diametrically opposite profession, and turn from the art of killing to the art of healing, we find the self-same story.

Sir Richard Quain, who died the other day, came to London as an unknown Cork lad, 60 years ago, without any friends to help him or any aids to success except his own genius and perseverance. For 40 years before his death he was regarded as the greatest authority in Britain on all diseases of the lungs and heart, and was certainly one of the first half dozen physicians in the world.

But if one wants to see how thoroughly Irishmen have left their mark on every profession in this country it is necessary to turn to the bar. The Lord Chief Justice of England is, as every one knows, an Irishman; but possibly what every one does not know is that three of the best known luminaries in other branches of the legal profession are compatriots of Lord Russell.

SOME NOTED IRISHMEN.

Of the four Lords of Appeal indisputably the best known is Lord Morris, whose wit and brogue would proclaim his nationality half a mile off. Then there is Lord Justice Collins, and last, but not least, Mr. Carson, Q. C., who migrated from the Irish to the English bar a few years ago, and who is now popularly supposed to be making a bigger income than any other barrister in London.

We are continually hearing from our German critics that we are not a musical nation, but one trembles to think what their verdict would be if we were to lose our best known composer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, our best operatic singer, Signor Foit, and our most famous platform singer, Plunket Greene, be too subtle a game for the fiery temperament of the Emerald Isle. But it is a fact that England's greatest diplomatist is Lord Dufferin, an Irishman from the top of his head to the sole of his foot.

SMART IRISH JOURNALISTS.

But if Irishmen are supposed to be weak in diplomacy, even their worst enemies give them credit for their smartness in journalism. It is hardly too much to say that more than 80 per cent. of successful journalists in England at the present day are Irishmen. One of the smartest and earliest penny newspapers in London was started by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whose name, of course, explains his nationality; while another Irishman, Dr. Conan Doyle, was partly, at an rate, responsible for the gigantic success of the Strand Magazine, by his creation of Sherlock Holmes; and then, of course, there's Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Among scientific men there are no names which stand higher than the late Prof. Tyndall and Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, both of them Irishmen, who made England their home.

There is an old saying that every Irishman is a politician. Without inquiring into the truth or otherwise of this proverb there is no doubt about the fact that in Lord Ashbourne and the late Lord Rosmead, better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, Ireland has supplied two statesmen of the first rank.

Of course, in this article we have mentioned only those Irishmen who have not confined their talents to their own country. Otherwise our list would have been indefinitely lengthened.

HOW TO SEAL LETTERS.

Madame complains that she cannot make a neat, perfect seal on letter or note. The tiny silver dipper with slender ebony handle solves the problem for her. The metal bowl filled with wax, and held an instant over the flame—just enough wax is melted to pour in around an envelope flap only requiring the impress of seal, to be complete: "neat and perfect." These dippers when purchased are already filled, each with a different wax, but can be changed when empty to suit style or fancy, thus doing service for years.

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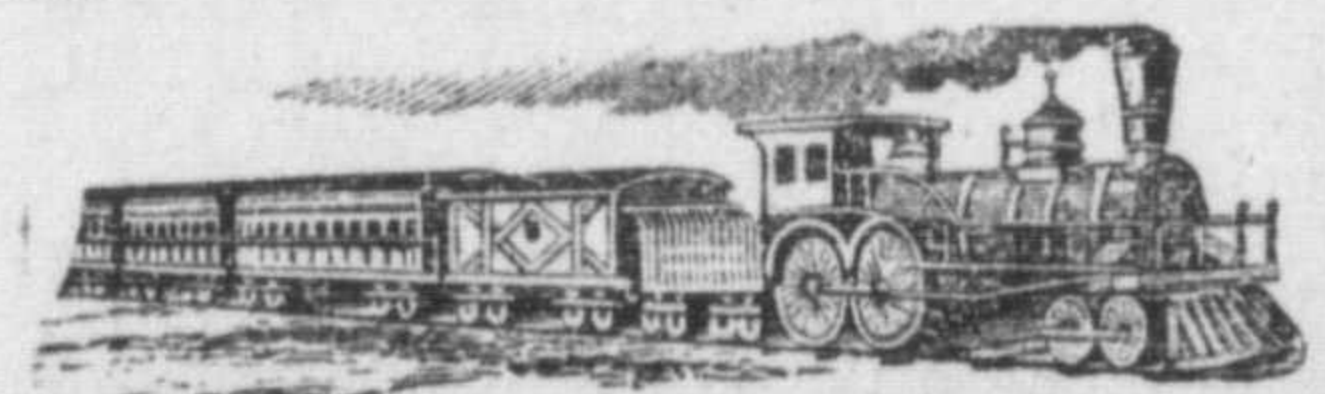
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6.01	"	"Eardley	9.51	
6.12	"	Parker's Crossing	9.58	
6.18	"	"Moors	10.04	
6.25	"	Quyon	10.11	
6.37	"	Wyman's	10.23	
6.47	"	"Tank	10.33	
6.56	"	Bristol	10.42	
7.04	"	McKe's	10.50	
7.15	"	Shawville	10.52	
7.25	"	Clark's	11.02	
7.45	"	Campbell's Bay	11.18	
8.00	"	"Vinton	11.33	
8.12	"	Coulange	11.45	
8.30	"	Mellon's	11.59	
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GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

A Visit to the Mines.

SEVERAL M. P.'S AND OTHER GENTLEMEN SPEND A HOLIDAY AT CALUMET AND ARE STRUCK WITH WHAT THEY SAW OF PONTIAC'S MINERAL WEALTH.

The galena mines on Calumet Island, now in course of active development by the Grand Calumet Mining Company, of which Mr. Poupore M. P., is president, are daily increasing in public attention through the frequent visits that are being made by gentlemen of prominence and extensive means. And an exception has yet to be noted where visitors of this class have not been struck with amazement at the richness of the mineral turned out as well as its apparently illimitable source of supply. Such was the impression formed by a party who came up from Ottawa by special P.P.J. train on Thursday, on the invitation of Mr. Poupore and P. W. Resseman, Supt. of the road. This party was composed of the following gentlemen:

Senator Poirier, Messrs. R. H. Pope, M. P., for Compton; John McAllister, M. P., Restigouche; McGregor, M. P., Essex Co.; Ganong, M. P., Charlotte, N. B.; A. F. McLaren, M. P., North Perth; W. J. Poupore M. P., Pontiac; Col. Turner, U. S. Consul General at Ottawa; J. Walsh, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, C. A. R.; P. W. Resseman, Supt. P. P. J. R.; R. S. La. cefield, photographer, Ottawa; G. R. Magor, Ottawa; Charles L. Meyer, Gen. Agent of the G. C. M. Co. at Ottawa; Mr. Dubruyn, a representative Belgian, residing at Ottawa, and W. H. Murphy, of the P. O. Dept.

The special was in charge of conductor Sam Kenney and made a quick run to Campbell's Bay, where the party took boats to the Island, and thence stage to the mines, about four miles distant. At Calumet landing the visitors were met by "Capt" R. McC. Ritchie, Supt. and Quebec Agent for the Company, and the Rev. G. A. Picotte, the hospitable curé of St. Anne's Parish.

The party at once boarded the conveyances in waiting, and subsequently reached "St. Anne's Shaft" about 11 o'clock. Overseer Walsh had just cleared up a "shot" which he had put in 'on the surface outcropping of what is designated on the company's plan as the "East Vein," and was rewarded with most favorable and encouraging results. The blast threw out a large quantity of fairly rich mineral, and exposed a vein of surprising richness. This is the vein to which the operations in the shaft are now being directed. Drifting has been commenced at a depth of 120 feet with the expectation of striking a large body of rich galena when the vein is reached, which will be within a distance of sixty or seventy feet, calculating from the angle in which the vein dips.

One of the first things to attract the visitors' gaze on reaching the works of the company, was the display of bunting floating from the staff which surmounts the shaft tower. In deference to the visit of the U. S. Consul and the Belgian representatives, the colors of those countries were added to the national flag, the position of honor being, of course, accorded to the old flag which "for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze."

While there the visitors' central point of attraction was at the recently made excavation at the east vein. Sledge in hand, industrious (?) M. P.'s were soon busily at work breaking off prime nuggets of galena to carry away as mementos of a pleasant and profitable visit. While thus engaged, Mr. Lancefield, who, by the way, is the official photographer of the Intercolonial and Parry Sound Railways, and an expert in his profession—took several views of the group.

A hurried inspection of the other branches of the work going on, and then the party took a circuitous drive of half a mile to the "Bowie Mine," the latest and apparently most valuable acquisition of the G. C. M. Co. A staff of men have been engaged only about seven weeks on this location, yet they have in the neighborhood of 2000 tons of marketable ore to show as the result of their operations, besides a large quantity of concentrating ore. Mr. Longstreet, late superintendent of the Russell mine, is in charge of the work at this place.

The output of the mine has all been compactly piled, and presents what might almost be termed a brilliant sight, as the myriads of crystals it contains are caught and reflected by the sun's rays.

Mr. Lancefield got his "machine" to work again several times with good effect, but very discreetly gathered it up when he observed a miner approach the "hole" with several yellow things in his hands resembling candles. Mr. Longstreet had prepared to salute his visitors in the form of a dynamite explosion, but the former conveniently got themselves out of the way before that event took place. The result of the explosion, inspected immediately afterwards, showed that two or three tons of latent wealth had been disturbed from its slumber of countless centuries.

Having little time to spare, the visitors then withdrew to their conveyances, weighted with the most favorable impressions of the mineral resources of that particular part of the county and—galena.

It was after two o'clock when the party, returning to Calumet village, drew rein before the residence of Curé Picotte; so it may be fairly taken for granted no auxiliary influences were requisite to sharpen the appetites of all for the abundant and substantial spread which the good Father had in waiting. It is said that the most complete evidences of a hungry man's appreciation of a good dinner, is the air of silence and obliviousness

which marks his conduct while such meal is in progress. Around Father Picotte's regal board on this particular occasion there was a pretty general observance of this rule, and it was only when ample justice had been done to the good things provided that the feelings of those who had been so princely regaled found expression in several short and felicitous speeches evincing the fact that the host of the hour had succeeded in widening the circle of friendship and esteem in which he is held, while the mineral wealth of his parish had proven a much greater surprise than was anticipated.

A few minutes' social chat after dinner concluded the visit to the Island, when the party returned to Campbell's Bay, and at once took train for home. The run from the Bay to Aylmer was made in a little over an hour's time. Reaching the station platform at the latter place Mr. McLaren, M. P., proposed three hearty cheers for Mr. Poupore, Mr. Resseman and Mr. Meyer, and they met with a rousing response. And thus closed the chief incidents of a very pleasant day's outing in Pontiac.

Mrs. Sternaman's last trial resulted in her acquittal of the charge of having poisoned her husband, and now it is said she is determined to make the insurance companies, who proceeded against her, "hump."

The newly organized Cheese and Butter Board has rented the store, 52 Queen street, for use as a board room, where the sales will be conducted. The room selected is admirably situated for the purpose of the board. The room is centrally located, convenient to the leading hotels, well lighted and will be fitted up with blackboard and bulletin boards for the use of the members. The opening meeting on May 27th, will be made more than usually interesting by addresses from several dairy specialists.

Sores Gone--Skin Clear.
Mrs. Philip Mitchell, St. Marys, Ont., says: "My little boy, aged 10, was a complete mass of sores, caused by bad blood. We could find nothing to cure him. Finally I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and before half the bottle was gone he began to improve, and by the time the bottle was finished he had not a sore on him."

THE HULL ELECTRIC CO.

TIME TABLE:

LEAVE PARK	LEAVE PARK	LEAVE HULL	LEAVE HULL
AYLMER.			
6.20 A.M.	2.50 P.M.	7.00 A.M.	2.50 P.M.
7.00	3.15	7.40	3.15
7.40	3.40	8.20	3.40
8.20	4.05	9.00	4.05
PARK.			
9.00	4.30	9.25	4.30
9.25	4.55	9.50	4.55
9.50	5.20	10.15	5.20
10.15	5.45	10.40	5.45
10.40	6.10	11.05	6.10
11.05	6.35	11.30	6.35
11.30	6.55	11.55	6.55
11.55	7.20	12.20 P.M.	7.20
12.20 P.M.	7.40	12.45	7.40
12.45	8.00	1.10	8.00
1.10	8.20	1.35	8.20
1.35	8.40	2.00	8.40
2.00	9.00	2.25	9.00
2.25			

Cars run daily, Sundays included. Close connections are made with all Canadian Pacific and Gaitheau Valley trains at Hull and with Pontiac Pacific at Aylmer.

Baggage promptly handled.
W. R. TAYLOR,
Aylmer, 30th March, 1898. Sec.-Treas.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Heals and Soothes
the delicate tissues of the
Throat and Lungs.

...CURING...
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE
THROAT, INFLUENZA, and
PAIN IN THE CHEST.

EASY TO TAKE.
SURE TO CURE.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office: 25 F St., Washington, D. C.

Ethel, the six year old daughter of Mr. John C. Gourley, of Eganville, was fatally burned on Friday of last week, by her clothes catching fire from a burning rubbish heap.

A Railwayman's Story.
Mr. W. Frank's in charge of the Grand Trunk Engine Shops, Port Dover Ont., says: "Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of a very bad attack of kidney complaint and lame back."

Reduction in Prices

... STILL CONTINUE AT THE ... CHEAP SALE

... AT ... PAUL McNALLY'S, CAMPBELL'S BAY.

Tweeds	for 15c per yd.	Former Price	25c.
"	" 20c.	"	30c.
"	" 24c.	"	35c.
"	" 27c.	"	40c.
Dress Goods	27c.	"	40c.
"	" 42c.	"	60c.

Men's Suits reduced 30 per cent.
Boots and Shoes and Hats at cost, and many other lines below cost.
Coarse Salt, 60 cents.
Sugar, 4 cents per pound.

Two brand new Single Buggies for sale cheap.
Come and See for Yourself.

FROST & WOODS Harvesting and Farming Implement Depot SHAWVILLE, P.Q.

Having been appointed agents by this firm for this vicinity we wish to respectfully draw the attention of the farmers to the following stock, which can be seen at all times in our show rooms at Shawville;

Disc
The only Disc with pole adjustment for three horses, and device for keeping sections level with tongue at any angle. Improved dust proof ball bearings.

Binders
Canvas Binder with improved roller and ball bearings, light and easy to work.

Rakes
Improved hand dump, steel wheels.

Corn Cultivators
No. 2, all steel. Two different styles.

THOMAS & SMILEY.

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SHAWVILLE, QUE.
House & Sign Painter,
Gilder, Glazier, Decorator.
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED.
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THE JEWELLER,**
PICKANOCK STREET,
SHAWVILLE, P. Q.
—KEEPS—
A select stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc., etc.
REPAIRING
Special attention paid to repairing Jewellery and Watches.
**SWATMAN,
THE JEWELLER.**
Shawville, Jan. 19, 1897.