THE EQUITY.

VOL. IV. BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC; QUE., OCTOBER 7, 1886. No. 17

THE EQUITY

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

SMITH & COWAN,

Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription, $1 Per Year, in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

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

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

Contract rates made known to merchants on application.

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

JOB PRINTING.

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

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

A CALL SOLICITED.

Professional Cards.

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

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

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

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

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

HENRY AYLEN, LL.M

BARRISTER &C., &C.,

AYLMER, - - - - QUE.

IRVING E. STRUTHERS, B. C. L.,

ADVOCATE,

Office: - - - Portage du Fort, Que.

Portage du Fort, Sept. 2, 1886.

Hotels.

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

Business Cards.

JAMES HOPE & CO.,

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

BRYSON POST OFFI

TIME TABLE.

MAIL.

ARRIVES.

From Fort Coulonge, Vinton, Hathaway, Calumet Island, Coltfield, daily, (Sundays excepted,.....	8.00 a.m.

LEAVES,

For Portage du Fort, Bristol, Quyon, Shawville, Thorne, &c., and all points east and west on the C.P.Ry.....	8.15 a.m.

RETURNS.

From Portage du Fort.....	3.30 p.m.
Leaves for Coulonge.....	3.45 "

Office hours 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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

E. B. D. LAFLEUR,
Postmaster

Bryson, Dec. 22, 1884.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of many little fortunes. All is new.

CATARRHINE!

IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL

FORMS of NASAL CATARRH.

AUSTRALIAN

HORSE and CATTLE SPICE

Is the best

Blood Purifier and Appetizer,

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

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

J. FINDLAY'S,

Pembroke, Ont.

LOCAL NEWS.

A large hall, recently fitted up by Mr. James Hodgins of Shawville, contributes further evidence of the progressive march of that village.

The town hall, Portage du Fort is undergoing repairs. Did our neighbors take their cue from this village? It will be remembed OUR town hall received a wonderful renovation last summer.

Here and there are yet to be seen patches of grain which have not succombed to the sickle, and stooks of grain, brown and weather beaten, whose removal depends upon the advent of a dry season, which unfortunately, cometh not.

Mr. George Hynes of Shawville is erecting a new house convenient to the English church. The same gentleman, we understand, intends putting up several others. In the matter of building improvements and the erection of new houses, Shawville is certainly entitled to the cake.

A gentleman from Montreal arrived at Portage du Fort last Saturday night, for the purpose of stumping the county in French in the interests of the Reform party. Adopting the advice of some prominent gentleman in that village he took the first train for home on Monday morning, believing the county from the reports he received, to be hopelessly lost—or in his own words to be completely under the thraldom of toryism.

PROGRESSIVE.—A very pretty dwelling house is being erected by Mr. William Beckett, convenient to the site of his present residence. So great is the demand for houses in P.D.F. that it is said a prospective occupant was found for Mr. Beckett's new building before the foundation was laid.

A SHELL RACE.—It is asserted a shell race has been arranged between James Ferrier, of the U.O.D. and Harry McDonald, professional, of Ottawa. The race is to take place at Portage du Fort on the 20th of October, about which date it is probable there will be another series of trotting races at that place.

A HORTICULTURAL WONDER.—There is now on exhibition at this office a bean stalk which in point of productiveness approaches more closely the mythological plant connected with the tale of Jack and the Beanstalk, than any we have yet seen. The stalk is not unusually large, but the number of pods it contains is almost incredible. The number, unfortunately, we cannot give without mutilating the plant, which it is a pity to do until people have an opportunity of seeing it. The plant was grown in the garden of Mr. William McVeigh of this village.

RAILWAY NOTES.—The remaining portion of the line between Bernard Creek and River Coulonge has been put under contract. The contract was given to Mr. McAdam who was to commence this week with a force of 1,000 men. With this number of men the work should reach Coulonge in a very short time.

Considerable commotion has been occasioned by the disappearing of one of the ballasting contractors, who it is said left with more money than his own. The company is now obliged to take up and finish the work between Shawville and Campbell's.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Last Thursday morning about eight o'clock, says the *Central Canadian*, Maloney's son, aged about sixteen years, of Ferguson's Falls, went out to hitch up a horse—a mare with foal. He took the animal outside and left the young colt within. He led the mare to a fence to put on the collar, and placed a slip-knot rope around his waist the better to harness her. In her efforts to get back to the colt she pulled away from him, and then the slip-knot drew up tight and young Maloney was led a captive at her fierce will. He ran with all his might to keep up, trying meanwhile to grasp her mane and spring on her back. But it was an unequal race, and he soon gave out. He remembered nothing more for two hours when he came to consciousness and related as much as we have told. His injuries were so serious that Dr. Brown of Clayton was called. It was seen however, that death must come, and Father O'Donohue was summoned from Carleton Place and arrived about an hour before the end and when the young man was still clear in his mind. This makes the third inroad upon the family by death within a few months and there is widespread sympathy for them.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."—The following item, sent us by a Sturgeon Falls correspondent, furnishes another illustration of the verity of the above adage: On Thursday morning, the 23rd ult., among the passengers of the west bound train, were to be seen a couple of young people, whose interchange of smiles and blushes led the observer to conclude that something of an interesting character was on the eve of taking place. The twain left the car and proceeded to the "Scott House,"—where it seems their coming was expected—there to wait the arrival by the evening train of the clergyman who was to forge the indissoluble link by which two anxious, throbbing hearts were to become one. During this interval, however the groom prospective, indulged so freely in anti-scott act medicine, that when the reverend gentleman, who is a warm advocate of temperance, arrived, he was found to be in such an advanced state of hilarity that the later refused to perform the ceremony.

This rather unseemly behavior on the young man's part also wrought a change in the lady's mind. The young man discovering his error proceeded to adjust matters by indulging in the most sincere manifestations of grief, and trusted that the dawn of a new day would have the effect of imparting to the aspect a more encouraging hue. But alas, the fates decreed otherwise. On making inquiries the next morning, the would-be Benedict found to his consternation that the bird had flown; in the stilly night, when Morpheus held all others in his peaceful embrace, she had quietly stolen away. When the young man realized the true position he became much depressed and grief stricken, and as a balm for his bleeding heart he resorted to frequent and copious potions from the cup that inebriates. Subsequently he too, took his departure in a quiet way, leaving no clue as to the place of his destination. The young lady, who has not yet emerged from her 'teens is admired for the pluck and good sense she exhibited at the eleventh hour in avoiding a step which, doubtless would have involved a life of misery from which there would have been no escape. And her action will be a lesson which the young man is not likely soon to forget.

SUCCESSFUL.—The R. C. pic-nic at Quyon on the 22nd and 23rd of September is considered by its promoters to have been a financial success, $500.00 was realized, clear of all expense. The principal features of the proceedings were the two contests between Misses Bell and McLean for a gold watch and Messrs. Joseph Amm and D. McLean for a gold-headed cane. Miss and Mr. McLean succeeded in carrying off both prizes. Another member of the same family took first prize in a boat race, all three instances shewing that name to have been the recipient of fortune's smiles.

McGillicuddy's string band of Ottawa furnished choice music for those who chose to participate in the delights of the spacious dancing floor which the young men of the village provided for the occasion.

A concert was held on the evening of the 22nd followed by a grand ball the next evening. Both were said to have been largely patronized. Boat racing, foot racing, and other athletic sports, comprised the programme connected with the pic-nic, in addition to the election contests above referred to. All passed off quietly.

THE SHAWVILLE EXHIBITION.—The regular annual exhibition in connection with the county of Pontiac Agricultural Society No 1. came off on the Society's grounds at Shawville on Wednesday last. Contrary to expectation the weather was all that could be desired. The facilities for travelling afforded by the P. P. J. R. induced a large number of people to come from Aylmer and intermediate places while the special arrangement to convey passengers from Hughes' and Clarke's, over the incomplete portion of the road, was also instrumental in bringing a respectable quota. Added to these there were large contingents from nearly every section of the county, the whole making the greatest multitude that has ever assembled together on a public occasion in this county before. The number of conveyances of one kind and another was so large that it was almost impossible to find yard room in the village sufficient to contain them, and every available place where a horse could be tethered was taken advantage off.

Coming to the exhibition itself, we cannot say that it was favored with a corresponding degree of success. On the whole rather was it inferior to several of its predecessors. This was probably owing to the destruction of the crops by hail, of a large number of farmers, who in former years took a deeper interest in and contributed largely to the success of exhibitions.

Making a circuit of the grounds we found the exhibit of wheeled vehicles, sleighs, cutters to be on a par with former years, fair as to quality, but meagre as to quantity;

The display of agticultural implements shewed most of the improvements of the age, and all through was something better than that of last year. Next to hand we come to the exhibits in live stock: Of bulls (all ages) tnere was a large number, containing some very fine-looking, well-bred animals. Among the yearlings there was one exhibited by Mr. Archie Mohr of Onslow deserving of special mention. Of cows the exhibit was decidedly small. The number of sheep was in excess of last year, and the animals were of a fair class.

The exhibit in horses shewed that more attention is devotod to improving this class of stock than any of those we have alluded to. In the several competitions there was a good shewing, and the animals all appeared to be of a superior class. One stallion, particularly exhibited by Mr. Blakley of Bristol, was the object of general admiration.

The display of fowls was inferior to last year, with regard to variety and numerical importance.

In the exhibition hall the general display was not up to that shewn last year. The samples of grain were good but few in number. The falling off in this exhibit was chiefly due to the disastrous effects of the hail storm alluded to above. Roots and other horticultural products were fair with respect to quality. There were also some excellent samples of fruit, especially grapes. The exhibit in dairy products was very good, as was also the samples of bread.

The upper flat contained exhibits in leather and the various articles comprising the ladies department. The latter shewed a falling off in quantity, excepting knitted and woven work. In the latter there was a very creditable display of blankets and flannels. The collection of works in art was choice but inextensive.

Just here we might say that there is certainly room for great improvement on the present plan of the upper flat of the hall. The way matters were on Wednesday it was next to impossible to get a fair view of the articles on exhibition. All was jostling, jamming and confusion, and if any individual succeeded in reaching the end opposite to that which he entered, it was only by a great physical exertion that he could retrace his steps. We think the directors should change the plan of the building so as to obviate this annoyance and also see that some system of keeping better order be introduced.

The custom of closing the exhibition with speech making was departed from in view of the political campaign which is now going on, hence the proceedings terminated at an earlier hour than usual, with the rendition of the National Anthem by the Shawville band which did duty throughout the day.

No unpleasant incidents occurred on the grounds to mar the proceedings. A list of the successful competitors will be given in a future number of this journal.

SEVERE ACCIDENT—Walter Creighton, of Pembrook, got one of his feet caught in a machine in the machine shop of Messrs Imlach & Munroe Renfrew, on Tuesday of last week. The foot was terribly bruised and the big toe was completely torn from it. The unfortunate young man arrived home on Wedensday.

Three thousand tons of through freight came east from Vancouver between July 15th and August 31st. Seventy per cent. of this was tea, and the other 30 per cent. consisted of canned salmon, canned and dried fruits. And yet a prominent Grit savant once publicly prophesied that "the Canadian Pacific Railway would never pay for the grease used on the wheels of its cars."

Two farmers living in the township of Osgoode, about two miles from the village of Metcalf, were burnt out on Thursday the 23rd ult. It is charged to a tramp who was going from house to house begging. It seems that the farmers and the tramp had some hot words, after which the latter went away. The same night both farmers were burned out, their, barns, sheds and houses being destroyed, and much of their grain, which they had stored up. The surrounding neighborhood turned out in search of the tramp, but their efforts were in vain.

The Armprior *Chronicle* says a melancholy accident which resulted in the death of a young man named Martin Dolan, happened on the farm of Mr. Charles Butler, seventh Line of Fitzroy, on Tuesday forenoon of last week. It seems that deceased was assisting in carrying away grain from a thrashing mill which was in operation, and inadvertently stepped backwards against the driving shaft. A loose woolen garment which the unfortunate young man was wearing to preserve his clothes caught in the shaft, and he was whirled to the ground. Death was almost instantaneous. Deceased was about 24 years of age, and was resident of Onslow, P.Q.

A NEW COPPER MINE.—A copper mine has been discovered near Sudbury Junction Ontario. It is said to be by far the largest mine yet discovered. The copper ridge is four miles in length 1,500 feet wide and 200 feet deep. The percentage of pure copper is very large. Already operations have begun at the mine on a somewhat limited scale, but it will soon be developed to its fullest capacity. The ore is now sent over the C.P.R. to New York, and the copper is there separated from foreign substances, but soon a crushing mill will be erected at Sudbury and the work performed in Canada. Mr. Ritchie, the manager, interviewed the bonanza king, Mr. Mackay, who saw the specimens of copper ore in the Canadian Pacific offices at Montreal and stated that they were the finest ore he had ever seen. He expressed his surprise at the extent of the seam, and stated the largest mine he had ever seen or heard of previously was at Butte, Montana, which had only an opening of 250 feet. He considered that there was a source of great wealth in the Sudbury mine promising as it did the advantages of easy railroad communication and profuse supplies of water and fuel. "The mine will furnish the Cananian pacific railroad," said Mr. Mckay. "with an amount of mineral freight traffic that the company never dreamt of."

DENIAL.

To THE EQUITY.

Sirs.—Having been made aware that a report has been circulated through this county to the effect that I received from Mr. W. J. Poupore four dollars more per hundred weight for making up iron for the Bryson Calumet bridge, than another party offered to do the same for. I ask permission through your paper to give the truthfullness of the report a flat denial. In the first place I received the work from the bridge committee, and not Mr. Poupore; and secondly the work was done for a figure very much less than that which it is stated, I was paid over and above the amount of the other party's offer.

I am yours respectfully,
R. N. FLETCHER.

Bryson, Oct., 7th '86.

To the Editors of THE EQUITY.

Gentlemen,—The *Advance* was as dumb as an oyster last week regarding the claims of the Liberal candidate to popular favor. Is there anything in the wind? We will possibly witness another shuffle of the political chess-board on nomination day. Mr. McVeigh was squelched as a matter of exigency; Mr. Roney retired from the contest, because he deemed discretion the better part of valor;—and now, Mr. Porteous stands in the breach, because no one else could be found to court certain defeat. If the Reformers are so certain of sweeping this County, why have so many shuffles? They brought Mercier, McShane and Stevens here with a flourish of trumpets, to throw some light on the subject; but alas! all is confusion in the ranks of the faithful, and the end is not yet. Who are they afraid of? Why do they not bring out this man, and support him to the end? The reason is obvious. W. J. Poupore meets them at every corner—he vanquishes them in every argument—he is going about doing good—he is rendering an account of his stewardship—he has performed his duties faithfully, and more than redeemed every pledge he made to the electors. He is scattering all their pet theories and hap-hazard assertions to the winds, and convincing the people by proof positive, that the wild and reckless assertions of his adversaries are only prompted by personal malice. Under these circumstances no one need wonder at their shuffling and dodging, and beating about the bush—for—"A lie stands on one leg, but truth stands on two!" Many consistent and conscientious Reformers during the past few weeks have expressed themselves as disgusted with the vascilating conduct of their party. They declare that they will no longer support every Tom, Dick and Harry whom the convention sends along—but will vote for Mr. Poupore on the 14th, as being the only gentleman really worthy of support. There is not a municipality in the county, in which many who opposed Mr. Poupore at the last election, will do so no longer, but will support him now. The Liberal candidates act like political weathercocks, tossed aside by every adverse little breeze. Poupore is a terror to the whole fraternity. Now, taking a fair and equitable view of the matter is there any reasonable obstacle to Mr. Poupore's re election? Has he not done all that a representative could possibly do to further the interests of his constituents? Could the electors make choice of a man in the county who could serve them more faithfully than he has done during his tenure of office? I think not. Then why wish to supplant him? I would ask the free and independent electors of Pontiac to ponder over these matters. I would invite them seriously to look over his political career—to weigh him in the balance, and if they find him wanting, (which no man of unbiassed mind can do,) reject him; but if they arrive at the conclusion he is "the right man in the right place," then send him down to Quebec with an overwhelming majority. There is not the slightest doubt but this is the very thing the great majority of the electors have determined to do; and as a few are yet wavering, and have not made up their minds, I would give such a friendly advice: Go with the crowd, please, gentlemen—vote for Poupore, as by so doing, you will best further the interests of your own county. Electors of Pontiac! as this is the last time I shall have the honor of addressing you, previous to the election, I would beg most emphatically to impress upon you the fact that by electing Mr. Poupore, you elect a man who will have great influence with the Ross Government, which will undoubtedly be sustained—while by electing his opponent—you elect an amateur, who will sit in the cold shade of Opposition, and will thus get nothing for Pontiac. I, therefore, earnestly appeal to you to support Premier Ross and honest government, and the only way to do this is to vote for Mr. Poupore. Then mark your ballots opposite his name on polling day, and give him such a majority as will cause his opponents to turn up the whites of their eyes in wonder. Once again I would say—vote for Poupore, and you will never have cause to regret it.

Yours, &c.
VINDICATOR.

Oct. 4th, 1886.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

Mr. Augustus Wetherby walked up and down his apartment in an embroidered smoking-cap and jacket, apparently absorbed in restless thought.

Each time that he passed the large dressing-mirror he bestowed upon it a glance of criticising satisfaction; and now and then would pause to gaze admiringly into his own eyes, and with his elbows on a level with his shoulders, to gracefully twist the ends of his waxed moustache.

Finally he took up an open letter from the table, and for the third time perused its contents, which were as follows:

"Dear Gus: I drop you a hasty line to catch the 6 o'clock mail. Minna Gray is with us, and I want you to come up without delay and see what you can do in the way of winning an heiress. She is just from boarding school—a simple, unsophisticated girl of 18—and if you enter the field at once, I don't see why, with your advantages, you should not succeed in making an impression. If uncle can't spare you from the office before Saturday, at least come up then, and stay till Monday. In a quiet country house a great deal can be done in that time. I've spoken of you to Minnie—judiciously, of course—and am sure she is already interested in you. She will be with us but a week or so longer, and will then leave with her family for their western home; so you see there is no time to be lost. I shall certainly expect you on Saturday, if not before. Don't disappoint.

"Your devoted sister,
AGNES MERROW."

"Hum! Aw, well, I may as well go up and see what she's like!" mused Mr. Augustus Wetherby, giving a doubtful shrug of the shoulders. "Old man still living; but won't object to that, if he'd do the handsome thing by me that he did with his other daughter's husband. In fact it would be handy to have him go on making money for a few years longer. It isn't every day that a fellow can pick up an heiress—pretty, too, I think I've heard Merrow say. Cousin of his, eh? Convenient to have sisters marry fellows with rich young cousins. Yes, I thing I may as well try it on."

On the following Saturday, accordingly, a blonde young gentleman, faultlessly attired, and with a calmly-satisfied and rather supercilious air, boarded the five o'clock train for a two hours' ride to Verdon station.

He found but two seats unoccupied—one next to a fat, old lady with a ticket conspicuously secured on the front of her shawl by three pins, and the other adjoining that of a handsome, well-grown young lady who was seated alone at a window with a satchel beside her.

Affecting not to observe the first seat, and even ignoring the friendly tug at his coat-tail of the fat lady, Mr. Wetherby, passed on, and paused with a half-wistful, half-apologetic glance at the second vacant seat.

The young lady, observing this, promptly removed her shawl and satchel, and made room for him.

"Thank you. I hope I am not incommoding you," said Mr. Wetherby, with his most graceful and winning manner.

"Not at all," she answered raising a pair of bright, frank, brown eyes to his face.

And then they sat for a few moments silent, as the train started.

The breeze, with its inevitable cinders and dust, came in strongly at the window and of course the young lady tried to close it, could not, and equally of course Mr. Wetherby offered to do it for her.

Then they naturally got to talking, the young lady manifesting no shyness, or stiffness, and as Mr. Wetherby looked at her smiling red lips and laughing eyes and noticed her easy self-possessed manner, he congratulated himself upon having a companion for the amusement of his brief journey.

She was alone, too, which encouraged him to assume a little protective gallantry.

"Have you far to go?" he inquired, when he had conveniently arranged his satchel and umbrella at his feet.

"Would you call it far to Princeton?" she returned, innocently.

So she was going to Princeton, a ride of six hours—and as Mr Wetherby looked at her bright, intelligent face and brilliant eyes, he almost regretted that his own journey would be so short.

He fancied, too, from an indefinable something in her look and manner that he had "made a mash," as he himself would have significantly expressed it, and with an inward gratification set himself to deepen the impression by his most winning smiles, and elegant and fashionable airs.

Besides his admiration of the young lady, he would like to show the people round him he was somebody.

Just in front of him sat a pale, delicate looking lady, who was nervously endeavoring to keep two little children quiet. Their fidgeting and prattle rather interfered with Mr. Wetherby's conversation.

"Great nuisance, children on the cars," he observed, fastidiously, to his fair companion.

"I don't object to them. It is amusing to observe their funny little ways," she replied, good-humoredly.

"When they are good and pretty; but children like these little scamps ought to have a special car provided—a sort of cattle box—"

He ended abruptly, as the lady in front turned her head, and with a sudden flush, bestowed upon him a glance of which only an outraged and insulted mother is capable.

"Good gracious! I hope—I did not intend that she should hear me!" said Mr. Wetherby. "However if people choose to listen to private remarks, it makes no difference."

Then he lay back in his seat, and while his fair companion looked from the window, revenged himself for the mother's indignant look by secretly making faces at the baby, which was staring at him over the back of the seat and making ineffectual efforts to grab hold of his gold-headed cane.

The sweet infant at first stared in round-eyed wonder at the unaccustomed facial expressions, but as they became more ogre-like, its little moon-face worked, and it burst into a terrified shriek which startled half the sleepers in the car.

"Will you excuse my little son, sir," said a voice behind Mr. Wetherby. "He is not accustomed to the interesting performance with which you have been kindly endeavoring to entertain him."

And the tall, stalwart gentleman leaned forward and took the terrified infant from its mother's arms.

"I think we've intruded ourselves into a family group here," Mr. Augustus Wetherby observed, as he looked uneasily around. "You will be more comfortable on the other side, and able to keep the window opened—it being leeward, as sailors say."

The young lady hesitated a moment, but then gathered up her shawl and satchel, and crossed over to the opposite side of the car, where were a couple of seats left vacant by passengers who had alighted at the last station.

It was immediately in the rear of a plainly dressed old gentleman, who was fast asleep and slightly snoring, with his feet conspicuously elevated.

He had removed his new boots, and encased his large feet in embroidered cloth slippers, which left exposed an ample space of gray yarn stocking, evidently of domestic manufacture

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Wetherby, "we seem destined to be unfortunate in our immediate surroundings; but then, one cannot always choose one's travelling companions, unless one engages a special car."

There was a gleam of amusement in the young lady's eyes as she glanced from him to the unconscious object of his scorn. He caught it, and was thereby encouraged to go on.

"I really believe the old fellow imagines this to be a sleeping-car, or at least that he can indulge in the privileges of one, regardless of the feelings of his fellow passengers. People of his class generally imagine that they can shrink the expense of a sleeping-car by making a dressing-room of the public cars. I've a great mind to fire one of those boots out of the window with my cane."

"That would be too bad. You wouldn't do it, really, would you?"

"Not if you object. The old fellow certainly don't look as if he could well afford the loss. But I'd give something for those slippers, to deposit in a museum for future antiquarians, as a supposed specimen of pre-historic art, and a proof that there were giants in those days. He he!"

"They certainly are extraordinary specimens of needlework," the young lady observed, eyeing the slippers with grave attention.

"And the stockings! I had imagined that sort of pedal covering to belong to the lost arts."

"They look warm and comfortable, though; and I daresay that is all that he cares for."

"Wonder where he got those marvelous slippers? Dare say they are the effort of some red-handed, apple-faced daughter, who probably exhibited them at the country church fair as a creditable specimen of high art. Is that red blotch in the middle a rose or a hollyhock. And the blue dots—what botanical productions do they represent?"

"I should think the first is intended for a bleeding heart," said Mr. Wetherby's fair companion, critically examining the slippers of the unconscious sleeper; "and the blue will probably suggest forget-me-nots."

"Bleeding hearts and forget-me-nots, He, he! Who would have expected so much sentiment in a rough old fellow like that? But perhaps, after all the slippers are the tender gift of a sweetheart—some sallow, smirking old maid, probably—and he's stuck them on his delicate feet in order to have her image perpetually present with him. No doubt he fell asleep contemplating them, and is at this moment lost in dreams of his loved one."

This flight of fancy so amused the young lady that Mr. Wetherby was thereby encouraged to proceed with his brilliant remarks.

"There are initials on them, I see—P. G.—Peter Grubbs, perhaps. The name would correspond with his appearance—don't you agree with me?"

"I am sure it is very kind in you to take so much interest in that old gentleman and his affairs," the young lady returned, in a cool, quiet way, with her dark eyes looking full in his face. "Fortunately, I can gratify your curiosity. His name is not Peter Grubbs, but Peyton Gray—not very unlike, don't you think?"

"Wh-what!" gasped Mr. Wetherby, staring—"not surely Mr. Peyton Gray of Chesterton?"

"The same. I am his daughter Minna, and I must confess that I worked those absurd slippers when I was about twelve years old. They were my first attempt at embroidery, as any one can see. Father never wore them until lately, when being a little lame, he found them convenient, Mother knit the stockings; he will wear no others."

Mr. Wetherby, pale and red by turns, listened in silence.

To add to his dismay, Mr. Gray at the end of his daughter's speech, quietly turned his head and fixed his keen gray eyes upon him.

"Yes, young man," he remarked coolly "I find both the slippers and socks very comfortable—not but what I should have been sorry to have lost one of my boots."

And without further notice he deliberately proceeded to don the latter articles of dress.

Mr. Wetherby sat in dazed silence feeling excessively small, but seeking to comfort himself with the thought that it might be possible so to disguise himself as not to be recognized by Mr. Gray and his daughter when he should present himself at Verdon.

Would it not be well to give them a false name at present, and delay his visit for some days?

But while he thus mused in dire confusion of spirit, Miss Minna Gray, turning to him, said blandly:

"Do you stop at Verdon, Mr. Wetherby?"

"Eh?—aw—you take me for—"

"For Mrs. Merrow's brother of course. She told me yesterday that she expected you. You see, father and I have only run down this morning to meet sister and family, who were to join us at Cousin Merrow's and all return home together. Let me introduce you to my sister and my brother-in-law, Colonel Steele"—turning to the tall gentleman and pale lady, who had been spectators of the whole scene.

"I—I shall be most happy when—when we arrive at the station. At present I must positively look after my valise, as I think we are approaching the station and will have only a minute for alighting."

"Your valise? Here it is under the seat! You see"—with a charming smile—"we could all read the name on it, and that is how we came to know who you were."

The next station was not Verdon: nevertheless Mr. Wetherby, with his baggage, alighted there, and took the next train homeward.

To the inquiries of a friend, to whom he had confidentially communicated his intention of marrying an heiress, he briefly replied that he had seen the girl and did not quite fancy her. And it is observable that on all of his travelling trips he is strangely silent and uncommunicative with his fellow passengers.

Commercial Statistics.

Mose Schaumberg was in a bad humor yesterday. When he came down to his place of business his head clerk, Ike Silverstone, said:

"Have you heard already dot Parker & Fizzle in Kingstone has failed.

"Ish dot so! Vell, vell, dey owes me six hundred tollars for goots vot I sold 'em. How much on a tollar does dey bay?"

"Terventy cents."

"Terventy cents! I was glad to hear dot. Ven I sold 'em dose goots I figured on a fifteen cent on a tollar failure. Ven dey bay terventy cents den I makes a profit of fifty per cent on dot bill of goots."

A dog bitten by a rattlesnake in Nebraska, instead of dying developed hydrophobia, and bit fourteen head of cattle, all of which died.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

It is denied that Sir Charles Dilke will start a newspaper in London, but it is asserted that he will take a sub editorial position and thoroughly study London journalism. He expects before a great while to re-enter public life.

A young horse cut his nasal bone and also great gashes in his neck while entangled in a barbed wire fence at Randolph. A veterinary surgeon has put pieces of ordinary garden hose in the colt's nostrils and throat for him to breath through, and he is getting along first rate.

Marshes in northern Indiana usually covered with from one to four feet of water have become dry owing to the continued drouth, and sportsmen complain that hundreds of poisonous snakes have taken possession, which not only have eaten nearly all the young water fowl as fast as hatched, but make it absolutely unsafe for any one to walk over the marshes.

William Jobes of Bushville, Pa, shot and, as he thought, killed a woodchuck, but when he picked it up the animal turned and seized him by the hand. Jobes could not release his hand, but he killed the woodchuck, and then walked three miles with its teeth firmly locked in his hand, which when freed was found to be so mangled and swollen that it will probably have to be amputated.

The removal of Sir Edward Thornton, Minister to Turkey, will be followed by other diplomatic changes. Mr. Lascelles, the present British resident at Sofia, is expected to succeed Sir William White at Bucharest. Sir William will probably go to Constantinople. Lord Lyons, Minister of France, will resign in April next and will be succeeded by Sir Edward Malet or Mr. H. C. Vivian, present Minister to Brussels.

While the Cape Sable fisheries were at their best a few days ago the "white water" made its appearance, moving towards the west. It showed for a long distance on the surface, and seemed full of minute fibres of curd-like consistency. On its western edge it was apparently thirty fathoms deep and as perpendicular as the walls of a house. The fish fled before this rare phenomenon, and after the water resumed its usual clearness they were very scarce.

Among the excellent pictures that have accompanied the advertisement of a certain soap was one of a doctor advising a patient to buy this soap. The other day a physician bought a number of papers containing this picture, and explained that it was a perfect likeness in form and feature of a doctor who was his tutor in the old country, and of whom there existed no portrait. He was about to send the newspapers to the old doctor's friends, who would have a portrait painted from the advertising picture.

Charles Ohman, a Chicago contractor, who built a house for Andrew Anderson, in which the latter was married, took occasion just as the wedding was well under way to take possession and endeavor to nail up the doors and windows, because he held a lien on the building for an unsettled balance. All hands turned on the intruder and put him out, and there was such a row that the police wagon was called, and the entire party arrested except the minister, who escaped. After explanations all were released but Ohman who was held and fined. The others, went back, found the minister, and Anderson was married.

Mr. Burns, the English Socialist, was walking with his wife on Sunday evening near the Pont d'Austerlitz, of Paris. Having left her for a short time she was attacked by three roughs, who insulted her, and attempted to steal her brooch. Mr. Burns came to the rescue, and felled one of the ruffians to the ground, when the other two took to flight. Mr. Burns' conduct was eulogized by the French papers, and his muscular strength elicits their admiration. The Debats says:—"If we Parisians had the energy and the muscle of Mr. Burns, Paris would soon be rid of the malefactors that encumber it."

W. H. Winslow M. D. writes from his cruising cutter Pilgrim to the *Journal* of Belfast, that on Aug. 24 off Cape Neddick he saw something that he thinks was the sea serpent. "It looked," he wrote, "like a black log of wood, one foot in diameter and eight feet long, projected from a boat like body at the front, and above the surface of the water at an angle of about twenty degrees. The surface was black and shining, the angle between the neck and body was curved, and the general appearance was as if the part above water was continuous, with a very long subaqueous body. Before I could get the glasses to bear accurately, the marine monster sank. Then he appeared inshore of us, upon the bow, upon the beam, upon the quarter, and then sporting in the breakers. He kept about the same distance from us and did not afford us any better view than that at first. The animal was lively and perfectly at home in the water. He was seen by all on board and all agree upon the above description. There was no inebriety, enthusiasm, or delusion about the case, but calm, careful, critical observation."

The *Daily News* of Munich tells a story illustrative of the queer freaks of the late mad King of Bavaria. He had an excellent *valet de chambre*, whose services he prised greatly, but who one day committed some petty fault that threw the quick-tempered monarch into such a tempest of fury that he beat him with his fists and said: "Get out! I do not want ever to see your face again." The man went as rapidly as he could. Then the King had a succession of valets, each one of whom seemed worse, more stupid, and incompetent than his predecessor, until the King was frantic all the time. The Baron Schneider, chief of the palace, urged him to take his old valet back again but he refused on the ground that his dignity would not permit him to do so, when he had said he wished never to see the man's face again. Then the Baron had a happy idea. "Very well, your Majesty," he said, "you need not see his face again. We will make a blackamoor of him." To that the King assented cheerfully, and thereafter, until his death, he was faithfully served by an apparent negro, who was, however, in reality a native of Munich, his old white valet.



LADY'S COSTUME.

This stylish costume, suitable either for house or street use, is made of dark blue tricot cloth with the panel for the skirt and the revers, collar and cuffs on the basque ornamented with the new "Standard" moss-stitch embroidery in three shades of blue, and the vest and front facings of dark blue velvet. The embroidery is in effective patterns, the different shades artificially blended, and the mossy effect is not unlike frise which is so popular in the seasonable fabrics. The disposition of the embroidered piece is not at all arbitrary; the pieces used for the revers on this design may be employed for a vest, if preferred, and the skirt panel can be placed to suit the taste. The patterns represented are the "Martella" basque and the "Procida" skirts. Price of basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size. Skirt pattern, thirty cents.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Poison ivy is putting on its coat of scarlet. It is easily distinguishable from woodbine, as its leaves grow in clusters of three, while the harmless woodbine grows in clusters of five leaves.

The amount of pressure per square foot with the wind blowing at twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy and eighty miles per hour is respectively 2, 4½, 8, 12½ 19, 25 and 32½ pounds.

When it becomes necessary to stop an engine with a heavy fire in the furnace, place a layer of fresh coal on the fire, shut the damper and start the injector or pump for the purpose of keeping up the circulation in the boiler.

The following beverage is soothing if taken just before going to bed by a person troubled with a cough. It is an old French recipe, and is called "lait de poule:" Mix the yolk of one egg thoroughly with a teaspoonful of sugar and add a few drops of orange flower water. Pour a gill of boiling water by degrees upon the mixture, stirring constantly, and drink very warm.

Persons who work in red-hot metals, glass-blowing, etc., are sometimes apt to burn their fingers. It is well to know that a solution of bicarbonate of soda, (baking soda) promptly and permanently relieves all pain. The points to be observed are: One, bicarbonate of soda must be used; washing soda and common soda are far too irritant to be applied if the burn is serious. Two, the solution must be saturated. Three, the solution must be ice cold.

A writer in speaking of the defacement of paint by the inadvertent and needless scratching of matches, says that he has observed that when one mark has been made others follow rapidly. To effectually prevent this, rub the spot with flannel saturated with any liquid vaseline. "After that people may try to strike their matches there as much as they like, they will neither get a light nor injure the paint," and, most singular, the petroleum causes the existing mark to soon disappear, at least when it occurs on dark paint.

The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

FARM.

Scissored and Penned.

The cost of a creamery apparatus for a dairy of fifty cows is from $128 to $150 For fifty more cows the bill would be increased $117.

Prof. Stewart thinks that the corn crop ensilaged when the ear is in the dough state will be as valuable for feeding as if the corn were husked, shelled and ground.

As one sows, so will he reap. Foul seed will usually bring fouler crops. With clean seed it will require some little time to get the land clean, if it is full of foul stuff; but it can be done, and you will be more than paid for the trouble.

That artificial manures of every kind are necessary, we have always admitted and shall always propound; but that they can ever profitably and usefully replace those made on the farm, is a proposition too ridiculous to merit discussion.

J. J. H. Gregory says that his apples, transformed into vinegar, pay him more than most farmers rate their small apples. One bushel of apples makes four gallons of vinegar of such a strength that it frequently needs the addition of considerable water before it can be used as a condiment.

Wherever there exists a faulty or careless system of drainage, no correct estimate of the agricultural value of a property can be possibly formed; for although from its excessive dampness a soil may remain unproductive, it may, nevertheless, contain all the necessary elements of fertility.

Always gather your own tomato seeds, selecting the earliest and smoothest specimens from the variety which you may prefer. It may be advisable to pick these fruits for seed before they are fully ripe, for it is proclaimed as a fact that earliness is promoted by seed from immature fruit.

The proper place for the onion bulb is wholly *on top* of the ground, and there it will do best. If *in* the ground (covered up,) it is apt to develope the undesirable shape known as a scullion. In weeding and cultivating, the soil must always be scraped *away* from the onion, never drawn up to it, else the grower will have to record a failure.

Instead of *fall* plowing, we are coming more and more to say *summer* plowing; and the reform, or improvement, is one of the most significant for good husbandry which has been attempted by our farmers for a long time. Good husbandry takes time by the forelock. Now, in our somewhat short seasons we must get an early start with crops. And it is necessary to start this "early start" the previous fall; spring is too late altogether. When decided that fall plowing is the system, it will be as easy to do all the sward plowing early in the season—we mean early fall, or rather, late summer—as it will to put off till spring.

Destroying Insects as a Business.

Yes, it is a capital idea—having men go round who make it a business of applying Paris green. London purple, or other poisons, to apple orchards attacked by canker-worms, etc. They have the force pump, and tanks for water, and everything convenient, and when the job is done, there are no vessels which have had poison in them left on the farm. The same plan may be extended to the application of Paris green for the potato bugs—the farmer and his men lending a helping hand. For one, I should be glad to feel that there was not an ounce of Paris green on the farm, and no pail or tub, or broom, that had been used in fighting the bugs. Success to the new plan! Another year, I hope, will witness its general introduction.

I do not want to see a lot of quacks perambulating the country with mysterious mixtures for fertilising the land and killing the worms. I would like to see some intelligent young man—say a graduate of an agricultural college, who had made entomology a study, and who knew the habits of our insect pests, and how best to attack them, take hold of this matter. And not one, merely, but scores, and hundreds. We would give them a hearty welcome. They would do good missionary work.

COOKING RECIPES.

Chicken Soup.—Save the broth after boiling chickens, and to it add two onions thinly sliced; boil twenty minutes, season with salt and pepper, add two beaten eggs and serve.

Raised Waffles.—One quart of flour, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half cup of yeast; bake in waffle irons well heated and greased.

Fritters.—Three eggs, one and a half cups of milk, three teaspoons of baking powder, and flour enough to make thicker than batter cakes; drop into hot lard and fry brown. Serve with sauce.

Batter Cakes.—Make a batter of one quart each of flour and sour milk, three beaten eggs, one of soda, one tablespoonful of butter; pulverize the soda very fine before measuring and thoroughly mix with the dry flour.

Doughnuts.—Two cups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three eggs, a little salt, and flour sufficient to roll; fry in hot lard, skim out and drain until dry.

Pork Chops.—Trim off most of the fat and broil, turning them frequently; put on a hot platter and pour over the gravy made by stirring into a pint of hot water enough flour to thicken it and seasoned well with salt and pepper.

Mutton Chop Fried.—Rub them with salt and pepper, put in the frying pan, cover them and fry five minutes, turn them but once; then dip them in well beaten eggs, and then on bread crumbs, and fry until browned nicely on both sides.

Baked Potatoes.—Peel and slice very thin and then let stand in cold water half an hour, which hardens them; put them in a pudding dish, with salt, pepper and one-half pint of milk; bake for an hour, then add a piece of butter the size of an egg.

Boiled Onions.—Wash and peel; boil ten minutes; pour off the water and add more boiling hot water; boil a second time and drain; pour on more boiling water; add some salt and boil an hour; then place in a colander, turn a saucer over them and press firmly to drive off all the water; put them in a dish, add butter and pepper and serve.

Tea Rolls.—Two quarts of flour, one pint of cold boiled milk, half cup of yeast half cup of sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter; make a hollow in the center of the flour, pour in all above, and let it rise until morning; then knead and let it rise until 3 in the afternoon; then roll out, butter them about the edge, and lap over let rise and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

Hot Potato Salad.—Boil till done eight large potatoes and slice them while hot; peel and slice three large onions and mix with the potatoes; cut up some bacon into small bits, enough to fill a teacup, and fry a light brown; remove the meat, and into the grease stir three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, making a sour gravy, which pour over the potato and onion. Season with pepper and salt and serve while hot.

Spiced Beef Tongue.—Rub into each tongue a mixture made of half a pound of brown sugar, a piece of saltpeter the size of a pea and a tablespoonful of ground cloves; put it in a brine made of three-quarters of a pound of salt to two quarts of water and keep covered. Pickle two weeks, then wash well and dry with a cloth; roll out a thin paste made of flour and water, smear it all over the tongue and place in a pan to bake slowly; baste well with lard and hot water; when done scrape off the paste and skin.

Baked Onions.—Wash them clean, but do not peel, and put into a saucepan, with slightly salted water; boil an hour, replacing the water with more boiling hot water as it evaporates; turn off the water and lay the onions on a cloth to dry them well; roll each one in a buttered tissue paper, twisting it at the top to keep it on and bake in a slow oven about an hour, or until tender all through; peel them, place in a deep dish and brown slightly, basting well with butter for fifteen minutes; season with pepper and salt and pour some melted butter over them.

Old and Young Great Men

It would seem is if the work of the world were sometimes destined to be done by a band of young men and sometimes by a group of old ones. At the beginning of the present century, for instance, most of the heroes of peace and war were young. Napoleon was not much over 30 in the days of Austerlitz and Marengo; few of his Marshals were older. Wellington passed his fortieth year in the Peninsula campaign. Pitt, after 20 years in the Premiership, died at 47. Nelson was just the same age at Trafalgar. Our poets—Byron, Shelly, Keats, and Coleridge—were young; Sir Walter Scott was looked upon as quite a patriarch of letters at 55. At present we are in the cycle of the seniors. We have Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Grevy, Prince Bismarck, and the German Emperor, all of whom, if they belong very actively and vividly to the present, would have left a good record of notable work behind them if they had joined the majority before M. Benedetti altered the map of Europe by forgetting his manners on the promenade at Ems on a certain critical day. And the strange thing is that when these veterans disappear from the stage they seem likely to leave no successors. No doubt Providence has not forgotten posterity, and the next generation will be duly provided with its proper proportion of great men. But it must be admitted that they are slow in making their appearance. Who is to succeed Prince Bismarck in Germany? Who has taken up the mantle of Victor Hugo in France? Who are to be the successors of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning? As for politics, we do not forget Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain in this country, or Count Kalnoky, M. Tisza, and M. de Freycinet abroad, when we say that the nineteenth century—the century of statesmen—shows at present but faint prospect of closing with such a galaxy of great men as that which shed lustre over its infancy, and its middle age. Let us hope that destiny, in one of its freaks, is only waiting till the old heroes are cleared off the board to startle us with a constelation of young geniuses in peace and war, in letters and in arts. In the meanwhile we have old men, and may be thankful for them.—[London Standard.

A guest at a hotel in Montreal tasted of the butter and asked the waiter what it was. The servant didn't know, and the head waiter was called. He professed his ignorance, and the guest sought the landlord. "That," said the host, as he tasted it, "probably represents butter." "But don't you know?" "Not exactly; I've got a steward who is great on experiments, and whether this is creamery, dairy, common, artificial or butterine I can't say: James, take this gentleman out and introduce him to the steward, and see that it is charged extra in his bill."

A Jumping Boy.

A Rochester dispatch says: For some weeks the people living in the vicinity of Huntington street have been mystified and excited by singular occurrences at the residence of William Westveer, a prominent citizen, who lives at No. 11 on that street. About five weeks ago his son Arny, a boy twelve years old, was attacked by jumping spells, and it was impossible for him to control the action of his limbs. After a few days the attacks became more violent and also increased in frequency. Previous to that time the family had heard mysterious knockings all about the house—on the walls, on the doors, and under the floor—which they could not account for.

After he began to have these jumping spells the boy's struggles became so violent when he was under their influence, that three strong men could not hold him in the chair. Then the tables and chairs began to fly about the rooms, the pictures and looking-glasses to fall from the walls, and the whole house was in confusion. The center-table, which weighs fully eighty pounds, was overturned, and there is not an article of furniture in the house that was not thrown about. His parents had to take all the furniture out of the room in which Arny sleeps and have made a bed for him on the floor.

When the boy has these jumping spells his arms and legs twitch and his body is twisted into all sorts of shapes. When the furniture flies around and falls over he is always quiet—that is, he is not, under the influence of this unknown power. He never loses consciousness and always knows what he is about; yet when the paroxysms have passed off he is very much exhausted and perspires freely. He is gradually growing weak and is now hardly able to walk about.

Neighbors of the family, including ministers, have seen these phenomena, but are utterly at a loss to explain them. Physicians who have examined the boy say that he has heart disease, but otherwise appears free from physical troubles.

Sensitive Animals.

A gentleman who recently made a trip on horseback through the mountain region of the west evidently made an observation which was to him a discovery. In writing an account of his journey, he says, "The behavior of our saddle-horses was very amusing, and showed their prairie-life plainly. The moment they felt the cold storm they turned their backs around towards it and dropped their heads, and it took no little urging to induce them to proceed, as at each gust they would whirl their tails towards it as if turned by a crank."

The writer seems to have thought the conduct of his horses peculiar to those bred upon the prairies. It was, however, just what any horses would do under the circumstances, no matter from what part of the world they were brought. It should be known to all drivers of horses with what reluctance these animals face a storm or even a chilling wind. It may be quite reasonable to drive before the wind on a stormy day, when it would be positively cruel to go over the road in the opposite direction.

It is convenient to know the habit of the horse in case an animal has strayed away during a storm or a high wind. It will be found to have gone in the direction of the wind.

The habit of the sheep is just the contrary. This animal steadily faces the storm, holds its head well up, and inclined to move forward. No domestic animals give their keepers so much trouble by wandering off in stormy and boisterous weather as do sheep; shepherds are saved much of the trouble they might have in finding their flocks by making search in a direction against the wind.

This instinctive action of horses and sheep is common to all breeds, and is inherited from their undomesticated progenitors. Whatever may have been the origin of these habits, we can turn a knowledge of the facts to good account in giving our horses more rational care and treatment.

A Grave Case.

A mournful looking female dressed in black spoke to Alfred Logan in the Necropolis at Toronto the other day and said she wanted to have a tombstone erected in memory of a child she had recently buried. She pointed out the plot on which the stone was to be placed and asked Logan to make an estimate for one expressive of a considerable degree of grief. Logan took off his coat, hung it upon an adjacent stone and proceeded to make the measurement. The woman had disappeared before he had completed the work. Feeling somewhat disgusted, Logan put on his coat but was surprised to find that his purse, containing about $16, which had been in the coat pocket, was missing. He started in pursuit and succeeded in tracing the woman, who gave her name as Ann Lynch She had the purse in her possession. The Magistrate at the Police Court next day committed her for trial.

A benevolent young lady, who had for a long time sought to convey some lasting moral lesson to young boys, who had been gathered into her class, while conversing with one of the youngsters recently referred to the death of his brother, when he spoke up in a tone expressive of pride and gratification: "Oh, that ain't all the dead I got; I had 'nother brother die awhile ago." Another lad in the same class, while listening to his teacher's moral essay one day, with his eyes intently fastened on her face, interrupted her with: "Say, teacher, you han't moved your upper jaw since you bin talkin'."

UNDER THE POLE.

A Missionary from the Arctic Circle Interviewed.

Our soldiers thought they had seen a good deal of Canada when they got as far north as Beaver river last year, and saw the untrodden woods beyond. But Montreal is visited by a man from a point 1,000 miles further northwest (in a bee line)—and only 150 miles from the Polar ocean. Bishop Clut is a renowned missionary to the far Nort, and he was interviewed at the hotel hieu by a reporter. The reverend gentleman, though not more than fifty-five years old, appears to be much more advanced in age, his travels and privations having greatly affected his constitution, strong as it appears to have been.

Bishop Clut comes direct from Good Hope, the farthest residence of missionaries in the North-West, and situated immediately under the polar circle, at 66 North latitude, on the Mackenzie river His own residence is at Providence, 40 miles below Great Slave lake, but he had gone to visit Good Hope last fall and there fell sick, and had to remain in bed six months, being entirely exhausted. This bishop's province extends as far as the Arctic ocean, and covers a distance of one thousand three hundred miles under about twenty missionaries. There are about ten thousand Indians in these missions, comprising tribes of Algonquins Crees, and especially Chippewayans, with a few Esquimaux—and Mgr. Clut can speak the language of all these. With the exception of the Esquimaux, nearly all these tribes are now good and fervent Christians.

It was in 1857 that Mgr. Clut first went to the North-West, when there was but one diocese. It then took a year to go from Montreal to any point past Winnipeg as the winter had to be passed at the latter mission. On this first voyage Mgr. Clut took 29 days to go from St. Paul to St. Boniface, and he took with him then the first driving waggon that ever crossed the prairies. A few years after, the young missionary who was now in the far North, was appointed a bishop; but it took three years before a bishop and two priests could meet together for his consecration. Ever since, he has been travelling among the Indians and living their own life. His ordinary food has been fish and dried meat, and sometimes even this was so scarce as to necessitate a fast of several days. Even last winter, when Mgr. Clut was sick at Good Hope, the hunt—by which those Indians chiefly live—having almost entirely failed, the missionaries were obliged to reduce their rations considerably, and for some time had to fast every day.

"Could you not get canned goods?"

"Up to the present moment," the bishop replied, "it has been impossible for two reasons:—First, because we had no adequate means of transport, and secondly, because the funds at our disposal would not allow it. Steamboats were to be started on our principle river this season, and if they are running it will be a more easy matter to get provisions. But you must remember that our allowance from the missionary fund is two sacks of flour of two hundred pounds each for the three missionaries and a monetary allowance of between three and five hundred for each mission. With this sum orphans teachers and nurses have to be provided for. So you see that our bread provision soon gets exhausted. But we manage to raise a few vegetables during the short summer, and that, with our fish and dried meat, keep us alive."

"But, Monseigneur," asked the reporter, "are you not coming back on account of extreme exhaustion caused by want of proper food?"

"Some of my fellow-missionaries," replied the bishop, "would have it that I was exhausted and forced to go away. I attribute my present state to my travels more than five years ago, when, in order to carry more provisions on the sledge, drawn by my dogs. I always tramped my own way. Thus, in one winter I walked in my snowshoes for 32 consecutive days making an average of 30 miles a day. If to this you add exposure during the night at all seasons of the year, you can easily imagine how, in a comparatively short time, it works upon a man's constitution."

Being asked what was the exact nature of his present illness, Mgr. Clut replied:—"Well, on consulting my physician, who by the way is a medical book that I always carry with me—I found out it was dropsy of the legs, and the living physicians here seem to agree with mine."

A question being put as to what postal facilities he had in his missions, the bishop said:—"We receive letters twice a year and newspapers once a year." He added, "You smile; but I can tell you that we are pretty well posted on all general matters making a special study of the papers when we do get them!"

Mgr. Clut stated that it took him three full months to come from Good Hope to Winnipeg by continuous travelling in canoes, in boats and in carts through the prairie. Although he was sick, the journey did not fatigue him too much, and he was able to leave Winnipeg for Montreal after two or three days' rest.

Brown—"Deacon Smith is reporting about town, Robinson, that you were out gunning last Sunday." Robinson—"Well, Deacon Smith will get himself in trouble if he doesn't look out. It's a mistake." Brown—"I'm glad to hear you say so, Robinson. I didn't think you were a man to go gunning on Sunday." Robinson (emphatically)—"No, sir; I did not go gunning last Sunday, and, if necessary, I've got the fish to prove it."

Somebody Pays.

Tom C——, a lad from the country who had secured a situation in the city, was taken in charge by John, an older boy, who "knew the ropes." "Here is the place for dinner," he said one day, during their hour at noon, stopping before a glittering house, with windows of stained glass, and a gilt sign displaying an attractive bill of fare.

"Clam soup. Ham. Sardines. Cheese. Free lunch. Come along! You can eat a hearty dinner, all for nothing."

But Tom drew back. "I don't understand. But I'm sure of one thing: *somebody pays*," he said. A year later he met John, who had been discharged months before, coming out of the gin-shop, staggering. It was late at night. John's wife, pale, hungry-looking, shabbily clothed, was waiting for him.

"I see now who payed for the free lunches," said the country lad, as he helped her to lead her drunken husband home.

A Russian officer who watched the desperate charge at Balaclava, is reported to have detected instantly that it originated in a heedless blunder.

"But unfortunately," he wrote afterward, "mistakes in war carry destruction not alone to those who make them, but to their comrades."

The same rule applies to mistakes in ordinary life. No thoughtless or wicked man is "only his own enemy." He is the enemy of his innocent family, his comrades or friends. Often in life we see no evil result from our heedlessness or meanness or indolence. But "somebody always pays" for our shortcomings. As a large share of the evil in this world is wrought by heedless, reckless people "who mean well," this fact may be a useful curb on them.

Injured Innocence.

I was going along the road away out in the suburbs of Toronto the other day, at a place where an orchard adjoins a grove, and I happened to see a policeman peering warily into the trees.

"What is it?" said I.

"Look in there behind that wall," said he.

I did, and there was a boy about 12 years old, barefooted, with a tuft of hair sticking out through a hole in his hat, pegging stones into a pear tree and knocking down pears. The policeman worked his way in through the trees and jumped on the boy before he saw either one of us.

"Aha!" said the policemen, "I've caught you at it!"

"Caught me at what?" said the boy.

"Stealing pears."

"Ste—steal—stealin' pears!" said the boy in great astonishment; "I hain't been stealin' no pears!"

"Hain't eh? Then what are you doing with these here in your pockets?"

The boy's trousers' pockets were stuffed out on both sides with pears.

"O, these?" said he; "why I found 'em layin' 'round here on the ground, and I was firin' 'em back on the trees where they belongs."

The Queen and Maggie Ferguson.

One of the most pleasant incidents of the Queen's three days' sojourn in the Scottish capital was Her Majesty's visit to the West Craigmiller institution for the blind, of which she is patroness. The asylum, established on a moderate scale in Nicolson-street by Rev. Dr. Anderson, of Newhaven, in 1793, has grown to be the largest institution for the education and employment of the blind in the world. General Nepean Smith pointed out to Her Majesty Maggie Ferguson, one of the female workers in the Nicolson-street buildings, and explained that she had been fifty years connected with the institution. The Queen at once stepped forward and shook hands with Maggie, remarking that she was pleased to see her so well employed. Her Majesty was astonished and delighted at the manner in which the blind pupils read and wrote; and the singing of "Comin' thro' the rye" by Lizzie Nicholson, seemed to be greatly enjoyed by the Queen and the royal party. The children joined in singing the last line of each verse as a chorus.

The Smart Little Boy.

Teacher—"Now, dear children, as you have been good to-day, I'll give you a conndrum to answer. It is this: 'When we are young we want to have it, and when we have got it, we no longer care for it.'"

Tommy—"I know what it is."

Teacher—"What is it, Tommy?"

Tommy—"It is a wife."

Teacher—"Who told you that was the answer?"

Tommy—"I heard my father say so."

Teacher (thoughtfully)—"That answer is not so far out of the way, after all, but the answer I meant was maturity. When we are young we want to be older, and when we have attained age we no longer want it, but as your father remarked. Tommy, it is the same with a wife. The class is dismissed."

Paradoxical.

"Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "that there is something paradoxical about a mule?"

She replied he ought to know if anybody did and asked him why.

"Because, although he is by nature somewhat belligerent, yet he is always backward in deeds of violence."

What He Had.

"What's the matter, Uncle Rastus?" he asked facetiously as the old man came limping in, "got the gout?"

"No, sah, Ise got de bill fo' dat whitewashin' what I did fo' yer las' yeah."

THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, OCTOBER, 7TH, 1886.

Mr. Mercier spoke at a political meeting in Richmond on Tuesday. He positively declined to discuss the Riel issue, as the constituency was principally an English-speaking one. What hypocrisy! He announced, with a great flourish of trumpets, his intention to prove his liberalism by denoating the sum of $25 to the Church of England church re-building fund. Such action on the part of a Tory would be called bribery by the Grits.

Mr. McCuaig says the chief difficulty they (the Reformers) have to contend against in opposing Mr. Poupore is the colonization grants. Exactly. So successful have been the latter gentleman's efforts in securing substantial aid to the roads and bridges in this county, that the electors recognize in him an able advocate of their requirements, and as a matter of course see the wisdom of again returning him to the Legislature, hence the difficulty Mr. McCuaig experiences in striving to alienate that feeling of good will which on every hand is manifested toward Mr. Poupore. Verily it is hard to kick against the pricks.

The chief and in fact the only reason advanced by Mr. McCuaig why the electors should record their votes against Mr. Poupore is that he voted for the sale of the eastern section of the N. Shore Railway, and paired off when the vote was taken on the sale of the Western section. And yet, Mr. Mercier, the very man who is being exalted to the skies by Mr. McCuaig, is proven to have done practically the same thing, except that in the one instance he irked the vote instead of pairing. Mr. McCnaig's course, with regard to this matter, is, like many others of his public acts, something which he utterly fails to explain.

We regret exceedingly, although it is only one week before the election takes place, that we are unable to announce who the Liberal candidate will be. True, Mr. Porteous is in the field, and is, doubtless the strongest man in the Reform ranks in this county, to-day. However, as it is admitted by some of his most ardent supporters that he will not take a majority at any poll in the county, we presume when the time comes, which will be this (Thursday) afternoon, Mr. Porteous will think twice before he assumes the responsibility of what must inevitably be a most ignominious and disgraceful defeat—in short a complete political snuffing out. A total annihilation of not ouly himself but also the whole Pontiac retrograde party, commonly called Reform.

A small fly-sheet is being circulated through this county, consisting of two letters. One signed by Mr. Henry Porteous to Mr. Murray and the other a reply from the latter gentleman. In the course of his remarks Mr. Murray wishes Mr. Porteous every success, but owing to the short time before the election fears he will not be able to render him much assistance and thanks him for past favors. He further states that he is not opposed to Mr. Poupore personally. Mr. Murray continues at some length with a labored wail against the Dominion Government. Mr. Murray should not forget that this election is purely local and has nothing whatever to do with the policy of the Federal Government. When the time comes to discuss the policy of the Dominion government we hope to be able to answer the objections of Mr. Murray or any other Reform gentleman from Ontario, to the satisfaction of the electorate of this county. In the mean time we have only to say that the fly sheet headed "Pontiac election" is a very harmless, meaningless document.

PRESS MENDACITY.

The political horizon is becoming clouded, the self-appointed organ of the Grits of Central Canada waxes warm and wrathy. That some of the party's mouthpieces bring good and well put arguments before its readers all admit but this pigmy splutters and foams over politics of the old country and has the audacity, impudence and ignorance to apply them to this Canada of ours. What have we to do with the miserable municipal ward questions which engross the thought and mind of this wonderful egotist? What is it our common whether Mr. Gladstone is in or whether Mr. Gladstone is out? in other words the day is past when a domain such as ours is to be paralleled with one horse idea, and it behoves the friends and lovers of Canada to stamp out such attemps on the part of every shade of men whose end is not the good of their country but the furtherance of their own interests.

When this County was insulted to its teeth by the glaring falsehoods and base insinuations recently published that our member Mr. Poupore was losing his popularity and that the immaculate Grit would make him take a back seat, most of our readers, as well as ourselves, looked round to find even the shadow or tissue of ground for such assertion. It was not to be found. It is not to be found. It is the outcome of grovelling mendacity or blind and base ignorance. Never before was Mr. Poupore more popular than to-day and it can be little wondered at considering all that he has done for the county. He has worked night and day. He has been the means of introducing the greatest public improvements. He has the laudable ambition of seeing his birth-place something to be proud of, and his unerring judgment and experience in political knowledge has taught him that loud, frothy and bombastic utterances never consolidated an united country but rather tended to disunite it and produce what some seem to be ardently looking forward to, a pandemonium.

THE CAMPAIGN.

On Tuesday evening of last week Mr. Poupore held a meeting at Calumet village, at which a good number of the electors were present. Mr. Simon McNally was appointed chairman, after which Mr. Poupore addressed the audience in French at considerable length, taking up (1) his connection with the railway question, (2) the snbject of colonization grants, and (3) the question of the sale of the North Shore railway and other matters pertaining to general provincial politics. At the conclusion of his speech in French, he addressed the electors in English, taking up the several points above referred to.

Dr. Gaboury followed in French supporting the candidature of Mr. Porteous whose absence from the meeting he explained. Among the subjects touched upon he endeavored to explain Mr. Poupore's attitude with respect to the sale of the North Shore railway. In this he was "badly left" by Mr. Poupore, who producing the Legislature Records proved conclusively that the statements of the worthy doctor were not in accordance with the facts as set forth in the authority produced.

Mr. John Bryson then addressed the meeting. He took up the question of the financial condition of the province contrasting the favorable shewing presented by Treasurer Robertson's last budget with the enormous deficit accumulated by the Reformers during their short regime of twenty months. In reference to the charge of extravagance preferred against the present government in connection with the public service of the province, he quoted figures shewing a decrease in the number of employees under the Government now in office, as compared with the Joly Administration. He shewed that the Conservative party had been the friends of this county, while the Reformers were not. During the administration of the latter the county had only received the sum of $200, while the money which should have gone to build our railway was expended in constructing a bridge at the Chaudiere. He also shewed how this same Reform administration in order to secure a majority in the House purchased the support of two members, one by building a loop line of railways to the city of Three Rivers, and the other by a colonization grant of $10,000. Mr. Bryson's speech was well received and he resumed his seat amid rounds of applause.

Mr. Norman McCuaig then took the platform in support of the Liberal candidate, but apparently more particularly in the interest or the party which bears that name, and of himself as its leader in this county. The speaker in rising from his seat shewed from the alabaster hue of his features, that the castigation he had received at the hands of Mr. Poupore, had taken effect. Mr. McCuaig looked very pale, but he gradually came to himself as he warmed up with the subject under discussion. He spoke at length, dealing with the question of, railways, colonization, and other provincial affairs, not forgetting to make allusion to the "great movement" which was now agitating other sections of the province, and which was led by Mr. Mercier, whom he described as a being whose brilliancy of statesmanship was almost infinite; who towered away up and beyond all others in the sphere of provincial politicians. In reference to the Bryson-Calumet bridge scheme, the speaker endeavored to convince the audienc of his friendliness towards that enterprise, by taking to himself very nearly if not all the credit for the primary moves in connection therewith. He even went so far as to state that as the result of these moves, Mr. Poupore obtained the grant of $4,000. But when the latter gentleman showed that the grant was obtained the year before any action by either municipalities, it was pitiful to notice how Mr. McCuaig realized the awkwardness of the situation into which his rashness had led him. He made a feint of producing letters to confirm what he had said, but on being invited to read them he stuffed the packet back into the recesses of his coat pocket. This occasioned an uproarous burst of laughter at Mr. McCuaig's expense.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman and cheers for Messrs. Bryson and Poupore.

On Wednesday evening a well attended meeting was held at Stark's school house Clarendon and on the following morning at Portage du Fort there was a large turnout of the electors, accompanied by the band. Mr. John Coyne merchant, occupied the chair. After an exhaustive address from Mr. Poupore, in which he reviewed his course in the legislature, and shewed conclusively that he had carried out the pledges contained in his address to the electors in 1882. Mr. P. B. Coyne, mayor of Portage du Fort, took the floor. Touching for a moment on the railway bonus question, he then gave it as his opinion that we should have a change of government in the province, advancing among other reasons why such change should be made, that the present government was affiliated with the government at Ottawa. He then tried to smooth over the notorious $5,000 deal in which Mr. Mercier was implicated, by alluding to the charges which have been made against Messrs. Curran, and McMaster, M. P's by the Grit press, and which have not been proven. His statement in this connection provoking a challenge from Mr. Bryson, the speaker wisely but somewhat confusedly resumed his seat. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Coyne's speech was its incoherence. What he was driving at or what were the points which he endeavored to make, remains a problem the solution of which is likely to occupy the minds of his hearers for some months to come.

In response to the general wish of those present. Mr. Geo. E. White, an erstwhile and much esteemed resident of the place, addressed the meeting. He pointed out that the county, with the exception of one instance; had always returned a Conservative member. From what knowledge he had of the present campaign he considered there was no chance of a Liberal being elected. Mr. McVeigh and Mr. Roney has shewn their wisdom by retiring, actions for which they were entitled to the county's thanks. He could not understand why Mr. McCuaig and Mr. Porteous should seek to force a contest upon the county from which nothing could be gained. Under the circumstances, his advice was to elect their man by acclamation, and thus clothe him with that authority which would put him in a position to wield an influence with the government.

Dr. Purvis, evidently concurring in this view, said he knew what a contest in this county meant. For his own part he was sick of politics. He thought the electors were in duty bound to elect the very best man they could. While professing that he was still a Reformer, as he had always been, he said he did not like the action of Mr. Mercier. He considered there was no chance for the Reformers in the present contest. If the county had to be represented by Consevatives he thought the present members were *the* men.

Mr. Bryson followed in a forcible speech, dealing among other matters with the remarks of Mr. Coyne in a manner which that gentleman is not likely soon to forget.

Mr. McCuaig taking the floor, spoke of the difficulty they (the Reformers) had in finding a candidate, and in a tone of poorly assumed satisfaction, declared that they had one in the field now who would stay. He then entered into a windy tirade against Mr. Poupore and the Conservative party, using his oft-repeated and as oft-refuted charges with all the vigor of eloquence and force of argument, that could be summoned from the profound depths of his master mind! Notwithstanding all this Mr. McCuaig utterly failed to convince. The flagrancy of his attempts to deceive, and the specious character of the charges he preferred against his opponents was clearly exemplified when he unfortunately undertook to grapple with the question of school grants. His statements in this connection were proven so wide from the mark, that the more generous natures of those around him, alone prevented his becoming the object of general ridicule.

The meeting closed with great odds in Mr. Poupore's favor.

In the evening a meeting was held at O'Hare's corners, Calumet Island, at which there was a large attendance. Strange to say the Reform candidate or his friends failed to shew up. The latter has evidently grown tired of shampooing a hopeless cause.

Michael Hughes, Esq., Mayor of Litchfield, who was present was called on, who on rising said, he did not expect to be present to-night, but was pleased now that he was here. He did not come to make a speech as he was not prepared. He would say, however, that he believed Messrs. Bryson and Poupore were doing all in their power for the county, that no members had ever before worked so assidiously for the interests of the people of Pontiac, and that he hoped the electors present would turn out and vote and use their influence for the return of Mr. Poupore, as he (the speaker) intended to do so with all his heart.

Mr. McNally was then called upon, who in a few pithy remarks advised the electors to support Mr. Poupore.

To the Editors of THE EQUITY.

Gentlemen.—It is a pity that those "circumstances" which Mr. McVeigh "could not control" did not come to his knowledge a little sooner than they did. Had they done so he would have been spared much trouble and some expense. It is well for him that he was wise in time. He knows best what they were but all Conservatives and some Grits think the certainty of defeat was one of them. It is certain that Messrs. McCuaig and Somerville and the late, lamented McGill Roney, each felt sure of a stronger support than he received. Each of them was mistaken—perhaps deceived. Why then should they think that Mr. McVeigh would be safe where they had failed? Their friends (however or whence their inspiration) told everywhere that Clarendon would go in a block for McVeigh. The truth is otherwise. The most hopeful thought of any one in Clarendon (one bummer, who was evidently looking forward to a skinfull of whiskey, excepted) was that Mr. McVeigh would poll a respectable minority. We have conversed with many in different parts of the lower half of the county and met but two who thought McVeigh would win, and one of those two though a Grit would have remained at home because McVeigh sells liquor. A word as to the cause of Mr. McVeigh's failure. It was not his person, his character, or his creed. The dog in the fable suffered because he was in bad company. So it was with McVeigh. Mercier annihilated any chance he might have had. Those who brought Mercier here made a terrible mistake! It may be that they will score a vote of a few Canadians by means of his visit if they do, they have paid a great price for them. It is believed that Mr. McCuaig was the inspirer of the plan. He, or they, whoever they were might have known that the coming of anyone—or any mission, would at once turn a thousand eyes, a a thousand ears to explore him and everything connected with him. In Mr. Mercier's case the task was easy—the record was near. His course, his deeds in all their beauty, or deformity have been fully and clearly and truly pictured in the EQUITY and need not be repeated. That Mr. McVeigh or any other gentleman could have carried Pontiac in the Grit interest is doubtful. Mr. Mercier's visit has made it impossible. It will be seen that neither Roney nor any other can or will succeed, Mr. McVeigh's withdrawal is a confession of defeat. They thought him their strongest man and have found he could not win.

Let us change for a minute. I know that you EQUITY men are good natured. Many hope that your good nature will not make you as kind as your cotems who allow their paper to be a means of inflicting gush on their readers—few read—a glance reveals the horror and they shun it. A few weeks since one of Canada's brilliant poets, in writing me, inquired if any more such stuff, as lines on the death of Leader had appeared in the *Advance*. I was able to give him a choice sample. If he reads it he will have a slight novitiate of perdition.

Yours, QUIS.

THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

A DEPUTATION OF CITIZENS WAIT ON THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR, THEY ARE REBUFFED AND RETIRE INDIGNANT AT THEIR RECEPTION.

Sofia, September 30. Gen. Kualbars to-day received a deputation of prominent Bulgarians who called upon him to endeavor to induce him to withdraw or modify his circular. The deputation was composed of 114 of the most respected and influeutial citizens of the principality, and was headed by Dr. Voultcheff, who acted as spokesman. He stated to Gen. Kaulbar that the circular had surprised the Bulgarian people, and asked him to re-consider some of the Russian demands, particularly that for the postponement of the elections two months. The nation was anxious, Dr. Vaultcheff continued, to speedily settle the choice of a prince to occupy the Bulgarian throne. In addition to that modification, the Doctor said the people desired Russia to withdraw her demand for the immediate raising of the state seige, and also the demand for the instant release of the prisoners in custody for complicity in the *coup d'etat*. The continuance of the state of the seige was the only guarantee the Government had for the preservation of peace which the rest of Europe desired as well as Bulgaria. Bulgarians believing that the Czar had no desire to prolong the crisis begged Gen. Kaulbar to telegraph to him to hasten the choice of a prince. The constitution stipulated that the grand Sobranje elected to select a ruler should meet within one month after the elections. In regard to the liberation of the Political pisoners, Dr. Voultcheff said it would be a dangerous precedent to establish, to liberate without trial or punishment those responsible for such a momentous act as the deposition and kidnapping of Prince Alexander, besides being contrary to the laws which were the safegards of the country. Besides if the prisoners were released as demanded, the probabilities were that the people would kill them in the streets, such was the popular indignation against the implicated men. The Government thought the imprisoned officers should be tried first, and subsequently offered clemency. In conclusion, the deputation assured Gen. Kaulbar that Bulgaria was thankful to the Czar for his past protection, but maintained that the laws of the country must be respected. No other ministry than that at present in power could extricate the country from its crisis.

General Kaulbar in reply said: the Bulgarians knew very well that the Czar had their prosperity at heart but they must confide in the Czar and carry out his wishes. Dr. Voultcheff interrupting Gen. Kaulbar at this point said, "If that is all you have to say, we will retire." The deputation then withdrew.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Breakwater, Port Arthur," will be received until FRIDAY, the 8th day of October next, inclusively, for the construction of a further length of

BREAKWATER
AT
PORT ARTHUR,
THUNDER BAY,

according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to Mr. W. F. Davidson, Harbour Master, Port Arthur, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons desirous of tendering are requested to make personal enquiry relative to the work to be done, and to examine the locality themselves, and are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an *accepted* bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, *egnal to five per cent.* of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the pary decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 10th September, 1886.

GREAT
CIVIC HOLIDAYS
----AT----
PORTAGE - DU - FORT, - QUE.,
ON WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,
OCTOBER THE 20TH AND 21ST.

PROGRAMME:

First day 10 o'clock a.m.----Scull Race, Purse $300.

A Single Shell Race will be rowed between HARRY McDONALD, CHAMPION OARSMAN, of Ottawa, and JOSEPH FERRIER, of Calumet Island, for a Purse of $300. Race to be 2 miles with a turn, and to take place on the Bay opposite Portage du Fort.

TROTTING RACES.

At 2 o'clock P. M. the following Trotting Races will commence on the Portage du Fort Driving Park:

2.50 Class, - Trotting, - Purse, $85.00.
$40.00 to first; $20.00 to second; $10.00 to third,

2.29 Class, - Trotting, - Purse, $120.
$70.00 to first; $30.00 to second; $20.00 to third.

Second Day, - - Thursday.

2.40 Class, - Trotting, - Purse $85.00.
$45.00 to first; $25.00 to second; $15.00 to third.

Free for all Trot, - - - Purse $125.00.
$70.00 to first; $35.00 to second; $20.00 to first.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.—Trotting races will be governed by the rules of the Canadian Turf Association. A horse distancing the field will receive first money only. Four horses to enter and three to start. Entrance fee 10 per cent. of purse, and must positively accompany each nomination. Entries close Monday the 18th day of October, at 8 p. m. with the Secretary Treasurer. Horses must be eligible on the 8th of September. The stewards reserve the power to postpone races, and alter their order.

A Spacious Dancing Platform with good Music will be Provided.

Efforts are beidg made to obtain special return rates from all points on the C. P. R. to Haleys Station. Stages connect with trains four times daily.

Wm. BECKETT,
PRESIDENT.

JOHN MOONEY,
SECRETARY TREASURER.

Portage du Fort, Oct. 5th, 1886.

THE SALVATION ARMY—On Thursday the 30th ult. Gen. Booth founder of the Salviation Army delivered his address on "What I Know of the Salviation Army." He related the origin of the army, traced its history and growth, spoke of its present strength and prospects and replied to the various objections raised against their methods. They have now 1,643 corps and 4,063 salaried officers. He calculated that if they progress at the same rate they would have in fourteen years 40,000 corps and 100,000 salaried officers. He also spoke of their work among prisoners, and said that 3,700 prisoners had gone through and 60 per cent had been saved to society and were now earning an honest livelihood. Regarding the rescue work among girls he said 2,000 has been cared for and 65 per cent. saved to society.

COULONGE NOTES.—We have not yet got quite the lenght of a steam ferry at Lapasse, but the Messrs. Gervais have built, at considerable expense, a screw boat on which they use a span of horses in place of steam, and with which they can safely cross the Ottawa in almost any storm. On Friday evening last they ran from Lapasse to this village (two and one-half miles) in thirty-five minutes. It is capable of taking five double teams, with loaded waggons, at once. Such a boat was very much needed, and I am sure the enterprising proprietors will be liberally patronized.

Mr. McAdam, railroad contractor, commenced work in this village on Saturday morning last. He has the name of being a rusher, and judging from the vigorous start made by him here, he certainly deserves the cognomen. I understand he is to have it graded to the Coulonge within five weeks from the time of commencing.

Messrs. Poupore and Bryson held a political meeting here on Friday afternoon, when the political situation was discussed in all its bearings, the speakers shewing to the entire satisfaction of those present (and the building was packed) that Mr. Poupore had fulfilled every promise made to the electors when elected five years ago, The meeting was unanimous for Mr. Poupore, excepting about two or three Grit sore-heads. Dr. Gaboury was present to represent the Grits, but could not be induced to take the floor, although kindly invited to do so.

On Monday morning last Rev. Father Lemoyne hitched up in hymenial harness no less than three young couples, as follows: Mr. Jas. Harney of Chapeau to Miss Tillie Davis of Fort Coulonge; Mr. Phillip St. Amand of Allumette Island to Miss — Laparge, of Mansfield; and Mr. Martin Francoeur to Miss Rosie Bastien, both of this place. Who says Coulonge and vicinity is not progressing?

Peas are worth 50cts; oats 26cts; wheat, rye and barley—none in yet. Potatoes 40 cts per bushel.

WATCHMAN.

To the Editors of THE EQUITY.

SIRS.—According to announcement by poster and otherwise, our two popular representatives, Messrs. Poupore and Bryson, held a political meeting in this village on Friday afternoon, at which none of the numerous so-called Liberal candidates filed an appearance, although a would-be candidate quietly slipped in just before the speaking commenced, but could'nt be induced to take the floor under any circumstances. The gentlemen in whose interest the meeting was called, very cordially invited him (or any other person present) to address the electors, but none of them could screw their courage up to that point, and why? simply because the plain, logical arguments so clearly advanced by our two young representatives could not be refuted. I don't know how their meetings in other localities came off, but this I do know—that with the exception of about three so-called liberal sore-heads, the whole assemblage were Poupore men out and out, and no amount of hole-and-corner button-holing will prevent them from marking their ballots in favor of Mr. Poupore on the 14th inst.

But how did it come about that the great and mighty so-called-liberal luminary and disorganizer was not present? The probable reason was this: at a meeting in Bristol, he made accusations against an honorable gentleman of this locality, and knew that if he came here he would be confronted by that gentleman and compelled to eat his own words, as he has done more than once since the present campaign commenced. That's how he didn't show up. He is small-souled enough to skulk behind the Hon. gentleman's back and throw out mean insinuations, but dare not come face to face with him and repeat them. Shame! and he is the man who has thrice solicited the suffrages of the electors of Pontiac within some six months, and who was thrice elected to stay at home. As a mud-slinger for that miserable rag in Bryson, mis-named the Advance, he is in his element, but to represent Pontiac in Parliament—never. The Grits are now holding up their third and weakest man, in the person of Mr. Porteous—two knocked senseless, and a third sick. Now, why not get the doctor? sick people always require a doctor, and this particular doctor should be just the man for Galway, seeing that he boasts of holding in his hand the votes of two-thirds of the electors of this riding. Trot him out, and make him your next tool—he seems anxious to fill the gap.

The audience which was a large and representative one, was told that although none of their opponents could be induced to address them, just as soon as they reached the outside of the Hall, the old Grit tactics would be resorted to, and misrepresentation would be the order of the day, which was verified to the very letter—one old hard-shell going so far as to say that Bryson and Poupore had men there on purpose to prevent the Grits from speaking. What balderdash—and yet its but a repitition of the Grit tactics since the beginning of the campaign. A Grit howl rs mouth may be very aptly compared to a clam-shell wide open when no danger threatens, but snaps shut at the first alarm.

Mr. Poupore is going to be elected by an overwhelming majority, and were it not for a few rabid disappointed nincompoops in your own village of Bryson, (for which he has done more than all the Grit sore-heads there put together) he would certainly be elected by acclamation.

"Liberals," they call themselves! Where are the true Liberals of this County? Are they in Bryson? Not much; the true Liberals are supporting Mr. Poupore, knowing that he is doing more for his constituents than any other man in the county could accomplish.

The meeting at Waltham on Saturday was unanimous for Mr Poupore.

A LIFE-LONG LIBERAL.

Mansfield, Oct. 5th, 1886.

A Career of Deceit.

That Mr. Mercier is distrusted by the Castors *L'Etendard's* comment on his manifesto sufficiently proves. That the English-speaking section of the Liberals of this province look upon him as an unscrupulous adventurer who, to further his own selfish aims, has not hesitated to stir up feuds of race and creed and to set citizen at war with citizen, have also been abundantly established. Who, then, are Mr. Mercier's followers, and what are the grounds on which they base their confidence in him as a leader? In the face of a Ministry which, more than any of its predecessors of either party, had labored, and labored with success, to extricate the province from its financial difficulties, Mr. Mercier soon found that the *role* of slander with which he had begun his campaign created disgust instead of conviction in the minds of all honest men, whatever their political ideas. In fact he discovered that his appearance in the character of a reformer was far more likely to bring him ridicule than support. The astounding arrogance of his pretensions could not fail to be contrasted with the unostentatious but fruitful policy of the ministers whom he sought to displace, and he was forced to rest his claims on some other foundation. From the first, indeed, it was evident that, if he had appealed to the people as a statesman with a definite policy, he had no chance of winning the serious attention of the public. If he were to succeed even partially it must be by assuming the part of the agitator, and for that purpose the Riel question gave him the very opportunity that he desired. It is as a demagogue, therefore, who seeks notoriety and such influence as it may confer by arousing the worst passions in the human breast, and not as a normally chosen political leader, that Mr. Mercier has to be dealt with.

How utterly unworthy he is of the position to which he aspires, of chief of the Liberal party in this province, his past career has only too clearly shown. Again and again during the past seven years, he has stood before the public as a man whose single object was his own advancement and for that object ready to adjure any principle, to betray any cause or to abandon the friends or colleagues who trusted him most. If any one doubts that he has merited such a reputation and that, even in the eyes of those who to-day profess to believe in him, he can have no other, let them read the series of [illegible]roven indictment in the *Memoires sur la Coalition* just issued from the press of the *Courier de Saint Hyacinthe*. We there learn, on the evidence of documents that are beyond suspicion, that in 1879, three months after the fall of the Joly Government, Mr Mercier schemed to effect an entrance, under the plea of coalition, into the Conservative Cabinet; that though he denied that such was the case he did not relax his efforts to accomplish underhand what the *Patrie* denounced as treason; that he was willing to be Mr. Chapleau's colleague, to embrace Mr. Senecal and to work with the Conservatives, in spite of the wishes and interests of his own party, and solely to gratify his own ambition; that he had, as the organs of his views, the *Union* at Saint Hyacinthe and the *Tribune* at Montreal; that, on Mr. Mousseau being appointed minister at Ottawa, he aided in his election by acclamation in the county of Bagot; that still playing his double game, he assured the electors of Saint Hyacinthe, in the summer of 1881, that he would never consent to associate himself with such men as composed Mr. Chapleau's Cabinet; and yet in the succeeding fall he besought Mr. Chapleau, through his confidant, Mr. L. O. David, to propose a coalition to the Liberals. Failing in his attempts to attain office by such tactics, Mr. Mercier made a feint of retiring from public life. but before a year had passed, he was again in active politics, nominally a Liberal, but keeping a watchful eye on every possible opening to power with the opposite party. In 1882, the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, having accepted a portifolio at Ottawa, and the Hon. Mr. Mousseau having taken his place as Premier of Quebec, Mr. Mercier again broached his plan of coalition, the terms comprising a place in the Cabinet for the Hon. Mr. Langelier, as well as himself. Mr. Mosseau's refusal again disappointed his hopes, which, however, were still alive, as appears from an article in *L'Electeur* in December of that year. It was on that occasion that the *Patrie* administered castigation to the man whom it did not shrink from characterizing as a traitor. In the session of 1883 Mr. Mercier took advantage of an incident in the House of Assembly to affirm his fidelity to his party by denying that he had ever sought an alliance with Mr. Chapleau or the Conservatives, trusting to his effrontery and the delicacy of his opponents to save him from exposure. The courtesy of Mr. Desjardins gave a show of sincerity to his denials, and, encouraged thereby, and by the Hon. Mr. Mousseau's fastidious silence, he went so far some time after as to assert at St. Laurent that the latter gentleman had proposed a coalition to him. Ample evidence, given in full in the pages of the *Memoire*, shows that on both occasions Mr. Mercier spoke falsely. The articles published in the Patrie in the beginning of January, 1883, contain, in fact, overwhelming testimony of the contemptuous disbelief with which even his own partisans regard Mr. Mercier's asseverations. His double-dealing all along has been such as would discredit any candidate for the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, not to speak of the aspirant after party leadership. Such is the man whom, cunningly misled by a cry of race feud and religious antagonism, a section of the people of this province has come to regard as its champion and savior. By what artifice a community, ordinarily of right feeling and disposed to live on terms of peace and good will with its compatriots of other origins and creeds, has been beguiled and blinded into a course so ruinous ultimately to itself, it is needless now to set forth. The wiles of the demagogue exert their evil sway wherever weakness or prejudice yields admission to his insidious presence. The only safe-guard is to keep aloof from such temptation; to refuse to entangle in the meshes that he spreads for the unwary. All the more necessary is such caution when the holy name of patriotism is invoked by lying lips—patriotism, which, in its true significance, is the mother of self-sacrifice and all noble deeds, but, in its debased sense as the rallying cry of ignoble schemers, is, as a great man has indignantly defined it, "the last refuge of a scoundrel.—Montreal *Gazette*.

HIGHEST PRAISE.—The well-known drug firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for Summer complaints in the market, and adds that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and all Bowel complaints.

IN A DANGEROUS CONDITION.—Any man, woman or child is in a dangerous condition when neglecting a constipated state of the bowels. There can be no perfect health without a regular action of this function. Burdock Blood Bitters cure constipation by imparting a healthy tone to all the secretions.

Mr. D. Shea, of the Dominion House shewed us a red carrot last week, which measured 20 inches in length.

MARRIED.

At Fitzroy Harbor, on the 28th of September, by the Rev. D. J. McLean, Rev. W. H. Shearer, to Miss Lizzie Learmonth, eldest daughter of the late George Learmonth, all of Fitzroy Harbor.

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

Freeman's Worm Powders are agreeable to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults.

NOTICE.

THE BOARD OF CATHOLIC Examiners for the County of Pontiac sitting at Portage du Fort will meet on Thursday the (2nd) second day of November next, in the Town Hall, for the examination of Teachers. All applications together with the necessary Certificates should be in the hands of the secretary at least fifteen days before that date

JOHN COYNE,
Secty. Board of C. E.

Portage du Fort, Oct. 4th, 1886.

TO THE FREE AND INDFPENDENT ELECTORS,

—OF THE—

COUNTY OF PONTIAC.

GENTLEMEN:

Having been presented with very numerously signed requisitions from the several municipalities of Quyon, South Onslow, North Onslow, Bristol, Clarendon, Thorne, Leslie, Aldfield, Alleyn and Cawood, Portage du Fort, Bryson, Calumet Island, Litchfield, Mansfield, Waltham, Chapeau, Allumette Island, Chichester and Sheen, all of which contain the names of upwards of two thousand of the Electors of the County, asking me to again come forward as a candidate for the representation of the County in the Quebec Legislature; I cheerfully accede to this, I may say, unanimous call, and am therefore a candidate.

I feel perfectly convinced from the warm assurance of support tendered to me from all parts of the County, that I shall be elected by an overwhelming majority.

In my address to the Electors in 1882 I said: "I would feel it my duty at all times, and upon all occasions, to urge the extension of our projected railway as far through the county as practicable, and I shall exert my best efforts to induce the Government to amend the act granting the subsidy of $6,000 per mile to the Pontiac and Pacific Railway company.

"I shall give especial attention to the matter of colonization, and grants towards the advancement of education, and nothing shall be found wanting on my part to secure our just proportion of each. In a word, I shall give my undivided attention to all matters affecting the general welfare of the County."

Gentlemen, I have fulfilled the pledges made in that address to the letter.

With reference to our railroad, I claim that it is due to my action, after I took my seat as your representative, if that road is built to-day to within two or three miles of the Coulonge River, with a fair prospect of its going to Ferguson's Point in the township of Sheen.

On the question of Colonization I think all are agreed that I did my duty, when it can be seen that I obtained $28,250.00, in hard cash from the Government during the last 5 years. The names of the conductors and the amounts they received may be seen in THE EQUITY of the 30th inst.

I have striven to get the grant to our common schools increased, not perhaps with the degree of success we all so much desire, yet I can tell you, at all events, that we have succeeded to some extent and I have reason to hope that we will eventually accomplish all we desire in that regard.

In conclusion permit me to assure youtthat if I am again honored with your confidence, I shall do for you in the future what I have done in the past—simply, MY VERY BEST.

My adversaries are busy circulating all sorts of trash about me, to which I ask you to attach no importance until they meet me face to face at the series of meetings which I have called, and to which I have extended them an invitation to be present.

I ask all those who take an interest in the progress of our common country to make an effort to be present on those occasions, when I hope to be able to satisfy even the most incredulous that I have done my duty as your representative and further establish that some of my adversaries are not to be relied upon, as their stock in trade is misrepresentation and distortion.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

W. J. POUPORE.

Chichester, September 20th, 1886.

FOR SALE.

THE NORTH HALF OF LOT 17 on range 8 in the towhship of Litchfield, consisting of 100 acres well timbered, and in close proximity to the Government road, and two and a half miles from the located railway line.

Apply to GEO. MURPHY.

Portage du Fort.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

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

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

Wm. McVEIGH

KEEPS

IN stock

Teas,

Tobaccos,

Sugars, &c., &c.,

exceptionally ood and at prices to suit all buyers.

LIQUORS:

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

☞ A call solicited. WM. McVEIGH.

Bryson,, June 7, 1833.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

MONEY TO LEND FOR ONE TO FIFTY YEARS

EASY TERMS.

APPLY TO

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

Notary Public, Portage du Fort, Que.;

Agent for the

Credit Foncier Franco Canadien.

Shawville visited the First Thursday of every month

—:INSURANCE:—

JOHN MOONEY - - PORTAGE DU FORT,

REPRESENTS THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES:

CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA,

Comprising Fire, Life and Accident.

Losses Paid exceed $2,5000,000.

The Citizens Insurance Company is a home institution of 21 years standing, offering as good security as any company in the Dominion. All losses are liberally adjusted and promptly paid. Loss by lightning paid for whether fire ensues or not. Live stock killed anywhere on the farm will be paid for. Steam Threshing allowed without extra charge. Rates as low as any good Mutual.

—:CITY OF LONDON:—

Fire Insurance Company.

HOME OFFICE, LONDON, ENG.

Capital fully subscribed, $10,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL,
53 & 55 St. Francois-Xavier Street.

THE RENFREW GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS,

WILL GIVE AWAY A

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

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

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

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

We are prepared to furnish the latest designs in

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

T. J. SOMERVILLE, Proprietor.

H. B. SOMERVILLE, Agent.

Renfrew, March 30th, 1886.

GREAT CLEARING SALE

—OF—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Boots & Shoes, Drugs, Drugs, etc., etc.

SOLD AT COST!

In order to clear out the stock some of the above lines will be sold at *less than Montreal cost.*

Sale to commence 13th Sept. and continue to 1st October.

15 POUNDS OF SUGAR FOR	$1 00
14 POUNDS WHITE SUGAR FOR.	$1 00
5 POUNDS TEA	$1 00
20 YARDS PRINT	$1 00
15 YARDS COTTON 1 YARD WIDE	$1 00
LALIES FINE BOOTS WORTH $1.40 FOR	$1 15
MEN'S LONG BOOTS	$1 50
MEN'S SHOES WORTH 1.25 FOR	1 10

Call and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

E. B. LAFLEUR - - BRYSON.

September 9th, 1886.

C. CALDWELL,

SHAWVILLE, - QUE.

IN RETURNING THANKS for past patronage begs to inform the public that he keeps constantly on hand a complete stock of

Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, Patent Medicines, Crockery, &c.,

of exceptionally good quality and at prices that will suit all purchasers.

LIQUORS.

Of this branch of business he is making a specialty, hence the public may rely upon getting the very best article which the market affords, either for medicinal or other purposes.

Shawville, Jan 16, 86.

LIME FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has 600 bushels of first class Lime, which he offers to dispose of at 15 cents a bushel during the coming two weeks.

FRANCOIS ST JERMAIN.

Bryson, Sept. 28th, 1886.

A. H. HORN,

Undertaker, - Pembroke, Ont.

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

TELEGRAPH ORDERS attended to at ALL HOURS.

THE GROANING GHOST

A Story of a House With a Low Rent.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, when I was a young man, my father's business experienced a sudden and severe check. We were many in family and the expenses of education were heavy. It was necessary to retrench. My father's place of business lay in the heart of the city. We had to keep horses, if only to take myself and my father to and from the city. The most important article in our scheme of retrenchment were our horses and carriages. For all these reasons we resolved to move eastward to within easy reach of our place of business. My brother and myself were commissioned to find a suitable house.

We passed from house agent to house agent; we inserted advertisements; and answered advertisements. But to no purpose. In the Autumn evenings my brother and I used to prowl about the streets and squares, hoping to hit upon a like habitation. We had given notice to quit our own house, and matters were getting pressing. It would be a perfect catastrophe if so large a family as ours found itself homeless. But late one Saturday afternoon we were investigating a quarter to which we had not hitherto penetrated, and we came on the very thing. A simultaneous exclamation burst from both of us. The house stood at the corner of a quiet, sober-looking, very old-fashioned square. Being the corner house, it was larger than the other houses. We had gained some experience by this time, and we saw at a glance that the place was almost certain to suit us.

A bill in one of the numerous windows announced that the house was to let: "Apply next door." We applied. The door was opened by a tidy, grey haired elderly woman.

"Can we look over the house next door?" I said. A rather queer look crossed the woman's face for a moment, but she answered civilly:

"Certainly sir. But it is rather dark now."

"So it is," said I. "We may come in daylight if the place is likely to suit us. Can you tell us the particulars?" The woman enumerated the rooms and the various features of the mansion. All were most suitable.

"And the rent?" I inquired, nerving myself for a disappointment. She named so low a figure that I uttered an involuntary exclamation.

"You see we've had it on our hands for some time," she explained, "and we would offer easy terms to a good tenant."

"And when can we look over it?" I asked. "Is it your own property?"

"No, sir. But we have the letting of it. My husband would show you over to-morrow, sir, if you didn't mind. He is always away all day and very late at night."

"Is he a house agent?"

"No, sir. He is employed behind the scenes at one of the theatres. He is a master carpenter." We thanked her, made an appointment for Sunday morning, and we went home delighted. As we turned out of the square, I said:

"Did you notice how odd that woman looked when I spoke to her? What did that look mean?"

"Surprise," said my brother, who was an observant fellow.

"I suppose she thought we were too great swells for the neighborhood," said I, laughing.

"Gad! I like the look of the place. Quiet, respectable and old-fashioned."

We announced our success at home, to the great relief of everybody. Next morning we kept our appointment and were received by the landlord himself. He was a staid, responsible-looking man of some sixty years, and we were favorably impressed with him. He took us over the house, and answered our inquiries freely and fully. Everything was satisfactory. I was delighted. But my brother, who was of a cautious temperament, kept on asking questions until I got fairly angry. First he got on to the matter of drains, and when he had been reduced to silence on this head, he was most pertinacious on the subject of damp. At last he said:

"You don't ask a very high rent. How's that?"

"Why," said the landlord deliberately, and turning his cap in his hand, "you see this neighborhood is out of fashion now. It isn't what it once was. We've had this house vacant for some time, and we're anxious to let it. You can see there's nothing wrong with the place. If it were in the West End you'd pay six or seven times the rent." His explanation seemed perfectly straightforward, and certainly the house bore the closest scrutiny. Eventually we closed the bargain.

The next day I was lunching at my usual chop-house along with two or three acquaintances.

"Still house-hunting, Denton?" said one of these.

"No, thank Heaven," I said. "We've got a house at last. In —— square."

"—— square," echoed he, thoughtfully. "Why, —— square is the ——. Which number have you got?"

"No. 45," I said. He threw his head back and burst into a fit of laughter. The other men laughed too. I looked from one to the other for an explanation.

"When you've done," said I, with dignity.

"Why, don't you know," said my friend, recovering his gravity. "No. 45 —— is haunted?" I saw the other men looking at me, so I put on a bold front.

"As if every one didn't know that," said I composedly. He was somewhat taken aback, but returned to the charge.

"Well, you'll have plenty of company there," he said. "We shall have you appeared in the city with a fine head of snow-white hair, acquired in a single night. Poor old boy!"

"Don't you be afraid," I retorted. "There are enough of us to frighten any ghost. We shall crowd him out."

"I bet you a new hat you don't stop a week," said he.

"Done with you," said I promptly. "As often as you like. Anyone else want to bet?"

No one volunteered, and the subject dropped. But I was extremely uncomfortable. In the course of the afternoon I took my brother aside and told him.

"Phew!" said he "that explains the low rent. But it's rather serious. The governor can't stand anything of the sort. You know how nervous he is."

"Yes, I know," I said. "And it strikes me that the best thing we can do is to move into the house ourselves, so that we can tell him the history is a myth, if any one lets it out to him. Just you and I."

"Right," said he. "We have taken the house and we can't afford to lose the money. Besides, it's such a capital place."

The whole family were to move in about three weeks' time. We had no difficulty in finding a pretext for preceding them, and it was arranged that some of the bedroom furniture should be immediately sent in to our new domicile. We were going to sell most of our furniture in our West End house, and the new furniture could be bought immediately, and placed in Number 45. So at about 10 o'clock one evening, after a substantial dinner in town, we let ourselves into our new abode, and took possession. A bright fire, lit by our landlady, was blazing in the kitchen. We had a plentiful supply of stimulants and tobacco, and we made ourselves comfortable with our slippers and lounging coats, and prepared for a night of it.

"Uncommonly comfortable," said my brother approving. "Gad, the old lady knows how to make a fire!"

"And what a grate! And a chimney as big as a blast furnace. There is nothing like one of those old-fashioned kitchens for comfort." Ensconced in our chimney corners, we passed the time luxuriously enough. We had made up our minds to sit up all night, and show the ghost what manner of men he had to deal with.

"We'll take the ghost by the horns," said my brother. "I only hope we shan't have to take the devil by his." I was not quite so complacent, for I inherited something of my father's nervous temperament. However, I had company, so I kept up a stout heart. We were very cheerful and light-hearted at first. We talked over various boyish escapades; we criticised the character of our friends and relations; we got the fidgets; we found we could not smoke forever without burning our mouths. Finally, the heat of the fire had its inevitable effect and we began to doze.

I do not know how long I had been asleep, but I suddenly awoke with a violent start. A cold shudder ran through me from head to foot. I had an undefinable sensation of something strange and terrible. I rose and stretched myself and tried to feel at my ease. But I could not. I touched my brother and he awoke.

"Hello!" he said, "What's the matter? Why, I've been asleep! What's the time?"

"Two o'clock," said I.

"Just the time for a ghost," said he with unseemly levity. "Do you know, Will, I don't think he'll come here. Ghosts are uncomfortable things and don't like good fires. Get too much of them where they are, I suppose. Let's go and look for him."

"Anything for a change," said I, although the thought of perambulating that great lonely mansion in the dead of night was anything but agreeable. "I am wide awake."

"So am I," said he; and taking up the brass candlestick, he went toward the door. I followed him—close. We passed along the passage, our stealthy footfalls making a faint sound on the uncarpeted floor. We examined the rooms on the ground floor. We heard and saw nothing. We ascended the stairs. Every individual stair creaked horribly, but that was all. No ghost.

My brother suddenly opened the door of a bedroom on the first floor. Instantly a gust of air blew the candle out. And as we stood there in the icy cold we distinctly heard—a groan. It was no fancy. It was a long-drawn, wailing moan of inexpressible horror and pathos. It died away in a despairing cadence. It seemed like a sorrowful lament of a soul in torment. As we stood there, grasping each other' hands, with our hearts throbbing in great pulsations, it came again. Oh, the horror of it! It seemed to be in the room and close to us. The cold was deathly, the silence broken only by the weird and awful moan. Once more it rose and fell—and somehow or other the next moment we found ourselves in the kitchen, with shaking limbs and ashen faces, relighting our extinguished candle. Then we looked at each other.

"That was no fancy, Will," said my brother.

"Fancy—no," I replied, my teeth chattering in my head. "What are you going to do?"

For my brother had relit the candle and was moving away.

"I'm going to have another look," he said.

"But perhaps," I suggested, "the—the ghost extinguished the light."

"I'll give him another chance," said my brother coolly. "Come along, you chattering idiot." I was too shattered to resist this unflattering description, and with a quaking heart I followed his foolhardy footsteps. This time he opened the door more cautiously, and we entered with every nerve strung to its utmost tension. Holding the candle on high, we looked around. Pure vacuity. And the sound came not again.

"Poor old chap," said my brother. "He can't stand the light. Shall I blow it out again?"

"If you do—" said I. "But, joking apart, who is going to sleep in this room? I'm not, for one. And this would naturally be the governor's room."

My brother was struck.

"You're right," he said; "we must go to the bottom of this. We'd find it out somehow. And now I think we may go to bed. I'll just look around."

He examined the room carefully, but there was nothing to be seen, neither was there anything to be heard. So we gave up the thing for that night and went to bed. I could not sleep a wink. My nerves were completely unstrung. After a night of tossing and fever, I awoke unrefreshed and mightily pleased to find myself in broad daylight.

At noon that day I had to run the gauntlet of my friends. And, I am bound to say, I felt like Ananias. As the day drew on, I grew more and more uncomfortable, and I fairly dreaded the ordeal of the coming night. As before, we dined in town. It was a fine night and we took a walk around the square before turning in. The houses all looked cheerful with their bright lights. Ours alone was black and gloomy. We agreed that at 2 o'clock precisely we would again visit the haunted room. There was no danger of our going to sleep to night. We were painfully wide awake. All sorts of wild conjectures crossed my mind as we sat by the kitchen fire, waiting for the appointed hour. Perhaps some maniac had taken up his abode in the house, and roved about in the night making that awful noise. Or perhaps some wily person had a fancy to live rent free and had adopted this method of frightening tenants away. In any case the effect was sufficiently horrible. The shock to one's nervous system was the same, whatever the cause.

My brother, cool and practical, was deep in thought. He was not likely to indulge the wild speculations that crossed my brain. He was seeking some material explanation of the weird phenomenon. At last the hour began to sound. At the first stroke my brother rose and took up the candle. I had provided myself with a second candle on my own account. We examined the rooms on the ground floor without success. We ascended the stairs, and paused outside the haunted chamber. The passages and the stairs were thick with shadow. My brother turned the candle—and the weird sound died away as we entered.

In a moment it came again. It rose and swelled and died sorrowfully away. It was singularly human. Yet it was beyond all description unearthly. No banshee could wail in sadder or more thrilling tones. We stood there like Dante and Virgil; except that the author of "Inferno" and his guide did not wear carpet slipper or carry brass candlesticks. Neither had they such extraordinary rough heads of hair as we had. I felt mine going grey fast. And a cold stream of terror trickled down my back. My brother stood still and listened intently. The ghost groaned again, and yet again. In fact he kept on groaning. It was frightful. The wail began in a whisper; it swelled to an acute pitch; it died away in a note of woe that thrilled one's heart. It was awful to stand there waiting for the sound to come again. My matter-of-fact brother spoke.

"He's in good voice to-night," said he, approvingly. "A bit hoarse, but I don't wonder at that. Still, I wish he'd try another key. He's been at that long enough. And he might get himself tuned—hush!" I quite expected some supernatural visitation to rebuke this ill-timed levity. None came. My brother having politely waited until the ghost had finished, began again:

"All these groans are exactly alike," he said, considering. "That's odd, isn't it? Will, I'll tell you what, the ghost's up the chimney." Once more the sound came, as though to confirm his words. And it certainly did appear to proceed from the region of the fireplace.

"Still," resumed my brother, thoughtfully, "a ghost in a chimney is an uncomfortable sort of thing. Will, we'll have that chimney swept. Fancy a ghost coming down with the soot. We'll see about it the first thing to-morrow."

We left the office early in the afternoon. We secured the service of an intelligent sweep and a sharp little bright-eyed boy. The chimney was amply wide for the youngster to climb up, and up he went. We waited in suspense.

When he came down he reported that he had found nothing. We questioned him eagerly, but he had seen no ghost or anything belonging to one. We sent him up again. This time he found out something. This chimney communicated with the one next door.

"That will be the kitchen chimney next door," said my brother. "We must explore that." Our landlady was considerably amazed when we presented ourselves and asked to be allowed to explore. After a little demur, however, she consented. There was but a small fire in the grate, and this was taken out.

"I don't make it up until 11 o'clock at night," she explained. "Not until my master comes home tired after his day's work. Then we have our bit of supper and drink our grog, and we like to see a cheerful blaze. The boy went up smartly and shortly reappeared.

"Why, you've got a smoke-jack up there, missis," said he.

"What's a smoke jack?" said my brother, hastily. The sweep explained.

"It's a happaratus for roasting meat, fixed in the chimbley. It has little sails like, just like a windmill, only they are held fast instead of being upright. The hot air comes up from the fire and blows these sails round. Then there's a cog-wheel and that communicates the motion to a fly-wheel. A chain passes round the fly-wheel, coming down to the grate, and turns the spit."

"But where are the chains?"

"Oh, they've been taken off, I suppose. It isn't used now."

"I didn't know it was there," said our landlady.

"Doesn't it make a noise?" asked my brother, with a quick look at me.

"We don't hear it" replied the landlady, indifferently.

"Will," said my brother, "just run back to the bedroom and listen. I believe we've got it. I am going to send the boy up and turn the thing." I did as he requested. When I got into the room the ghost was groaning in splendid form. He was going far faster than I had ever heard him before.

The mystery was solved.

During the day the current of hot air was not strong enough to actuate the blades and set the revolving portion of the machine in motion. But when the great fire was made at night, the force was ample. The revolving portion of a jack is raised to a small extent from the frame and bearing on which it revolves. Reduce the force of the current by letting the fire go out and the blades of the jack descend. The revolutions gradually become slower and slower. The pivot bearing had no lubrication, and consequently made the groaning noise.

We kept our secret. We were the admiration of every one who knew the story of the house. And for a very substantial reduction in the rent of a very comfortable house we have to thank the Groaning Ghost.

Earthquake Legends.

The recent earthquake shocks lend interest to the legends relating to these phenomena. In every literature, and in all tradition, such legends are numerous and strange. Naturally they are most abundant in countries where the phenomena are most frequent. Asia Minor, Greece and Italy have furnished to our literature familiar stories of giants, the cyclops, and the punishment of Enceladus. One of the most interesting of these mythological personages is the goddess Pele, who is held responsible for all volcanic disturbance in the Sandwich Islands.

It is a curious circumstance that to this same personage is attributed a great flood which occurred in ancient times. This may be accounted for on the ground that a destructive wave usually follows any eruption or movement near the coast. The legends of the flood current among the Sandwich Islanders vary, but they are mainly connected with Pele. The story of this goddess runs somewhat as follows:

Pele is said to have been born in a far distant land on the horizon towards the south-west. There she lived with her parents until her marriage. Two children, a daughter and a son, were the fruit of this union. But after a while Pele's husband was enticed from her by a rival divinity.

The deserted Pele started on her travels in search of her faithless husband, and came in the direction of the Sandwich Islands. At the time of her reported wanderings, these Islands were a vast waste, there being neither sea nor fresh water. When Pele departed on her journey, her parents gave her the sea to go with her, and bear her canoes onward.

So the goddess sailed forward, floated borne by the sea, until she reached the land of Pakuela, and thence onward to the land of Kanaloa. From her eyes salt tears streamed forth as she went, and her brothers composed and sang the celebrated ancient song.—

"Oh, the sea, the great sea!
Forth bursts the sea,
Behold it bursts on Kanaloa!"

But the sea continued to rise, until only the highest peaks of the great mountain, on Maui and on Hawaii were visible, all else being covered.

In course of time Pele forsook her native land, and has dwelt in this country of her adoption ever since, her family subsequently following her example.

Love of Home.

Poets have sung of this tender feeling, and travellers have carried it all the way around the globe. It seems sometimes the strongest where the home is the poorest.

If anywhere this love could be starved to death, it ought to expire in the great salt-plain of Asali. This is a basin about two hundred feet below the level of the sea, and near the western shore of the Red Sea. It is enveloped in an almost perpetual fog, and the strong winds fill the air with clouds of salt dust so thick as to hide everything from sight. And yet, dismal and dreary as this region is, a recent traveller has this to say of the home-feeling of its inhabitants:

"In this wretched spot dwell a people whose only villages are clusters of palm-trees, and their principal nourishment the palm wine. These are the salt workers, each of whom has a palm to himself, under the shade of which he lives, and no other habitation does he care for.

"Even when he goes into other countries where people dwell in houses, and have sheep and vegetables, and fields to till, the remembrance of the sweet palm-wine makes him long for his native salt-plains beneath the smoking cone of the volcano of Artall, and he is wretched till he has returned to them, for curiously enough, the houseless Afar's love of home is perhaps stronger than is that of the civilized European whose home contains every luxury."

FALL FOLLIES.

"Those who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous plaster company advertises.

The difference between a hen and a lazy man is that a hen usually lays an egg every morning and a lazy man lays a bed.

First Minister—Just think of it, they gave me but $20 for my sermon. Second Minister—Why, I wouldn't have preached that sermon of yours for $100.

"Liquor," said a lecturer, "is responsible for much of the misery in this world." "That's so," said an old toper in the audience. "I am always unhappy when I can't get it."

Smith—"Do you know, Dumley, if Robinson uses tobacco in any form?" Dumley.—"Well, I got a whiff of his cigar this morning, and, judging from the smell of that, I am inclined to think that he does not."

"Oh, yes," said Johnny, "Daisy's feller is a rising young man. I put a bent pin in his chair last night, and he rose so fast I thought he'd bump his head on the ceiling 'fore he got through rising."

"What?" exclaimed Foggs, reading the newspaper. "Fifty Christians killed in Cochin-China! For Heaven's sake, how many have they got? Well, thank goodness, such a thing couldn't happen here!"

"Jennie," said a Guelph father, as she came up stairs at two o'clock "has your young man gone home?" "Yes father," "Who is he, Jennie?" "He works in a shoe-shop, father." "Ah, I see, a laster. Well, he's a good one at it."

"Jane, did I not tell you, if we were again tempted to eat the currants, you must say: 'Get thee behind me Satan?'" "Yes, mum, an' I did, an' he got behind and pushed me right into the current bushes."

Aged Negro, speaking into street letter-box: "Hallop in dar! Is der any letters for Kirain Sims? Umph! don't pay no 'tention to cullud gentleman's question, eh? Knowed it 'ud be dat way as soon as de democrats got in offis."

"Doctor, I am worried about my husband. Do you think him seriously ill?" "To the best of my judgment, madam, he is suffering from gastritis." "There! I knew it! I told him his trouble was from fooling with that gas metre yesterday."

Mr. Chadband—"My poor fellow, the day has dawned when you are to perish on the scaffold. Have you any requests to make?" Culprit.—"Yes, I wish you'd send for a doctor. This cold of mine seems to be getting worse, and it may run into something serious."

The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and, leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered: "Have you a card about you?" "You can't play in church!" was his solemn, reproving answer: and the good woman was so flustered that she forgot all about the text.

"I will add," concluded the young man who was applying for a situation, "that I am a college graduate." "Oh, that won't make any difference," was the reassuring reply, "if you stick to your work; and besides, we want somebody about the place who is strong enough to carry in coal."

Anxious mother.—"It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?" Father.—"A good idea." Mother.—"What kind of iron had she better take?" Father.—"She had better take a flat-iron."

A MOVABLE COUNTRY SEAT.—"See here, Talbot, you told me that Miss Courtney owned this country seat." "No, I didn't, Joe; I said she owns a country seat." "Well, where is the one she owns?" "I don't know. I saw her carry it with her when she went to milk this morning." "Good gracious, Talbot, what are you talking about?" "A milking stool."

"Pa," said Johnny, with unpleasant memories lingering around him, "What do you whip me for?" "To make you a good boy. You know the good book says that "he that spareth the rod spoileth the child.'" "Well, pa, if sparing the rod is what spoils the child, why don't you break the thing across your knee without trying to wear it out on me? You needn't spare the rod on my account."

Judge Pennybunker can't stand the smell of tobacco. It invariably gives him a headache. He was on the street car, and a cowboy by his side was smoking a vile old pipe. "My friend," said Pennybunker, "your pipe makes me sick." The cowboy took the pipe out of his mouth, wiped the mouthpiece carefully on his pants, and holding it under the sufferer's nose, said: "You kin smoke, stranger, until I get off the kears. I jest know how you feel. It always makes me feel sick to see a feller smoking when I've left my pipe at home."

Earthquake Stories.

The *Corriere del Mattino* of Naples publishes two anecdotes of the earthquake: "The wife of a wine shop keeper, who had not yet gone to bed, ran to her husband. 'Get up, get up, there's an earthquake down there.' The husband goes to the door and asks, 'Where is it?' 'In the Piazza del Gesu a policeman finds an old woman at 2 a.m. "What are you doing here? Go to bed.' 'I'm afraid of the earthquake. I am 84 years old.' 'Eh! with such a basketful of years are you not content yet?'

A BULL-FIGHT.

HOW THE PERUVIAN MATADOR DOES THE BUSINESS

The Peruvian "torrero" (bull-slayer) and his "picadores" (literary, "prickers") are all Spaniards by birth, and a more blood-thirsty, villainous crew are seldom seen assembled. Each man is bedecked in the faded velvet jacket, knee-breeches and white socks which form part of the attire of the professional bull fighter. The bulls, which it must in justice be admitted are fine, well-bred, wild-looking creatures, are admitted singly into the arena at a signal given by blowing a trumpet, and as the animal is led forward the sport begins. A mounted "picadore" approaching endeavors to fix in the neck of the beast a small steel dart, one end of which is sharply pointed and washed in brimstone, a strip of colored ribbon being attached to the other. The usual proceedings are as follows: If the bull turns and charges, the rider causes his horses to whirl round and approach the quarry on his other side, when frequently the dart becomes fixed in the spot aimed at. The sharp pain resulting from the prick and the brimstone combined

INFURIATES THE ANIMAL,

and he rushes blindly forward, straight ahead, as if "making for" the people sitting on the lower tiers of seats, which occasionally encircle the amphitheater. But before many paces are made a red flag is waved before his eyes by one of the foot "picadores," which causes him to turn and face his new assailant. Pierced with another small dart, as sharp and as burning as the first, the bull roars and becomes mad with rage, and with eyes flashing fire he tears round the arena pawing the sandy floor with his feet, and turning his head right and left at each object presented to him. The game grows fast and furious; the music plays some stirring galop; the "picadores" cross and recross the arena, as if possessing charmed lives, planting their darts in all parts of the infuriated animal; the spectators clapped their hands in excitement, some of the ladies even tearing off their black mantillas to wave them in the air, while upon a given signal the music ceases, the voice of the audience sinks into silence, the "picadores" retire behind wooden screens placed for their protection at the ends of the arena, and the bull decked in gay ribbons of many colors is left

ALONE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD,

triumphant. But his triumph is imaginary, for the cessation of the attack signifies nothing more than a reprieve of his sentence. The clear notes of the trumpet sound again, heralding in the "matador," who is the hero of the day. His dress is somewhat richer in quality than that of his companions. He is armed with a short daggershaped sword, which is generally carried in his right hand, hidden under a small shawl, brilliant red in color, thrown over his left arm. A cheer bursts from the audience, and the "matador" advances boldly to face the bull. The ability and quickness shown by these "matadors" in evading the charges of the bull, whose strength is only partly spent by previous exertion, are marvelous to behold. The importance of the red shawl is soon shown in the way in which it is extended at arm's length to attract the bull's attention. But in one of the final charges the noble beast receives his death-stroke. At the first good opportunity a sharp-pointed sword is thrust with unerring aim through the nape of his neck, reaching the very center, and with a gasp, amid the cheers of the audience, the band meanwhile playing the national anthem, the creature falls on his knees, and, rolling over, expires.

There can be no doubt that bull-fights are barbarous and disgusting diversions. But "prize-fighting" at home, where the combatants are incited to mark each other's faces out of recognition

FOR LOVE OF GOLD,

and at the instigation of so-called "sportsmen," may, as far as regards cruelty, be ranked on a level with bull-fighting. The comparison does not, however, lessen the barbarity or excuse the continuance of the latter diversion in the minds of all right-thinking people. Both are relics of the past, and the legacies of ancestors who looked complacently upon the shedding of human blood for the gratification of their passions, or of revenge, or simply to provide them with the means of excitement in days when healthy pastimes and recreations were but little known. It must be allowed, on behalf of the Peruvians, that they are accustomed to these diversions from early childhood, and they regard them with perfect indifference—custom, no doubt, blinding them to the cruelties they witness in the bull-ring.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

300 Miles an Hour by Rail.

When George Stevenson asserted his ability to run passenger coaches at a speed of twelve to fifteen miles an hour, scientific and practical men deemed him fit for a lunatic asylum, but time has shown that trains may be run at a much greater velocity without materially adding to the dangers of railway travel. The flight of the fast express on the Pennsylvania Railway is a marked example of the possibilities in the way of sustaining high rates of speed. This road now runs the fastest train in America. Nine hundred and twelve miles, including seven stops, are accomplished in 25½ hours, and the average time is 36.30 miles an hour. A portion of the distance is run at the rate of 75 miles an hour. At a speed of 60 miles an hour the driving wheels of the locomotive on this train make 258½ revolutions a minute. Wm. Vanderbilt's spurt of 81 miles in 61 minutes on the New York Central is declared to be the highest rate of speed ever attained in this country, but this speed was not a surprise to engineers, many of whom are firm in the belief that 100 miles an hour will yet be accomplished on American roads.

Thirty-one years ago Col. Meigs read a paper before the New York Farmers' Club on Future Travelling," in which he expressed the belief that railroad cars could be safely propelled by steam at the rate of 300 miles an hour. He said: "The Emperor of Russia has taken the first great step toward what I deem the ultimatum of railroad travel. Instead of cutting what I call a mere drill through the country and going around everything in the way for a straight line, he has cut a broad way for 500 miles from St. Petersburg to Moscow. He has made it all the way 200 feet wide, so that the engineer sees everything on the road. This is part of the future—the railroad from point to point with a mathematical line; the rails ten times stronger than are now used; the locomotives on wheels of far greater diameter; the gauge of a relative breadth; the signals and times perfectly settled; the roads on both sides during the transit of trains having the gates of the walls all closed—then instead of travelling 100 miles an hour, we shall more safely travel 300 miles an hour."

One of the latest efforts at improvements in locomotives is that of a Frenchman named Estrade, who has constructed an engine which he calls La Parisienne. La Parisienne, when watered and fired, weighs 42 tons. Its driving wheels, six in number, are 8½ feet in diameter. The cylinders are outside, with valve boxes on the top. The diameter of each cylinder is 18½ inches, and the length of stroke is 2 feet and 3½ inches. This engine is built for high speed, and will carry a pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch above the atmosphere, or an absolute pressure of 215 pounds. Estrade's engine is designed to run at the average rate of 78 miles an hour.

SUNDAY CONTEMPLATIONS.

Never fail to say kind and encouraging words to those whom you meet in distress. Your kindness may lift them out of their despair.

Love, home, fear, faith—these make humanity.

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.

Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

He that is afraid of solemn things has probably solemn reasons to be afraid of them.

One good act done to-day is worth a thousand in contemplation for some future time.

Life and death may be mutually blessed, and death may make the highest blessedness of life if we only take the order of things that is here, and start with and "salute the promise from afar."

We have not a muscle whose law of strength is not action; we have not a faculty of body, mind or soul whose Law of improvement is not energy.

The main token of a strong character is not to make known every change and phase in thought and feeling, but to give the world the finished results.

Those who are greedy of praise prove that they are poor of merit.

There are those who never reason on what they should do, but on what they have done.

Nature is frank, and will allow no man to abuse himself, without giving him a hint of it.

We complain that our life is short, and yet throw away much of it, and are weary of many of its parts.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

I knew a wise man that had for a by-word, when he saw men hasten to a conclusion. "Stay a little that we may end the sooner.'

The Great Port of Glasgow.

The Clyde forms Glasgow's entrance to the sea, and Glasgow has made it one of the fine harbor views of the world. Originally it was a sluggish and unnavigable stream, but by the dredging of forty years it now admits the largest ocean vessels, and at the wharves of Glasgow you will find ships from all parts of the world. The Harbor of Glasgow is two and one half miles long, and below it shipbuilding yards line the Clyde for many miles on its way to the sea. Glasgow is the shipbuilding center for the world, and she builds ships for every nation of note. Great Britain has fifty five per cent of the carrying trade of the world, and her steam vessels have increased in tonnage over 200 per cent. within the past ten years. She pays her seamen less than half the wages of the sailors of the United States, and gets more out of them. The average wages of English sailors are $195 per annum; those of American sailors $475 per annum. So that the American sailor gets $260 more a year than his British brother.

Bread a Century Old.

The keeper of the archives for the Hungarian county of Marmaros found lately, stowed away with some ancient registers, a packet bearing this inscription: "Qualitas panis Marmatic in penuria, A. D. 1786." (Quality of the Marmaros bread in the year of want, 1876) The bread is partly composed of oatmeal, but the greater proportion of it is the bark trees. The county authorities have directed the specimen to be preserved in the local museum.

The Falls of the Gatineau.

About three-quarters of a mile from Brooks, on the Gatineau River, is the grand Paugan Chute, the terror of river log drivers, and the objective point of interest for numerous tourists. Between the two towering hills of weather-beaten limestone worn by the action of the rain rugged seams and crags, the majestic river is compressed into a space scarcely 200 feet wide, while above it the average width is nearly one mile. Calmly and smoothly the great mass of water floats on until the very edge of the fall is reached. The giant mass plunges down eight feet of broken front, crashing into spray, boiling in a milky cauldron of unknown depth and eddying violently as far as the eye can see until it is lost in a bend of the river and broadens into a placid surface. You can approach so near the bank above that your foot may touch the rippling edge of the stream. No grander waterfall can be imagined than the Paugan. The Gatineau Valley Railroad is in project through the Gatineau country and according to present survey would approach within one half mile of this extraordinary waterfall.

An illustrated contemporary prints a picture of "Authors in Heaven." It is evidently a work of the imagination.

"Blood Will Tell."

Yes, the old adage is right, but if the liver is disordered and the blood become thereby corrupted, the bad "blood will tell's in diseases of the skin and throat, in tumors and ulcers, and in tubercles in the throat and lungs (first stages of consumption) even although the subject be descended in a straight line from Richard Cœur de Lion, or the noblest Roman of them all. For setting the liver in order no other medicine in the world equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Try it, and your "blood will tell" the story of its wonderful efficacy.

Under-petticoats of silk in dark and light colors, white and black, are made with gathered pinked flounces.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Gray watered silk is combined with black cashmere and gray camel's hair in gowns for elderly ladies.

"Men must work and women weep,
So runs the world away?"

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

A voice comes from Keewatin saying, "Send us wives!" and a thousand unhappy Benedicts respond, "Take ours!"

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50 cts.

Rough camel's hair fabrics, plain, striped, plaited, and cross barred, are among the favorite dress goods for tailor-made frocks.

A Free Fight.

The great reputation of Briggs' Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near as possible. The proprietors of Briggs Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves.

Others hearing of the success of Briggs' Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Eclectric Oil," Electron Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought a suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgias Sprains and Bruises, complaints arrising from Cold, such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult breathing.

Our religious editor wants any young lady who "jumps at conclusions" to consider him a "conclusion." An orphan is preferred.

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opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kindre habits*. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so desired*. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

A. P. 301.

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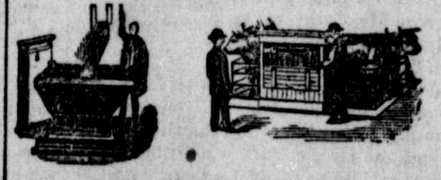
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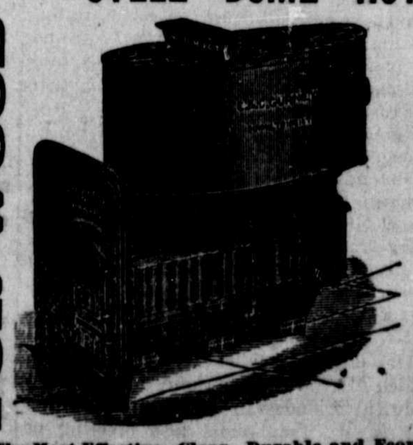
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The Montreal Gazette's Reply

TO MR. MERCIERS OPEN LETTER WHICH WAS REPRODUCED IN LAST WEEK'S ADVANCE.

Hon. Mr. Mercier has addressed through another source an open letter to the *Gazette*, in which he seeks to defend himself against the attacks this journal has, from a sense of public duty, made upon him. We will not question the wisdom of this course, nor indulge in recriminations based on the opinion or knowledge of Mr. Mercier's political enemies. He occupies a unique position among public men. Conservatives will differ from Mr. Blake, Mr. Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Laurier and other exponents of the cause of the Liberal party upon principle, and they will base their ground of controversy upon logic, experience and common sense, that is to say, they will discuss measures rather than men. But the case of Mr. Mercier stands apart. He is not of the type of ordinary politicians, and we thank Providence for it. His condemnation proceeds not out of the mouths of his opponents, not from vindictiveness born of an electoral contest, but has been pronounced by those closely allied with him politically and who have had opportunity of learning his inner character. Nay more, the condemnation passed upon Mr. Mercier by the *Gazette* has rested upon his own admissions of culpability, upon documentary evidedce of guilt supplied by himself. Let a candid enquiry into the public character of Mr. Mercier be made. The gist of his defence in his published letter in this:—

"I do not deny you the right to fight my political ideas and to attack my public life; but I do deny you the right to calmuniate me; and if you will allow me I will prove to your readers that you, KNOWINGLY, calumniate me; that you do so not out of a spirit of patriotism, but through malice and for the sole purpose of keeping your friends in power and the Government patronage for yourself."

Mr. Mercier feels himself wronged by even the slightest imputation upon his character as a public man: he denies that reflection can be cast upon him from his record, and asserts that the *Gazette* knowingly calumniates him. There is a magnificence of effrontery in Mr. Mercier beyond parallel. He assumes the *role* of the injured innocent! A man denounced and discredited by his own friends, convicted of deliberate falsehood, reproved by a learned judge in the courts, characterized as a black-mailer by one of his intimate political associates! We call the record to witness that we equivocate nothing and that naught is set down in malice. Here are the facts:—

In 1882 Mr. Chapleau was elected by acclamation in Terrebonne. Mr. Poirier, who had been announced as the Liberal candidate, withdrew before polling day. In January, 1883, *La Patrie* accused Mr. Mercier of having sold himself and his party in the matter of this withdrawal. The allegation was that $3,800 had been paid to him to secure it. What followed? Mr. Mercier came out with a bold denial. He wrote Mr. Poirier, for whom he had acted, the following letter:—

"MY DEAR POIRIER,—

"I deny having had any knowledge of the transaction mentioned in the *Patrie* of the 17th January, with regard to the three thousand eight hundred dollars which Mr. Chapleau was said to have paid or caused to be paid to induce you to retire from your candidature in August last. Consequently I affirm that you never, to my knowledge, received any portion of that amount.

(Signed.)

"HONORE MERCIER.

Montreal, January 21, 1883."

That was emphatic, but it was not true. Mr. Mercier had put his name to a gross misstatement. Senator Thibaudeau and Mr. C.A. Geoffrion came forward in proof of this. The former wrote:

"MONTREAL, January 23rd, 1883.

"I have knowledge of the circumstances which brought about the resignation of M. Poirier as candidate for the county of Terrebonne, in the month of August last. The affair took place at my office, St. Paul Street. Several persons were present, and it was decided, against my wishes, that, for $3,800 paid by M. Chapleau's friends, M. Poirier should withdraw his candidature; that, of this sum $2,000 were given to M. X. * * * who is not actually in question, and whose name, therefore, I shall not mention unless I be forced to do so in the interests of truth. Three hundred dollars were to be paid to M. Mercier, in compensatoin for certain disbursements, and the remainder, $1,500, was to go to M. Poirier to pay his lawyer in the Minerve suit, which was to be abandoned, and to remove whatever scruples he might have as to withdrawing his candidature.

"I certify, upon my honor, that all that I have stated was decided in my presence and in spite of my remonstrance. The Hon. M. Mercier was present, and recommended the thing, and it was all done in accordance with his desire.

"The secret having been betrayed by M. Mercier in affirming the contrary, I consider myself perfectly justified in relating the transactions just as they happened in my own presence and in spite of my opposition.

"J. R. THIBAUDEAU,

"Senator."

Mr. Geoffrion contributed the following to the Liberal leader's discomfiture:—

"Mr. H. Beaugrand, director of *La Patrie*:

"SIR,—On the 12th of December last, I received from the friends of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau the sum of $3,8 in deposit, to be paid to Mr. H. Mercier, when certain conditions should have been fulfilled. On the 22nd December, with the consent of the parties interested, I paid the sum to Mr. Mercier. The latter declared to me that a considerable part of the deposit was handed over to Mr. A. E. Poirier.

"C. A. GEOFFRION.

"Montreal, January 23rd, 1883."

Mr. Mercier was thus clearly proven to have been the chief party in a transaction of which he had in his letter to Mr. Poirier denied all knowledge. This, however, was evidently thought by *La Patrie* to be only one phase of his offence. That paper came out with the following:

"It is publicly known that Mr. A. B. Globensky, advocate of Mr. Poirier, received only $200, $100 of which he got from the hands of Mr. Mercier. Where did the remaining $1,300 go to? Messrs. Mercier and Poirier deny and the Hon. Mr. Thibaudeau and Mr. Geoffrion affirm."

And lest there should be any doubt as to what it meant *La Patrie* added:

"If our affirmations are considered injurious or libellous by those interested there is a simple way of attaining the evidence under oath. Let them summon us before the tribunal."

There was no attempt to disprove *La Patrie's* allegation, to remove what that journal called "a job which will remain as a blot upon his reputation as a public "man." Why, Mr. Mercier himself best knows. That is the story of the $3,800 job as told by Mr. Mercier's political friends.

Then there is the $5,000 job, much of the same nature, in which Mr. Mercier is presented in an equally bad light. The facts in this case were brought out under oath; most of them were extracted from Mr. Mercier himself. They were these: Mr. Mousseau had been elected in Jacques Cartier. His election was contested. Mr. Mercier was the counsel for the prosecution. The petitioner was an unknown, whom Mr. Mercier had brought forward as a figure behind which he could strike at his opponent. The case came to trial, but before it was concluded he abandoned it, after making the most solemn affirmations that though deserted by everyone he would push it to the bitter end. For this he was paid $5,000, more than double the amount of legitimate costs he had incurred. The money came to him through Mr. Benjamin Trudel, chief of the harbor police of Quebec. When exposure threatened him he wrote, on the 3rd September, 1884, to Hon. Mr. Langelier as follows:—

There is a rumor here that our friend Benjamin Trudel has given to my enemies a written statement to the effect that he paid me $5,000 to induce me to desist in the demand for the disqualification of Mousseau. I do not believe it, but as those people are capable of anything, even of forging the signature of Mr. Trudel, would you be good enough to see him and beg him to send me a letter to my address as near as possible in these terms:

"A friend in Montreal informs me that your adversaries will produce at the meeting on Thursday a document signed by me stating that I had given you $5,000 to induce you to abandon the demand for the disqualification of Mousseau. If such a document is produced, it will be simply a falsehood, for I never signed, and I never authorized any person to sign for me or to make such a declaration, which would be only an atrocious calumny of your enemies."

"I pray you try to obtain this letter from our friend Trudel. * * * *

Be good enough, therefore, to telegraph me to-morrow if you have succeeded with Trudel. Give no name; I will understand.

If he objects only to the form, change it or modify it to suit his taste, provided it is essentially the same. You will easily understand that for me it is a matter of life or death.

Yours truly,

HONORE MERCIER.

That was one attempt to get Mr. Trudel to subscribe to a falsehood. Another was made by Mr. Mercier himself. It was thus described by Mr. Trudel under oath:

Mr. Mercier said to me: "You see the turn this affair is taking; if you do not come to my aid I am a lost man." He said to me: "I am a young man, and I have a political future. We are nearly the same age. If you will come to my aid you will not have obliged an ingrate." I said to him: "Mr. Mercier, I will do what I can to help you out of this." I considered that it was my duty to do something if it could be done without ruin to my own reputation.

Mr. Trudel, like Mr. Mercier, had been a Liberal. He had been appointed to office by Mr. Mercier's friends, and would, if he could, have done what lay in his power to spare the leader of his party. But the case was too shameful, nothing short of deliberate lying could put a better face on it. This Mr. Trudel would not do, and the truth of the ugly business came out. Mr. Mercier had not overstated the danger of his position. The story of his shame will cling to him while he lives.

The case, however, came into court through a libel suit instituted by Mr. Mercier, and the facts having been disclosed, Judge Ramsay thus commented on them:

Mr. Mercier and his counsel say that he was entitled to take anything he could get out of the other party, that it was fair, and that the other party agreed to it. No court in the world would sanction such a doctrine. He had no right to exact anything for his benefit in abandoning these charges. The transaction was totally illicit, and so much is this the case that, if the contract had become the subject of a suit to recover the amount, it would have failed, because the consideration was unlawful. It has been said there was no ransom. Yes, gentlemen, there was a ransom and it was the whole sum above the taxable costs. * * * I do not say that it was the greatest of crimes, but it cannot be defended, and to do Mr. Mercier justice he hardly contends now that it was lawful. The fact is that the complainant having the control of an election petition containing personal charges against Mr. Mousseau, the prime minister of this province, has abandoned those charges. This was an illicit consideration which evidently diminishes the gravity of Mr. Tasse's offence.

One other example of the estimation in which Mr. Mercier is held by his own political friends will suffice at this time. Mr. N. W. Trenholme, at a meeting of the Young Men's Reform club, is reported as speaking as follows;—

"He charged Mr. Mercier with having in the Terrebonne election case used a species of blackmail, Mr. Mercier having himself declared that he had commenced that contestation for the purpose of procuring certain terms that had been promised by the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, and characterized Mr. Mercier's action as unworthy of a Liberal leader."

And this is the man who professes to have been calumniated by the *Gazette*. Let him turn upon his own friends; we have said nothing of reproach against him that will compare in severity with the denunciation cast by his own associates, those who know him best and can fathom and probe his character to the bottom. People differ, and differ honestly in regard to politics; all cannot think alike; and respect can at least be retained for opponents who follow the path of decency and honor in pursuing their aims, but for a man like Mr. Mercier only a feeling of contempt can be entertained, a feeling generated into active antagonism by the fact that he seeks to secure control of the public affairs of this province, and the danger of his applying as a minister the methods he has pursued as a politician grasping for power.

FATAL ATTACKS.—Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of diseases, are those incident to the summer and fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Billious Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, etc., that often prove fatal in a few hours. That ever reliable remedy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, should be at hand, for us in emergency.

A MODERN MIRACLE.—In a recent letter from R. W. Dowton, of Deloraine, Ont., he states that he has recovered from the worst form of Dyspepsia after suffering for fifteen years; and when a council of doctors pronounced him incurable he tried Burdock Blood Bitters, six bottles of which restored his health.

Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, was afflicted with Tape Worm, 8 feet of which was removed by one bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

A SPEEDY CURE.—As a speedy cure for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa Colic, Cramps, Sick Stomach, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and all forms of Summer Complaints, there is no remedy more reliable than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Dealers who sell it, and those who buy it are on mutual grounds in confidence of its merits.

IN GOOD REPUTE.—James McMurdock, writing from Kinsale; says; "B.B.B. as a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, has an excellent reputation in this locality. I have used it, and speak from experience, as well as observation. It is the only medicine I want, and I advise others afflicted to try it."

OTTAWA HOUSE,
PORTAGE DU FORT.

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LEAVE THE OTTAWA HOUSE TO

Connect with all Trains going East & West

FROM HALEYS.

SURE CONNECTION GUARANTEED

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

CHARGES MODERATE.

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

DAN. McDONALD,

PROPRIETOR.

Portage du Fort, May 1, 1886.

FARM FOR SALE.

MRS. DINAN OFFERS FOR SALE her farm being Lot No 22, in the 9th range of the Township of Clarendon, situated on the line of the P. P. J. R. and 1 mile from Clarke's station. The property consists of 200 acres, 90 of which are cleared. A log house is erected on premises. Title indisputable. For further particulars apply to

D. KENNEDY, Collfield,
Or, WM. EADES, Radford,

Clarendon, 17th. Sept. 1886.

Goldsmiths Hall.

—:o:—

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

The largest and most elegant stock in the Ottaw valley.

W. J. DOUGLAS

MAIN STREET, . . . PEMBROKE

Royal Mail Stage Line

—BETWEEN—

PORTAGE DU FORT AND HALEYS,

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

UNION HOUSE.

All Mail Stages leave the Union House for Haley's, where connection with all Trains going East and West.

THE UNION HOUSE

Has been newly furnished throughout. A first-class Table set. Bar supplied with best brands of Liquors and Cigars.

Commercial Travellers will find the accommodation at this House second to none. Good Sample Rooms attached.

The stage going to Bryson and Coulonge leaves every afternoon, and Wayman's stage for Quyon and all intermediate points every morning.

D. KING,
Manager.

Portage du Fort, April 30, '86.

FURNITURE!

FURNITURE.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to announce that he has recently received a large stock of Furniture comprising

Parlor Sets,
Bedroom Sets,
Tables, Chairs,
Lounges,
Spring & Wool Mattresses

which he is prepared to furnish at reasonable prices.

INSPECTION INVITED.

UNDERTAKING.

In connection with the above he has established an Undertaking Branch which is supplied with Coffins, Shrouds, and Coffin Trimmings, plain or costly.

JAMES MOYLE.

Quyon, Sept. 8, 9th.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild pugative, acting on the Stomach Liver and Bowels, removing all obstructions.

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

REFITTED -: AND -: FURNISHED,

and will hereafter be known as the

CHATTERTON HOUSE.

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

Table and Bar well furnished.

A call solicited.

Yours truly,

S J. CHATTERTON.

Bryson, May 20, 1886.

ACYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

IF YOUR CHILD IS STUBBORN or hard to administer medicine to, Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup will be appreciated.

FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale a 10 horse power threshing machine, manufactured by Filsley Manufacturing Company, of Alora, Ont., Will be sold on easy terms.

Apply to

WILLIAM COUGHLIN.
Lot 22 on 4th range.

Onslow, August 30th, 1886.

STAGE LINE AND EXPRESS AGENCY

—BETWEEN—

HALEY'S STATION and PORTAGE DU FORT.

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

STAGES LEAVE PORTAGE DU FORT:

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

D. M. RATTRAY, GENERAL FORWARDER, EXPRESS AGT. AND STAGE PROPRIETOR.

STAGE OFFICE: *RATTRAY HOUSE,* GEORGE O'BRIEN, PROPRIETOR.

Portage du Fort, September 2, 1886.

P. P. J. RY STAGE LINE

—:o:—

New Short Route to Ottawa and all Eastern Points.

—:o:—

Only Reliable Through Route from Shawville to Bryson Daily, (Sundays excepted.)

—:o:—

WITH the view of giving greater extension to the facilities afforded by the advent of railway communication to the village of Shawville, the undersigned have commenced to run a first class line of stages between the above mentioned points, in connection with which the attention of the public is especially directed to the following table of distances and fares as compared with the route via the C. P. Railway, which shows clearly the distance and expense saved to the travelling community by adopting the new route:—

VIA C. P. RAILWAY.	Miles.	Fare.	VIA P. P. J. RAILWAY.	Miles	Fare.
Bryson to Portage du Fort.....	8	.50	Bryson to Shawville.....	10	.75
Portage du Fort to Haleys.....	6	.50	Shawville to Ottawa.....	45	1.25
Haleys to Ottawa.....	79	2 65			
			Total.....	55	$2.00
Total.....	93	$3.65	Saving effected by new route: Miles, 38; Fare, $1.65.		

In addition to the advantages above stated is also to be considered the saving in time and other delays which can be effected by the new route.

—:o:—

Stages will run regularly in accordance with the following Time table:—

Leave Shawville on arrival of train at 8.30 o'clock P. M. arriving at Bryson at 10.00 o'clock P. M.

Leave Bryson at 5.30 A. M. arriving in Shawville at 6.40 A. M. to connect with train which reaches Ottawa at 11 o'clock.

All freight and parcels carefully attended to and carried at moderate rates.

R. & H. HOBBS, PROPRIETORS.

Shawville, March 2nd, 1886.

IMPORTANT!

—:o:—

The undersigned wishes to draw the attention of the people of Pontiac to the fact that while doing business in Ottawa they would find it to their advantage, before purchasing elsewhere, to call and see his assortment of

Fine French Coatings,
Scotch Suitings,
West of England Pantings.

Also a large line of Gents Furnishing Goods.

JAMES M. QUINN,

506 Sussex Street, Ottawa.

Ottawa, May 11, 1885.

1872. - - ESTABLISHED - - 1872.

THOMAS MORAN,

MERCHANT -: :- TAILOR,

COBB STREET, - - - BRYSON, P. Q.

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

—A GREAT VARIETY OF—

TWEEDS, ETOFFS, &c. &c.,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Good Suits from Ten Dollars and upwards!

THOMAS MORAN.

Bryson, June 7, 1883.