

THE EQUITY.

VOL. IV.

BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 13

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 & FORTIER, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors
Notaries Public, Conveyancers, &c. Office,
Poirer's Block, Pembroke, Ont.
M. J. GORMAN, LL. B. J. G. FORTIER.

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

IRVINE ALLEN, B.C.L., ADVOCATE, BA
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, - - - - QUES.

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 OFFICE

TIME TABLE

MAIL

ARRIVES

From Port Coulonge, Vinton, Mathway, Calumet Island, Gellfield, 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.R.,..... 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—Bills are scarce, but those who write to Biddle & 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 \$100 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

CATARRHINE

IS A SURE CURE FOR ALL FORMS OF NASA 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, Hiccough, &c.

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

J. FINDLAY'S,

Pembroke, Ont.

LOCAL NEWS.

A gang of men are at work repairing the "mountain" slide under the direction of Mr. William Thomson, slide master.

The show fair at Beachburg last Friday is said to have been a grand success. The attendance was exceedingly large and the exhibits were A. 1.

A very pleasant surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. G. D. Porteous in this village on the evening of Friday last. The light fantastic was the chief amusement.

KILLED ON THE TRACK.—On Friday or Saturday of last week four young horses belonging to a Clarendon farmer were reported to have been killed on the track near Richardson's.

The tail of the Upper Ottawa drive was swept over the Calumet rapids this week. The company's steamer "Maggie" has been laid up for the season. The steamer "Pembroke" has also been laid up.

There was a large attendance at the Chapeau exhibition on Wednesday of last week. The various animals and articles shown are said to have been very good. At the close of the awards political speeches were made by Mr. Thomas Murray, M.P.P. John Bryson, M. P., W. J. Poupore and others.

BRISTOL NOTES.—The Presbyterian Church in course of erection on the 5th concession of Bristol is now finished and in a short time will be ready for service. The thrashing mills are all busy in this locality. Wheat and pease are not more than sixty-six per cent of the average crop. The oat crop is about as good as usual where the hail did not visit it.

LIMITS SOLD.—Mr. James B. Dickson of Pembroke sold two of his limits last week by public auction. The first berth offered is situated on the Ottawa River opposite Mattawa, and was purchased by Rochester & Dougherty for \$30,300 we believe. The second is on the Kippewa, and was sold to E. B. Eddy, the price it is said, being \$18,400. The mill in Hazeley Bay and a small limit on the south shore of the Ottawa were withdrawn.

STEAMER DISMANTLED.—The Observer says, the steamer Sir John Young, owned by the Upper Ottawa Towing Company, and heretofore plying on Lower Allumette and Coulonge Lakes, has been condemned and broken up. Her machinery has been taken out and brought to Pembroke, where it will be placed in a new hull to be built here this fall and winter. When completed the new vessel will be taken down the Culbute Canal.

CALLED TO OTTAWA.—The Rev. Father Dowdall, who has been stationed at Pembroke for the past few years, and who was recently called to the Basilica at Ottawa by His Grace the Archbishop, passed through town this week on his way to the city. The Rev. gentleman dropped off at Almonte and spent Monday night with his uncle here, Mr. Edward Dowdall. Father Dowdall leaves many warm friends behind him in Pembroke.

HYMENIAL.—Two young men of this vicinity went over to the army of benedictine on Wednesday last. They are Mr. R. D. J. Roney of Portage du Fort, who led to the altar Miss Lapolice of Renfrew, and Mr. H. Purvis of the Grand Marais Mill, who contracted the mystic knot with Miss Laidlaw, the latter ceremony being performed in a western city. Our congratulations are heartily extended to the newly and we trust happily united couples. Who next?

SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE C.P.R.—A Winnipeg despatch states that at half past one on the morning of the 3rd instant a very serious accident occurred to the C.P.R. express train from Montreal, at a point 58 miles east from Rat Portage. The accident was caused by a land slip under the line, which precipitated the engine into a muskeg. The lamps were upset by the shock, setting the fire to the cars. Three cars, a large portion of the mail matter, and the passengers' luggage were destroyed. Six persons were injured, the engine driver being, it is feared, scalded fatally by the steam from the boiler. The loss is estimated at \$8,000.

GORED TO DEATH BY A BULL.—A sad termination to the Ross & Bromley agricultural exhibition took place on Thursday evening last a short distance from Cobden. Wm. Roach, a well-to-do farmer, living on the road between Cobden and Haley's had on exhibition a fine Durham bull, and while taking it home in the evening, is supposed to have been struck in the back and knocked down by the animal, then knelt upon and gored to death by the ferocious beast. After the bull had accomplished its work it went home alone, when the family of Mr. Roach became alarmed and went in search with a lantern, and to their horror found the unfortunate man literally torn to pieces. The news of this sad occurrence cast a gloom over the community where deceased was well known and highly respected. —Enterprise.

A DASTARDLY ACT.—On Saturday last a fine 3 year old steer, belonging to Mr. William McVeigh of this village was found dead in one of that gentleman's fields, it having been pierced through the head by a gun ball. The animal appears to have been killed a couple of days before it was found. It was consequently worthless and a dead loss to the owner. The act is supposed to be that of some evil disposed person, as had it been done by accident Mr. McVeigh would in all probability have been made aware of it at once.

COULONGE NOTES.—The Grits did have a meeting here on Saturday last, and such a pow-wow as that never took place before. The Grit speakers harangued the people till everybody was heartily tired of them. After the doctor had spoken, and committed himself badly some ten or twelve times, Mr. Poupore took the floor and dressed him down, handled him without gloves; and such a castigation as he gave him I would not take for any amount of money, and which I am sure the doctor won't forget in a hurry. Then the mighty Norman emptied his wind-bags on the audience, when Mr. Bryson did for him as Mr. Poupore did for the doctor. The candidate himself did not appear—sent word he was sick, but he must have taken a turn for the better very suddenly, as he was busy among the electors here on Sunday afternoon. He ought to have the Dr. prescribe for that peculiar disease which always attacks him when he is anxious to make a speech. But wouldn't he cut a dash in Parliament. Electors of Pontiac, don't fail to mark your ballots for W. J. Poupore, one of the gentlemen who has been instrumental in getting the railroad right up through the County in place of through a small corner of it; the man who pushed to completion the Bryson-Calumet Bridge, and who has done more for the good of the County altogether than was ever accomplished before.

The workmen are busy putting the tin roof on the new Roman Catholic Church at Lapasse. It is really a beautiful building, and reflects great credit on Rev. Father Lemoine.

Wm. Richards, Esq., paid our village a short visit on Monday last. He is winding up their affairs here for the season.

WATCHMAN.

Editors of THE EQUITY.

Gentlemen,—Poets write a great deal of gush on the pleasures of melancholy, adversity and sorrow. Your cotems will have a chance of enjoying this feeling to its fullest extent. The *Advance*, more than any other cause, has contributed to secure the success of Poupore in the present contest. This is the last thing that the *Advance* wished, so Mr. Poupore need not feel gratitude. Several things have contributed to this. First, the persistent ignoring, where to ignore was possible and where it was not, explaining away or giving false coloring to the public acts of Poupore and Bryson—they are one. Yesterday, and the *Advance* of the day before are conspicuous examples, e.g. the P.P. J. railway and colonization fund. Mr. Pattison endeavored to turn Poupore's plank by showing that Grit constituencies had been hardly dealt with by the Ross-Tailon government. Well, what are the facts? Those counties had, during the Joly, Mercier rule, got the lions share and it was only fair that they should get less now. But according to Mr. P's figures, each Grit county got more every year than Pontiac did in five. Here let me say that Poupore's explanation of his reasons, for doing as he did in the distribution, satisfied me—and I know satisfied others. I censured Poupore for his course. I have retracted—that is enough. But your space and my time is precious and I must pass on. We look in vain in the *Advance* and other Grit papers for any kindly or even civil word on the great Conservative party. They ought to remember that those fierce attacks invariably turn our sympathies towards those who are attacked. We Conservatives are not all knaves or fools. All Grits are immaculate conceptions. Even Grits may blunder. They were too splendidly ferocious by half when they honored Pontiac by bringing Mercier, MacShane & Co. That will never be forgiven. The better course would have been to "let sleeping dogs lie"—to have convened a meeting of leaders of both parties and framed a platform. This might have secured their end. At any rate it would have saved them from ignominious defeat. McVeigh was the unanimous choice, so was Roney, so is Porteous. Three in one contest! The nomination is past or the "dozen" might, each, have been unanimously chosen.

Another thing has caused much indignation remark by people of both parties. That is the contemptuous manner in which the *Advance* refers to the opening of the bridge. It says that a small platform was erected and that Poupore and Bryson made self-laudatory speeches. The time had come when Mr. Poupore was obliged to give an account of his public life, to give reasons for what he had done and left undone. Had he neglected to mention what he had done towards procuring aid, and otherwise securing the much needed means of transport, he would by so doing, have stamped himself as an idiot. Grits are not noted for modesty in blowing their own trumpets. The writer remem-

bers this loud blast, on the hustings, from a Grit candidate: "For twenty-five years I have been the most distinguished of all her majesty's subjects in Canada." Modest very modest! The same number of the *Advance* that rebukes Bryson and Poupore announces Mr. Mercier gave a donation towards an English Church. Well—where is the man who does not sometimes give to charities of an opposite faith?

QUIS.

Oct. 8th, 1886.

Editors of THE EQUITY.

The following was received too late last week for publication:

GENTLEMEN.—As one of yourselves was present at the political meeting at Portage du Fort on the 30th ult., it is needless to tell you how it went off; at the same time a few words about it from one of the citizens may not be out of place. You witnessed the very hearty reception Mr. Poupore received, and this I would like to emphasize as it bespeaks worth on both sides, as well for the electors as for the representative. It shows that no vindictive feelings away Mr. Poupore's electors, for although at the last election he did not poll a vote in the municipality yet by the course he pursued, he seems to have respected rather our loyalty to our deceased fellow-townsmen than to have resented our opposition to himself; and it shows also that we are not inappreciative of such generous conduct, or ungrateful for his good services by which the village benefitted so much. I condense the details of the meeting by merely stating that the chair was efficiently filled by Mr. John Coyne, that Mr. Poupore wiped the floor completely with Mr. McCuaig, that Mr. Bryson laid out his worship the Mayor decently, and in short order, and that Dr. Purvis rang the death-knell of the defunct Liberal party in Pontiac by declaring that he—even he—had no confidence in it. Poor Party! you died hard; a coroner's jury would find deceased came by his death owing to severe shocks received from the tergiversation of the senior and from the infernal—well say "too frequent negatives of truth of the junior editor of the *Advance*." What cause could be sustained on such support as "we understand that Mr. Poupore is in a fix to get some one to nominate him," or "no one but a political hack now speaks of Mr. Poupore being elected." Readers of the *Advance*, upon calm consideration, what do you think of that? A man, from before whom first one, and then another of the opponents brought against him by this worthy brace of former of public opinion slink away, can not get nominated!! No one speaks of his being elected!!! No one who addressed the meeting on the 30th was listened to with more attention than our old friend, and much esteemed former neighbor, George E. White. For some years past Mr. White has lived in the great republic, but his tongue has lost none of the easy persuasive fluency that many an audience in Pontiac heard in days gone by with profit and pleasure, and on no former occasion were Mr. White's suggestions more prudent or valuable than on the present. He said he did not presume to dictate to any what his politics should be, but he reminded the meeting that Pontiac was always a Conservative County—not less so now than formerly, and if a Liberal candidate had no chance at all, why run one? as it would only show the weakness of the party, whereas if the member was returned by acclamation it would strengthen his hands and increase his influence tenfold. I appeal then to the patriotism of the electors, let your reforms for a moment go; they will all come in good time. Stand by the County for once, it needs a great deal of assistance yet; why injure it by the casting of a few votes for the Liberal candidate that will be of no service to the party. Cease opposition, then, when it can bring no better result than a little gratification to the contemptible spite of disappointed ambition.

October 4th, 1886.

VOTER.

Sir Richard Cartwright has been at his congenial task—crying down Canada and puffing the United States. The Chathamian *Planet* says in an article on the speech he delivered at that place last week: "Sir Richard Cartwright's speech at the rink consisted principally of a comparison between the United States and Canada, and, of course, he placed the former in the most favourable light possible, while he painted the latter in colors which, if believed by a stranger to our country, would cause him to regard it as positively a curse to be obliged to live in Canada. Fancy a man coming from a foreign land here to precept. Had he dropped into the meeting to learn something if possible about our affairs, as it was announced that a meeting would be held to discuss the leading political questions, he would have been prompted to take the next train for the United States and seek out the Elysian fields painted by Sir Richard."

The London *Free Press* says: "A few days since the *Globe* was jubilant over the progress of Toronto, and now the

Free Press of Ottawa, another Grit journal, talks of the "vast growing commercial interests of the Dominion Capital," and is about to publish an eight page supplement to illustrate them. Such facts coming from unwilling witnesses to the prosperity of the country give the death blow to the assertions of the Blake-Mills people to the effect that Canada is going to the bad. There cannot be prosperous cities without there being at the same time a prosperous country.

MR. MERCIER'S ROLE.

That Mr. Mercier does not love the English people any too well, is an established fact. Not very long ago in a speech delivered in our House of Assembly against the encouragement of immigration, by the Local Government, he went so far as to characterize the people of the British Isles as "strangers." These men, Irishmen, Scotchmen and Englishmen, he would not have in our country if he could help it, and he spoke with all the eloquence at his command, against encouraging them to come here. He would keep them out by every means in his power. He was taken to task at the time by the *Chronicle*, and he ventured, while smarting under the rebuke which this journal administered to him, to make some sort of an explanation. But the apology for the insult was as weak as it was contemptible. Mr. Mercier pretended that he only referred to Germans and Swiss and other European elements. The people only laughed at his squirming, because they knew full well that the immigration debate referred only to the natives of our mother country, and not to farmers on the European continent. But Mr. Mercier has always been mad on the question of race. Of course he is politic enough not to show his true feelings in the Eastern townships, where there are many English speaking electors. In Richmond and in Compton and in other districts, where there is a strong English vote, he has one set of opinions, but in other quarters he exhibits principles of a totally different complexion. The editor of the *Richmond Guardian* commenting on Mr. Mercier's hatred of everything British, says that at Drummondville, he heard him say that the time had come to exterminate the English and Protestant minority, and Quebec should and would be governed by French-Canadians on French-Canadian lines. The same principles, the *Guardian* assures us, were advanced at Ste. Therese, only a few days ago. All these things seem to indicate that the English speaking electors of this province have no reason in the world to trust Mr. Mercier with the management of their affairs. He is opposed to them in every way. He will use Englishmen for his purpose if he can, but he has no sympathy with them in any way, and unlike Dr. Ross, his feelings are hostile to them. Thinking men will be apt to ask themselves ought they support a man who holds such extreme views concerning his fellow subjects of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, who speak a different language than his own? What can they hope to gain by helping such a man to power? The answer is ready. They would gain nothing, while they would lose a great deal. We have no wish to stir up a cry of Nationality and religion. Mr. Mercier and his band of extremists are doing it in sections where they believe they can do it with safety, and with the probability of catching a few ignorant votes. We can only expose his methods, and let the English-speaking electors of this district understand what will be their fate should Mr. Mercier ride into power on the 14th of this month. The introduction of question of race and creed into a contest such as ours, is both wicked and mischievous. It is monstrous and all good men should rise in their might on election day, and put down the party which raises so iniquitous a cry among a people whose aim ought to be to live at peace with one another. The Rouge Ultramontane party has no sympathy with the English-speaking population of Quebec. To ask the latter for their votes is surely the height of impudence. —Quebec *Chronicle*.

We have to apologize to our readers for the scarcity of Local news in this issue of THE EQUITY.

Vote for the FRIEND OF PONTIAC, MR. W. J. POUPORE.

AN UNSEEN POWER.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

CHAPTER I.—THE ESKINGS.

"On the 11th inst., at Mrs. Boarder's Establishment, Cheltenham, very suddenly, Captain Eldred Earl Thorburn, of Thorburns, aged 72 years."

"Papa! Captain Thorburn is dead."

Miss Esking handed him the *tatami*.

They were sitting at breakfast in the house called Little Thorburns, which had once been the bailiff's cottage. Mr. Esking bought it ten years before this date, and he had not ceased to enlarge the small but substantial dwelling. The space before it, originally a bare court-yard, was nearly covered with buildings, which left but a narrow drive to the front door. The cabbage garden behind, and a croft adjacent, were now a delightful pleasure, stretching to the wall of Thorburns the Great. No impulse of hospitality moved Mr. Esking to extend and beautify his house. Though liberal, and even extravagant, in entertaining such guests as paid him a visit, they were so few that the bailiff's cottage would have been almost large enough. He simply wanted space for his "collections," and as they grew, or were brought from mouldy cellars at his former residence in Shuttleton, rooms were built to show them off.

The result was a congeries of roofs and walls, not uncomfortable to live in, but mighty puzzling to the strange visitor. Oddest freaks of all was the central building, a tower in the Byzantine style, more or less, designed as Mr. Esking said, to pull the shapeless mass together. It contained, among a thousand odds and ends, such pictures as he had gathered in a miscellaneous sort of way; for painting—and architecture evidently—were the only arts he did not study. This is not to say that the antiquarian knew nothing of them. In the point of view he took, few authorities ranked higher. But it was the history he understood rather than the practice. From this tower Mr. Esking could survey the grounds and the house of his neighbour, Captain Thorburn, when he chose.

It may be guessed that this was a man of character. He made his fortune in a manufactory at Shuttleton, and those who had no occasion to observe him in another light quoted his diligence, shrewdness, and exactitude in trade as a model to the younger generation. At middle-age he was rich in hard money, and yet wealthier in those recollections that have given him fame throughout Europe. No one knew their value or their extent, for, unlike most of his class, Mr. Esking seldom attended meetings of the learned, and still more rarely displayed his treasures. When he did exhibit anything, it was a treasure indeed.

An antiquary in the widest sense was he. Nothing in that line came amiss, but his deepest enthusiasm was given to early English art. His gallery of drawings, his cabinets of china, ivories, carving in all materials, plate, smith's work, and what not, were envied and admired by the Savans of the British Museum. He travelled widely in youth, at a day when such things were hardly valued, and all the money he could spare, after scrupulously and anxiously providing for the need of business, was devoted to the purchase of what friends and rivals alike call rubbish. The price paid seemed ridiculous to these worthy folk; they seemed ridiculous now, but in another sense. His accounts, posted up for nearly half a century, showed an expenditure of shillings, and even pence, where now a hundred pounds might be refused, not injudiciously.

The first love of this great collector was that which comes last to many of his sort—coins. It led him to the search of historical "roles," which, in turn, developed into a hobby for illuminating manuscripts. Thence he naturally came to feel interest in very new engravings, specially illustrations of artistic work. Letters and autographs followed. Then ornamented armour, medieval jewel-work, plate, and I know not what besides. No fancy was dropped when another came into prominence: all went on simultaneously, and as occasion offered, Mr. Esking made incursions into any field. His Rhodian china, for instance, and his Tanagra figures, could not be matched in any gallery of Europe. Little Thorburns was a museum. But, as I have said, the earliest arts of England had Mr. Esking's warmest love.

He had bought this cottage and a few acres of land some ten years before my story opens, and withdrawn from trade shortly after. The purchase confirmed his friends in their opinion that he was "daft." Little Thorburns is situated fifty miles from Shuttleton, where Mr. Esking's interests and acquaintance lay. If there be a district still remaining in England where modern ideas and conveniences do not rule, it is that. Even the yeoman have a pride of ancestry, a scorn for trade, and a distrust of outlandish pursuits. It was pointed out to him that the neighbors would not be friendly, to say the least, and that the difficulties of reaching that sequestered hamlet would deter elderly contemporaries from seeking him out. Ladies suggested, also, that if Mr. Esking were indifferent to these considerations, he should think of his daughter, who, in process of time, would want companions of her own age. But no argument moved him. He sent the child away to spend her earliest youth in the family of his sister, Mrs. Fanshawe, and went into banishment.

Things did not prove so bad as was expected. Captain Thorburn, of Thorburns, who sold him this little property, shared in a vague and muddled way the tastes of his new neighbor. They had met from time to time for many years past in auction rooms, or at those small and dusty shops in a back street where odd things used to be picked up half a century ago. The dull squire of long descent was pleased in a condescending way to make friends with the keen and thoughtful tradesman. He fell into a habit of consulting him by letter, and after due time he begged advice upon his private business. This led, after many years, to a visit, and from that date his respect for Mr. Esking as an authority in art was supplemented by a high opinion of his capacity in affairs.

Captain Thorburn had succeeded to a small estate, loaded with charges and encumbrances. During some careless years in the service he had added to them, and when

age brought increasing difficulties his attempts to make money swelled the burden. Mr. Esking lent him small sums on due security, and as things grew worse he gradually bought such objects as suited him: from the collection at Thorburns at a good market price; for his nature, if cold and self-absorbed, had no taint of meanness. These relations brought them into such familiarity as was possible between men so unlike. But all this was unknown to the good folks of Shuttleton.

When Mr. Esking bought Little Thorburns from the ruined owner, that gentleman still made a certain show, befitting the oldest family in the county, if not in England. The estate had passed from father to son, as popular belief went, from times earlier than the Conquest. The Thorburns had left no record in history, but their ancient dwelling proved that they once were rich. It was almost a ruin now, but so extensive that the squire found accommodation for his small household under roofs still whole, behind windows unbroken. Financial disasters do not wreck the importance of a family like this, in such a neighborhood. The greatest people still paid respect to its representative, and attended the small entertainments he gave; which, in an essential point, the Duke could not rival, for Captain Thorburn had not yet sold his ancestral wines.

Mr. Esking could not have been persuaded to show himself on these occasions, but of necessity he made acquaintances, of a sort, among the country people. They recognised him—nothing beyond that, of course. When the rumour spread that personages of European fame called at Little Thorburns, they even felt some small curiosity about the new owner. Mr. Esking did not encourage this sentiment. If the country folk were inclined to qualify their scorn for the Shuttleton manufacturer, he still felt scorn unmingled for them, as a rule. Mr. Esking judged a family, *qua* family by its name. He admitted that all are found on the Battle Roll, though no man was keener to expect the interpolations of that document. An entry there proved at least that the gens was important enough to buy or compel a forgery in very early days. He accepted also the Roll of Caerlaverock. For all the rest, unless their names showed them to be pure English, Mr. Esking despised them. His own patronymic, "The son of the ash tree," contained within itself the realms of mystic lore. No further evidence was needed to show an antiquity and an importance which the oldest and grandest of Norman stocks could not approach. That he and his forefathers had been in trade, so far as the brief records of the family stretched back, was a fact utterly insignificant and beside the question.

But shortly before Hilda returned to her father's house, an interruption of this intimacy with Captain Thorburn occurred. The Squire suddenly shut up his house, realised everything he possessed, and vanished from the scene. This catastrophe had been long expected, for his embarrassments were notorious. It was vaguely rumoured that Mr. Esking kept him going, but no one knew. Captain Thorburn had long since deserted county lawyers, putting himself into the hands of a Shuttleton solicitor. Every one knew, however, that he had sold and given up his last acre, saving possibly the house and grounds—it had no park. He withdrew to London, and presently to Cheltenham. Thorburns stood empty in charge of an old sailor.

So at length we return to that announcement by Miss Esking, which so disturbed her father; but a little more explanation is needed before we can take up our narrative.

Of Mr. Esking's wife I have no particulars. He never spoke of her, perhaps, because the subject was painful, but more probably, I fear, because the incident was almost forgotten. The child remained with her father until he withdrew to Little Thorburns, when his sister took charge of her. Mr. Esking made a very liberal allowance, and showed himself thoughtful for his daughter's interests, as for all things else that demanded his attention. Nothing of the thriftless student about him. Each summer Hilda—as she was christened, though every one added an "a"—paid a visit, and she spent Christmas tide at home.

Mrs. Fanshawe was the widow of her brother's late partner, left alone with an only son. When Mr. Esking drew all his money out of the concern it was a heavy blow. Mr. Fanshawe, a careless, pleasant fellow, always used to wealth, made no reduction in his handsome establishment or his liberal customs. The loss of Mr. Esking's brain was more important even than the loss of his capital. The business struggled on amidst increasing difficulties, of which Mrs. Fanshawe knew nothing. Then her husband died, and his affairs were wound up at a time when Mr. Esking was on the Continent. New men came in, who covenanted, upon very weak security, to pay the widow a large sum by instalments.

She was naturally anxious that her boy should marry his cousin, but neither of the children took that view. Hubert Fanshawe, the elder by seven years, fell in love with a pretty, penniless girl of the neighborhood, and after a feeble resistance his mother submitted. Very few weeks after marriage the crash came, and Mrs. Fanshawe lost everything except the money settled on her. She withdrew to a small house, where Hubert and his wife came to live: for the young man, bred to no business, was incapable of earning a livelihood. And Hilda returned home at fifteen years of age.

I am not sure that Mr. Esking saw her loveliness as such, but he recognized with satisfaction, a type as true, in the ethnic sense, as could be found. Not Rowena, daughter of Hengist—whom he called Rugven, daughter of Hengist—showed less mixture of alien blood. English was Hilda in every point, English of the pure old stock. She grew up tall, white, blue-eyed, flaxen, deep-bosomed. If her movements in the house were languid, it was assuredly not for lack of health, or strength, or spirits. If her laugh did not come readily, it was not that she wanted intelligence. If her speech was low and careless, no one suspected her of feeble character.

Mr. Esking had feared that this young

girl might interrupt his calm and studious life; but he soon found his alarms baseless. She did not interfere with him at all, nor show the slightest discontent for their lonely existence. Her single wish, long restrained, was to have two ponies for riding; and as soon as her father perceived this he granted it. With a fresh mount for the afternoon Hilda was quite happy. Between whiles she lived in the garden, or, if the day was very wet—cold did not signify—sat under the verandah, which, as we shall see in good time, made the only communication from the living rooms to her father's study. As for education, that stopped point-blank; Rugven, daughter of Hengist, did not know French or play the piano; but upon the other hand she led an open-air life like Hilda. Captain Thorburn had just retired at the time of her arrival, and even such limited excitement as his visits must have caused was lost. In the first twelve months of her residence, no stranger called, excepting a few persons of scientific distinction and venerable years. Even the rector and curates stayed away, for though Mr. Esking attended church with methodical exactitude, and was liberal enough with his cheque book, he did not welcome the clergy. But Hilda was quite unconcerned.

After the twelve months a certain change happened. She began to reach an age when young men notice a girl, and some parents of the neighbourhood observed the interest of their sons without discouragement. The rector found his pews better filled than of yore, in the season when youthful scions of the squirearchy are at home. Then people recollected that they had met Mr. Esking at Thorburns, and bowed. He answered with formal courtesy, but showed so little appreciation, that few had the courage to go further. But one family persevered. This was Genest of the Warrenage, father and son. The old gentleman had been a great ally of Captain Thorburn's, one who could sympathize feelingly with his desperate situation. He introduced his heir, a young graduate of Brasenose, who had already won honors, and was zealous, as both declared, in the arts and tastes Mr. Esking followed.

The archives of Thorburns, which the owner preserved with care, though he never read them, nor could, had been open to his friends, who spent much time among them. There Mr. Esking found evidence that the claim of the Genests to ancient lineage was not so mythical as that of others more prosperous at the present day. Though he did not find the name in those "rolls" mentioned, Mr. Esking accepting the warranty; and George Genest was a young man to take advantage of an opening. He could not win familiarity with father or daughter, but he secured toleration, and made the most of it.

Two years had passed since George began his approaches; he was now a Fellow, a barrister, and great things were expected of him in the county. "Something" even was thought possible by his acquaintance in town. With Hilda he had not advanced an inch apparently, but no one else had entered the field, and she was now eighteen. Most people thought that he would carry off the belle of the neighborhood. So we finally return to the first page of this history.

Mr. Esking read the paragraph twice, laid the newspaper aside carefully, and resumed his meal. A stranger would not have observed any sign of disturbance beyond a strange surprise. The grey-haired, handsome old man discussed his breakfast with a fine appetite. There was no sign of trouble in his kindly eyes. But Hilda knew him well. Deep pondering of vicissitudes in history, combined with the experience of prosaic life which a great business confers, had destroyed the sense of mere astonishment in Mr. Esking. The death of a friend would not have moved him in that way whatever the circumstances, nor in truth, would almost any incident. Hilda concluded that there were matters beyond her cognisance in the relations of these two men. But the question did not interest her.

"I think I will go to Shuttleton, my dear," said Mr. Esking at last.

"Will you be able to return this evening?"

"By the last train, perhaps. Oh, you are thinking of Hubert's arrival? Well, I dare say you will be more comfortable without me."

"I don't know much of Kate, papa."

"Ladies make acquaintance very quick."

No more was said. An hour afterwards Mr. Esking drove to the station.

This visit had been hinted by Mrs. Fanshawe for a long while, upon Kate's suggestion—though she did not suspect that influence. Hubert's wife was terribly disappointed with the result of her marriage. She loved her husband in a way, as much, perhaps, as she could love, but his wealth and position had been great inducements. Kate felt the longing for "good society" so common with her class, in its most virulent form. She had hoped, through her own charms, set off by Hubert's money, to make her way among the county people round Shuttleton, and in town to be paragraphed in the society papers. That pleasing vision escaped before the honeymoon ended.

The blow was dreadful: to exchange the luxury of Grosvenor Villa and a house in Chester square, Hyde Park, for a mean residence with her mother-in-law in a by-street of Shuttleton, exceeded the pains of any martyr. Moreover, this was not all. Mrs. Fanshawe took the religious craze under pressure of her misfortunes. She joined a local sect of Brethren—I forget their spiritual name—and held prayer meetings at her house. Hubert asserted himself—he did not want firmness on occasion—but his wife could not resist. The one comfort she felt when this state of things developed, did not last. The head of the sect in position, though not by any means in influence, was Mr. Mendel, of Mendel Hall, the great banker of Shuttleton; but socially he did not recognize the Brethren, and Kate soon found that her hopes of getting into society again through his means were desperate.

Under these circumstances, Little Thorburns became a sort of Promised Land, where, if she could make good her footing, pleasures delightful might be enjoyed. They had very great notions in Shuttleton about Mr. Esking's place in the country. None of his old acquaintances had been asked to Little Thorburns. But he had been a personage too important in the town to be forgotten. They talked much of him, especially of course, at Mrs. Fanshawe's small tea parties, and legends were current. Kate naturally fancied that he held some such position in the country as he had held in Shuttleton.

Another motive, in which her husband took part, was the chance of a legacy. Mr. Esking had a great fortune to leave, and it would be only just to give a fair slice of it to Hubert since his withdrawal from the factory had ruined the young man's life forever.

For three years, therefore, the Fanshaws had been endeavouring to get an invitation to Little Thorburns, as a first step towards various objects. With Mr. Esking they failed utterly, but a short time before, Kate had addressed herself to Hilda, and the appeal succeeded forthwith.

In the afternoon of the day they arrived, Hilda was pleased to see her cousin, who had many good points. A very big man he was, not handsome, nor clever, nor good, but resolute and absolutely fearless. She liked the other side of his character so much as to overlook the other.

Kate was sympathetic in no way. Though perfectly pretty in face and figure, the unprejudiced eye of her own sex remarked a sharpness of nose and style in general, a smartness of dress, and a familiarity of tone very unprepossessing. She had not the slightest notion of tact in pursuing her one aim of life—selfish advantage; nor did her manner promise that she would be scrupulous about the method of securing it.

"How you've grown!" Kate exclaimed at once. "Why, she's almost as tall as you, Hubert! What a funny room! Now, what do you call this?"

"We call it the breakfast room, or sometimes mine."

"Well, uncle did not consult you about the furnishing of it, I should think. I never saw so many pictures out of a shop."

"They are drawings of the old English school. Papa changes them sometimes."

"The oftener the better you think, don't you? My! What horrid daubs! Uncle hasn't spent much on the frames either! You don't mean to tell me that these belong to the collection I've heard so much of?"

"Papa has many thousands of them—of the French and Italian schools also. Their value does not lie in the frames. Will you take off your bonnet, Kate?"

"Let us go round the place first."

Patently Hilda led the way into Mr. Esking's old study, used now for a dining-room, which was walled from floor to ceiling, with huge portfolios, neatly labelled.

"They are all full of sketches like those you have seen," she explained. But Kate rushed to the mantelpiece, where in a large glass case a variety of odds and ends in gold and silver were displayed; around and above it many priceless bits of china and miscellaneous objects too precious to be cleaned.

"This is more like what I expected! How awfully pretty that coral is! It was yours, I suppose?"

"No, indeed! That was made for a French prince many hundred years ago."

"It would suit a modern English baby just as well, if I had one. And that buckle, hey! They are diamonds, I suppose?"

"I really don't know."

"Certainly they're diamonds! If Uncle gave me my choice of anything in the room, I should choose that buckle."

Hilda led the way back. "Is there no more on this side?" asked Hubert.

"Yes. We are going to papa's new study, which he calls the charter room."

She opened a door that led into the garden, and passed along a verandah.

"You don't mean to say you are obliged to go out of doors when you want to get from one room to another?"

"Unless you go through the kitchen. This is the way to the charter room."

"Well, of all the idiotic houses—," she interrupted herself suddenly, warned by a sharp squeeze from Hubert. "But I admit that this is worth a promenade to see! It's the drawing-room, I suppose?"

We never have occasion for one. This is where papa sits generally. All those old chests are full of manuscripts and wonderful things."

Kate felt no interest in such matters, nor pretended. All around the large apartment stood glazed cases, which Mr. Esking kept full of pretty things to amuse and occupy a visitor who might have to wait there—or to amuse himself. The least was valuable. Kate ran over them with inarticulate exclamations of surprise and delight, trying to raise the lids securely locked.

"What funny curios, and all so lovely! Are those real diamonds? Oh, oh, oh!—Uncle will spare me some of these things, surely! I would take great care of them! Do you think I might ask him?"

"It would be very injudicious to suggest such a thing," said Hilda, with grave insignificance.

"Oh! Well, we may admire." But I suppose Mrs. Fanshawe did not care to admire long, when she had no prospect of possessing. Very soon Hilda found her ready to go.

Hubert had been surveying the windows with interest.

"I don't see any shutters. Is it possible that these things are left unprotected at night? Why, that case of gems alone—," pointing to a large glazed tray, which stood in front of a screen—"must be worth thousands."

"It's a fancy of papa's that shutters invite a burglar. You see the windows are double, of the thickest plate glass, and we have three dogs close by."

They went round the garden, visited the stove, greenhouses, and so on; but Mrs. Fanshawe did not care for flowers. Her interest suddenly revived in the orchard house, where she picked some miscellaneous samples without asking leave.

"Do you keep any horses," Hubert asked, "besides the pair that met us?"

"Oh! yes! I have one, and there's a dear old creature for the dog cart, which Jennings rides when he goes out with me."

"Then you ride? What a pity uncle hasn't two hacks! perhaps he might hire one for me."

"I'm sure he will try, if it would give you pleasure."

They returned to the house, and Hilda secured an hour's respite while Kate dressed for dinner. She foresaw annoyance, not on her own account alone; Mr. Esking would revolt, and if his niece asked him for any pretty trifle that had its place in his collection—as, almost certainly, she would—his reply might be rude.

Kate was amused by the odd old things that appeared upon the dinner table, and then she began to ask questions about her uncle—why he had gone to Shuttleton this night of all others, and so forth. Hilda mentioned Captain Thorburn's death.

"Is he gone?" cried Hubert. "Then Uncle

has made a good thing of his annuity after all?"

"What annuity?"

"Oh, he didn't tell you, I suppose? You're not in all his secrets, Hilda—mum's the word for me then!"

"Oh! no, it isn't! Not with the wife of your bosom, my dear. If you know a secret, out with it."

Hubert looked round; the man-servant, Armstrong, had left the room for a moment.

"Well, we're tiled here," he said. "It was Jackson informed me. He says that uncle settled an annuity on Thorburn, with the condition that he takes all the old chap has to leave at his death. I suppose we shall find out the lady of Thorburns next time you come, and blazing with diamonds."

"Why diamonds?" Kate echoed, jealously.

"Oh! the Treasure, my dear! Of course Uncle will find it. He's just the man. His life has been a regular apprenticeship to the business of hunting out such things."

"I don't believe a word of that nonsense. Do you, Hilda?"

"I haven't an idea what you're talking about."

"Oh! indeed! Then we'll drop the subject."

"I am quite serious. Who is Mr. Jackson, to begin with?"

"Thwaites's managing clerk, and Thwaites is uncle's lawyer. I meet him sometimes."

Their encounter took place mostly in the billiard room of the Greyhound, when Hubert could secure an hour's freedom at night.

Armstrong came in, but in reply to a significant glance Hilda said aloud, "Now, tell me what you mean about a Treasure?"

"Do you really pretend you have not heard of it? Come, now!"

"I don't pretend it, and I should like very much to hear."

"It's all nonsense, of course," Kate broke in, "but your servant knows the story, I'll undertake." She addressed the butler in her familiar tone, "Don't you?"

Armstrong looked at his mistress, who nodded.

"There's talk of such a thing on the country side, m'm," he said respectfully.

"Of a Treasure of Thorburns?"

"Yes, miss. The story goes that some gentleman buried it a long time ago, and died."

"Without telling anyone where he had hidden it, you know," Kate said.

"How very strange! Does papa—I wonder whether papa knows this legend?"

"Of course, he does! Don't he, Armstrong?"

After another look at his mistress, the butler answered cautiously,—

"I should think Mr. Esking may have heard tell, madam."

"You may depend upon it," said Hubert, "that Jackson was well-informed. Uncle paid old Thorburn an annuity in order to get the place at his death, and look for the Treasure himself."

"Ah, but where is it?" Hilda cried.

"Ah, that is just what the Thorburns have been trying to find out for ever so long! Jackson says they've dug the whole property over one time and another. The great hall is in ruins, isn't it? David Thorburn did that. He was brother to the old chap just dead, and they quarrelled about it."

"A telegram, miss!" interrupted Armstrong.

"Shall not be home till to-morrow afternoon at the earliest. Give my best love to Hubert and Kate!"

"Captain Thorburn's death will cause uncle a deal of business, of course," said Kate. "I don't believe the silly old tale, but I hope he'll begin to dig at once. What fun if we discovered the treasure!"

With this interesting topic to discuss, the evening did not prove so wearisome as Hilda had feared.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Shrewd Buffaloes.

The tame buffaloes of India are said to possess an unusually intelligent nature, notwithstanding their rough exterior. An English traveller, who has made the passage up the Brahmaputra, relates an instance of mathematical calculation on the part of these animals such as must have been amusing to witness, as it is entertaining to read. "Once," he says, "while our party were awaiting the arrival of a steamer coming down the river, wanting something where-with to occupy our minds, we became interested in watching the behavior of a herd of buffaloes belonging to a neighboring village. We remarked that each morning, about six o'clock, the whole herd swam across the river from the opposite side, the bull considerably in advance leading the way, followed by the matrons with their calves by their sides."

Entering the water about half a mile farther up on the opposite bank, the strong current washed them down to the village where they wished to land. This was a judicious calculation of distance and power of the current as could have been made by the most able mathematician.

The river at this point was fully half a mile broad, but as there was better feeding-ground on the other bank, the animals preferred the swim. After they had reached the bank safely there was a halt for a few minutes to rest and recover breath.

"It was a pleasing sight to watch the natural anxiety of each matron for her young one towards the end of the swim, when they were beginning to tire; the repeated turn of the head to see how the youngster was getting on, and the satisfaction when at length, wearied with the long journey, the little one rested its head upon its mother for support."

Plenty to Eat.

"Them biled potatoes," said the tramp, "was a little bit soggy."

"It's not often ye get as good a dinner as that, I'll warrant ye," declared the woman.

"Not at this season of the year," the tramp asserted, "but in winter I get all I want to eat an' it don't cost me a cent."

"What do you eat?"

"Snow balls; they're a heap better 'n soggy potatoes."

"I should think they'd make your mouth water," said the woman, slamming the door.

What every married man in this country wants is a trained, fierce-looking little mouse that will appear whenever called. It will settle a family quarrel in less time than it takes to provoke one.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE, CLEAN, DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL HEATERS IN THE MARKET for warming ventilating Churches, Schools, Public Buildings, Stores and Private Residences. Simple in construction easily managed, capable of giving more heat with less consumption of fuel than any other heating apparatus. Heating Gas Night "3. Right size. "Hearth" and four sizes. "Hearth" are and can be set with or Brick or Portable form. Correspondence solicited. For Catalogue and further information address

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THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, OCTOBER, 14th, 1886.

A CONTRAST.

Before another issue of *THE EQUITY* reaches the public, the electorate of this province will have decided which political party is to rule its destinies for the next parliamentary period of five years. On the one hand we have before us for consideration the record of the Ross-Tailon administration. That record shows that the affairs of the Province have been managed with economy, prudence and ability, it is one which has been commended by the independent press of the country, and the government by which it is produced is acknowledged by every fair thinking man to have been by far the most competent that has held sway in the province of Quebec since confederation. By a strict observance of the principles of economy the government has not only brought revenue and expenditure to an equilibrium, but they have placed a balance of \$24,000 on the credit side of the ledger for the year 1885-86. The present year, 1886-7—there is an estimated surplus of nearly \$100,000. Whilst this very necessary and important change has been effected in our financial condition, the expenditure in connection with our educational system, and the development of the country, has not been curtailed; on the contrary, the grants in each case have been materially increased. Especially has the work of colonization been encouraged; we need not go beyond the limits of this county for proof of this.

The Ross-Tailon government having, therefore proven its trustworthiness and capability, can certainly lay well founded claims for continued support from the people of the province of Quebec.

On the other hand we have for consideration the party of which Mr. Mercier is leader, be it known by the name of Liberal or National, it matters not. Of that party we have yet to learn something which commends it to the public confidence. The record of Mr. Mercier, himself as disclosed by the declarations of his own political friends, is sufficient to condemn it without contemplating the personnel of his prospective cabinet. A man who has been mixed up in so many dishonest transactions, it must be admitted, is not one who should be entrusted with the reins of government, when we have within our reach tried men, upon whose public and private characters there is no stain. It is needless for us to refer again to the desperate game which Mr. Mercier and his coadjutors have been playing during the past year in the efforts to win office, suffice it to say that therein lies their only hope of being successful. Thanks to the good sense of an intelligent people, that hope is fast receding. Every day brings fresh assurances of the increasing strength of the government, and its certainty of being returned to office. The advantages gained by Mr. Mercier on the revenge cry have only been temporary. Anticipating that Mr. Mercier's object was to use them as stepping stones to power a number of national Conservatives have become disaffected and refuse to follow him further. This defection will, of course be of advantage to the Conservative party, which can count upon the support of a large portion of the Liberal party, who have discovered in Mr. Mercier a pill to nauseous for their political tactics. The general outlook is therefore favorable to the return of the Ross-Tailon administration.

Coming to the county, the contest is regarded on all sides as one of the grossest absurdity. That there is a contest is due wholly to the perversity of a handful of Grits in this village, than whom none are better aware that they have the remotest chance of success only for those men. Mr. Poupore would certainly have been returned by acclamation, and it was just by the skin of their teeth they managed to prevent it. Candidates after candidate replaced each other, finding the prospect hopeless, until Mr. Porteous took the field. Everyone acknowledges that he has weakened the position; but Mr. Porteous holds a different view, he either places a superabundant amount of confidence in the strength of his personal popularity, or refuses to see that his political obliteration is inevitable. It may be that the secret of Mr. Porteous' positiveness is that he attaches some great importance to the fact of being a candidate, whether defeated or not. If this is so, he will be assured a gratification of which it will be difficult to deprive him. Mr. Porteous being determined to be accessary to his own political death, upon him alone should rest the consequences. It remains with the Conservatives to see that the sacrifice is complete. Do no

stay at home on the pretext that your vote will be unnecessary. Remember the greater the majority rolled up for Mr. Poupore, the greater weight will his influence have in the Legislative halls of the country. Every available vote in the county should be recorded. It will be an evidence that people are taking an interest in the affairs of the province, as it will also be a practical test of the state of feeling regarding the issues which are now before the electorate. Again we say, consider well the merits and demerits of the men before you, and the political parties they represent. You will then be enabled to record an intelligent vote, the result of which we feel assured will be the return to office of the men who have proven themselves to be the best friends of our province, to the exclusion and extinction of the horde of demagogues whose only recommendation is the almost inhuman zeal they display in striving to become our future rulers.

THE ADVANCE'S CORRESPONDENTS.

If not edifying, it has at least been amusing to peruse the successive communications which have come before the public eye for the past few months through the *Advance*. In speaking of communications, we are to be understood as referring to the effusions of individuals who have dealt with the question of provincial politics generally, and of this county in particular, and which we assume are to be accepted as representing truly the views of the authors, whose perspicuity has enabled them to discern in the present aspect such unmistakable signs of the rout of the Conservative party as the result of to-day's election, that they attach a positiveness to their prognostications which there is no mistaking. Communications of this character have been numerous, and as the weeks roll on the number seems to increase rather than diminish, which is a fact made singular by its contradistinctiveness to the fast receding probability of the Liberals gaining that political advantage which they exultantly counted upon as safe a short time ago. Another singularity in connection with these communications is that notwithstanding how they may increase in number, the identity of ideas seems to be preserved; or in other terms, it can be traced to the limited sphere of two or three. To some minds, doubtless, this view appears rather absurd; but those who have a knowledge of how this apparent transmigration of thought is brought about will readily acknowledge its plausibility. We have more than once shown how it has been accomplished by our friends of the *Advance*, hence it is not necessary that they should be particularized in the present instance. We simply touch on the subject again to refer briefly to the attitude of an individual, whose advent to this county dates a few months back. This individual, whilst destined by a stern Fate to share in the punishment inflicted of old on the incontinent Jew, has the gratification of knowing, that in the dispensation of superior faculties, he has not been entirely overlooked. Providence at least has endowed him with that of being pragmatic. Although we have not come in personal contact with him, he is by no means a stranger to us. Possessing as he does a penchant for literary notoriety we first meet him through the *Pembroke Observer*, when he assumed the role of Kippewa correspondent to that journal over the signature of "Juno." We soon saw that the man possessed some ability—that is ability to defame and malign gentlemen the latches of whose shoes he was unworthy to loose. This led us to inquire about him, and we were told he was one of Mr. Mowat's "fire bugs" of Ontario. Turning up subsequently in Pontiac, no doubt in search of congenial spirits, we next meet him through the *Advance*. He had a new nom de plume—"Therapoon"—it is true, but the "mark of the beast" was so plainly visible throughout his rignarole of Billingsgate, that our suspicions regarding the new correspondent were aroused. On inquiry we learned that he was a sort of itinerant handy man, hailing from the direction of Kippewa. This gave us little difficulty in identifying the author of "Therapoon" with the *Observer's* correspondent. Weekly budgets over the signature last quoted still find a corner in the *Advance*, but the capacity which the author possesses for generating stuff of a specious character renders it necessary for him to take additional means of unburdening himself, and thus we find him in collusion with his peers of the *Advance* in perpetrating the correspondence fraud. To the latter it may be and no doubt is a source of gratification; they are determined to vent their spleen on those whom they have failed to injure; their course has been one of misrepresentation throughout; they realize that as such it is regarded by eight-tenths of the people of

this county, and in order to present some kind of a false front they are prepared to utter the vilest slanders against those whom they are powerless to defeat, and make the most unwarrantable declarations of assurance regarding their own strength and chances of success. This has been well established and needs no comment. But when we come to contemplate the conduct of an alien—(better men have been stigmatized tramp)—an individual whose knowledge of the county and its requirements is infinitesimal; who has no interests at stake, and possibly never will have any; who knows nothing of the men he is and has been maligning, nor can he give any just cause or pretext for so doing; we say when we come to consider the conduct of such an individual, the conclusion arrived at is that we have before us the most consummate exhibition of cheek, audacity and ignorance which it has ever been our misfortune to behold.

ONLY 500!

Mr. Porteous' courage is only equalled by his assurance. A day or two ago he had the modesty to declare that he would have a majority of 500 over Mr. Poupore, and that, mark you, is going to be achieved without any trouble! Assuming an air of self-complacency, he tells those who are opposed to him, that with such odds in his favor, it will be useless to persist in giving further opposition; if they cannot vote for him, he advises them to remain at home, quietly, and not pay any attention to the election. Is Mr. Porteous actually silly enough to imagine that the electors of this county are to be lulled into a state of quiescence by the influence of such an absurd fallacy? If he does, he must have come to the conclusion that they have lost control of their mental faculties, which certainly adds one to the host of delusions under which Mr. Porteous is laboring. Of this we need scarcely say he will be made humbly cognizant on the evening of the 14th, when he comes to sum up his expected majority. As the result of the disclosure that will then be met with we predict a very sick Grit in the person of Mr. Henry Porteous.

STAVED IT OFF.

Dr. Gaboury, who may be justly regarded as the nondescript politician of this county, promised when nomination day came to make some startling disclosures in re the sale of the North shore railway, which would militate greatly to Mr. Poupore's disadvantage. Nomination day closed, however, with an eager public still looking aghast at the irresolute M. D. The doctor's confusedly disconnected harangue contained nothing to appall or electrify. But he continues to threaten. Particularly vehement is his avowed determination to "show Mr. Poupore up," since the latter gentleman gave him an unmerciful castigation at Fort Coulonge on Saturday evening last. Mr. Porteous, too, it seems is in possession of the secret, and also intends to astound the electors before polling day. But the starch is all taken out of the affair when it is known that this card is to be played against Mr. Poupore in a quiet way,—one which he will not have any opportunity of counteracting. This is what we call the most contemptible of sneaking cowardice. If these gentlemen have any charges to make against Mr. Poupore's character, why don't they come out on a public platform and do so like men instead of stealing around whispering in the ears of electors who they imagine can be easily duped.

The *Advance* of this week seems to think the cause of Reform was unfairly dealt with on Nomination day because Mr. Norman McCuaig was not permitted to speak on behalf of Mr. Porteous at the windup of the speeches, the latter gentleman being absent. But it has nothing to say of the nomination in 1882 when Mr. Poupore attempted to speak for Mr. Bryson, who had been called away by telegram. Did the Grits display the courtesy upon that occasion, which they consider should have been accorded them on Wednesday last? We leave the *Advance* to reply. The Conservatives carried out their part of the programme on Wednesday; if the Grits did not do so they have themselves to blame.

WARRIED.

At St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, Ont., on Wednesday, Oct. 14th, by the Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, uncle of the bride, Mr. Harry Purvis, of Portage du Fort, to Miss Annie Henderson, only daughter of the late James Laidlaw, Esq., Jr., of Milton, County Hamilton, Ont.

IN GOOD REPUTE.—James McMurdoch, writing from Kinsale, says: "I have a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, 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."

Strayed.

UNTO THE PREMISES of the undersigned a red bull, two years old. The owner can have him proving property and paying for this advertisement.

WILLIAM BENNETT, Greenmount P. O.

Thorne, Oct. 7, 1886.

AGENTS WANTED.

CLEMENT & CO., 46 WELLINGTON Street East, Toronto—St. Francis Xavier Street, Montreal, want a General Agent. They are a remedy for diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, 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.

The above is an exact form of the Ballot Paper which is to be used in to-day's election. It will be noticed that Mr. Poupore's name is placed in the lower or second division, and that the sign: + is placed opposite his name, which indicates that the Ballot Paper is marked in Mr. Poupore's favor. Those who intend to vote for Mr. Poupore are requested to observe this.

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.

FATAL ATTACKS.—Among the most prevalent fatal and sudden attacks of disease, are those incident to the summer and fall, such as Cholera Morbus, Billious Colic, Diarrhoea, 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.

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.—Scul 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;	\$30.00 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;	\$35.00 to second;	\$15.00 to third.
Free for all Trot,		Purse \$125.00.
\$70.00 to first;	\$35.00 to second;	\$20.00 to third.

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 21st 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 being made to obtain special return rates from all points on the C. P. R. to Haley's Station. Stages connect with trains four times daily.

Wm. BECKETT,

PRESIDENT.

For 129 du Fort, Oct. 2-11, 1886.

JOHN MOONEY,

SECRETARY TREASURER.

HONORABLE MASHAM SCHOOL No. 2, FOR SEPT.—
4th Class—Emma McGee, 1st; Sophie McGee, 2nd; Ab-
bie Johnston, 3rd; And. Hamilton, 4th; Willie Hutton
and Eliza A. Johnston, equal; 5th Abbie O'Hara, Mar-
tha Spillars and Jas. McGee, equal.
3rd Class—John and Lorena C. Pritchard, 1st, equal;
Frankie Johnston, 2nd; Addie Brown, 3rd.
2nd Class—Edith McGee, 1st; Jennie Pritchard, 2nd;
Sarah J. Pritchard, 3rd; Matthew Woods and Ida Spal-
lis 4th, equal.
1st Class—Ethel Johnston, 1st; Mary Kennedy,
2nd; Edith Johnston, 3rd; Hiram Brown, 4th.
2nd part 1st Class—Florrie Woods, 1st; Arthur G.
Mitehell, 2nd; David Matchet, 3rd.
1st Class—1st Minnie Stevenson; 2nd, Joseph Prit-
chard.—M. B. Monahan, Teacher.

NOMINATION DAY.

Last Wednesday being the day upon which the nominations were held throughout this province, a representative gathering of the electors of Pontiac assembled in this village to hear the speeches of the respective candidates and their friends. The hour for receiving nominations having expired at one o'clock it was announced that Mr. Henry Porteous, merchant of this village, and Mr. W. J. Poupore, farmer and mill-owner, of the township of Chichester had been duly nominated.

About two o'clock, the crowd which had by this time considerably swelled in proportions, assembled in front of Walsh's hall, from the gallery of which it had been arranged the speeches should be delivered. Mr. Michael Hughes, mayor of Litchfield having been voted to the chair, that gentleman opened the proceedings by announcing that Mr. W. J. Poupore would address the electors.

Mr. Poupore on coming forward, said that according to the constitution under which we live, it was the right of every citizen once in five years, to exercise his franchise in approbation or disapprobation of their representatives. He considered it a duty to himself and to the electors to give an account of his stewardship for the term which he had represented the county. Taking up his address to the electors in 1882, he showed in a straightforward, satisfactory manner that he had faithfully carried out the pledges therein contained. Mr. Poupore dealt with the questions of railways, colonization and education, proving that his best efforts had been put forth to secure a through line of railway for the county, and an increase in colonization and elementary school grants. He then alluded to the charges which had been made against him by Mr. McShane, in reference to the combustible gas bill, and exhibited proof that that individual had been guilty of gross misrepresentation. He also disposed effectually of the unfair arguments which had been advanced against his policy of distributing colonization money. Mr. Poupore dealt with the financial condition of the province, showing that instead of \$25,000,000, as represented, the debt of the province was \$20,000,000. Against this there was an asset of nearly \$14,000,000 which reduced the net debt to six and a quarter millions of dollars. Then the government owned a vast extent of agricultural, timber and mineral lands, which were worth two or three millions of dollars. The speaker contrasted the favorable treatment this county received at the hands of the Conservatives, with the unfriendliness of the Liberals during their term of office. Out of a total grant of \$71,000 for colonization during the Liberal regime this county had only received the paltry sum of \$200. He doubted if the good sense of the electors would agree to return to power a party which had used the money that should have gone towards building a railway in this county, for the purpose of building a bridge at Ottawa. Speaking of Mr. Mercier, he ventilated the dishonesty of that gentleman's action in connection with the \$5,000 deal, in its true light. Mr. Poupore concluded with an address in French.

The chairman then introduced Mr. Henry Porteous. That gentleman said he was present as a candidate in the Liberal interest. He referred to his address which set forth the course he intended to pursue if elected. He wished to be excused from making a speech on the ground of indisposition, and hoped that on the 14th all present would record their ballots for their humble servant, Henry Porteous. Speeches were then delivered by the following gentlemen in the order named: Messrs. G. A. Purvis, M.D., J. T. Pattison, George Morrison, Norman McCaig, John Bryson, M.P., and T. C. Gaboury, M.D. Mr. W. J. Poupore afterwards made his conclusive remarks, a privilege which was accorded each candidate, but as Mr. Porteous did not avail himself of it, the chairman declared the meeting closed. The crowd dispersed amid rousing cheers for Mr. Poupore.

We regret that owing to the pressure upon our columns this week we are unable to give a synopsis of all the speeches.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

The political contest which closes to-day (Thursday) has daily brought accession of strength to an already strong government, and it begins to look as if the Liberal party will issue out of the struggle with fewer representatives than it now numbers. The Quebec district is safe all along the line, a possible defeat in one or two constituencies being compensated by at least an equal assurance of winning seats from the Opposition. The Eastern Townships will remain true to their allegiance to the party of union, progress, liberality of thought and action, and conscientious regard of public interests. In what is known as the Montreal district the prospect is altogether satisfactory. The Liberals held two of the three city seats in the late Legislature; a careful canvass of the situation leads to the conviction that their candidates will all suffer defeat. Running north along the Ottawa river half a dozen counties are met with

Laval, Two Mountains, Argenteuil, Pontiac, Ottawa, and these are all safely reckoned for the Government. Hochelaga at one time doubtful by reason of the presence in the field of two Conservatives, has been transferred to the ministerial list by the acceptance of the unanimous nomination of the party by Mr. Villeneuve and the complication in Jacques Cartier, which excessive party strength sometimes begets, has been overcome by the retirement of one of the Government candidates. Taking the Province over it is difficult to see how the Conservative party can lose more than two or three seats if undaunted, energetic and conscientious work is done by the friends of the Government, while to offset these possible losses there is at least an equal chance of redeeming six constituencies. All that is required to achieve the most signal victory ever recorded is faithfulness to duty on the part of the upholders of honest government and equal rights and liberties.—(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.—A young man 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.

NOTICE.

THE PROTESTANT BOARD OF EXAMINERS for the County of Pontiac will meet in the town hall Portage du Fort at 9 a.m. on Tuesday the second day of November next. Candidates for teachers' diplomas are required to send in their necessary certificates to C. J. RIMER, Secretary.

FARM FOR SALE.

MRS. DIXON 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. & N. 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, Colfield, Or. WM. EADES, Radford, Clarendon, 17th, Sept. 1886.

ALLAN LINE. ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

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

RATES OF PASSAGE:

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL AND LONDON DIRECT.
Cabin, - - - - - \$60, \$70, \$80.
Intermediate, - - - - - \$30.00.
Steage, - - - - - \$12.00.

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

STEERAGE, \$13.00.

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

W. A. MOFFAT, Ticket Agent, Pembroke, Ont.

Pembroke, Oct. 8, 1886.

Canadian Pacific Railway

TIME TABLE.

PASSENGER TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Pacific Express.	Mixed.	Local Express.
Leave Winnipeg.....	1:47 a.m.	12:50 p.m.	7:14 p.m.
" Castleford.....	2:12	1:29	7:40
" Renfrew.....	2:28	1:53	7:59
" Halsey.....	2:43	2:07	8:19
" Cobden.....	3:00	2:27	8:35
" Pembroke.....	3:41	3:54	9:21

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Atlantic Express.	Mixed.	Local Express.
Leave Pembroke.....	12:44 a.m.	9:24 a.m.	1:49 p.m.
" Cobden.....	1:27	10:22	2:22
" Halsey.....	1:41	10:46	2:37
" Renfrew.....	1:56	11:10	2:56
" Castleford.....	2:12	11:26	3:12
" Winnipeg.....	2:27	12:00 p.m.	3:40

The Atlantic Express reaches Ottawa at 4:30 a.m., and Montreal at 8:30 a.m. An Express connecting at Carleton Place reaches Toronto at 11:45 a.m.

The Mixed reaches Ottawa at 3:00 p.m., and a Local Express, leaving Ottawa at 4:00 p.m., reaches Montreal at 8:55 p.m. The Mixed also connects at Carleton Junction with an Express reaching Toronto at 9:30 p.m.

The Local Express reaches Ottawa at 7:00 p.m., stopping at Carleton Place from 4:20 to 6:02. An Express from Toronto to Montreal passes Carleton Junction at 1:40, arriving at Ottawa at 5:25, and Montreal at 9 p.m.

Trains reach Brockville from this section at 1:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m. and 12:30 a.m.

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

For tickets, rates, time tables of trains, and all information regarding passenger business, apply to D. McNICOLL, Gen. Pass. Agent.

JOHN PRUTY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.

W. WHITE, Gen. Superintendent.

W. C. VAN HORNE, Vice President.

ALMONTE

MARBLE and GRANITE

WORKS.

Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Work

OF ALL KINDS IN Foreign and Canadian

MARBLE and GRANITE.

Designs and Estimates furnished on application to

J. A. PHILLIPS,

Proprietor, Almonte, Ont.

Almonte, June 3, 1886.

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.

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

A SPEEDY CURE.—As a speedy cure for Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Colic, Cramps, Sick Stomach, Canker of the Mouth 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.

NOTICE.

THE BOARD OF CATHOLIC EXAMINERS for the County of Pontiac sitting at Portage du Fort will meet on Thursday the 2nd 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, Secy. Board of C. E. Portage du Fort, Oct. 4th, 1886.

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS,

OF THE COUNTY OF PONTIAC.

GENTLEMEN:

Having been presented with very numerous signed requisitions from the several municipalities of Quyon, South Onslow, North Onslow, Bristol, Clarendon, Thorne, Leslie, Aldfield, Allyn 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 and 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 \$4,000 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 Coulange 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 \$24,250.00, in hard cash from the Government during the last 4 years.

The names of the conductors and the amounts they received may be seen in THE HAVITT 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 you that 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 5 in the township 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, transferred.

Wm. McVEIGH NOTICE TO FARMERS.

KEEPS
Teas,
Tobaccos,
Sugars, &c., &c.,
exceptionally good and at prices to suit all buyers.
LIQUORS:
As he is making a specialty of this branch of business parties may rely upon getting the very best articles in the market, either for medicinal or other use.
Wm. McVEIGH.
Bryson, June 7, 1886.

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 - - CITY OF LONDON: -
OF CANADA,
Comprising Fire, Life and Accident.
Losses Paid exceed \$2,500,000.
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 any where on the farm will be paid for. Steam Threshing allowed without extra charge. Rates as low as any good Mutual.
HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL,
57 & 55 St. Francois-Xavier Street.

THE RENFREW

GRANITE & MARBLE

WORKS,

WILL GIVE AWAY A

A New William's Sewing Machine, Worth \$85.00,

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 the 1st October.

15 POUNDS OF SUGAR FOR..... \$1 00

14 POUNDS WHITE SUGAR FOR..... \$1 00

5 POUND TEA..... \$1 00

20 YARDS PRINT..... \$1 00

15 YARDS COTTON 1 YARD WIDE..... \$1 00

LADIES FINE BOOTS WORTH \$4.40 FOR..... \$1 25

MEN'S LONG BOOTS..... \$1 30

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 RETURN THANKS for past patronage beg-
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
articles which the market affords, either for medicinal
or other purposes.
Shawville, Jan 10, 86.

LIME FOR SALE

THE UNDERSIGNED has 600 bushels of
first class Lime, which he offers to dis-
pose of at 15 cents a bushel during the com-
ing two weeks.
FRANCOIS ST-JERMAIN,
Bryson, Sept. 24th, 1886.

A. H. HORN,

Undertaker, - - - Pembroke, Ont.

Caskets, Metallic Cases

Shrouds, Caps, Gloves, &c., &c.

TELEGRAPH ORDERS attended to

at ALL HOURS.

MY FOOTSTOOL.

The Story of a Burglary and a Trap.

My brother gave his work a final polish and then viewed the valuable articles approvingly before placing them in their softly padded case.

"Think they look well, little woman?" he asked.

"I think they do, indeed," I answered, in unqualified admiration, for Ted was a capital workman, and had mended the pretty trinkets very skillfully. "I am sure Mrs. Bailey will be pleased. The owner herself would be puzzled to detect where she damaged them."

Ted smiled; then, as he did not intend to take them back to the shop until the return of his employer, which would not be till the morning, he deposited both the jeweled bracelets in his customary "non-burglar-proof safe," as he jokingly called a strong, square box, which he had fitted with lock and key, padded inside and out, and covered with chintz to match the sofa. He made me use this as a footstool, saying that evil-disposed persons would be less likely to examine it, and many a jest he had about placing his gems under my feet, and about my being a small person with a high mind for I set my feet upon gold, and the like nonsense. Dear old Ted! He was so clever at his trade and so trustworthy that he always had more work than he could get through. He was very fond of me—his poor, little, crippled sister—would never let me sit up too long at my needle, and shared with me in every possible way the little duties necessitated by our humble menage; so he and I jogged along very peacefully. We lodged in two rooms in a quiet street on the outskirts of Bridgepool. Our landlady was a kindly old body, who had known our parents long before either Ted or I found ourselves on this world's stage.

Having put away the bracelets safely, my brother next packed up three or four watches he had been setting to rights, and prepared to go to the shop in Bridgepool which usually employed him. I watched him put on his overcoat, for the day was very cold; but he seemed slow in his movements, and I thought he was reluctant to leave me alone; for though I was generally active enough, considering my infirmity, one of my bad spells was now on me, when, as he knew, I found moving about a pain and a difficulty for some days. It happened, too, that Mrs. Brown, our landlady, had gone out for the day—a very rare occurrence.

"Can I do anything else for you before I go?" he asked.

"No, Ted, thank you."

"Make sure; look round and see if everything is put handy for you," said my brother, placing my crutch a little nearer.

"Everything," I replied cheerfully. "And I've such a lot of work to get through, I shall find the afternoon short."

"I don't half like you being left alone so long; for I may not be back before five," said Ted, eyeing me dubiously. "Cousin Milly would come round if I asked her."

"Yes, and bring her baby, who would hinder my work sadly. I don't like babies when I'm busy. Go away, Ted, you dear old fellow! Don't bother about me; I shall be all right."

"Well, bye-bye, little woman," he said, stopping to kiss me. "I'll be home as soon as I can. And, Bessie," he added, pausing in the doorway, "be sure you don't touch the window today. The sash-line snapped this morning; I must send a carpenter to see it. You will remember?"

I promised that I would, and my brother departed. I heard him go down stairs and shut the front door. At first the unusual quiet of the house was rather depressing; but I soon became too much engrossed in sewing to pay any attention to that, and stitched away busily at some things I was completing for a lady who was kind enough to praise my needlework, preferring it, as many others did, to machine-stitched articles. Presently I thought I heard a slight noise down stairs, like the opening of a window, but as all remained quiet afterward, I put it down to my imagination, and went on tranquilly with my work. After some time I was startled to hear a step, stealthy but distinctly audible, on the landing outside, while under the door appeared the shadow of some one moving.

"Perhaps Mrs. Brown has returned," was the thought in my mind as I sat gazing at the door; but then I turned cold with fear, for the handle was turned softly, and a strange man looked in—a young man with a pallid, greasy, leering face, ornamented by a thievish-looking twist of hair on each side, while a limp cap of semi-military cut was stuck rakishly on one side of his head. I noticed these details mechanically as I sat petrified with surprise and fright, and also noticed that his long dirty neck was without tie or collar, a shabby frock coat being buttoned up to his chin, and that his dirtier hands sported more than one ring.

This individual, after darting a swift glance round the room, slipped in and locked the door, saying:

"Sick! Popsy-wopsy, don't be frightened! I'm not going to hurt you—not a bit of it! But, you see—Stop that!" he growled; for as he approached me I recovered myself a little and gave a good loud scream.

Quick as thought he had his hand over my mouth, holding my chin and nose in such a manner that I was nearly suffocated; then he gave me a shake, saying:

"If you do that again I'll pay you out, you little fool! There—she is going to be nice and quiet now, isn't she?—A picture of good behavior, I call her!"

Taking this, he gagged me dexterously with some of my work—which, however, was pleasanter than his hand—ugh! that grimy hand on my mouth! and then producing some cord from his pocket, in a minute or two I was—poor little feeble thing—bound hand and foot in my chair.

He grinned at me as he remarked:

"Now you know, ducky, I wouldn't have served you so if you'd had the sense to keep quiet. I never could bear to be rough with the ladies—never! But time is short, and you might have been here to please; so perhaps it's the best way, after all."

While speaking thus the dippant rascal kept running his eyes around our dear little room, I read disdain in his glance; and at that moment a suspicion darted into my mind that he had come with the object of stealing some of Ted's work—perhaps the jeweled bracelets which were under my feet.

With this thought there came to me a firm resolve to save my brother such a loss, if I possibly could; aye, even though I had to endure tortures, I would not speak. I set my teeth hard, and watched the man. His wandering glance soon reverted to me.

"Look here, dear; if I loosen this cloth a bit, and you take breath, will you speak to me, nicely? Only don't scream again, it makes me quite nervous to hear you scream, and can't do you no good." How well I knew that, in a back room in a quiet street! "There—ain't it much more comfortable?"—loosening the cloth. "Tell me now, popsy—your brother's got some vallybles here, ain't he?"

I shook my head.

"Oh, but he has; so you needn't jog your noodle like that! Better tell me where he's put them. It will save lots of time, and be more pleasant for you."

But I only shook my head the more.

"Did you ever see such stubbornness?" muttered the fellow, tying up my mouth again. "I am afeared I shall have to make you speak directly. But I never like to be unkind to the ladies—unless they drive me to it—oh, never!"

Saying this he began an examination of the apartment, proceeding in what, as I suppose, would be described by a "professional" as the "best style"; anyway, his movements were characterized by extraordinary celerity. Within a few minutes he had gone to the bottom of every drawer and box in the room, and also turned out the sofa bedstead where Ted slept at night. A pretty litter he made of it all. But he had not yet discovered the secret of my footstool. Can anyone imagine what I endured as I sat there, helpless as a little Chinese "joss," the cold perspiration of fear on my forehead, while I asked myself, "What will the fellow do next?"

He turned round while proceeding with his search, and, looking at me, he said:

"Hello, Poppet, how pale you are! Ain't going to faint, are you? Oh, don't faint, for I shall want you to talk to me a bit. I'll open the window and give you a mouthful of fresh air; the room is precious close."

He went to the window—the window which Ted cautioned me not to touch that morning—unfastened the catch and would have let down the upper part; but he was saved the trouble, for the cord being broken, down, quick as a shot, came the window, and, as luck would have it, caught his eight fingers between the upper and middle frames.

The pain and the shock must have been dreadful, the window frame being a wide and very heavy one. He uttered a howl, and then kicked frantically; but all was in vain. There he stood, with both hands held aloft, caught in as nice a trap as could be devised for an evil-doer. Then he glanced at me, and the sight of me, "pictor of good behavior" that I was, must have filled his soul with remorse since through his own act I was rendered powerless to assist him. He whined, however:

"Can't you help me?"

As it was impossible for me willingly to look on while a fellow-creature suffered such anguish as I knew he must be enduring, I used every effort to get free, but vainly. He had tied me too firmly for that. He took to kicking again, and began to swear horribly. May I never hear such language as I heard that afternoon? His hands soon swelled, and I saw some drops of blood trickle slowly down the pane, the ring he wore on his dirty finger having been forced into the flesh. The piercing air, which rushed in freely through the wide aperture, must have greatly aggravated his suffering; I knew I was nearly frozen. And all the time the clock on the mantelpiece kept ticking off the moments tranquilly, as though to assure me that time could not be hurried into a quicker pace by any consideration of human distress.

Imagine what two hours in such a situation meant for both of us! Two hours! I think the poor wretch at the window fainted; but the horrid dragging of his body on the poor maimed hands roused him directly. Trembling with cold and commiseration, I sat watching him, the tears rolling down my cheeks. Oh, why had I refused Ted's kind proposal to send Cousin Milly to me? Why had I been so captious about her dear little baby? Better a room full of babies, all doing their worst than—But I swooned, and fell, chair and all, on the rug before the cold grate, the fire having died out long since.

Just on the hour of three I became conscious of a dull thud below, which I knew to be a knock at the door. I lay listening, but rather wondering vaguely what would happen next, than taking any interest in things of this life, from which I seemed in a manner to have floated away.

After an interval I heard steps plodding up the stairs, and a loud, cherry voice, which I recognized as that of our old friend, Mr. Joy, the carpenter, called out:

"Hello! Anybody home?"

Coming to our room door, he knocked, then turned the handle, but of course found it locked. Being unable to speak, I yet tried to groan, and made some inarticulate noises; but I could hardly hope that the old man heard them, as he was somewhat deaf. As for my companion in misfortune, one would suppose he would gladly have hailed a prison as an escape from such a plight as he was in; and so, no doubt, he would, only he had no choice at that moment, having gone off again in a heavy swoon.

I heard the carpenter go down stairs, and hopes of relief died away in my breast. Oh, Joy, Joy, why did you come to mock me thus? Two more hours, probably, before Ted will be home! Shall I be alive by then? My bound and aching limbs were on the rack of pain; I lay and sobbed miserably. But mark! A shout from the back garden!

"What the dickens is all this?" Again I heard the voice of Mr. Joy.

It appears that the carpenter, on trying our room door and finding it fastened, concluded we were all out, but went around to the back of the house "to have a look at the rear window," which my brother had sent him to mend—of course not expecting to find it converted into a man-trap. He had noticed, while knocking at the street door, that the parlor window was unfastened; and, thinking it unsafe, especially as Mrs. Brown was out, he had used his privilege as our old friend and hers to get through and fasten it before coming up stairs. No doubt the thief had entered the house by that way.

It was not long before help came, and the door was broken open, when our misery was ended. I dare say, since prisons were first built, there never was a culprit who walked into jail more meekly than did the one who had intended to rob my brother.

They say the poor fellow's hands will never be right again; amputation may be necessary, as erysipelas is setting in. Well, all I can say is, I freely forgave him for the suffering, mentally and bodily, he caused me.

I was in bed a fortnight, but eventually got all right again. Dear Ted says I am a brick; but that may be his partiality. Anyhow, my footstool proved to be a very effective safe. To this hour no one knows about it but you, Ted and myself.

The Templar's Strange Voyage.

Capt. J. N. Armstrong, now in command of the bark *Kalakaua*, was in Seattle the other day. Capt. Armstrong will be remembered as the commander who brought the ship *Templar* from New York to San Francisco a few years ago on one of the most remarkable passages on record. After being out for some time the Captain went into a foreign port, and for some reason his crew, excepting the officers, left. Finally two English ships came in, and from them Capt. Armstrong made up a new crew, and after being out four days the entire crew, including the Captain and his daughter, were taken down with yellow fever. The first mate died and several of the sailors. Those who had the disease less violent threw the dead overboard one by one. The ship drifted about without pilot or navigator for more than a year. The Captain for two years was so violent from the ravages of the fever that he had to be chained to the deck to keep him from jumping overboard. He wears the scars from the chains and lashings to this day. During the year that the ship drifted about, the second mate and three or four of the sailors recovered, but being out of sight of land and not understanding navigation, they were powerless to do anything with the ship. Finally the daughter regained her reason but not her strength. One day she sent for the second mate and asked him to carry her on deck, which he did. She then sent for her father's instruments and by the aid of these and her knowledge of navigation she figured the location of the vessel. She then took the charts from the cabin and traced out a route to San Francisco. She then practically took command of the vessel, and ordered the second mate and surviving members of the crew to make sail. Every day for months she would be carried on deck to take the sun and give her orders.

Days and weeks passed and the ship continued on her journey. Being so light-handed the vessel could not be properly handled and could carry but little sail, consequently her progress was slow. After many weary, dreary months the Captain regained his reason, and when he learned of what his daughter had done, he was greatly surprised and declared that had he been placed in the same position he could not have done better. The ship was loaded with general merchandise, the cargo being insured for over \$200,000. The long absence of the ship, and all tidings from her, led the owners and all interested parties to believe that she, with all hands on board, had been lost. Imagine their surprise, after the supposed fate of the ship had almost passed from their minds, when one bright day in summer the ship *Templar*, with her cargo all intact, came sailing into San Francisco Bay.

WAR ELEPHANTS.

CANNON STRAPPED TO THEIR BACKS WHILE THEY MARCH WITH THE BRITISH ARMY.

Attached to the British Indian army, which is now in Burma trying to wipe out the murderous bands of Dacoits that are affrighting the country is an elephant battery. Seven-pound guns, including their carriages, are fastened to framework and hoisted upon the backs of the elephants. In this way the troops are able to transport their artillery through long stretches of country where there are no wagon roads, and where they would not be able to take their cannon if they did not have beasts of burden strong enough to carry the artillery on their backs. When the troops meet the enemy the guns are quickly unloaded by means of a tripod, to which is attached a swinging arm and tackle.

The elephant takes a more humble place in war nowadays than formerly. He used to be one of the combatants, but in these days of gunpowder and bombshells he has been reduced to the transportation department. Centuries before the Christian era the rulers of Egypt maintained stations as far south as Khartoum for the sole purpose of collecting wild elephants to be tamed and trained for war purposes. They were used not only to carry archers and javelin hurlers into the field, but were also trained to rush upon the enemy and trample them under foot. While opposing warriors on their elephants fought at short range the elephants themselves would fight each other. It is said that the notion that the Asiatic elephant is superior to his African brother dates from the time when, in a battle between Antiochus III, King of Syria, and Ptolemy Philopator, in 217 B. C., the Asiatic elephants in the army of the Syrian monarch killed every one of Ptolemy's African animals. This idea of the superiority of the Asiatic elephant is still held by many, though it is probably groundless.

An Electric Hat.

An ingenious application of the electric current to curative uses has been patented by Mr. George Lichenfeld, wig-maker, of London. The apparatus consists of a very small battery—the largest size weighing only about three drachms—of the kind known to electricians as the chloride of silver battery. This battery possesses two flat silver terminals. It can be placed inside the lining of an ordinary silk hat, with the flat terminals outside the lining, so that when the hat is put on a current of electricity passes between the terminals and diffuses itself all over the wearer's head. The battery, though small, has considerable electric motive force, the current being sufficient to ring a small bell or work a small induction coil. Mr. Lichenfeld claims for his apparatus that when applied to wigs or other headgear it proves a perfect cure for nervous headaches, neuralgia, etc. It is also claimed that the current of electricity will stimulate the growth of the hair and cure baldness. If the latter statement be true, the inventor must surely be a most disinterested wig-maker; for if baldness can be prevented, is not "Othello's occupation gone?"

ROYAL GIRLS AND ROYAL COURTS.

SOME ROYAL GIRLS OF GERMANY.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany have passed their golden wedding, and they see before and behind them a long procession of Royal Girls. They have, like Queen Victoria, several great-grandchildren, and have tried, like her, to "put their ear to the confessional of posterity."

Almost every Royal Family in Europe boasts a German Princess as mother, sister, or bride. All German Princesses are expected to marry crowned heads; therefore their education is especially cosmopolitan. The late Duchesse d'Orleans, mother of the Count de Paris, was a Princess of Mecklenburg, and a book of her letters, written to her tutor, was most admirable and worth looking into as an elucidation of what German Princesses ought to learn. Fontenelle's book, *A Plurality of Worlds*, a volume of astronomical conversations, was written for a German Princess. Professor Euler wrote a book on mathematics for another German Princess.

The House of Hohenzollern, now on the throne, has always been distinguished for the excellence of its women. The mother of the present Emperor, the beautiful Queen Louise who answered Napoleon with such sweetness when he offered her a rose that he determined to give her back her Fortress of Magdeburg, is still the idol of the Prussians. The Empress of Germany, now a very old woman, is trundled about in a chair, but she has still ardent friends, passionate admirers, and bitter detractors, so we can be assured that she has a great deal of character. She is learned and literary. She has always been a good woman. Her heart is excellent. Her *want of tact* (or as her friends put it, her scorn of diplomacy) has, however, always interfered with her popularity. She had but one daughter, the Grand Duchesse de Baden.

Her son, the Crown Prince, married the Princess Royal of England who, as we have said before, is a woman of universal attainments. She writes political memoirs, keeps up a correspondence with philosophers, is a sculptor, a painter, composes sonnets, makes architectural plans, has "ideas." A recent writer in *The Magazine of Art* says of her: "Having studied like a student, the Crown Princess now paints as an artist. The powers of the Princess Royal have long been acknowledged in Germany, upon the art of which country she has had great and lasting influence. In 1880 she was elected Member of the Berlin Academy, where she has constantly exhibited. Painting admirably, as she does, in landscape, portraiture, and still life, it is perhaps in her portraits that she excels." She dislikes society, and occupies herself much with the study of European politics. She is the mother of many children and will be Empress of Germany. She and the great Bismarck are at sword's points, and it is said that she and her royal mother-in-law do not always approve of each other. But she is a good wife and mother, and goes off on sketching tours to Italy, with her daughter, whom she brings up very simply, after the fashion of her own Royal mother, Queen Victoria.

The Prince William, her oldest son, has married an exceedingly interesting German Princess. He is intelligent, brave, hot-headed, but with a "heart of gold," sympathetic, impulsive, vivacious, popular with all classes. The German people say of him that he is the reproduction of his beloved great-grandmother, the Queen Louise of Prussia. He is the most successful of the Hohenzollerns, and more popular than his scholarly father, the Crown Prince, who, it is said, has cold manners, and cannot readily come to a decision, and is thought to be too much under the rule of his wife, the dominant Princess Victoria of England. So it comes about that the Crown Prince and Princesses of Germany already are less talked of than their young son and daughter-in-law, who is the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, of that disinherited branch whose honors all went to the King of Denmark. She is a true little German housewife, was brought up in poverty and retirement, though a grand-niece of Queen Victoria, but her marriage was one of real affection, and such a Princess is exactly the woman the Germans love.

The Crown Prince of Germany and his wife live either at Berlin or Potsdam. The oldest of their daughters, Princess Victoria Charlotte of Prussia, is married to the heir of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen. She is a very interesting and clever woman, and highly educated, and a great favorite with her Royal grandmother, Queen Victoria. These Royal Girls, and their cousins, the daughters of the Princess Alice of Hesse, have received the same self-denying and assiduous education which was given to their Royal mothers before them. The Princess Alice of Hesse was so devoted a mother, as you know, that she absolutely killed herself nursing one of her children through diphtheria. Her marriage was not happy, nor has the marriage of her daughter, the Grand Duchess Sergius, proved happy. This young woman (Princess Elizabeth of Hesse) has just died of a separation, her husband having died upon her marriage of the gravest nature. She is fair, winning, gifted, the most accomplished of all the Queen's granddaughters, with beauty of so delicate and delicate type that she is called "Ophelia."

She has become an authoress. Her mother, the late lamented Princess Alice, offended the people of Hesse-Darmstadt by her remarkable economy, and her observance of the English Sunday. She would not allow the opera to be played in Darmstadt on Sunday, to the great vexation of the citizens, and also of thousands of Frankforters who used weekly to arrive in the city (for the sake of the excellent opera) by the Sunday afternoon train. In spite of her noble benevolence she finally obtained from expending her English-paid revenue upon the Germans; it was regularly placed in a London bank, where it remained for her daughters. Perhaps realizing what a worthless husband she had, she chose to thus provide for her daughters. The Princess Royal of England, Crown Princess of Germany, of whom we have already spoken as a woman of ideas, shares it, it is thought, in the advanced opinions of the German philosophers—the Princess Alice certainly did—yet her daughters are all baptized and confirmed in the Church, German Lutheran, and have in their visits to England the instructions of Bishops of the English Church. They are all very fond of sketching, of

horseback exercise, and are prodigious walkers. None of them are very handsome, but all pretty blonde girls.

The imperial court of Berlin is stiff, formal and abounding with etiquette. Yet Americans are received there with great respect, and there is but little difficulty in being presented. This is owing to the fact that we have a large and warm sympathy with the German nation in the matter of universal liberty, and through our scholars and musicians. We have also been very happy in our ministers there. Mr. Bancroft won the affections of the Emperor, and received from him his portrait. The large American Colony living at Berlin and Dresden are often allowed to come to Court and to join in the Court festivities.

But the Empress does not admit any strangers to her intimacy. She gives grand concerts, every Thursday in Lent, to which society is invited in turns, but she is simply wheeled in and wheeled out, in her invalid chair. Yet she likes society, and cannot dispense with it. She has five or six persons to pass the evenings at the palace five or six times a week, and the Emperor always drops in.

But there is a Royal Girl amongst these German Princesses who deserves an especial mention. As the daughter of the blind King of Hanover, her devotion to her father caused remark even in a family who have always loved their relatives. After his death, this high-born lady, cousin to Queen Victoria, announced her intention to marry the Baron von Panel Rammingen, which marriage gave great offence to the German connections. The history of this love affair which is full of romance was this: For many years the bridegroom was aide-de-camp and private secretary of the late blind King George of Hanover, to whom he devoted himself with the tenderness of a woman, sharing with the Princess Frederica the most constant watchfulness over the poor blind, helpless monarch who was one of the victims of Bismarck's pitiless policy when he devised a "united Germany." It was while performing this labor of love that the affection between him and the Princess commenced. She refused many brilliant alliances, and he many flattering offers of service and position. The Baron von Panel Rammingen was for some time a student of the college at Coburg, and he had a strong belief in the dynasty of the house of Hanover. For the loyalty of his devotion he was impeached for high treason by the Prussian authorities. He cannot enter any portion of the German territories without being subject to arrest. Queen Victoria, however, powerfully advocated the marriage of the devoted Frederica to the man of her choice, the proscribed Baron, and the wedding took place at Windsor Castle. The Queen gave her India shawls, jewels, silver and a magnificent wedding dress of silver brocade, the flounce and veil of Irish lace. The Princess and her Baron live at Coburg and are very happy on fifteen thousand a year.

Another equally independent Royal Girl is the Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, who is related to all the Royal families of Europe. She fell in love with a young physician, Dr. Willem, who was in attendance on the Dowager Duchess of Carlsruhe in Upper Silesia. The King of Wurtemberg, after vain remonstrances, decided to allow her to marry the man of her choice on condition of her assuming the name and title of Fraulein von Kirchbach, and she was immediately dropped from the role of Royalties, and is as effectually banished from Royal circles as if she had committed a great crime. But she is said to be very happy.

A recent writer on Royalty says very comprehensively that nothing strikes a stranger more than the "German quality" of the British Royal family. The Queen has only had three English ancestors in four hundred years. "Her children look like Germans, speak German in the family, speak English with a German accent." Their ideas of their own consequence are German, and their etiquette is that of a German Court.

So when we go back to Germany and find an English Princess at the head of affairs we see that Royalty is merely a network of one family. Yet the German nation over which this English Princess will soon be called to reign is a very different country from England. She will have to face a number of elements—the Socialistic, the Romantic, the Musical, the Warlike, and the Learned Germans—metaphysical philosophers—and also a very curious society just below the Court circles of the professors, the army officers, the judges, and lawyers, and the officers of the government, who are homely in the extreme, socially.

There seem many peculiarities, to us and to the student of elegant manners all over the world, in the German family. They will invite you to supper of cold venison and a salad, with stewed cherries and cheese. But the young girl of the family sits down and plays beautifully on the piano, and then her father talks learnedly of Wagner, of politics, of Bismarck, of Shakespeare, of Goethe or of Emmanuel Kant. It is the country of plain living and high thinking, although the Royal life at Berlin is of itself, of course, splendid. The military reviews are unsurpassed in Europe, yet the daily life of the officers is plain in the extreme.

Money.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered in the social life of man was overcome by the introduction of money as a medium of exchange. Human beings, unlike lower animals, were found to make different commodities for each other; how were they to be exchanged? How could the men who wanted each other's goods be brought together for exchanging? A farmer was in want of a coat, but the tailor had no desire to obtain a calf—he was in want of shoes. Here were two sellers and two buyers, yet neither could procure what he needed; money came to the rescue. The farmer sold his calf for money, and with that he procured the wished-for coat from the tailor. The tailor repeated the process with the shoemaker. Thus money solved the difficulties. Four exchanges were brought together instead of two, and two articles were sold and two bought; and by this employment of a common tool for exchanging the greatest principle of associated human life was established—division of employments. Money first bought the calf, and then traveled on to buy a coat. It fulfilled its one service—to exchange, to place different articles in different hands. It became, therefore, merely a tool—an instrument—valuable only for the work it accomplishes.

FARM.

RAISING TIMOTHY HAY ON LOW LAND.

A large business has sprung up during a few years past in baling hay and shipping it to distant markets. During these hard times the hay crop has brought in money when we had nothing else to sell. We have always advocated feeding the hay out on the farm rather than selling it. But we must sell something; and on many farms there is more or less low, swampy land that now produces little but weeds, that could easily be converted into profitable meadow, from which the hay might be sold without injury to the upland part of the farm.

To put such land into grass the better way is to seed it with timothy alone in September. If the land is plowed and harrowed until the surface is fine and mellow, the grass seed will germinate in a few days after the first rain, and the grass will get a good start in the fall and stand the winter, and next year will be likely to produce a good crop of hay, and a still larger crop the next year. Much depends, however, on putting the soil into a fine, mellow condition. This low, swampy land generally consists of muck and sand, and at this season of the year is easily worked into fine condition on the surface, no matter how rough and uneven it may appear before plowing. When once carefully turned over, and the weeds and swamp grass covered beneath the furrows, a roller and harrow will make an astonishing change in the surface soil. And when once such land is plowed and seeded to grass, it is an easy matter to keep it subdued.

Timothy seed is cheap. From eight to ten quarts is sufficient for an acre. If the land cannot be seeded before the second or third week in September, the first crop of hay, next year, will probably be light, and instead of sowing the timothy alone, it may be better to sow a bushel of rye per acre and a peck of timothy seed.

CREAM AND SKIM-MILK.

The richest milk is not always that which contains the greatest proportion of cream. Cream is largely composed of carbonaceous matter, which is derived on the farm at but little cost, while the skim-milk contains the nitrogen, phosphates and mineral matter. A farmer may ship cream from his farm daily without impoverishing his land, yet, if he should retain his cream and sell his skim-milk he would gradually and surely deprive his soil of its elements of fertility. As food, skim-milk is nearly complete and will support life, but though cream may create warmth and supply nourishment for a short time, yet with its use alone, the body would waste away, and the result be death.

Taking a commercial view of the matter, and estimating the value of the elements that compose cream and skim-milk, the former possesses but little real value in nutrition, while the latter performs valuable service in many ways. We are not denying the fact that cream is worth more than skim-milk in the market, but it really is a cheaply produced article. The cow that gives a large quantity of milk, which may be poor in quality so far as cream is concerned, may nevertheless be much more serviceable than one that gives what is termed rich milk, as the cream is easily obtained compared with the solids of the skim-milk. True, a cow may give a large amount of cream, and at the same time yield milk rich in casein, but this is not always the case. Though the farmer can secure a high price for his cream, our object is to urge the importance of utilizing the skim-milk, and of patronizing the creameries where it is sold. Every quart of skim-milk brought or fed on the farm adds that much to the fertility of the soil, allowing, of course, for that removed by the animals sold. It possesses a value far greater than many suppose, for the reason that it contains all the elements of fertility.

Seasonable Recipes.

TOMATO FIGS.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes in order to remove the skins, then weigh and place them in a stone jar with as much sugar as you have tomatoes and let them stand two days; then pour off the syrup and boil the skinned tomatoes in the syrup until they are soft, then pour over it the tomatoes and let them stand five days, as before, then boil and skin again. After the third time they are fit to dry if the weather is good, if not let them stand in the syrup until drying weather, then place on large earthen plates or dishes and put them in the sun to dry, which will take about a week, after which pack them down in small wooden boxes with fine white sugar between each layer. These figs will keep for years. The small pear-shaped tomatoes are the best kind to use in making figs.

DRIED PEARS.—Pare, core and quarter them; then put in smaller pieces. Soak them in a syrup made of "coffe" sugar, then dry quickly in a hot-air closet, moderately heated oven or rather rapidly evaporating apparatus. They make a good sweetmeat, and may be used in cake or puddings. Keep air-tight in a glass fruit jar. The recipe is vouched for by the *Journal of Chemistry*.

TOMATO PRESERVES.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to one pound of tomatoes add one pound of sugar and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes and a few slices of lemon, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE.—Strip the loose leaves from a cabbage, cut it in quarters almost through the core, and steam until tender. When nearly done, lift the cabbage into an earthen baking dish of suitable size, cut it fine, pour on the top a pan of milk, with salt to taste. Sprinkle over the top fine bread or cracker crumbs. Bake one hour; the top should have a brown crust but the inside should be creamy. This has proved to be a very nice way of cooking cabbage.

APPLE PUFFS.—Sift one teaspoonful of salt, one half of soda and one of cream-tar into a pint of flour; mix with sweet milk sufficient to make a rather stiff batter; add two eggs, and four to six apples according to size, chopped fine. Drop the puffs from a tablespoon into boiling lard. Let them brown and eat while hot with maple sugar.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Ottawa's population is about 40,000.

Frank and Edward Golding, sailors, rescued three men who had been upset in the bay, at Toronto.

The Government has presented Moosomin, the Cree chief, with 60 sheep as a reward for his neutrality during the Northwest rising.

Kingston's population, according to the assessment rolls, shows an increase of 700, and the assessable property an increase of \$278,635 since last year.

Mr. Beecher recently declared, in a lecture at Gateshead, England, that he never yet had spoken in a hall where 1,000 persons could breathe comfortably for an hour and a half together.

Stephen Morse, of East Woodstock, Conn., drinks his cider out of a 300 year-old jug that came over on the Mayflower, and was at that time loaded with something stronger than apple-juice.

Lord Randolph Churchill has little hair on the top of his head, and much on his upper lip. His hands are not at all up to the alleged aristocratic standard, being as large as any plowman's.

Maggie Bell, daughter of R. Bell, of Kingston, a retired police officer, suicided in Belleville by taking Paris green. A melancholia produced by illness is supposed to have been the cause.

For attempting to assault an 8-year-old girl, James McEwen, a Toronto printer, aged 19, was arraigned. The circumstances of the case are peculiarly revolting, and decided the Magistrate on remanding it for further investigation.

Numerous signed petitions from the heads of Halfbreed families in the Edmonton and Calgary districts setting forth the claims to scrip of their children borne since 1870, were forwarded to the Government at Ottawa during September.

Dr. Gatling, the inventor of the Gatling gun, lives in an unpretentious but comfortable house near Hartford, and goes but little into society, being absorbed by his own ideas and work. His daughter Ida is the wife of the Rev. Hugh Pentecost, of Brooklyn.

A child at Bristol, Queen's County, N. S., has a large and varied assortment of grandmothers. Its maternal grandmother is Mrs. William Dexter, of Bristol, aged 46 years. Its great grandmother is Mrs. Abigail McLeod, of the same county, aged 69 years. Its great great grandmother is Mrs. Sarah Godfrey, also of Queen's, aged 98 years, and there are still the grandmothers on the paternal side to take into account.

When Gaunett, accused of robbing the mail at Humboldt, was put on trial at Regina the other day, his counsel produced a letter from Winnipeg enclosing some of the registered matter taken from the mail bag at the time of the robbery, and claiming that the writer had committed the theft, and alleging as a reason for sending the papers and giving the information his unwillingness to have a man with a family suffer for an offence of which he is not guilty. The case was adjourned.

In discharging the tea cargo of the barque Zoroya at Port Moody, B. C., two chests were broken and rejected by the consignees. Custom officers examined one of the fractured chests and discovered it was stuffed full of dutiable goods of a high value, and the other was similarly loaded. These two packages were put on the vessel at Yokohama and were not part of the regular cargo. They were detained by the customs authorities and the embargo placed on the ship at once released.

A few days ago as a train on the Nova Scotia Western Counties Railway was on its way from Yarmouth to Digby, and just as it was about crossing a bridge near Brazil Lake, the driver noticed a child lying across the track apparently asleep. The engine was too close to the little one to haul up, so the engineer crawled along the side of the locomotive and got on to the cowcatcher, thinking he would be able to throw the child off before the wheels went over it. Just as the engine got to the spot and he reached his arm, out to push the child beyond danger, it caught hold of the plank at the side of the bridge and holding its little head to one side swung clear of the passing train and escaped uninjured.

Story of an Eastern King.

There is a story in the Arabian Nights' tales of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the tale, a physician cured him by the following method: He took a hollow ball of wood and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mace, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he enclosed in them several drugs—after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should perspire; when the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken internally had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health; and that exercise is the most effectual medicine. Absolutely necessary, however, as exercise is, there is another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may in some measure supply its place, when opportunities of exercise are wanting. This preservative is temperance, which has these particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expense of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all the superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessel, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours and promotes the circulation of blood, temperance gives Nature her full play and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper temperance starves it.

CURRENT FUN.

An Autumn idol—the oyster.

The new Fall bonnets, they say, will be V shaped. The bills will be XX shaped.

Did you ever see a man with a diamond collar button who did not think that neckties were going out of fashion?

A woman in Boston stole a cork leg from a crippled soldier. She was bound to have something new to put on her bonnet.

Young ladies now furnish a brush broom to dust the coats of their lovers where they have laid their pretty powdered faces.

Why is a baby fed from ten to a dozen times a day? Because babies, bless 'em, should be filled up whenever they show symptoms of "hollerness."

A St. Catharines youth squeezed his girl so tight that he broke two of her ribs, but was comforted when she said: "Go on, Hank, and bust the other twenty-two."

A Western paper recently noted the finding of a "lady's skeleton." A lady's skeleton doubtless differs from a woman's skeleton in that it has a hoopskirt and bustle attached.

"You ought to chew tobacco," said a would-be wit to a young lady. "I am astonished, sir," indignantly replied the lady. "Pardon me, miss. I was prompted to make the remark when I looked at your 'fine cut' mouth."

Two little boys were discussing the strength of a bee. "He can pull more'n a fly," said one of them. "Well," said the other, "I dunno how much he can pull, but when he backs up to you and pushes, I guess you'll fall back every time."

An enterprising firm advertise "undressed kids of a superior quality, at from \$1 upward." It would seem as if modesty would compel the dealer to throw in a night-gown or something, but perhaps the price is so low he cannot afford to dress them.

"I see that they advertise 'a large chorus and a full orchestra.' I wonder who that fat girl is on the right." "That's one of the large chorus." "And the cornet player there seems to be the worse for liquor." "He's no doubt one of the full orchestra."

"I regret to say that Mademoiselle Fayettee a little horse this evening," explained a French manager to an English-speaking audience, who had assembled to hear a prima donna sing. "Trot her out, then, if she's a little horse," bellowed an urchin, whose feet hung over the railing on the god's gallery.

Mrs. Converse (to neighbor's nurse girl): "I wish I had such a polite, well-behaved girl for my children. I notice you always address your charges as 'Miss' and 'Master.'" Nurse Girl (spoiling the illusion): "Yes, ma'am, I gets paid extra for that; the missus thinks it looks big to have me use such terms in company."

It was the general opinion that Tam MacSaunders was cracked. Notwithstanding this, Tam managed to persuade a lady fair to become his bride and went to the minister to arrange matters. The reverend gentleman shared the common notion respecting Tam's mental capacity and therefore proceeded with due caution in the matter. Among other questions the minister asked: "As this is a very important step you are about to take, you ought to consult your parents about it. Have you done so?" "Na, nea fear o' me," said Tam; "they never consulted me when they got married!"

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Paraffine is the best material known for protecting polished iron or steel from rust.

Mr. Edison is devoting himself to the study of ways and means of cheapening electric lamps and the carbons.

The paper gas and water pipes introduced so extensively in Vienna some time ago, it is claimed, are a success.

Frozen milk is now given to patients suffering with irritable stomachs, and is retained when all other substances are thrown off.

Dr. Morrow has found that the poison in ice cream is due to the cashew-nut oil in the coating of the beans from which vanilla extract is made.

M. Estrade, of the French Ecole Polytechnique, has perfected a new locomotive which will haul a train of cars from seventy to seventy-eight miles an hour.

Electroplating with silver upon wood is now successfully performed, the process being adapted to handles of all kinds, including canes and umbrella sticks.

According to Wright, many of the finer grades of transparent soaps do not contain glycerine but sugar, which, it appears, is well adapted to transparent soaps as is glycerine.

People who have presence of mind enough when in danger of drowning to look the hands behind the back, fully inflate the lungs and close the mouth, may thus keep themselves afloat for some time.

In a paper lately read before a London engineering society it was mentioned as the result of many experiments that 1,000 feet of gas used to produce incandescent electric lighting by means of a gas engine would give twice as much light as it would if employed as an illuminant in the ordinary way.

From the London papers we learn that Father Damien, who has long been known as the Apostle of the Lepers at Molokai, has been at last stricken with the dread disease, and will henceforward remain continually with the afflicted people with whom he has spent so much time in past years.

A Canada bee-keeper uses chloroform instead of tobacco in managing his bees. He finds it a very valuable aid in removing old queens or in introducing new ones. These operations are very perplexing to a novice, but a few whiffs of chloroform blown into the hive enables them to be performed without difficulty.

Forced Politeness.

Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady, and Mrs. Simpson, who keeps a rival establishment around the corner, were returning from market when Dumley chanced to meet them. He almost swept the ground with his hat.

"That is Mr. Dumley, my fourth floor back," explained Mrs. Hendricks.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Simpson, "what a very polite and deferential young man."

"He is three weeks behind with his board," replied Mrs. Hendricks grimly.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

BUT TOLD BY A TRUTHFUL PERSON.

"Why it is that any statement from sea-faring men in regard to sea serpents is received with such incredulity I cannot understand," said Capt. Samuel Gray of the brig Hester. "The common sense of the public at large should teach them that there can be overgrown serpents as well as overgrown bears, lions, tigers, or elephants. When an explorer or traveller in tropical countries tells of meeting and killing a serpent thirty or forty feet long and as large as a man's body, the statement is taken as solemn truth. When a sea captain tells of seeing a serpent of the same size in the waters off the same coast, people try to make out that he is either a knave or a liar. That serpents of all sizes take to the water in the warm seas and often voyage from island to island is a fact no intelligent person ever disputes. Why, then, should the fact that some sailor caught sight of one of these serpents en route be disputed?"

"Some twenty years ago I made a voyage in an English ship called the Lord Gray, from Liverpool to the Sunda Islands, which are situated in the Indian Ocean to the west of Australia. We called at several of the smaller islands before reaching Java, and it was while lying in a roadstead between the islands of Baly and Lombok that

I SAW A SIGHT

to open the eyes of even a sailor. It had been a terribly dry season among the islands, and some of them had suffered great damage from forest fires. As we worked up to the passage from the south a heavy smoke hung in the heavens, killing off the breeze and turning noonday into twilight. It was easy to see from the set of the smoke cloud that there was an extensive fire raging on the island of Baly. Our Captain at first suspected that a volcano was at work, but when we came to examine the ashes which fell on our decks we concluded that it was a bush fire. We had to come to anchor in the passage, which is not over ten miles wide, and after the first twenty-four hours the smoke drove down upon us so heavily that our throats and eyes were greatly irritated, while the heat was so great that the men stripped off most of their clothing. If there had been a breath of wind we should have got out of the uncomfortable situation by running back to the south, but as it was not a breath of air came to give us a moment's relief. At night there was such a glare on the western sky as made us conclude that the whole island of Baly was ablaze and being destroyed.

After the first day we noticed that the fish began to feel the effects of the smoke. They jumped up all around us as if suffocating, and some of them drove about on the surface as if they were wounded and in pain. A big bull whale

NEARLY AS LONG AS THE SHIP

drove through the passage one forenoon from the north, spouting like a fire engine and swashing his flukes about as if to strike a pursuing enemy; and he ran so near us that the swell he kicked up made the Lord Gray dance a jig long after he had passed. The sharks were the only inhabitants of the deep not affected. They came about us as thick as flies, and could be seen rushing in every direction after the frightened fish. About midforenoon of the third day, while all the crew, except what might be called an anchor watch, were below to seek relief from the smoke, there was a sudden row raised by the men on deck. We heard them shouting and clattering across the deck, and directly one of them came down into the forecastle, while the other made for the cabin. We in the forecastle had sprung up, believing the ship to have been attacked by pirates, but our mate soon gave us to understand that we had a different enemy to deal with. We had been boarded by serpents. He explained that the first he knew of their presence was a great commotion in the waters around, evidently made by the sharks attacking the serpents. The latter had been driven off Baly by the fire, and were crossing to Lombok, which was still safe. They had boarded the ship at every point, and more than a dozen were on deck when the men rushed for shelter.

"The carpenter ascended the ladder and raised the scuttle a few inches to take a good look, and he yelled right out in his fright. He said the decks seemed alive with serpents, which were racing up and down and across with great swiftness. 'You will admit that it was a singular position to be placed in. We hadn't a firearm, harpoon, or any other trustworthy weapon among us, and as for trusting ourselves on deck with iron bolts, belaying pins or weapons of that sort, was a matter not to be thought of. After we had counted noses we found that the Captain, two mates, cook, steward, and two foremost hands must be left. The ship had a few muskets and cutlasses, and

THE OFFICERS HAD REVOLVERS.

If the serpents were to be driven off the first move must be made by the officers. We took turns going up the ladder to get a view of the deck, and the sight was one to affect every man. There were serpents from three to twenty feet long, racing about the deck, and there was one with a body fully as large as a common nail keg. None of them was still for a moment, and the noise of their movements was plainly heard in the forecastle.

"It was fully an hour before the men aft made a move, and then we heard the report of firearms. This was followed, as the man on the ladder reported, by the discharge of half a dozen skyrockets, which had been aimed to fly across the decks. Soon after that we heard men astir on the decks, and we opened the scuttle and rushed up. The serpents had apparently disappeared, being frightened by the noise and flames, and as we looked over the starboard side we saw a score of them making off. The monster of whom I told you had been hit by a bullet from the Captain's revolver, and he was swimming about in a circle, head held four or five feet from the surface, and making a terrible splashing. He did not seek to come aboard, nor did he swim away. We had watched him for three or four minutes, when a shark dashed in upon him and seized him about midway of his length. The row which followed was the wildest thing you ever saw. The snake twisted himself about the shark, and struck at him again and again, and the water was churned up until the foam sometimes hid both from our sight. I think the shark got the better of the big snake, as after awhile they worked astern and out of

our sight. We were still looking after them when a shout from one of the men drew our attention inboard. He had discovered a snake ten feet long curled away in one of the small boats. The officers began firing at him, and he ran the whole length of the ship and took to the water at her bows. We then began a hunt for others. There was a chap four feet long in a coil of rope amidships, a second on the cable chains, and a third on the roof of the cook's galley. They were spiteful creatures, and were not despatched without danger.

When we had carefully examined the decks we supposed that we were clear of our unwelcome visitors, but in a few minutes a serpent fully ten feet long was discovered on the main yard. As a matter of fact,

SEVEN OF THE REPTILES

had gone aloft, and we did not succeed in hunting out the last one until the next day, by which time the smoke began to lift, the fires on Baly to die out, and we got a puff of wind to carry us through the passage.

"Our experience was identical with that of an American ship lying in the east end of the passage. She was boarded by a legion of serpents, and was driving the last one overboard when we hailed her. She had one man bitten when they first came aboard, and he died in less than three hours, swelling up to great size, and suffering the most terrible agonies. These incidents were published in, and discussed by many English newspapers, and perhaps by American papers as well, and I never heard the fact disputed. Why is it, then, that the person seeing a sea-serpent, or a serpent at sea, in these days, is held up to the world as a fool or a liar? If serpents did not pass from island to island in the tropics, some would be overrun and others entirely clear of them. That this is not the case any sailor will tell you. I have seen, in the island of Java, a serpent thirty four feet long, and as large around his middle as an average man. Let that snake be seen at sea, swimming along with his head well up, which is the way they carry themselves, and it would be a novel and startling sight to people on shipboard. I have talked with sailors who have seen plenty of these serpents off the tropical coasts, and the facts in the story of my own experience are a matter of record in England, having been debated by eminent naturalists."

PERSONAL.

At Queen Victoria's table there are three servants to every six guests. When the meal is finished her Majesty is the first to leave the room.

Lieutenant Schwatka, in his ascent of Mount St. Elias, has succeeded in climbing more than a mile and a quarter above the sea—the highest point above the snow-level ever reached.

Rossini used to say that his best musical productions were written while a copyist was waiting at his elbow to take the piece away.

At a banquet given by some Austrian army officers in Vienna the Emperor Francis Joseph interrupted the proceedings by proposing the health of the Czar, and the band played the Russian anthem. The same night the Czar returned his thanks by telegraph.

Miss Kenealy, a daughter of Dr. Kenealy of Tichborne fame, has just been elected head nurse of the new Orthopedic Hospital in Philadelphia. This is the third recent instance in which like selections in that city have been made from England.

The late Baroness de Rothschild, of Paris, counted among her friends and guests such men as Talleyrand, Balzac, Humboldt, Eugene Sue, Thiers, and Rossini. While her body lay ready for burial, 10,000 people entered their names in a book placed near the front door of her house.

Some five years ago Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored sculptor living in Rome, sent to the Chicago exposition a marble statue of Cleopatra putting the asp to her bosom. The work was bought by charging a fee of ten cents for seeing it. It is an attraction of the exposition this year, although much soiled, and destitute of the fingers of one hand.

Said a girl of seventeen, who works in the coal-mines of Belgium: "My work begins at five o'clock in the morning, and ends between nine and eleven at night. I load from sixty to seventy carts every day, and I haul two francs (forty cents) a day. I went regularly to school from my eighth to twelfth years. I could read once, but I have forgotten it all now. Pit-work ought to be prohibited to girls."

Captain George D. Mahoney, master of the schooner *Fannie E. Gorham*, of Belfast, Maine, has received a gold medal from the British Board of Trade, in recognition of services rendered to British passengers on board the steamer *Oregon*, which was sunk by collision off Fire Island on the 14th of last March. Several brave pilots and seamen of the pilot-boat *Phantom*, of New York, have been awarded a similar testimonial.

I think it was De Quincey, speaking of the Malay that hunted him in his dreams, that remarked that man in Asia was a weed. Looking at the boulevards on a Summer night, or at the Strand, at the hour when the theatres pour forth their contents, one feels inclined to repeat the opium eater's remark. The stranger marvels where all the people came from. In the early part of the evening, while the season is at its height in London, and almost all the year round in the French capital, a visitor will find every playhouse crowded, every cafe and restaurant filled, and every street teeming with strollers. Nor is the spectacle of out-of-door life confined to the principal thoroughfares, although these are, of course, most frequented. There are throngs more or less dense everywhere, and the bustling scene is kept up until the small hours, if indeed it comes to an end in the "fast" quarters of London before the early English dawn is heralded by a faint gray streak on the horizon.

How to Get a Holiday.

Brown—"Did you go for a vacation this Summer, Smith?" Smith—"Oh, yes." Brown—"How did you manage your business affairs?" Smith—"I took my advertisement out of the papers until I returned, so there wasn't any business to manage. Great scheme, eh?"

MISREPRESENTATION OF THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

As a rule, when Opposition journals publish untrue statements regarding members of the Dominion Cabinet, they take good care never to allow their readers to see the other side of the story. The case of the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, charged with holding up one of Riel's pictures at a meeting in Haldimand, during the recent election campaign there, and exclaiming something to this effect: "Behold the new saint of the Roman Catholic Church," is one in point. Some days ago the *Free Press* had the audacity to state, although it knew the contrary to be the fact, that Mr. White had never denied the charge. On the following day the *Citizen* quoted from one of Mr. White's recent speeches in which he, indignantly, denounced the charge that he had reflected upon the Church as a "monstrous falsehood," but the "Liberal" *Free Press* ignored the repudiation of the sentiments maliciously attributed to him. Meanwhile it published a declaration by a Mr. Anthony, who stated that he had heard Mr. White make use of the words attributed to him. Two days ago we received a copy of a letter addressed to the *Free Press*, requesting its publication, from the chairman of the meeting at which the objectionable words are said to have been spoken. It would appear to be the intention of the *Free Press* not to publish that letter, and, therefore, after waiting two days to give it the opportunity of doing so, we published the copy sent us—a precaution taken by the writer, who seems to have anticipated that our contemporary would commit the document to the editorial waste-basket, as its appearance in its columns would tend to thwart one of the objects it has in view. The letter is as follows:

To the Editor *Free Press*:
Sir,—The *Free Press* published an article headed "Thomas White Trapped," in which is given a statutory declaration of one W. T. Anthony. Anthony declares that the Hon. Thos. White in his address at Cayuga, in this county (Haldimand), showed a portrait of Louis Riel, and said referring to it: "Here is one of the new saints of the Roman Catholic Church." I was chairman at this meeting and the nearest person to Mr. White at the time referred to, and I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. White did not make use of this language, nor can I understand how Mr. Anthony has made such a mistake. In speaking of the effort being made in Quebec by certain politicians to raise a national feeling against the Government for having permitted the execution of Riel, Mr. White referred to this portrait as being one of the means resorted to in order to incite public feeling in that province. He then said that the French-Canadians were being induced by the Rielites to hang this portrait beside those of holy men, whose lives were to those French-Canadians incentives to good living. He denounced this as sacrilegious. He did not mention the Roman Catholic Church in connection with this portrait. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Anthony know that this declaration is not his unaided production. If it were published only here, where the facts are known, there would be no necessity for contradicting it, but having been published elsewhere, I feel it my duty to state the facts.

Yours, &c.,
COLIN G. SNIDER.

It is unnecessary to add anything by way of comment on this letter. The nature of the *Free Press* idea of fair play can be inferred from its apparent refusal to publish it.—[*Citizen*.]

To-day we reproduce from the *Ottawa Citizen* an article referring to the infamous manner in which the speech of the Hon. Thomas White at Cayuga, Ont., is misrepresented by the Reform press throughout the country. True to its instincts the *Advance* of last week joined in the villainous crusade against the character of an honorable man by publishing a cooked affidavit, over the signature of one W. T. Anthony, to the effect that Mr. White exhibited a picture of Riel, with the remark that it was "one of the new saints of the Roman Catholic Church." Mr. White has emphatically denied the truth of this accusation on several occasions. While referring to it at Perth the other day, his explanation was deemed so satisfactory that the Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, a Roman Catholic clergyman, who occupied a seat on the platform, arose from where he sat and shook Mr. White warmly by the hand. The Reform organs, however, continue to sully their pages with the work of vilification. A letter embodied in the *Citizen's* article effectually disposes of the bogus affidavit to which we have referred.

FIVE TO TWO.

The result of the nominations has been the unopposed return of seven members of the Legislature, five of them supporters of the Ministry; two of them adherents of the Opposition. The Conservatives elected are:

Hon. Mr. Flynn in Gaspé.
Hon. Mr. Robertson in Sherbrooke.
Mr. Beauchamp in Two Mountains.
Mr. Owens in Argen-teuil.
Mr. Larochelle in Dorchester.
The Liberals who have met no opponent are:

Mr. Shehyn in Quebec East.

Mr. Demers in Ibergville.

This is but a foreshadowing of the final result of the contest. These constituencies are fairly representative of the mixed population of the province. Five of them are solely or largely French as to their population in two of them the English are dominant. Yet out of the former we find that the liberals were unable to get even a candidate to prevent the contest going by default in three cases and of the latter is two. It is evident from this that the wild appeals to the race feeling of the French-Canadians that have formed the stock in trade of Mr. Mercier's followers since the Champ de Mars meeting have been taken at their true worth. The chaff has been sifted from the wheat, their policy has been weighed in the balance of public opinion and found wanting. The true national feeling of the people has triumphed over the bastard combination of hate and prejudice that has been advocated by the Rouges. And as Gaspé, Sherbrooke, Two Mountains, Dorchester, and Argen-teuil have gone so will go the majority of the province. Indeed the result so far may not be a bad indication of the final standing of parties in the new house. This is not said as an idle boast but is based on advices from the various sections of the province. Certainly it does not seem giving them the benefit of all really doubtful cases that the Rouges will have two dozen members returned. In many of the constituencies their candidates are admittedly put up as stop gaps, to keep their Conservative opponents at home. They have and pretend to have no hopes of success. The return of every one of the ministers is perfectly well assured and by large majorities. Among their followers there will be some losses of course. It is not to be expected that after eight years in office a party will emerge from a contest in the country without some of its members losing the confidence of their supporters. This is especially likely to be the case when the disproportion in the numbers of the parties was so glaring, so ridiculously glaring as in the lately dissolved house. But the gains of the Liberals in this way will be very small; if the friends of the Government, as they should be encouraged to, in view of yesterday's record, do their duty, they may be next to none at all. The result of the nominations is proof of this, as it is also that the country can appreciate and reward those who honestly devote themselves to the advancement of its interests, as has been the case with the Ross-Tailon administration, and that it can and will punish those who sink to the level of mere panders to passion and prejudice, imperilling the welfare of the people whose moving sentiments they do not understand, whose honesty of purpose they cannot appreciate.—[*Gazette*, Oct. 7th.]

The Sudbury Mine.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE ALLEGED COPPER BONANZA.

A visit to this region, about which somewhat sensational reports have been going the rounds satisfactorily proves that if the rumours are not literally correct, there is at least some ground for them. The Canadian Copper Company has here hit upon one of the most extensive and quite the most remarkable copper bearing area in the world. It is remarkable the ore is so near the surface as to form what are particularly little copper mountains, rising to a height of over a hundred feet above the prevailing level and extending in a broken range for nearly eighty miles. The general trend of the range is from south-west to north-east, beginning in the neighborhood of the Algoma branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, crossing the main line about three miles west of Sudbury (where the ore is visible in the railway cutting), and apparently terminating at a spot four miles north of Sudbury. The part at present being worked is about midway between the Algoma branch and the main line, and was not selected on account of its special promise but merely because of its convenient situation. The Canadian Pacific railway has constructed a sliding from the Algoma line, and things are so far in working order that within the last four days between thirty and forty cars containing an aggregate of some 500 to 600 tons of ore have been sent off to New York.

UNCOMMON FACILITY OF WORKING.

The mineral is being taken out of the face of a rocky bluff similar in character though not superficially so rich as the others which mark the course of the range the operation being simple quarrying rather than mining in the strict sense of the word. It is this uncommon facility of working that makes the deposit unique and adds appreciably to its economic value. Even at the present low price of copper, when ore-getting is so easy and the facilities of transport so ready to hand, it would require to be a very poor grade indeed that would not yield some sort of profit. But as a matter of fact the grade is high. An analysis of a normal example showed nearly 19 per cent. of copper, and at an extremely moderate estimate the ore now been sent away contains from 12 to 15 per cent. So far as it has been tested, the ore throughout the entire region comes up to the same high standard. At one point there is a rich vein of quartz and pyrites, the latter very nearly perfect, and therefore containing roughly from 30 to 40 per cent. of copper. How far this vein may extend can only, of course, be matter of pure speculation. The outcrop north of Sudbury is richer than the section now being worked, and contains one or two exposures of splendid dimensions. The cubic content of a ridge one mile long by 600 feet wide is a very large quantity, and a very fine one, if we may assume it to mean 15 per cent. of copper. The Cana-

dian Pacific railway completed surveys for a track to this point, and when the line is made work-will commence. The element of uncertainty necessarily enters into all mining work. It is impossible for anyone to make even a wild guess at what may be the capacity of the region the Canadian Company has acquired. It may possibly prove a bonanza, as it has already been freely dubbed. It may equally possibly prove nothing of the kind. But with the quantity of material that is on the surface, and visible to the eye, it can hardly by any chance prove a failure, more especially since it is in the hands of such a shrewd and cautious manager as Mr. Louis Askman, who will be sure to make the most of what is tangible without placing too much dependence on shadowy possibilities. With regard to the rumour that gold has been found, it is totally destitute of foundation. Silver is associated with the copper in most places to the extent of three ounces per ton. The Canadian Copper Company, which was organized early in the year, is composed entirely of Cleveland capitalists. Its property here extends to 3,300 acres embraces the best portions of the copper region.

INSPECTED BY MONTREAL CAPITALISTS.

Capitalists from Montreal, including directors of the Canadian Pacific railway, have just returned from a trip to Sudbury Junction, where they proceeded on Friday evening last by special train to inspect the wonderful bonanza copper mine, the largest in area it is claimed, in the world and with the highest percentage of pure copper that has been discovered. The mines are owned by Ohio capitalists who have one hundred and fifty men taking out three hundred tons of ore daily, and the company is erecting five hundred houses for miners who will be added to the present force when the dwellings are completed. Mr. Duncan McIntyre, formerly vice president of the C. P. R. expressed his amazement at the immense deposits and gave it as his opinion that there was in the largest mine in view fully fifty millions of tons of copper. He also stated his belief that gold and silver as well as copper and iron would yet be developed in these regions. Smelting furnaces will be built at the mines but until that is done the ore is being conveyed to New Jersey.

OTTAWA HOUSE, PORTAGE DU FORT.

STAGES

LEAVE THE OTTAWA HOUSE TO
Connect with all Trains going East & West
FROM HALEYS.

SURE CONNECTION GUARANTEED

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

CHARGES MODERATE.

—Farmers'— Custom — Solicited —
DAN. McDONALD,
Proprietor.

Portage du Fort, May 1, 1885.

Goldsmiths Hall.

Waltham Watches,
English Watches,
Elgin Watches,
Swiss Watches,
Diamonds,
Fine Jewelry,
Silver Ware.
The largest and most elegant stock in the Ottawa Valley.
W. J. DOUGLAS
MAIN STREET, FERNBROOK

Royal Mail Stage Line PORTAGE DU FORT AND HALEYS, IN CONNECTION WITH THE UNION HOUSE.

All Mail Stages leave the Union House for Halley'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 Collongue 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 purgative, acting on the Stomach Liver and Bowels, removing oil 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, 1885.



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, 1885.

STAGE LINE AND EXPRESS AGENCY

—BETWEEN—

HALEY'S STATION and PORTAGE DU FORT.

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

STAGES LEAVE PORTAGE DU FORT:

	CONNECTING AT HALEY'S STATION	
9.00, A. M.	"	10.40, A. M.
1.00, P. M.	"	2.30, P. M.
6.30, P. M.	"	8.10, P. M.
12.00, A. M.	"	1.40, A. M.
1.00, A. M.	"	2.45, A. M.

D. M. RATTRAY, STAGE OFFICE: RATTRAY HOUSE,
GENERAL FORWARDER, EXPRESS AGT.
AND STAGE PROPRIETOR.
Portage du Fort, September 2, 1885.

GEORGE O'BRIEN,
PROPRIETOR.

P. P. J. RY STAGE LINE

New Short Route to Ottawa and all Eastern Points.

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

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.

VIA P. P. J. RAILWAY.

	Miles.	Fare.		Miles.	Fare.
Bryson to Portage du Fort	8	.50	Bryson to Shawville	10	.75
Portage du Fort to Halley's	8	.50	Shawville to Ottawa	45	1.25
Haleys to Ottawa	70	2.05			
Total	86	\$3.05	Total	55	\$2.00

Saving effected by new route: Miles, 38; Fare, \$1.05.

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.

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, 1885.

IMPORTANT!

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.

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, 1885.