

THE EQUITY
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY BY
SMITH & COWAN,
Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One dollar a year, in advance, one dollar
and fifty cents if not paid till the end
of the year.

ADVERTISING TERMS
Transient advertisements, 8 cents per line for
first insertion; 2 cents for every subsequent
insertion.

Professional cards, 6 lines or less, per year
\$4.00.
Contracts by the year at reasonable rates.
Parties advertising by the year will be expected
to pay for the same quarterly.

THE EQUITY OFFICE is replete with the newest
designs of Job Printing Material, and the
proprietors are prepared to execute every description
of plain and fancy work in a superior
manner.

B.T. SMITH J.A. COWAN
Professional Cards

D.R. E.H. ROULEAU - Physician, Surgeon and
Accoucher.
Office - Cobb Street, Bryson

H.E. SHEPHERD, M.D. Graduate Victoria
College, Toronto, M.C.P.S. Nova Scotia and
M.C.P.S. Quebec. Diseases of Women and
Children specially treated. Office, Portage-du-Fort

GEO. E. JOSEPH, M.D. C.M. Pembroke, Ont.
(successor to Dr. Lafferty), Graduate of
McGill University, Montreal, Member of the
College of Physicians and Surgeons,
Ontario. Office - First door east of the
Observer Office, where he can be found at
all hours.

P. RONEY, L.L.B. ADVOCATE, Barrister,
Solicitor &c. Office and Residence,
Portage du Fort, P.Q. Attends all Courts in
County and Superior Court at Aylmer.

J. ST. JULIEN, ADVOCATE, Barrister &c.,
for the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario.
A commissioner for taking Affidavits for
Ontario. Office and residence, Portage-du-
Fort. N.B. Will follow all the Courts of the District
of Ottawa.

THE FOREST HOUSE - R. Mc. RITCHIE,
Proprietor. Spacious Sample Rooms. Every
attention paid to guests. First Class Tables.
Choice Liquors in the Bar.

OCCIDENTAL HOUSE, Duke St., Chaudiere,
Ottawa, Leonard Link, Proprietor.
Good accommodations for the travelling public.
The best dollar a day house in the city.

Wm. McVEIGH
"Keeps"
IN STORAGE
Teas,
Tobaccos
Sugars, &c. &c.
exceptionally good and at prices to suit buyers.

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

GEO. LETTS,
Main Street, Bryson
The subscriber is tendering thanks to the public
for the very liberal patronage extended to him since
he commenced business in Bryson, wishes to state
that he is still alive to its interests, and prepared to
fill all orders entrusted to him.

-FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS
MADE TO ORDER
SPINNING WHEELS, YARNS & REELS
Manufactured and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

CHURNS of any pattern or size
MADE TO ORDER
In addition to the above he has opened
out a nice stock of
Choice Groceries
and Confectionery:

Teas, Sugars, Syrup, Biscuits, Tobacco,
Candied Fruits and Meats, Candles,
Soap, Essences, Perfumery and a
variety of Fancy Articles
AT VERY LOW PRICES!
CALL AND SEE!
GEO. LETTS
Bryson, June 7, 1883

T.G. SOMERVILLE,
RENEW MARBLE
-AND-
GRANITE WORKS.
Manufacturers of
Renewed Granite and White Marble
MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TABLETS,
CURBING-POSTS
and Railings of all sizes and styles
T.G. SOMERVILLE Agent
Renew, June 7, 1883

AGENT
Bryson Carding Mill
The above Mill has been open since the
FIFTEENTH OF MAY,
and is now running full time and is prepared to do with
matrices and dispatch all the
Wool Carding!
for northern Pontiac, in a style and manner
which cannot be shipped in the Ottawa Valley

NOTICE
Parties from a distance can
have wool back with same day.
Good Work Guaranteed
Bryson, June 7, 1883.

THE EQUITY

Vol. I BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., JUNE 7, 1883 No. 1

O Wind that blows out of the West
O Wind that blows out of the West
Thou hast swept o'er mountain and sea
Dost thou bear on thy swift, glad wings
The breath of my love to me?
Hast thou kissed her warm, sweet lips?
Or tangled her soft, brown hair?
Or fluttered the fragrant heart
Of the rose she loves to wear?

O sun that goes down in the West!
Hast thou seen my love today,
As she sits in her beautiful prime
Under skies so far away?
Hast thou gilded a path for her feet
Or deepened the glow of her cheeks
Or beat from the skies to hear
The low, sweet words she speaks?
Does she smile as she walks with me
In the light of a happy dream,
While the night-winds rustle the leaves
And the light waves ripple and gleam?

O birds that fly out of the West!
Do ye bring me a message from her,
As sweet as your love notes are
When the warm spring breezes stir?
Did she whisper a word of me
As your tremulous wings swept by,
Or utter my name, mayhap,
In a single passionate cry?
O voice out of the West!
Ye are silent, every one,
And never an answer comes
From wind, or stars, or sun!
And the blithe birds come and go
Through the boundless fields of space
As reckless of human prayers
As if there were a desert place.

AGRICULTURAL AND OTHER
NOTES.
THE PROPER TIME TO CUT GRASS.—
As the season for cutting a large crop of
grass will ere long arrive, these remarks
from the report of the analytical chemists
of the Department of Agriculture,
summing up the results of analysis of
nearly all the cultivated grasses are in
order: "It is apparent, then, that in most
cases the time of bloom, or thereabouts,
is the fittest of cutting grasses in order to
obtain the most nourishment and
largest relatively profitable crops, and
for the following reasons. The amount of
water in the grass at this time is at its
maximum, and the shrinkage will therefore
be least. The weight of the crop will be
largest in proportion of the nutritive value
of its constituents. The amount of nitrogen
present as albuminoids will be at its lowest
point; fibre will not be so excessive as to
prevent digestion, and the nutritive ratio
will be more advantageous. If cut earlier,
the shrinkage is larger, although the fibre
is less and albumin is a little larger.
The palatability may be increased but
the nutrients to the acre will not be so
large, and the nutritive ratio will be more
abnormal. The disadvantage of late cutting
are evident in the increase of fibre,
destroying the digestibility of the nutrients
and the falling off of the albumen by
conversion into amides. This is not made
up by the larger crop cut."

GOOD SEED.—A correspondent of the
Mirror and Farmer, says: "Few farmers
realize the importance of good seed. A
person in our town sent, last year, 300
miles for seed potatoes of the leading
sorts, investing \$40 for what would seem
to some a very small amount of seed."

DEPTH FOR CORN PLANTING.—At the
Experimental Station it is found probable
that the compacting of the soil about the
seed is of more importance than we
have been apt to consider. In the region,
probably corn planted under a scant
inch of soil, well compacted in the soil
and those upon which the soil was cast
loosely, the director was not able to
understand why machine planting in the
former planting gave so much better
stand of plant than when the grain was
planted by hand; but it seems evident
that one value of the Western corn plant
is that the wheels passing over the grain
after it is deposited press the earth firmly
in the contact with the seed.

HOT WATER CURE FOR SICKLY
PLANTS.—A Florist asks: "has any one
tried hot water as a restorative for sickly
plants and then proceeds to say that Mr.
Willermoz some time since stated that
plants in pots may be restored to good
health by means of hot water; ill-health,
he maintains, ensues from acid substances
in the soil, which, being
absorbed by the roots, sets as poison.
The small roots wither and cease to act,
the upper and younger shoots consequently
turn yellow or become spotted
indicative of their morbid state. In such
cases the usual remedy is to transplant
into fresh soil, in clean pots, with good
drainage, and this often with the best
results. But his experience of several
years has proved the unfeeling efficacy
of the simpler treatment, which consists
of watering abundantly with hot water at a
temperature of about 140 degrees F.,
having previously stirred the soil off the
pots so far as may be done without
injury to the roots. Water is then given
until it runs freely from the pots, in his
experiments the water at first came out
clear; afterwards it was sensibly tinged
with brown, and gave an appreciable
acid reaction. After this thorough washing,
the pots were kept warm, and the plants
very soon made new roots, immediately
followed by vigorous growth."

SALTING BUTTER.—Prof. Johnston
says that fresh churned butter contains
a quantity of the milk serum (butter
milk) which is one object of salting to
remove. When salt is worked into butter,
each grain of salt gradually dissolves in
the buttermilk and withdraws it from the
butter, probably shrinking the bulky,
jelly-like casein, just as salt mixed with
a jelly of soap shrinks the soap into a
small, firm cake, and unites with the
water to make brine. If the salt be very
fine, the result is, to fill the mass of butter,
with a multitude of very small droplets
of brine which are difficult to work out of
the butter. On the other hand, if the salt
be very coarse the buttermilk will gather
in large drops, easy to work out, but the
salt grains will not be entirely dissolved,
and will make the butter too salty and
gritty to the taste. The proper fineness,
therefore, is that which comes just short
of occasioning the last named difficulty,

so that by its use we remove the buttermilk
thoroughly without making an
unpleasant surplus of salt in the butter.
According to Alexander Muir, the
grains of good dairy salt should have
dimensions lying, for the most part,
between 1.25 and 1.50 of an inch in
diameter.

PURE WATER FOR COWS.—An anonymous
but sensible writer says that "cows
are not near so sensitive in the matter of
taste as horses, yet this should not be
an excuse for negligence in the quality of
water furnished them. The stock breeder
and the dairyman owe it to themselves
to supply their stock with the purest and
freshest of water. How often should animals
be allowed to drink? I presume
were stock allowed free access to water
in summer that each individual would
drink at least a dozen times during the
day. If they are not allowed free access to
water, but compelled to drink at stated
periods, they are quite liable to drink too
much. This is one of the greatest advantages
of having water in pasture. In winter
I am aware that the practice is to water
horses perhaps twice a day—morning
and night. With cows the practice
is to turn them into the yard and
allow them to drink what they want during
two or three hours. Perhaps an
important point upon this plan would be
to turn them out for an hour at a time,
morning and night. All those who own
horses should have some way arranged
for taking the chill off water for horses
during winter. It will pay to do so."

FOR GALLED SHOULDERS.—Farm
horses are in (some season more than
others) subject to galled shoulders and
backs, and which, when not timely or
properly attended to, are apt to produce
troublesome sores. The skin not only is
abraded by the collar or saddle parts of the
harness, but the flesh irritated and
inflamed; and if the irritation is kept up,
an ichorous discharge takes place, which
is difficult to heal without giving
the horse prolonged rest or freedom from
work. When a saddle or collar gait
is observed, the harness should be looked
to, and the pressing points which have
caused the sores should be removed. It
should be made a rule to sponge the
accumulated sweat and dirt from the
collar and saddle apart of the harness, as
well as from the shoulders and back of
the horse, when he comes in from work.

THE GARDEN.—Anyone who is going
to have a garden should be planning for
it now. The country housewife who takes
care of her "pence" will tell you that the
tomato plants which she raises from seed
started in a box and set in a sunny
window, will be much more thrifty than
those from a hot-bed and will bear more
abundantly. Nothing adds so to the
appearance of the meat or fish served on
the table as a garnish of some suitable
plant and this might be had all through
the summer if a little pain is taken;
watercress, which is so appetizing, may
be sown successively. Endive and parsley
also are excellent, and may also be
sown at different times during the summer.
A little plot of ground and an hour's
work every day, may be made to yield
more than one would suppose, never
having tried the experiment. One who is
curious in such matters kept a strict
account and from a piece of ground one
and a half rods by two rods, after paying
for the seed and ploughing had a clear
profit of \$12.65, besides having the keen
enjoyment which comes from eating the
fresh vegetables which grew for him.

FARM NOTES.
The hog, like the horse, has no extra
stomach to store away food, therefore if
fed twice a day and what he will eat,
he overloads his stomach, and if the food
is not pushed beyond the point where it
will digest the stomach is filled so full
that a considerable portion of the food
fails to come in contact with the lining
of the stomach, and thus a very large
portion of the nutrients in the food is lost.
Experiments prove that a hog thus fed
wastes more than one-half of the meal
given him. We have no doubt the same
is true of the horse when fed large quantities
of hay and grain, and fed but twice a
day.

The culture of the larger fruits would
be greatly accelerated if fruit trees were
all planted a wide distance, and the
intervening space kept under constant
cultivation for hoed crops, and attended
by constant manuring. Then the trees
of themselves alone would require almost
no extra work, except that of pruning
during the first few years after planting.
And still it will probably take a hundred
years before some farmers will even hear
of this method, and perhaps another
hundred to get them to believe in it as
the best system.

VEGETABLE COOKERY.—Why should
beans never be cut into cold water to
soak as is often recommended? Because
all the nutritious portion of the bean is
extracted by the process. They should be
washed in warm water, then in cold,
be tied loosely in a cloth, be put into boiling
water, with a spoonful of dripping and
a little salt in it and be kept boiling for
four hours. They are then excellent if
served with gravy, and not with melted
butter. They serve as a garnish around
roast mutton or beef and are excellent eating
served whole or as a puree. To make the
latter. When the beans are done throw
them instantly into cold water, when the
skins will slip off. Rub the beans
through a colander and mix a lump of
butter with them. A little milk or cream
is excellent mixed in.

Why should plenty of fast boiling
water be used in boiling vegetables,
potatoes excepted? Because the greater
the body of boiling water the greater the
heat. If only a little water be used the
whole affairs soon cools and the vegetables
become tough so much so that the
length of time in boiling them will render
them otherwise.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—In selecting
flour first look to the colour. If it is
white, with a yellowish straw colour tint,
buy it. If it is white, with a bluish cast,
or with black specks in it refuse it. Next
examine its adhesiveness—wet and
knead a little of it between your fingers;
if it works soft and sticky it is poor. Then
throw a lump of dried flour against a
smooth surface; if it falls like powder it

is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour
that will stand all these tests. These
modes are given by all old flour dealers,
and they pertain to a matter that concerns
everybody.

Varieties
A much abused editor wrote to a
brother, replying the parent: "Yes, he did,
and thoughtlessly signed himself 'Yours
fraternally.'"

An Irishman has always an answer for
anything. A Corkonian on being asked at
breakfast how he came by the "black eye,"
said he, "I slept on my fist."

A boy proposed to his father that he go
fishing, but his father had other business
for him that day. "Father," said the
young man, "do you know what young
Solomon said about young men going
fishing?" Solomon didn't say anything
about it, replied the parent. "Yes, he did.
He said if you spare the rod you spoil the
child." "I won't spare it," said the old
gentleman promptly. And he didn't. But the
son thinks he got hold of the wrong rod.

"I don't care what anybody says,"
remarked Mrs. Fogg, warmly. "Mr. Bolt
is a good doctor, and I shall employ him
as long as I live." "Very likely," replied
Fog. "I believe it is the same with all his
patients. They all employ him as long as
they live, that is to say, until he gets
through with them."

A soldier, when under fire in Egypt for
the first time, commenced a strategical
movement to the rear. "You are a
wretched coward," said one of his companions.
"Possibly I am" replied the
retreating sage; "but I prefer being a
coward for five minutes to being a corpse
for all time."

Faint-heartedness would never have
won the Vicksburg fair lady who refused
her suitor four times, but yielded when
he fell on his knees before her in a par-
lor in the presence of a dancing company
and for the fifth time urged his suit.
She accepted him on the spot, and
appointed a day for the wedding.

The largest cable ever made on the
Pacific coast was finished at the
California Wire Works on Saturday. It is
18,000 feet in length, and weighs twenty-
six tons. Rolled on a shaft it makes a
bundle about twenty feet in diameter
and ten feet in depth. It is made of steel
wire and cost \$20,000. The cable is for
the California street railroad.

No marriage is legal in France except
with the consent of the parents of both
parties, but a man or woman over 25
may "respectfully cite" his or her parents
to show good cause why they refuse to
consent. If they fail to show good cause
the marriage may proceed in spite of
them. Such proceedings are rarely
resorted to.

The northernmost place in the world
where rye and oats mature is at Kengis,
in the Swedish province of Norbotten,
forty-nine miles north of the polar circle,
whereas the northernmost part where
corn is grown is a Muoniovira, ninety-
eight miles to the north of the circle. The
rye yields, it is stated, ninety-eight per
cent, and the oats about ninety.

AN ORIGINAL PETITION.—Not long
since, Lily, a little girl of five years, after
saying her evening prayers, began to
indulge in an original petition of her
own, varying it according to her moods.
She was aware that she had not been
particularly good on a certain day, and
her evening prayers were thus supplemented:
"I pray to the Lord to make Lily
a good little girl and if at first you don't
succeed, try, try again."

A Paduauch young man took his girl on
a fishing excursion to the Illinois lake.
They embarked on an improvised raft,
the frail bark soon went to pieces, and
the young man tumbled into the water
and swam ashore, leaving this terror-
stricken girl floating around on a log.
The young man walked three miles to
the head of the lake, got a skiff, and
returned to her rescue. The young lady
had given the young fisherman a cold
shoulder.

How To Kill a Rat
Marvelously cunning are rats in recognizing
devices for their capture. Toasted
cheese and rank sin are the baits commonly
employed, hence the far-penetrating
odor of these lures them to the spot
where the trap is set; but in places
where they are so plentiful that their
resort may be counted upon, nothing is
so likely to induce them to enter as a bit
of fruit of lettuce, of which they are
passionately fond. Another very successful
device for catching them in a bulk is to
strew a room liberally with a highly-scented
thirst-producing food—salt
cheeses, or peppercorns and hemp seed
—and arrange a bucket of and such like
animals are highly absorbent of paper. I
knew a fellow who possessed a pet
bouquet that could do no wrong, until
one day it went into his cabin and ate
a number of five dollar notes, since which
he has looked upon cervidae as a very
inferior group and genus caricas as distinctly
immoral. Traps they rarely enter.
They are suspicious of poison, and if
they are beguiled into taking it they get
away behind bulkheads and other inaccessible
places to die and thus breed a
pestilence. Anything with a strong
admixture of arsenic will preserve the
bodies from corruption, unless they get
wet but not one rat in a hundred will
even stiff at such compound, and its
trial generally results in the poisoning of
every domesticated animal on the
board ends by its finding its way into the
coffee one morning, or something of that
sort. Occasionally, however, rats will
make a mistake, and it is no uncommon
thing to pick them up dead in the holds
of ships which carry dried hides, in the
preparation of which a great deal of
arsenic is used.

Boys Will Be Boys
An exchange says boys will tramp two
hundred and forty miles in one day on a
hunt and be limber in the evening; when
you ask them to cross the street and
borrow Jones' two-inch auger, he will be
as stiff as a meat block. To be sure he
will. And he will go swimming all day
and stay in the water three hours at a
time and splash and dive, and paddle

and puff, and next morning he will feel
that unmeasured insult has been offered
him when he is told by his mother to
wash his face. And he'll wander around
a dry creek bed all the evening piling up
a pebble fort and nearly die off when his
sister wants him to please pick up a basket
of chips for the box stove. And he'll
spend the biggest part of his time in trying
to corner a stray mule or barebacked
horse for ride, and feel that all life's
charms have fled when it comes his turn
to drive the cows home. And he'll turn a
ten acre lot upside down for ten inches
of angle worms, and wish for the voice-
less tomb when the garden demands
attention. But all the same, when you
want a friend to stand by you and sym-
pathize with you, and be true to you in
all kinds of weather, enlist one of these
same boys.

News Notes
The appointment of Mr. Richey to the
Governorship of the Province of Nova
Scotia will make a vacancy in the repre-
sentation of that constituency in the
House of Commons. At last election the
vote stood: Daly 2,811; Richey 2,785;
Jones 2,720; Fuller 2,563. Halifax
returns two members.

A cable dispatch says James Carey,
the notorious informer in the Cavendish
Burke tragedy case, will probably be
sent to Canada. Heaven forbid. Canada
does not want murderers and informers
among her population. Carey is as guilty
of the slaughter of Lord Frederick
Cavendish and Mr. Burke as the unfor-
tunate men who have been hanged for
the crime. If the ruffian must live, by all
means let him remain in Ireland.
Canada does not want such characters.

On Saturday a deputation, representing
the Irish National Land League of the
United States, waited upon President
Arthur and presented him with a resolu-
tion passed at a recent meeting of the
league protesting against the assistance
given by the British Government to per-
sons to emigrate from Ireland. The president
promised that the matter would
receive consideration. Already, he said,
it had occupied the attention of the
Secretary of State. The representation of
the League apply only to paupers who
have been landed in the United States
almost penniless.

L.M. Shute, representing a number of
American Capitalists, has closed the
contracts for the construction of the
Ontario Pacific Railway and made
arrangements to float the bonds
amounting to \$12,000,000. Work will
begin at once on this important line and
trains will be running over part of this
valuable road by October 1st, 1883.

It is probable that Captain Webb, who
swam the English Channel in 1875, will
swim the terrible whirlpool rapids below
Niagara Falls on July 1st. Capt. Webb
was born in Shropshire, England, and is
the son of a physician. He took to the sea
early and became the captain of a mer-
chantman. Many years ago he jumped
from the deck of the Cunard mail steam-
er Russia during a storm to save a sailor
who fell overboard. For this act he
received from the hands of the Duke
of Edinburgh the first gold medal every
given by the Royal Humane Society. So
daring was he as a ship captain that he
could never get a crew to go to sea with
him a second time. After his thrilling
swim across the channel, the 24th reg-
iment, which afterwards was almost
annihilated in Zululand, gave him a
Burmese battle. He has a trunk full of
decorations and trophies.

At the Methodist conference sitting in
Yarmouth, N.S. on Saturday, a resolu-
tion was passed requiring all ministers
to preach temperance sermons in
December of each year.

The Canadian and European
Steamship Company will run a monthly
line between Bremen, Germany, and
Montreal. A subsidy of \$2,000 a trip
having been granted by the Government.

Crop reports from the various parts of
the Province of Quebec state that hay is
far above the average, wheat not much
grown, and oats are generally poor.
Corn's average is not good. Apples are
fairly good.

The Missing Link
The existence of a tribe of Indians in
Paraguay with tails is asserted, appar-
ently on good authority. An Argentine,
who has an establishment in the
Paraguayan missions, in the district of
Tacura Tuyn, was collecting yerba when
his mules were attacked by Guayacuyes
Indians, who fled after killing several
mules. The muleteers pursued, firing on
the Indians, one of whom, a boy of eight
years, was wounded and captured. The
boy was brought to Posados and excited
much wonder, and some Germans pho-
tographed him. He had a tail six to
eight inches long. The boy is very ugly,
but his body is not covered with hair. A
brother, in possession of Col. Roca has
also a tail, and it is said, all the tribe are
similarly adorned.

Jewish Butchers on Trial
London, in the trial yesterday at Myre
Chalaza, in Hungary, of the Jews who are
accused of having murdered a Christian
girl and used her blood to mix with the
passover bread, only the clear evidence
adduced tended to strongly establish an
alibi in favour of Buxbaum the Jewish
butcher. The witnesses for the prosecution
contradicted each other, and alas their
own former statements. The audience
in court openly threatened the wit-
nesses for the defense with punishment.

The public prosecutor in consequence of
the disorder in court desisted and he would
propose the most stringent measures for
preservation of order unless the pres-
ident stopped the disturbance. The
Times' correspondent in his report of the
trial says that he believed the boy Moritz
Schirf, the principal witness for the
prosecution, is a maniac.

European Notes
CHINESE IRONCLADS.—The German
Government refuses to allow men
belonging to the German navy to take to
China the Chinese ironclad which
recently launched here.

ANAMITE CONSULS EXPELLED.—
Paris - A telegram from Saigon states
that the Governor of Cochinchina has
expelled the Anamite Consuls from the
colony because of their connection with
the conspiracy against French rule.

RETURNING TO MADAGASCAR.—Paris
-The Malagasy envoys had a farewell
meeting with Prime Minister Jules Ferry
today. The envoys will be provided with a
safe passport to be delivered to the
French commander at Tamatave.

SITUATION IN TONQUIN.—London—
Marquis Tseng denies that an agreement
has been reached between Fricou, the
French minister at Shanghai, and Li
Hung Chang, Chinese commander. The
marquis reaffirms the statement that
the Chinese troops are massing on the
border of Tonquin. He says that China
will not accept any Franco-Anamite
treaty that is opposed to her sovereign
rights in Anam. Marquis Tseng is anx-
ious to obtain England's good offices.

The total acreage of Scotland is
18,946,694. One nobleman owns
1,326,000 and his wife 149,879 acres
and a third from 424,000 and fourth
from 378,000 and so on, until one quar-
ter of the whole acreage is owned by
twelve proprietors, one half the country
by seventy gentlemen who "toil not,
neither do they spin." Nine-tenths of
Scotland belong 1,700 persons. And if
the present tendency continues, the
whole land will be gobbled up by a still
smaller number of men and corpora-
tions. The Scotch are very like the Irish—
they have not much of a land they call
their own.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP VISITS
CALUMET.—The days so long and so
eagerly looked forward to by the children
of Calumet church have come and gone—
three days of grace and blessing,
brightened by the first pastoral visit of
His Lordship Bishop Lorrain. Who
amongst the Catholics has not welcomed
his coming, where the Catholic heart
that has not beat joyfully at his
approach? Thursday evening His
Lordship, accompanied by Rev. T.
Perreault and Rev. T. Ferris, and the
beautiful little church on the Calumet
Island. At the landing he was met by
Rev. F. Oullette, the inhabitants of the
place and a number from Bryson and
conducted to Mr. F. Oullette's residence,
where addresses of welcome, both
French and English were presented, the
former by Dr. E.H. Rouleau, and the latter
by Mr. P. McNally. His Lordship
expressed his thanks very warmly in
both languages and followed by the peo-
ple proceeded to the church where
solemn benediction took place. The
street leading from Mr. Oullette's was
tastefully decorated with green boughs,
flags, etc., and the edifice within, in
adorning of which Rev. F. Oullette had
spared no pains, looked a perfect Eden
of loveliness, seeming doubly beautiful
lit up by the rays of the dying sun. On
Friday morning a Pontifical high mass
was celebrated by His Lordship and
Rev. Oullette and Vincent. At 3:00 p.m.
vespers for the dead were chanted. The
bishop, followed by the members of the
congregation, walked in procession from
the church to the grave yard, to visit the
abode of the faithful departed and offer
prayers for the repose of those gone
before now peacefully sleeping in the city
of the dead - the home of the once busy
ones of earth - how silently they rest
there! Parents, friends and dear ones
come to visit them, kneel beside the
grass-covered mound, with a few flowers
from the wreaths which affection has
laid on their graves; the Bishop chants
the solemn Requiem, and yet, they sleep,
silently, peacefully and forever - Oh no!
Not forever; but until from on high
sounds the thrilling trumpet that shall
call them forth to life again. At 7:00 p.m.
benediction as again given. On Saturday
took place the greatest and most impor-
tant ceremony of the visitation; the
administering of the sacrament of confir-
mation to 120 children. It was a sight
calculated to fill every soul witnessing it
with supplements of deep and fervent
piety and true religious reverence. Is
there a heart on earth however lonely,
however miserable and bereft, but has
felt some faint ray beam over its dark-
ness when soothed by the balm of
Religion? If so that heart must indeed
be utterly void of piety and penetration. Life
is a large book, the pages of which are
deeply checked. Every day brings its
own joy or sorrow. When we are happiest
and all seems bright and joyous the rosy
sunset suddenly changes into gray twilight—
the shadows darken and all is
changed. In the hour of depression then
where must we look for comfort and
strength? In Christ alone can they be
found. "They that wait upon the Lord
shall have their strength renewed, they
shall mount up as on wings of eagles,
they shall run and not weary, they shall
walk and not faint."

After the administration of confirma-
tion at which Dr. Rouleau and his lady
acted as sponsors grand high mass was
celebrated by Revs. Oullette Ferris and
Vincent. At the close the Rev. F.
Perreault addressed the congregation,
repetition for his text: "Go thou and
sin no more."

His Lordship then proceeded to the
altar to take leave of the congregation.
He expressed himself delighted with all
he had witnessed and happily edified
with the result of his pastoral visit. He
congratulated the parishioners on their
beneficial church which their generosity
seconding the zeal and efforts of their
pastor had erected, and said it decidedly
ranked first among the churches of the
mission. He concluded by speaking
words of encouragement to the con-
firmed children and blessing the congrega-
tion.

At 2:00 p.m. Saturday His Lordship
and suite left the Calumet and drove to
Bryson in Mr. T. Merleau's beautiful
carriage at whose residence he spent a
short time. His Lordship viewed the vil-
lage and left in company with Mr.
Merleau for Portage du Fort.

A mother-in-law
This little incident is given by the writer
to show that some travellers have not
sense enough to diagnose a family party
when they see one; A traveller saw a
woman take a man by the collar, yank
him up the steps into a railroad car, jam
him down into the hot seat next to the
stove, pile up a valise and two brown
baskets with loose covers and long han-
dles at this feat, shove a baby into his lap
and say: "Now, sit there until I help Mary

Jane on the car, and don't you move until
I come back." When the woman reached
the car door the traveller said to her: "Is
that man your husband?" "Naw-w-w!"
roared the woman: "He's my daughter's
husband, and she hasn't the spirit
enough to say her soul is her own!"

A Little Money
A woman ought to have her own purse,
great or small, whichever it may be; -
ten, fifty, a hundred, or a thousand dol-
lars, according to circumstances, but her
own, for which she accounts only to her-
self.

Would you know "why" — you gentle-
men who make your wives render an
account of pins and farthings?
Well, then: A maid-servant knocks
down a teacup, a servant breaks a glass;
or suddenly a teapot, cup and glass all at
once fall to pieces and nobody has broken
them, and so on. The wife who has
not her own purse, but who must replace
the cups and glass, goes to her husband,
recounts her misfortune, and begs for a
little to make good the damage.

He scolds the servants, his wife, who
ought to look after the servants.
"Money, indeed! A little money! Money
does not grow out of the ground nor yet
is it grained down from heaven, many
small brooks make a small river," and
such like.

At last he gives a little money and
remains often in a very ill humour.
Again, if the wife has her own little
purse, then such little vexations never
come near him. Children, servants, mis-
fortune, remain the same, but no disorder
is remarked — all is made right at
first — all is in order, and the head of the
house — who perhaps with greatest ease
could lay down a thousand dollars at
once, need not for a few pence, squeezed
out at different times, lose the equisite of
his temper, which is invaluable to the
whole house as to himself.

And dost thou reckon as nothing, thou
unfeeling nabob, those little surprises,
those little birthday and name-day
pleasures with which thy wife can give
herself the delight of surprising thee —
those thousand small pleasures which, un-
expected as falling stars, gleam like them
on the heaven of home, and which must
all come to thee from the affection of thy
wife through a little money, which then
must give to her the gross in order to
receive again in the small, with rich
interest of comfort and happiness.

To every true woman's heart it is in-
describably delightful to give — to feel itself
alive into the satisfaction and happiness
of other; it is the sunshine of the heart.
Besides this, a little freedom is so
refreshing.

Farmers' Sons
Because one is a farmer's son is no reason
that he should be uneducated and
uncultured so far below his city com-
pares as to be considered unworthy of
marked distinction or personal address.
But on the other hand, it is necessary in
this age that he should be equally edu-
cated to any commercial class, and the
demands of as great a business and as
good society. The farmer's son may not
appear so handsome as the merchant's
son for his Oscar Wilde hat and his dia-
mond vest charms which are in most
cases all the charms they possess, or
may not bow in accordance to the refined
rules of etiquette, or tip his hat with such
precision, but frequently the brain that
lies underneath the broad-rimmed hat
of the farmer's son will contain more cul-
ture and valuable matter than the full
regalia of the merchant's son. But there
are exceptions - we have instances of vice
versa, and are we not the victims of igno-
rance at our hands in such cases? We are
surrounded with decided advantages
when compared with those of our fathers
and mothers, and it is mainly our own
fault if we do not attain a moderate edu-
cation, or possess a few standard books
of well approved authors. As we live in an
age of school, and literature, we are
enabled with newspapers, books and
magazines to obtain a vast deal of knowl-
edge without any great application or self
denial on our part. Our best literature is
published within the reach of all whose
surplus dollars are not sunk with the
transient gratification of this life.

Household Brevities

Turpentine applied to a cut is a preventive of lockjaw.
A hot shovel held over furniture removes white spots.
Smoke dried mullein leaves, in new clay pipe for bronchitis.

To make a carpet look fresh, wipe with a damp cloth after sweeping.
Washing pine floors in solution of one pound of copper as dissolved in one gallon strongly gives oak colour.

A paste of equal parts of sifted ashes, clay and salt and a little water, cements cracks in stoves and ovens.
Corn husks braided make a serviceable and handsome mat. The braids to be sewed with sack needle and line.

In teaching a child how to sew, five stitches a day will be enough for the first few weeks, but let them be perfect and true.
Starch makes a better paste to use in papering walls than flour, and is less expensive also, a little will go so much farther.

The livers of chickens and turkeys are nice fried with a few thin slices of bacon. Cut the liver and bacon very thin; season with pepper and salt. This is a good breakfast dish.
HOT MILK AS A STIMULANT.—If any one is fatigued the best restorative is hot milk, a tumbler of as hot as can be sipped. This is far more of a restorative than any alcoholic drink.

Some one asks how fruit jellies may be preserved from mould. If the surface is covered one-fourth of an inch deep with loaf sugar, finely pulverized, they will keep in good condition and no mould penetrate.
A teaspoonful of borax, but in the last water in which clothes are rinsed, will whiten them surprisingly. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily. This especially good to remove the yellow that time gives to white garments that have been laid away for some time.

A little magnesia and water will sometimes correct the acidity of a child's stomach, and render unnecessary any strong medicine.
Powder a teaspoonful of the magnesia, and put in half a glass of water, it will not dissolve, of course, but will mix with the water so that an infant can swallow it. Give a teaspoonful of this three times a day until indications warrant you in discontinuing it.

A Printer's Devil
Years and years ago there walked into Judge Sherwood's printing office a rugged, but bright and mischievous-looking boy. He walked boldly up to the Judge and said to him:

"I want to learn to be a printer in your office."
"You want to be a devil, do you?" inquired the Judge.

"Well, they say I'm a devil at home, but I don't care what you all it, so I can get a chance to learn to be a printer."
"My name is Mickey Sheridan."

"All right," said the Judge. "I will try you." The judge took Mickey out into the composing-room and turned him over to the foreman. Time rolled on and Mickey learned rapidly, but he was a terror to everybody in the office. There was no mischief that could be thought of that Mickey was not up to. He was eternally playing tricks on everybody in the office, even the judge.

After he had been in the office for two years, the judge concluded the send him to school. He had not been in school more than two months, when the teacher sent him home, with a note to his father and the judge, that he was too bad for any use; that he was the terror of the whole school, and that he kept every other scholar from learning.

The judge and Mickey's father called on the teacher and begged him to take Mickey back. The teacher told him, if he came back he wouldn't treat him well, but he would be pleased if he would stay away - he was too bad for any purpose.

Mickey, went back, however, and from there to West Point. Now, who do you suppose gentle reader, Mickey Sheridan was? Who do you suppose he is? He is Lieutenant-General Phil Sheridan, the general of the United States army, upon the retirement of General Sherman.

Humorous
"You made a little mistake in your announcements yesterday, sir!"
"Very likely. It is almost impossible not to make a mistake sometimes. What was it?"
"You said me and Lizzie Pipkins were betrothed, when we are not betrothed at all. We are betrothed sir. Quite a difference."

"Ah! I presume you see the difference now more than you will in the future. However, I will smooth the matter out. Good morning sir."

Printers are liable to err. So, at least thought the young man who blushed to the tips of his ears as he stepped up to the society editor's table. "Good morning. What is it sir?" was the affable greeting.

"Where are your kids?" a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving editor at Vanderbilt's party. "At home in bed," was the indignant reply, "do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this?"

A man started in the lively-stable business last week, and the first thing he did was to have a sign painted, representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked an admiring friend. "Yes, it is a perfect picture of you, but who is holding the bridle?"

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when 13 of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go in the poto," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

The Late William Bell
The last English files bring the news of the death of William Bell Esq. of London, England, and father-in-law of E.R. Church Esq., Q.C. of Montreal. Mr. Bell was the son of George Bell Esq. of Perthshire, in Scotland and of the Honorable Georgina Nugent, his wife. After the removal of the family to Ireland in the early part of the century, Mr. Bell was, in due course, called to the Irish Bar, and became a leading member of the Northern Circuit. In 1857 he retired from the active practice of his profession and served on a year as High Sheriff of the County of Cavan. He was a brother of the late General Sir George Bell, K.C.B. of the First Royals, who served with his regiment here during the troubles of 1837 - 38 and also of Thomas Bell, R.N. one of the officers of the celebrated Polar Expedition of Captain Perry, of Nugent Bell, Barrister of the Inner Temple, London, who eminent abilities and distinguished professional abilities in connection with the establishing of the late Earl of Huntingdon in his rights as a Peer of the United Kingdom, with the hereditary right in the House of Lords, attracted the special notice and recognition of the late King George the IV, and reads almost like a page of romance. The last 30 years of Mr. William Bell's life was spent in London, England where he did much by his writings in the English and American press to cultivate and extend the cordial friendly feeling now happily existing between the people of Great Britain and the United States.

Will She Thank Us?
"Your wife will thank me some day," said a mother, with a smile, as she gave her boy a

lesson in some small, practical matter on which home happiness might sometimes hinge. For it is a marked fact that happiness often turns on very little hinges.
This mother was wise, and if more mothers acted upon the same plan in training their sons there would be much less jarring in the world. It is almost surprising that, while mothers take so much pains to teach their girls little, womanly arts and ways, that will brighten their homes by and by, they take so little forethought for their boys' behavior in that far-off future.

Will our son's wives thank us for their bringing up, or will we be the typical dreaded "mother-in-law" in their eyes? I am sure some wives have little cause to bless her memory. Some natures need a steady strong hand to repress and guide them, and if made amenable to authority and to reason in childhood the lesson will be wholesome and salutary for all their lives. Never encourage a child's selfishness, but draw out his nobler traits of self-denial and labour for others with all the art you can bring to bear upon the heart. It cannot be done by word of command. To compel a child to give up his toy or apple to his brother will never cultivate the sweet grace of giving, but only nourish in the heart a sense of rebellion against injustice.

Careless habits are most disastrous to home comfort. A husband who leaves everything around for a weary wife to pick up was, I dare say, in early life a boy who was allowed the same privileges.
A fine sensitiveness to the feelings of others is a beautiful trait which will bear much cultivation. Children are by nature very thoughtless, and often wound the feelings of others by their outspoken statements. Pointing out mistakes of this kind a few times will teach a child to be more watchful over his words and save him from giving much pain to other hearts as he moves on in life. Habitual courtesy will make up for many other shortcomings and will make home cheerier than almost any element except true affection. Even the lustre of that home jewel is sadly dimmed by rude, abrupt manners. Try to train your little boy in his very cradle to be a happy homemaker in his mature years. J.E.M.C. in *Arthur's Home Magazine*.

Common sense cure for Insomnia.
Sleeplessness is more common, says *Youth's Companion*, than at first might be supposed. Its causes are many, but one has lately been discovered by an old Boston physician which seems to contradict the popular opinion. It is the want of food. It is generally supposed to be injurious to eat late meals, but unless dinner or supper has been late of the stomach disordered, it is in many cases harmless and beneficial, that is, if one be hungry.

This seems heretical, but it is not. Food of a simple kind, will often induce sleep. Animals after eating instinctively sleep. Human beings become drowsy after a full meal. Why? Because blood is solicited towards the stomach to supply the juices needed in digestion. Hence the brain receives less blood than during fasting, becomes pale, and the powers become dormant. Sleep therefore ensues. This is physiological. The sinking sensation in sleeplessness is a call for food. Wakefulness often is merely a symptom of hunger.

Advice to Husbands and Wives.
A good wife or husband is the greatest earthly blessing.
Never find fault unless it is perfectly certain a fault has been committed.
Let all your mutual accommodations be spontaneous, whole-souled, as free as air.
Do not herald the sacrifices you make to each other's tastes, habits or preferences.
A hesitating or grumbling yield to the wishes of the other always grates upon a loving heart.

Consult one another in all that comes within the experience, observations or sphere of the other.
They who marry for traits of mind and heart will seldom fall of perennial happiness.

Chat for Children.
THE FIGHTING WRENS.
Our Will made two bird houses out of cigar boxes. He nailed them up on the posts of our balcony. Two sparrows took one of the boxes for their home. They brought sticks to their nest and feathers to line it. They were very busy everyday and they were as happy as they could be. One day we found feathers and other things lying all around. Alas the sparrows nest had been torn up and thrown out of the box.

Two wrens did this very naughty act. Why didn't they take the empty box? I am sure it was just as nice as the other. The wrens were rascals. They wanted the sparrows' box and took it by force.
The battle of the birds lasted for many days. Mr. Sparrow would sit at the door of his house. He coaxed and coaxed his wife to help him, but she would not. Poor thing, she was almost scared to death, and that was the reason. Pretty Jennie Wren made herself look very ugly. She ruffled up her feathers and spread out her tail. She screamed and flew at Mr. Sparrow with her mouth wide open. She pecked him. She struck him with her wings and drove him away. Then she smoothed her brown feathers and sat on the limb of a tree. She sang so sweetly that no one would have thought she ever got angry and fought so. The sparrows were whipped. Mr. Sparrow examined the other box many times. He tried ever so hard to get his wife to go in, but she was afraid.

So the sparrows did not take the empty box for a new home. I think timid Mrs. Sparrow had good sense. She would not consent to live so near those fighting wrens. The wrens went to work very hard. They built their nest in the box they had taken and Jennie Wren laid eggs. Birdies were hatched. The papa and mamma birds were busy every day feeding them. The wrens seemed to be quite happy. But were there not some sad notes in their song? Surely there were if they remembered what they had done to the sparrows.

Household recipes.
A NICE TEA CAKE.—1 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 3 large cups flour, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda.
STEAMED PUDDING.—2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk if better, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 teaspoonful soda, fruit if you like. Eaten with a rich sauce. Steam two hours.
A NICE DESSERT SPANISH CREAM.—1 pint of milk, yolk of 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of gelatine. Sweeten to taste; put in a pint in a kettle of hot water until it comes to a boil. Beat the whites to a froth and stir thoroughly through. Flavour with vanilla, peach or almond, and set away in a cold place.
GINGER COOKIES.—Put one teaspoon of soda in a tea cup; also three tablespoons of butter or pork drippings, three tablespoons of hot water. Then fill up with good New Orleans molasses - repeat three times - mix soft, roll and bake quick, and you have a large pan full.

A GOOD LEMON PIE.—1 lemon grated, 1 cup sugar, the yolks of 3 eggs, small piece of butter, 3 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, 1 tablespoon of cornstarch; beat altogether and bake in a rich crust. Beat the whites with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, place on the

pie when done, and brown in the oven.
PANDOWNY.—Although this is one of the simplest and best of puddings I find everyone does not know how to make it. Fill your pan two thirds full of sliced apples, with water enough to steam the pudding through and spread over it a soft dough, made the same as for biscuit, and mixed much thinner. Cover closely and set on top of the stove. It will steam from one to two hours. Eat with pudding sauce or turn it bottom upwards and sprinkle sugar over it as desired.

BODY FOUND.—The body of the young man named Toner, who was drowned on the Rocher Rendu a few weeks ago, was recovered last Friday about five miles below where the accident occurred.

A GOOD ARTICLE.—Last week we had the pleasure of inspecting a very superior farming mill made by Messrs. Young of Almonte, Ont. The mill was procured for a Calumet Island farmer by Mr. Andrew Mackenzie of this place, who is agent for the above firm. From what we have heard of the article, it has given entire satisfaction to all who have been fortunate enough to procure one. This is due to the fact that the mill is specially adapted to meet one of the most important requirements in grain cleaning viz., removing chaff from wheat. We have no doubt Messrs. Young Bros. will secure a large trade in the county as soon as the excellence of the machine becomes known.

NARROW ESCAPE.—As Dr. Preston was returning from Appleton on Friday evening says the Central Canadian, he had one of the narrowest escapes from fatal accident it is possible to imagine. At the crossing near Mr. Struthers, coming from Appleton, you reach it having no range of track within sight all on the left side. At this time the little engine was as busy as a bee about the vicinity, and was at the moment putting flats in a siding. The driver thought there was room between the switch and the crossing to do the work and so kept his eye at the rear instead of at the front, the engine meanwhile going on to the crossing without warning of bell or whistle. The Dr. and the locomotive then came to close quarters. For the doctor to go on was death; to stay was to invite peril; to turn was to risk an overthrow and possible accident. In a moment he decided to jump from the buggy. This he did and in the instance the driver whistled for brakes, whereupon the horse put on all its great power, tore away from the doctor and across the tracks into the engine and away on to Mr. McLaren's yards, where some men caught it, not much the worse for the wild flight. The buggy, however, was considerably broken up.

An Indian View of White Politics.
In a curious pamphlet left by one of the friars, Father Boscan, is told a droll story of the logical inferences some of them drew from the political situation among their supposed betters. It was a band of San Diego Indians. When they heard that the Spanish Viceroy in the city of Mexico had been killed, and a Mexican made emperor in his place, they forthwith made a great feast, burned their chief and elected a new one in his stead. To the stringent reprofs of the horrified friars they made answer - "Have you not done the same in Mexico? You say your king was not good and you killed him. Well, our chief was not good, and we burned him. If the new one turns out bad, we will burn him too" - a memorable instance of the superiority of example to precept.

THE CANTYRE-CHAFFEY MARRIAGE ANNULLED.—We notice the following telegram regarding the Cantyre-Chaffey marriage in the daily papers: The great case in which the trustees of the Perth heiress with her immense fortune is concerned has been opened in Court. The object, as is well known, is to get the bogus marriage of the young Ward to the fraudulent, "Lord Cantyre" annulled. On behalf of the guardian five witnesses were examined by Mr. W.H. Kerr, Q.C. among them the Misses Senkler, daughters of the Judge, one of the guardians, who deposed that they formed the party which visited Montreal during the carnival week, and they were with Miss Chaffey and Allen continually and that they heard nothing of the marriage as having taken place. Mr. W.B. Richards of Brockville, a brother to Mr. Richards, one of the guardians, proved that Miss Chaffey on coming of age would be entitled to \$170,000. He also testified that his brother was never present in Perth during Allan's visit, and consequently could not have given any consent to the marriage. Mr. Joseph, Q.C. who appeared for the defendant, made no attempt to cross examine the witnesses. It was further proved by two licentious marriages that the would-be bridegroom told a deliberate lie to one of these gentlemen to whom he went for the license, to the effect that the bride was over 21 years of age, whilst admitting to the other that she was under that age. He further deliberately falsified the fact by answering Rev. Mr. Galbraith, the celebrating minister, to the same effect. He admitted the truth to any of these witnesses his deceptive plans would have proved a failure. Judge Rainville has annulled the marriage.

CURE OF NEWSPAPER BORROWING.
Any one who does not know it would be astonished to learn how badly some of our subscribers are worried by newspaper borrowers. They explain that the borrower is a good friend or a neighbor, and they dislike to tell them that borrowing a paper is a nuisance. It is often the case that a paper is borrowed before they have time to read it themselves. We take pleasure in giving a remedy which we find in an exchange, which prescribes the following ingenious mode for the treatment of such cases: -

"Let the owner cut from it some item of news, it makes no particular difference what, only let it be neatly and carefully removed from the paper. In a few minutes the neighbour's boy will come after the paper - he will take it home - within three minutes he will emerge from the house; he will scout down the street and very shortly return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just borrowed. By the time the clipped paper has circulated around among the borrowers the street will be alive with hurrying boys. Not one borrower among them knowing just what the cut item was.

The next week pursue the same course, and similar results will surely follow. In an extremely obstinate neighbourhood these proceedings have to be repeated three or four times, but not longer. By that time the subscriber will be able to read the paper in peace and the newspaper will be the gainer through several new subscribers. The rule is said to be infallible where the borrowers are females.

The statistics lately published by the Journal Official of France, concerning the number of foreigners in France are interesting. When the last census was taken in 1881 the population of France amount to 367,450,000 souls, which number, compared with the population of the county in 1876 shows an increase of about 500,000

souls. Of this increase 200,000 are foreigners. The total number of foreigners is now three per cent of the whole population, but in some departments the proportion of foreigners is much larger, reaching in some seven and even eight per cent of the inhabitants.

GLAD TO SEE HIM.—At the bridge meeting on the Calumet Island last Thursday Mr. W.J. Poupore was introduced by Mr. McNally, warden of the county. Mr. Poupore was received with much enthusiasm by the large assembly present.

DIED.—On Thursday, the 7th inst., Mrs. John B. Poupore, at the advanced age of 77, at her home in the township of Chichester. The funeral took place on the following Sunday, which was very largely attended, and indeed, is said to be the largest that ever was seen in that township. Mrs. Poupore was step-mother to our old and highly respected ex-member Mr. John Poupore, who in company with his wife and daughter were in attendance at the funeral.

ENTERPRISING.—Flour will be delivered to any part of the village of Bryson, or a mile outside of the village, free of cost by G.A. Purvis & Sons. Flour \$5.50 per barrel.

PEMBROKE NOTES.—A considerable number of young people were confirmed by Bishop Lorrain and received first communion in the Roman Catholic Church here last Sunday.

Mr. J. Libby, formerly turnkey in the jail, had his hand severely cut while working at his lath saw in Thistle and Co.'s mill a few days ago. The accident was caused by a lath flying back from the saw while being cut.

The steamer "C. O'Kelly" which recently was stuck on a rock somewhere about the narrows was got afloat again on Tuesday of last week wholly undamaged. She passed down on Wednesday last with a large tow of saw-logs destined for the Ottawa mills.

Two aquatically inclined individuals took a row up the classic Indian River last Sunday and it is perfectly entrancing to hear them describe the lovely scenery which abounds between the bridge and Church's mill. The dangers they encountered and surmounted - the shoals they courageously navigated over, reminds us of one of Cook's voyages. A wicked citizen who witnessed the exploring party departed perpetrated this conundrum: "Why is the sculler like Saratoga?" Because he's a Summer ville. An awful future awaits this conundrum.

HANLAN, THE GREAT SCULLER.—Edward Hanlan, the champion oarsman of the world, in a single scull race, beat Kennedy by twenty boat-lengths, at Point of Pines, Mass., on May 31, covering the distance of three miles in 19 minutes and 4 seconds, which is the fastest time on record for a three mile race. He arrived in Toronto on the 3rd instant, and it is reported that he is thinner than ever seen before, nevertheless expressed himself as feeling splendid and keeping himself in readiness for the Pull, Ill., regatta, for which place he will shortly leave.

Wallace Ross has arrived at Portland to undergo training for his race with Hanlan, on July 18th at Odgensburg. This will be a splendid opportunity for any of our citizens, who would like to see the great oarsmen.

HYMENEAL.—On the 12th inst. Mr. Wm McCarrison of Bristol, as united in matrimony to Miss Matilda, youngest daughter of Jas. Pratt, Esq., of Clarendon, in the Presbyterian church in this village. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Robertson, pastor of the church, and witnessed by quite a number of the young and even elderly people of the place. Our representatives, unfortunately, were not in time to see this interesting part, but had the pleasure of getting a peep at the happy couple as they drove away. May their journey through life be as joyous as it seemingly was upon that occasion. "Oh! signed a young lady, as she gazed after the receding vehicles of the wedding party, "how I wish I was married!" But she did not observe a newspaper man pass about that time.

THE "FLYER."—The *Moncton transcript* says:—"Beautiful for location, the pride of the whole Dominion, is Ottawa. There flows the river which divides the cliffs of Ontario from the green slopes of Quebec. There dwells the mighty Governor-General and John A., the chief potentate of Tordydom, and there are the towers and spires, the miles of cornice and acres of plaster of the departmental palaces. But greater than these more celebrated than the cloud-capped towers, or mighty men of politics, is Clancy - Ex Alderman Clancy. For Clancy has taken unto himself wings, and doth fly. On Dominion day he will spread his pinions, and soar from the topmost tower of Parliament Hill, to alight in the plains far away, to the southward. Such is the news borne on the wires from Ottawa.

When the great men in Ottawa met, The world never say such a set; Some could orate and some drink rye, But Clancy beats all, for he can fly!

THE EQUITY.—The following lines are from the pen of a juvenile of this village, only 14 years of age. We publish them to encourage his literary tastes, and trust our readers will overlook any errors:
In town they have started a new paper, I hear;
So forward, ye Tories, have nothing to fear;
And more I have heard, if true hearings be,
The name of this paper is "The Equity".

The caste of the paper is superfine, sure,
The most unsatisfied, could he ask any more
A sheet number one you will very seldom see,
But a first class sheet is "The Equity".

The size of this paper if Double Demi -
To describe it properly, I wonder can I?
A title letter so plain - how pretty? Ah, me!
So pleasing is the top of "The Equity".

Many people complain they cannot read print,
But this paper is a new and well printed sheet,
The print is as plain as it can be,
When you read it in the columns of "The Equity".

In conclusion, one favour I would ask,
Subscribe, subscribe, 'tis a very small task,
The paper, is good far as I can see,
Now what do you think of "The Equity"?

FOR SALE
A FEW RAM LAMBS,
Bred by an imported Oxford Down Lamb.
James Colton
Litchfield 2m

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

incident afterwards in a letter to a friend, the maiden wrote:—"If Willie was boiled for a thousand years in the hot springs of Iceland I don't believe he would ever smell sweet again."

Latest News Boiled Down.
Joseph Belanger got his leg badly hurt last Tuesday week at Gilmour's mills. His foot was caught in the gearing and twisted round the joint. The injury is worse than a fracture.

The sum subscribed this year towards prizes for sports on Dominion Day is much larger than on all previous occasions. Be sure to attend, and have a good day's fund! The invitation is extended to all.

The Pembroke Council, says the *Chronicle*, must have some mean man amongst its members. Four of them voted against taking Mr. Peter White for his efforts in securing the payment by the Dominion Government of its bonus of \$80,000 to the Canada Central R.R.

There are 500 men employed on the timber drive of the Moira.

The wise man adviseth his wares, and amasseth riches; his heart is made glad; he rejoiceth with exceeding great joy. The foolish man escheweth the printer's ink and remaineth poor, he bewaileth his lot, and lamentations ill all the land.

In one day Thos. Hale, with 80 hands, 75 Indians and five whites put over the Chats slides and rapids a raft containing 170 cribs of white pine, and other cuts amounting in all to 206 cribs, which were rafted and got off the same night. This is probably the biggest day's work of the kind on record.

Recently, Anthony McPye, a listless individual of about 30 was arraigned for being a vagrant at the Police Court, Ottawa. The prisoner took little interest in the proceedings, and in answer to His Worship managed to draw out that he was from Buckingham. The police said he was too lazy to work, and made it a habit of sleeping nightly in people's outhouses. His Worship decided to set Anthony to work to pulverize the Nicholas Street pile of rocks for a month at the conclusion of which he was told to make tracks.

About 500 British immigrants arrived in Montreal last week.

The report that Cardinal McCloskey was seriously ill is denied.

The coffee house movement for the promotion of temperance in Montreal is on the increase.

It is said that Sir A.T. Galt has signified his intention to be present at the banquet to Sir Charles Tupper.

There were 15 cases of sunstroke reported in New York and Brooklyn last Wednesday.

It is stated that an amalgamation between the Toronto Board of Trade and the Corn Exchange will soon take place.

A married woman named Pearly suicided in Toronto Wednesday by taking a dose of Paris Green.

Trouble is reported at the end of the Canadian Pacific Railway track, Man., by strikers.

A dispatch from Victoria, B.C. says that 40 miles of the C.P.R. will be completed on July 1st.

The latest of all the unreliable rumours circulated is that Hon. Mr. Mousseau is to be nominated for Montcalm.

Six hundred pilgrims belonging to Montreal went on a visit to the shrine at Boucherville Wednesday.

It is again officially stated that there is no foundation for the alarming rumours regarding the state of the Queen's health.

W.H. Vanderbilt and Cornelius Vanderbilt are amongst the directors elected on Wednesday of the Niagara Bridge Company.

All but one of the convicts who attempted to escape from St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary was acquitted at the assizes, in Montreal.

Room Enough for All
Don't crowd and push in the march of life,
Or tread on each other's toes,
For the world at best, in its great unrest,
Is hard enough as it goes.

Oh, why should the strong oppress the weak,
Till the latter go to the wall.
On this earth of ours, with its thorns and flowers,
There is room enough for all.

If a lagging brother falls behind,
And drops from the toiling band,
If fear and doubt put his soul to route
Then lend him a helping hand.
Cheer up his heart with words of hope,
Nor season the speech with gall;
In the greatest highway and the busiest day
There's room enough for all.

If a man with the tread of a pioneer,
Steps out on your track ahead,
Don't grudge his start with an envious heart,
For the mightiest once were led,
But bid your loins for the coming day,
Let nothing your heart appeal -
Catch up if you can with the forward man,
There's room enough for all.

And if, by doing your duty well,
You should get to lead the van,
Brand not your name with a deed of shame,
But come out an honest man.
Keep a bright look-out on every side,
Till heeding the master's call,
Your soul should go from the world below,
Where there's room enough for all.

MARRIED
In the Basilica, Ottawa, on the 5th inst., by the Rev. J.J. Whelan, P.P. St. Patrick's, John Gorman, Auditor General's office, to Elizabeth R., eldest daughter of James Warnock, Esq., Ottawa.

FOR SALE
A FEW RAM LAMBS,
Bred by an imported Oxford Down Lamb.
James Colton
Litchfield 2m

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

New :-: Store!

MR. THOS. A. ARMSTRONG

DESIRE to inform the residents of Bryson and surrounding country that he has opened out a first class **GENERAL STORE** in the village of Bryson, South Side of Cobb

DRY :-: GOODS.

CONSISTING OF:
Broad Cloths and Tweeds, Ladies Fancy Dress Goods, in the latest patterns and styles, Prints, (fast colours) all new patterns, French Cashmere, Lustres, Black Coburgs, Tickings, Grey & White Cottons, all good and cheap.

A large quantity of goods in this department, too numerous to mention, kept in stock

BOOTS :-: AND :-: SHOES :-:

A well selected stock of Boots and Shoes, comprising MEN'S, WOMEN'S, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

GROCERIES

Choicest Groceries and Provisions always on hand. NEW TEAS, including New Crop Japan, Green and Black Teas, at extremely low prices. Standard and Granulated Sugars, Coffees, Spices &c.

All Kinds of FARMERS' PRODUCT taken in exchange for goods at the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE
Satisfaction guaranteed to purchasers

THOS. A. ARMSTRONG

STILL INCREASING!

Owing to the good satisfaction given by the proprietors of the **BRYSON FOUNDRY**

In their Manufactures, the demand for them is daily increasing. The superior quality of

:STEEL :-: PLOUGHS:

Turned out by them this season have fully proved, by the excellent work done, all that is claimed for them. A large quantity of these implements always kept in stock.

STUMPING MACHINES! THE BEST YET!

The subscribers are now manufacturing a new and superior HAND LEVER STUMPING MACHINE which is just what the farmer requires. Possessing wonderful power, this machine is well-fitted to take the place of large, cumbersome machinery now in use, and from its lightness and simplicity of operation, will save much time in moving and labour in working. Come and see a sample of the work it will do.

As usual they are prepared to furnish nearly every description of

Plough-points, Road-Scrapers, Coolers &c., &c.. ALL KINDS OF CASTING & TURNING
DONE TO ORDER.
T. & W.H. CLARKE

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!
Bryson, June 1883
THOMAS MORAN

W.J. LOUGH'S

TINWARE

We celebrate 125 years of

THE EQUITY

THE EQUITY

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

SMITH & COWAN,

Editors and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One dollar a year, in advance; one dollar and fifty cents if not paid till the end of the year.

Vol. 1 BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., JUNE 7, 1883

A Special 125th Anniversary Supplement August 13, 2008

Wind that blows out of the West

so that by its use we remove the butter

125 years of Pontiac news

90 Years... But It Stopped (Oct. 27, 1955)

The press broke down! Yes, the wonderful ageless, ceaseless, servant of countless owners which has dependably produced newspapers for Shawville for years beyond the life span of most present readers, just stopped working. The forms of type were ready to print, the paper was waiting to be imprinted, the pressman threw the switch. We can not truthfully report that nothing happened because something did happen but it just wasn't the right thing. The best mechanical brains of Shawville were called in and as this article is written it is still, a matter of speculation whether or not the press can be made to function properly.

Whenever you receive this paper you will know that the press is back in order.

June 9, 1960

Equity Founder

Henry Thomas Smith, who died last week in Ottawa at the age of 102, is seen here as he looked when he and the late Mr. John Cowan founded The Equity. This early photo has been in The Equity office for many years. Mr. Smith left The Equity, selling out to Mr. Cowan, to become clerk of the Crown in Chancery in Ottawa which post he held for 33 years.

(Dec. 17, 1953)

Moving Day Friday for the Equity

On Friday, December 18, when many of you will be reading this paper, The Equity will be moving. Out of this building on King Street, where The Equity has been publishing for seventy one years into the Reinke Building on Center Street. Out will go the presses, furniture, type writers and all. Next week's paper will be produced from a new plant.

Before THE EQUITY moved, into 133 Main Street, the

building was home to a Ford car showroom, a hardware and appliance store and the popular Blue Moon. Peden Wilson built the place sometime in the '40's as a showroom to complement his garage next door. The upstairs was used for public meeting. Wilson sold the building to Kenny Pirie, who used it as a Massey Harris dealership. At the time, the Blue Moon was born upstairs. The Blue Moon was a place you could go in, kickoff your shoes and dance up a storm. The next owner, Ed Reinke, was a hardware and appliance merchant. In the mid '50's, the building was sold to David and Rosaleen Dickson, who moved THE EQUITY from its old King Street location.

In its 125-year history, THE EQUITY has gone through only four owners, and today it is one of the few remaining independent weeklies left. Smith and Cowan started the paper in Bryson in 1883. Soon after, Smith left, and the paper moved to the building on King Street. After John A. Cowan died, his children, Bill and Iva, took it over. When Bill died, Iva hired Fred Rogers as managing editor. Story has it Rogers would drink half a gallon of wine and then forget to put a paper out. Jim Gray owned the paper for a brief two years in the '40's. Bill Kinmond and his wife Chris MacKay, of Charteris owned it for eight years. David and Rosaleen Dickson bought THE EQUITY in '53, with their son Ross and Heather Dickson, current owners, taking it over in 1981.

(April 22, 1910) Claims gun was fired during general melee

Prisoner in Shawville shooting tragedy gives his version of affair

Mrs. Murphy, it is stated, threatened to use axe during schuffle. "Felonious Killing" is verdict (April 22, 1910)

That Harry Howes and William Dale came to their

death from gunshot wounds at the hands of Michael Murphy at Shawville, Quebec, on April 20th, 1910, and that the said Michael Murphy did feloniously kill the said Harry Howes and William Dale.

The above represents the finding of the coroner's jury that sat yesterday afternoon as a result of the remarkable double tragedy at Shawville late Wednesday night, which has already been referred to. As a result of it, Murphy will today have his preliminary hearing on a charge of either murder or manslaughter, and his wife probably on one of "aiding and abetting."

Many wounds.

The two men were instantly killed as a result of one shot, and there is the further almost incredible fact that there are 45 wounds or marks on the body of Howes and fifteen in that of Dale.

One piece of lead went right through Dale's heart and several lodged within an inch of it.

Annie Murphy, wife of the man charged with murder, threatened one of the medical men with an axe.

Murphy, at the inquest, quite willingly made a lengthy statement, contending that the young men, who had bothered him, carried him into or near an old hut and that in the scramble that old-fashioned musket he carried, and which was heavily loaded with slugs of lead, went off. He showed his hand badly cut as proof of his assertion that his hand had got caught in the barrel stock.

Crown Prosecutor.

As it is a double murder, on instructions from the Quebec attorney general; Mr. E. R. Barry is here today. He is crown prosecutor. Magistrates Ireland and Wilson presided at the Shawville town hall when Murphy and his wife were heard today. The evidence



THE EQUITY at its old King Street location circa 1900.

photo courtesy Pontiac archives

was mainly the same as given at the inquest yesterday.

Yesterday afternoon, several witnesses were questioned regarding the tragedy. The interior of the hall presented a rather startling appearance.

When the shooting occurred Murphy was not on his own land.

John McNeely had much the same story and intimated that they were no land owned by Samuel Armstrong when the trouble occurred.

"Three shots were fired first by Murphy," said Harold Armstrong, "but the last one was discharged right into the crowd and the two boys fell and died in a few moments. It seemed to be moonlight at the time."

Disarmed Murphy

P. E. Smiley, merchant, told of disarming Murphy. "After the first three shots, which I think were blank ones, had been fired," testified Smiley, "we went to a spot north of Samuel Armstrong's land. Murphy and his wife Annie followed us, and as we ran around a little untenanted house near there he fired and the shot caught the boys just as some of the crowd were turning a corner of the building. Murphy was quite close, and as he raised the old gun as if to strike someone I grappled with him and after some trouble disarmed him. Then his wife came back armed with an axe and demanded the gun back at the same time swinging the axe."

The story of Percy Green, druggist, Earl Turner and others was about the same. Drs. Alexander and Armstrong told of examin-

ing both bodies and of finding 45 perforations or marks in Howes' body and 15 in that of Dale. The latter, in addition to body wounds on the back, chest and head, had been shot through the heart. In both cases the bullets seemed to have scattered and struck several parts of the body. It is thought this was due to the musket being heavily loaded, and this Murphy acknowledges, and also to the shot being fired from so short a distance.

Murphy's evidence.

Murphy was warned that he could make a statement or not, just as he chose. He decided to make one and after being sworn talked for a considerable time and quite rapidly.

"What I want to say is that the gun was accidentally discharged," said the accused. "I went to bed about 7 o'clock in my little shanty and soon we heard stones being thrown at the door, and that has happened many a time before. Some men kept on throwing them, though I told them several times to quit. I can tell you that they have even thrown stones and things so that once they put a stone through the galvanized iron side of a wagon I have. I know what has been done before, and the bother me and my wife have had; and I got the old gun and just to try and scare them away fired a blank charge at the manure heap near the house and then --"

A juror -- "O, we do not want to hear all that; this is not an asylum."

Murphy -- "And I could not get law when I wanted it."

The Coroner -- "Do you mean to say there was anything to prevent you getting it?"

Murphy went on with his explanation and would not stop talking; he denied that old slug shots had been used; said he had bought them at the store of one of the jurymen, and that those found in the body would prove they were ordinary partridge shot.

Mrs. Murphy -- "That is all they were."

The coroner tried to interrupt Murphy for a moment in his flow of eloquence, but the accused said to him: "Excuse me: wait till I am through please." Then he went on to say that he had poured some lead into the muzzle of the gun, but he was not sure just how much. His hand had been on the lock of the gun and he claimed there had been a scuffle; that the young men in the party had either carried him or shoved him some distance and that the gun had been accidentally discharged. His hand had got caught in the barrel lock and badly cut.

A Juror -- "Why did you not put something softer into the gun than shot?"

Murphy -- "I had nothing else."

A Juror -- "You knew these men."

Murphy -- "I did not know them from the Holy One. I would say that this minute if I was either to hang for it or to be paid \$1,000 and let go."

A Juror -- "You won't be let go."

Another Juror -- "How did you get to be up at that old building, off your

Recollecting with THE EQUITY owners, past and present

Chris Alexander back in the Pontiac and THE EQUITY after all these years

CHRISTINA GRAY
Equity Reporter

PONTIAC • Before the Dicksons bought THE EQUITY in the early 50s, Chris Alexander and her ex-husband Bill Kinmond owned it.

"THE EQUITY was kaput when we got it," said Alexander from Pontiac Respite Services in Campbell's Bay, where the 89-year-old now lives.

Kinmond was a newspaper man, said Alexander, and had spent the war years as a war correspondent for the Toronto Star.

Even though he had talked about buying a newspaper for a while, she was surprised when he came home one Sunday and told her he'd bought THE EQUITY.

Kinmond was the reporter and editor of the newspaper while Alexander sold ads and classifieds, answered

the phone and contributed the occasional women's column, she said.

There was also the Linotype operator and the women who submitted the social notes.

"Back then a yearly subscription to THE EQUITY cost \$1 or \$1.50.

"Or a bag of potatoes," said Alexander. And "there's been the odd roast of pork to renew a subscription."

At the time, the home of THE EQUITY was on King Street in Shawville. But, Alexander and Kinmond lived above the current home at 133 Centre St.

There were three apartments back then, above the Reinke's hardware store downstairs.

"We had a lot of fun," said Alexander. "It was five wonderful years."

See ALEXANDER, page 4

Happy 125th from Rosaleen Dickson

ROSALEEN DICKSON
Former Publisher

Congratulations. THE EQUITY has made it to 125. That's great.

We celebrated big time when it was 75 years old, and that was way back in the previous century, at a time when we wondered if we would survive into the 21st. And, wonder of wonders, some of us did.

If I ever find the time, I will write a book about the invincible people who were intrinsic to this weekly newspaper in its early days. But life keeps us so busy, there's little time to reminisce, and even if we do you

never know who would rather not have their incidental adventures brought back to life between the covers of a book. Only way to be sure I won't step on anyone's toes is to outline them all; and I'm working on that.

But now I am tasked to write my "memories of THE EQUITY back over the years." That's the way the request was phrased over the phone from Shawville, yesterday.

Everyone who lived in the Pontiac during the years when I was there will know that those were the best years of my life.

See DICKSON, page 4

From helper to publisher, Heather Dickson has been with THE EQUITY for 32 years

CHRISTINA GRAY
Equity Reporter

PONTIAC • Heather Alberti-Dickson has been involved in THE EQUITY for the past 32 years.

She came to the Pontiac in 1976 with husband Ross Dickson right after the first Quebec sovereignty referendum, she said.

With the issue of Quebec separatism in the forefront, people were leaving for Ontario.

"There was a huge exodus and we thought we wanted to stem the tide," she said.

And Ross had always dreamed of taking over the family business.

So, she arrived with her biochemistry background in

tow and set to learning photography, writing, interviewing and get to know the community.

"We started out just doing anything and everything," she said. Though she particularly enjoyed photography.

Over the years she's seen the technology behind the newspaper industry change dramatically.

When she first arrived the stories were typed on a typewriter. Then came the computer machines and then the first graphic arts computers, the LNWS.

"Then all of a sudden, Macintosh came out with a program called Ready, Set, Go," she said.

See HEATHER, page 4



Number 5 School Starks Corners, class of 1918 or thereabouts.

photo courtesy Pontiac archives

"Happy 125th anniversary to THE EQUITY, Congratulations to the staff, past and present. Best wishes to your readers."

Lawrence Cannon



Lawrence Cannon,
depute/MP Pontiac
1-866-283-8774

www.lawrencecannon.com



THE EQUITY archives One of the homes of Pontiac's famous George Bryson family. At one time, Bryson's family owned many homes throughout Pontiac.

Pontiac in the 1880s

How farms, clothing and life have changed

CHRISTINA GRAY

Equity Reporter
PONTIAC • Not surprisingly, the Township of Clarendon census of 1881 lists the occupation for most residents as "farmer."

There is at least one "farmeress," a few tradespeople, some teachers, but for the most part, they were all farmers.

The census lists birthplaces for the residents of Clarendon. Many are listed as being born in Ireland, but quite a few were born in Quebec.

It also lists the residents' age, religion and how many children and servants lived under the same roof.

Back in 1881, most farmers would have been growing turnips or potatoes to start, according to Pearl McCleary of the Pontiac Archives.

They might have eventually moved on to oats and cabbage.

Since there was nowhere

to buy seeds for planting, they would have had to bring seeds from the home country, she said. And often the men would come over first to get established before the women and families arrived.

Horses and cows were not common at first, she said, because the farmers wouldn't have a barn ready. Instead they would use an ox to plow the fields.

A milk cow, horse and maybe a pig would have come later, said McCleary.

And once they were more established they may have had sheep, she said.

The wool could have been used to make the very modest outfits worn by residents of the Pontiac at the time.

High necklines and dark colours were the common theme for the very religious residents.

In keeping with the modest dress, women would not have worn make-up or jewelry.

Pontiac Population 1895*

- Shawville 500
- Bristol 100
- Fort Coulonge 500
- Campbell's Bay 100
- Bryson 537
- Portage du Fort 700

*according to THE EQUITY, Sep. 2, 1965

Pontiac Population 2006*

- Shawville 1,587
- Bristol 1,210
- Fort Coulonge 1,369
- Campbell's Bay 745
- Bryson 618
- Portage du Fort 280

*according to 2006 Canadian Census

Michael Bradley hanged

(Thursday, April 11, 1935)

CAMPBELL'S BAY • In the yard of the Court House at Campbell's Bay on Friday morning, as a church bell tolled a solemn death knell, Michael Bradley paid the supreme penalty for the murder of his father, mother, brother, sister and uncle, at their farm home at Demers Centre, Allumette Island, on July 21, 1933.

Mass was celebrated for the condemned at dawn and at 5:55 Bradley walked from his death cell to the scaffold.

He dropped through the trap at 5:57 and doctors pronounced him dead four minutes later. He was attended by a priest, doctors, prison officials and the sheriff.

The carrying out of the execution marked the first time in the history of Pontiac County that the supreme penalty has been inflicted.

As Bradley walked to the scaffold, with steady step, one of the committee of eight official witnesses fainted and had to be carried into the outer-yard.

A detail of 12 men and two officers of the provincial police accompanied Bradley from Bordeaux jail on Wednesday, where he had been held since his arrest.

The five Bradleys, were shot in the house and barns of the Bradley home with a .32 calibre hunting rifle.

Michael was placed on trial for his life at the County Court House at Campbell's Bay in July 1934, but when the jury disagreed, a second trial was ordered. His case was transferred to Hull crim-

inal assizes on instructions from the Attorney General of Quebec.

A petition, asking clemency, was circulated throughout the district with many persons signing it.

The justice department replied owing to the magnitude of the murders no clemency would be shown.

Bradley was married and was the father of four children, the eldest of whom is 9 years.

His wife visited him the day before the execution.

H.I. Hobbs Feed Mill
As we celebrate 65 years proudly serving Pontiac, we extend best wishes to The Equity on 125 years of bringing us the news. Thank You.

819-647-2114
Main Street, Shawville

CAMPBELL'S BAY CEMENT SINCE 1962

ROUTE 148 EAST
CAMPBELL'S BAY, QC
819-648-2144

PONTIAC ELECTRIC INC.
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR

SHAWVILLE 819-647-2417

Happy 125th Anniversary to
The Equity
from
Municipality of Chichester

75 Notre Dame Chapeau, QC

Finition d'extérieur
Weathertec
Exterior Finishing

Happy 125th Anniversary to The Equity

Congratulations to
The Equity
from the Mayor,
Councillors and
Staff of
Municipality of
L'Isle-aux-Allumettes

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Bulldozer Backhoe Loader Shovel Grader Compactor Trucks Water Truck Tractor Trailers

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819-455-2229 Fax: 819-455-9778 www.nugentequipment.com

THE LIGHTHOUSE BOOKSTORE
Happy 125th Anniversary

349 Main Street 819-647-3033
tracygirl_43@hotmail.com

Congratulations/Félicitations on/pour 125 years/années from/de

IMPRESSIONS
Your Place for Art
Votre place pour art

Studios, Gallery, Framing, Art supplies, Ateliers, galerie, encadrement, fournitures

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R.V.I. Restaurant
Norway Bay, QC

Happy Anniversary to the Equity!
Norway Bay, QC For Reservations 819-647-3540

Les Maisons des Jeunes du Pontiac
CAMPBELL'S BAY

125 years WOW! You still need 125 more to get the number of teenager members of the Maisons des Jeunes du Pontiac!

JOHN valu-mart
Main St., Shawville 819-647-2293

Happy 125th to THE EQUITY!

Horaires/Hours
Dim: 10h00 - 17h00
Lun., Mar., Mer. & Jeudi: 8h30 - 19h00
Ven: 8h30 - 21h00 - Sam.: 8h30 - 17h00
Sun.: 10 am - 5 pm
Mon., Tues., Wed. & Thurs.: 8:30 am - 7 pm
Fri.: 8:30am - 9pm - Sat.: 8:30am - 5pm

ALLEYN AND CAWOOD

Happy 125th to THE EQUITY

Happy 125th Anniversary
Venez découvrir le parc des Chutes Coulonge, et vivez l'histoire, la culture et l'aventure - an natural
Come discover the Coulonge Falls Park and experience history, culture and adventure in the great outdoors!

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Since 1998

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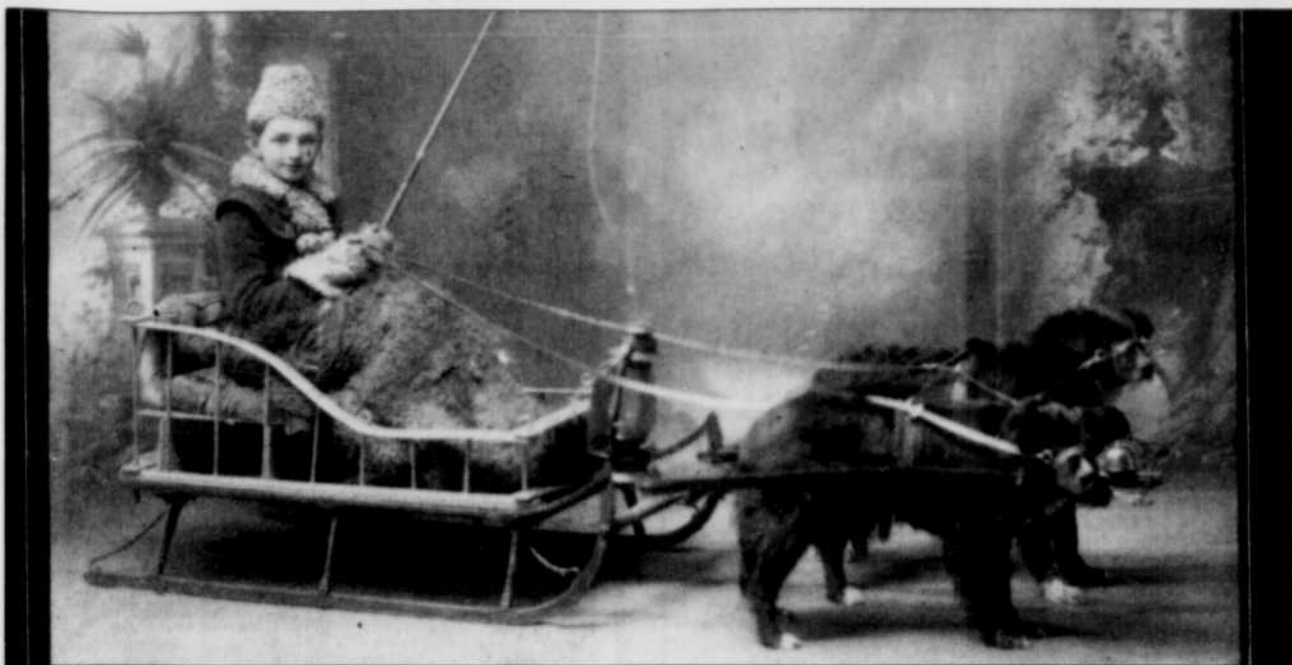
Wilbur McLean
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Since 2005

Christina Gray
Reporter
Since 2008

Jamie Normandeau
Part time
Since 2007

Adrienne Plouffe
Part time
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To all of you who have helped us along the way, thank you for your continued support. It has been a pleasure serving you.
THE EQUITY



Daisy MacLean, going to school in Portage. She later married a Vinton man.

THE EQUITY over the years

News coverage and ownership have changed in newspapers since 1883

CHRISTINA GRAY
Equity Reporter
PONTIAC • The first editions of THE EQUITY are very different from what the newspaper has become.

Today we cover local events, hardly ever touching on national, let alone, international news, because we are a community newspaper through and through.

Back in 1883 when THE EQUITY was founded though, that was not the case. Newspapers were often one person or one family affairs,

according to University of Western Ontario Professor David Spencer.

And a lot of what was published was European news.

"One of the reasons you see a lot of European news is because a lot of the local papers clipped sources from overseas journals," said Spencer.

Since the editor and the owner were often the same person they would fill the papers however they could, he said.

"They did what had to be done."

Politics also played a major role in the newspapers founded during that time period.

THE EQUITY was started to help drum up support for the election that year.

This was very typical, according to Spencer.

"Liberals would read one paper, the conservatives would read another."

By 1895 specializations started to appear, with sports, financial and

women's pages becoming common.

The social notes that still appear in THE EQUITY are long gone in other papers, according to Spencer. They started to disappear by the 60s.

And back then, newspapers would usually be afternoon papers, he said. So that people could come home from work, sit back, relax and read the paper.

Much as we do now with the six o'clock evening news, he said.

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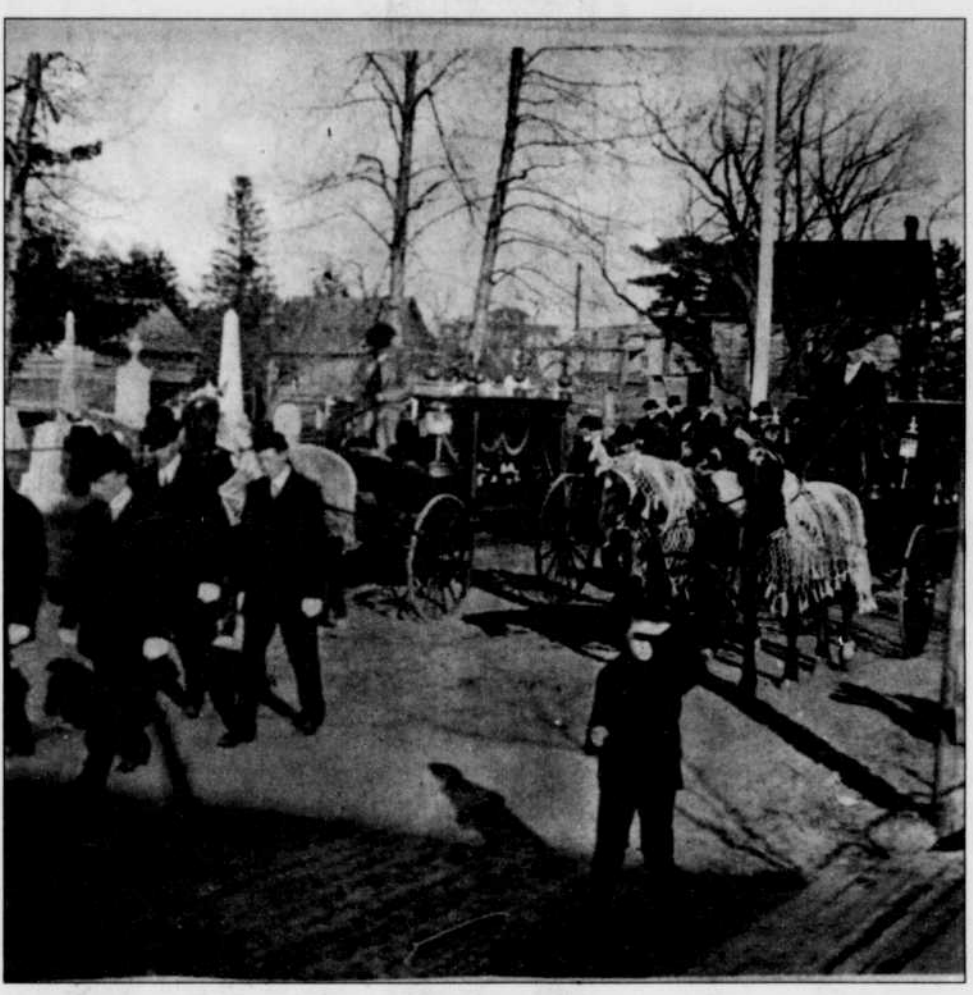
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Community newspapers are founded on a basic principle that a good local newspaper provides its community with a forum and a voice.

The award winning Equity has selflessly reported on the everyday lives of citizens, documented the ongoing history of the community, and played a vital role in maintaining its very identity. It can be proudly said that the Equity provides a constant reflection of the community itself thanks to the unrelenting efforts of its owners and staff.

The Quebec Community Newspapers Association thanks and salutes The Equity on this milestone anniversary and for The Equity's many important contributions to the community and to the Quebec Community Newspapers Association.

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Congratulations to the publishers and staff of The Equity on your 125th Anniversary from the Mayor, Councillors, and Staff of the Municipality of Clarendon

Photo Credit: by Studio Andrée

Seated: Cr. Mavis Hanna, Mayor John (Jack) Lang, Pro-Mayor Terence Elliott, Assistant Secretary-Treasurer Lorna Younge
Back: Director General Ruth Strutt, Cr. John Armstrong, Cr. Dalton Hodgins, Cr. Keven Knox, Cr. James Howard

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ALEXANDER: A cow named Viola

Continued from page 3

One of the stories that sticks out from those years was that of Iverson Harris' cow Viola.

Kinmond had mentioned to the local veterinarian that he'd like to do a story if the vet had to do an interesting procedure.

That day came when Viola managed to eat some wire that ended up in her third stomach.

The initial operation to remove the wire went well, but not long after, Viola became ill again. It turned out the vet had removed too much rumen, said Alexander.

So off Alexander went to Hull in her new car to pick up replacement rumen from a freshly slaughtered cow.

On the way back, with the rumen in the backseat, Alexander ran out of gas right at Wyman MacKechnie's house.

Alexander said she had to ask MacKechnie if he had any gas and she was in a hurry because she wasn't supposed to let Viola's new rumen get cold.

As soon as MacKechnie found out what was in the backseat and that it was for Viola, he helped her get on her

way. When she tried to offer him money for the gas, he would have none of it.

"Never mind the money for gas, get that rumen to Viola," Alexander remembers MacKechnie saying.

Alexander got back in time and the rumen was fine, she said. But that was one of the memories that sticks out in her mind from her time at THE EQUITY.

After they sold THE EQUITY to the Dicksons in the early 50s, Kinmond went to China as a reporter for *The Globe and Mail*.

Alexander moved to

California after she and Kinmond divorced and there she married an avid sportsman, Alex Alexander.

After losing him to Alzheimer's disease, Alexander returned to Canada and just this past May moved back to the Pontiac, to Pontiac Respite Services.

She said she's happy to be back here and very comfortable at PRS in Campbell's Bay. She grew up at Thorne Lake and still has plenty of family in the area.

"My cousins still own the farm up in Charteris," she said.

DICKSON: My memories of THE EQUITY

Continued from page 3

Producing a new issue of THE EQUITY every week for 32 years was not only a livelihood, it was a labour of love in every sense of the word.

When David and I arrived on the scene, the equipment was archaic, even for that time in the history of printing. When it first came into our hands we gazed upon it in wonder, figured out how to use it, and set about keeping THE EQUITY going. Over time we updated the system, donating much of the original machinery to Upper Canada Village where visitors now gaze on it in wonder. Then we indulged in the pleasures of keeping up with the rest of the publishing world, which meant buying an endless line of new machinery, which sometimes became obsolete before it was paid for. Printing is a demanding business.

In line with the needs of the community, we kept enough of the old stuff around to publish books, posters, receipts and ledgers, funeral cards, Christmas cards, maple syrup labels, voters lists, ballots, and other essentials, but even those procedures changed from letter-press, to offset, to computers, and dear knows what comes next.

Serving the community was our way of life. In those days it was not just a matter of getting the paper out, it was being a "mother hen" (as one early colleague once put it) to the whole County. There were groups to deal with from Eardley to La Verendrye, (yes, Pontiac included the big Park in those days when it was the largest County in Canada) and even up to the Swisha. We had the WI, the WA, the

PTA, Curling Club, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Pony Club, Fair Board, and so forth ad infinitum. Everyone, including Town Council, County Council and all the mayors needed attention, all the time, and that included the Court House, the County jail, and the QPP.

When David took his turn as President of the Hospital Board, he got them started on becoming accredited, a major step for the County. When the new school was built, I chaired and nurtured the first Home and School Association in town. When the Shawville Fair needed a new attraction to compete with all the other seasonal attractions, we brought a full fledged rodeo to town which, with good publicity by Frank Ryan and his new brand radio station (CFRA), packed the arena. For weekly editors in those days, these energetic pursuits were all in a week's work.

I never had a problem finding topics for editorials. Advice was always available from Peden Wilson, Harland Rowat, Jack Argue, Jack Tolhurst, Evans Schwartz, Phoebe McCord, Norma Telford, the Drs. McDowell, Powell, and Horner, Orla Young, Hosmer Turner and his kind, hospitable sisters who ran the ice cream parlour where David and I used to meet everyone in town, slurping old style ice-cream sodas and milk shakes, and generous bowls of home-churned ice cream.

But what memories of THE EQUITY does the young reporter want me to recall? There are none by themselves that can be transferred into words here and now. It wasn't just an adventure, it was a

life which could never possibly happen again, to anyone, nor even be understood by anyone. The only people who could even believe what I might write would be the very few who have outlived most of the main characters and were there when it all happened. Among that group, those who read this now will be having a lovely, and very private, chuckle.

With apologies to readers who have no such recollections, I must conclude with these few hap hazard "memories of THE EQUITY" — messages from the past from an old-school variety Canadian Weekly Newspaper editor.

In our days, you were what you did. People delivered coal, people delivered ice, people delivered babies and people delivered newspapers, and they all were essential to the whole, and took their responsibilities to heart, along with teachers, councilors, nurses, carpenters, repairmen, notaries, merchants — everyone who delivered services to the neighbours and whose names always turned up in THE EQUITY. Children's names were always accompanied by the names of their parents, or their grandparents, so readers would know who they

were.

Harkening back to the "old days" requires time, true affection, and an open mind. The "new days" are upon us and need all our attention. I'd really rather be tending to the daily problems of Shawville and the Pontiac than struggling with the exigencies of keeping a National Press Club in Canada. But today is as pressing today, as yesterday was yesterday, and my current preoccupation happens to be with the National Press Club.

Dreaming about writing the stories of Pontiac people, and their horses, babies, gardens, celebrations; flying around in the little two-seater airplane with Iverson Harris, taking aerial photos of lakes, farms and forests; helping Wyman MacKechnie sort out the chapters in his great series of books — What Men they Were, Well Remembered, and Weathering the Thirties; solving copyright problems for the Rusty Leach collection of Songs of the Pontiac; and the golden hours that David and I spent together, morphing what was happening all across the County into a weekly newspaper. That was a good life.

Those are my memories of THE EQUITY.


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HEATHER: From science to journalism

Continued from page 3

She's also seen the polaroid camera come and go and watched as THE EQUITY went from not being able to develop photos, to having a dark room to using digital cameras.

She's also seen just about every nook and cranny in the Pontiac.

"When I say I've been everywhere, I've been everywhere in the Pontiac," she said. And often with her kids Leslie and David in tow.

One of her fond memories was a St. Jean Baptiste Day celebration on Calumet Island. She was going to cover the day's events, but they didn't have enough competitors for the canoe race. So she volunteered to fill a space.

One of her most vivid memories is of Raymond Villeneuve, and his attempted visit to the Pontiac in 1999.

The Quebec separatist and former member of the FLQ was on his way to the Pontiac, but was turned back at Quyon by police because the streets of Pontiac were lined with federalists.

"People here were showing him we're Canadians first," she said.

The police then took Alberti-Dickson and other media to interview Villeneuve in Quyon.

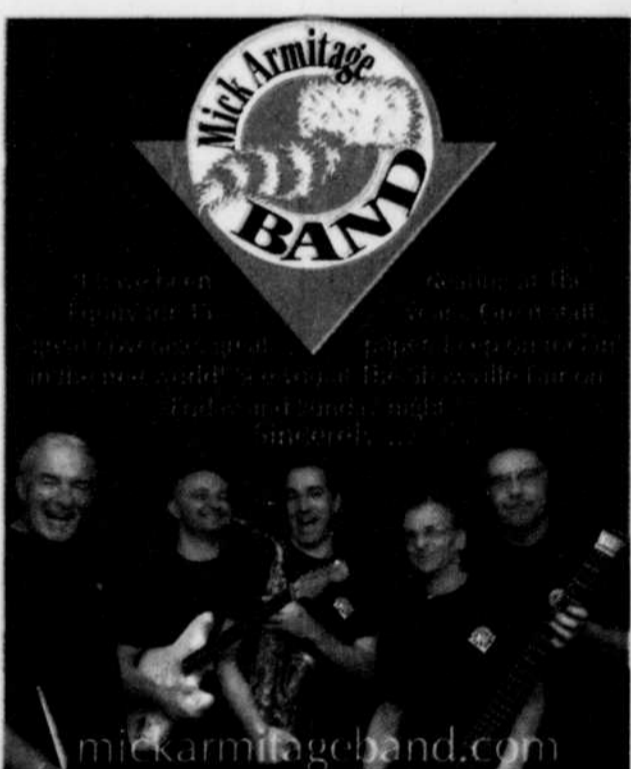
"He was the scariest interview I ever did," she said. "During the interview I realized what emotional hatred he had for English people."

Looking back, Alberti-Dickson said both the Pontiac and THE EQUITY have been good to her.

And even though her background was in biochemistry, journalism and running a newspaper grew on her.

"It's probably the best job I could ever have had because I get to think about different things all the time and there's always something new around the corner," she said.

And even though she'd like to be able to spend more time with her grandchildren, Owen and Tessa, Alberti-Dickson isn't retiring just yet. "Retirement is in the future," she said. "But I'm not old enough."



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LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thomas Farrell of Shawville had two of his fingers taken off by a planing machine last Tuesday.

NOT FOUND.—The body of the young man named Toner, who was drowned at Rocher Foudu, according to latest accounts, has not yet been recovered.

FOUND AT LAST.—A good find of mica has been discovered in the Ottawa district. Sheets of it, clear as plate glass, have been made nearly a foot square. The agent who negotiated the transfer netted \$4,000 on the transaction.

WHAT IS A CASE?—To this question a number of answers are applicable, each case at the same time, being exactly suited to the case in point. For instance, the printer says it is a place to hold type, while the express agent argues it is two dozen of beer. The physician confidently remarks that it is "that patient of mine," and the lawyer assures you with "every suit I have." The preacher with all sincerity declares it to be every sinner he sees. The grammarian, curly "Why, a relation of nouns, of course." Merchant—"Nothing more simple, the place to show goods." Librarian—"Some shelves for books." Architect—"The face of a house." Undertaker, gravely—"The place for your corpse." And a hard case? Why, the man who takes a paper five or six years and then orders it discontinued without paying for it.

THAT GROUND HOG.—An exciting adventure with one of these little animals took place today on the street between this office and the Forest House. One of our staff while going to dinner noticed the little fellow running past, and at once giving chase, with the assistance of 13 or 14 dogs, bravely succeeded in bringing the savage animal to bay in the hall of mine, host Ritchie's hotel. Our representative with due regard for the safety of the large detachment of canines, lustily called for assistance, and as if by magic, the place was instantly filled by a number of men and boys armed with every conceivable weapon, and the wicked glare of grim determination in their eyes. For the welfare of his hogs, matters had now assumed a gloomy aspect, and giving up all thoughts of escape he made good his retreat to a room where he was securely shut up for the time being. After dinner the attack was renewed with vigor, and although contrary to the intention of the besieging party, resulted in the destruction of the diminutive but formidable animals.

DEATH OF THE DRIVE.—Few people have any idea of the number of casualties that occur every spring in connection with the lumber drive. So far this season, no less than five men have been drowned on the Black River alone. Of these one of them was in the employ of Messrs. Fraser & McCoshen, one in the employ of J.R. Booth, one in the employ of Hamilton Bros., one whose employer our informant was not acquainted with.

PORTAGE NOTES.—Mr. John McIntosh is doing a good business carrying passengers and freight between Portage and Sand Point and intermediate points. The "Janet," is nicely fitted up and runs well.

Business is very dull in consequence of the farmers being hard at it, toot and nail, getting the spring seed sown.

The following are the quotations for this week: Hay, \$14.00 per ton; oats 45 cents per bushel; butter, 17 cents per pound; eggs 13 cents per dozen; potatoes 35 cents per bushel.

FIRE ON CALUMET ISLAND.—This Thursday morning the barn, stables and outbuildings of Mr. William Bowie of the Calumet Island were destroyed. All the contents, with the exception of a fanning mill were also destroyed. We have not ascertained the exact extent of the loss sustained, but we understand that it is a heavy one. Cause of the fire unknown.

RAILWAY TIES.—For two or three days this week, a quantity of timber intended for railway ties came floating down the river past this village, and as there were no marks upon it to indicate that it belonged to any particular, the members of "The Bryson Flood-wood Association (not limited) - who always have a sharp eye to business - speedily secured a lot of it to shore. On enquiry, however, it was ascertained that the timber had been set afloat at Lapasse by some individual who had made it for the P.P.J. Railway, and was trusting the current for its safe delivery at the Schenau boom, from thence he would take it to the required point on the line. When this became known, and not wishing to impede the progress of our railway in any manner the "association" at once set the tie drift, in order that they might reach their destination in time to be used in the "first laying" by the contractors. Yet it is possible, as far as gathering driftwood is concerned, the virtue of honesty may exclusively belong to the Bryson "association," and if this notice should come under the eye of our enterprising, but in a measure, too confident tie manufacturer, we would advise him to watch his interests more closely and have his material marked otherwise he will awake to the painful reality of its having mysteriously disappeared.

PERSONAL.—We call the attention of all our readers to the card in another column of C. Barsalou, Esq. who has returned to this village to resume the practice of his profession as Notary.

TIMBER NOTES.—It's reported that some of Mr. Allan Grant timber, on the Black Creek, which runs into the Bois Franc Creek, near Kippewa, will be stuck, owing to low water.

SCARCITY OF LABOUR.—The phosphate mines in this vicinity, says the Ottawa Citizen, are at present all being worked to as great an extent as the scarcity of labour will permit. It is, however, a very difficult matter to obtain a sufficient number of men to work them properly. At present common laborers at the mines are paid from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day with board, but in spite of these good wages there is great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of hands. Mill proprietors in the neighbourhood of the mines complain of the same thing, for men employed by them at lower wages than these mentioned are constantly deserting them to accept better inducements offered them by the mining men.

NEW KIND OF RIVER DRIVERS.—A resident of Chichester is responsible for the statement that he lately observed myriads of Colorado beetles, alias potato bugs, quietly seated on the logs floating down the river. He avers that soon as a log touched terra firma their bugbusts all at once became quite active, and opening their eyes made a beeline for the shore where they safely landed. He thinks that efforts should at once be made to prevent said logs from touching on the Chichester shore, and thus compel them to go farther down river, say to Bryson, where, in tumbling over the dam, they might break their necks.

REPAIRS.—The Litchfield townhall which has a very dilapidated looking appearance, is at present being renovated, and is thoroughly repaired, will, it is said, be used as a store, etc.

FARM WORK.—Farm work is now well advanced, but farmers in many sections complain that low-lying lands are much saturated on account of so much rain having fallen lately. It is feared that in such lands the crops will be injured if the rains continue.

DIED.—We are sorry to have to chronicle the death of Mr. John Snider, of Upper Litchfield, which sad event took place on Tuesday last. He was a quiet, inoffensive young man, and the afflicted family have the sympathy of the entire community. His remains were interred in the family burying ground today. Truly in the midst of life we are in death.

SCARCE.—There is at present quite a boom in the servant girl business, and in many instances one can be procured neither for love or money. As much as \$8 and \$10 per month is freely offered, and still the supply is not equal to the demand.

PASTORAL VISIT.—His Lordship, Bishop Lorrain is at present on his pastoral visit through his diocese. He will visit Lapasse, Fort Coulonge, and Bois Franc on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and on Monday evening will reach the church at Vinton, Upper Litchfield, from whence he will proceed to the Calumet Church. Our readers will remember that he was elevated to the Episcopate last summer, by Leo XIII., as Bishop of Cythere and Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac, and established his See in Pembroke, consequently the present is his first pastoral visit and great preparations are in progress for the event.

A FALSE RUMOUR.—After all the rumpus got up by the local press generally, as well as the Toronto Globe and Free Press, it seems as if our Local Member, Mr. Poupore will not retire in favour of Mr. Mousseau after all. We observe the rumour has been contradicted by the writer of the "Chronicles of the Pontiac," who doubtless has sufficient authority to warrant the contradiction. It is a pity Bill won't cave in and give Mousseau, or some other aspirant, a chance to run for Pontiac. But, then, he appears to possess better pluck; and had those gentry who are endowed with such an aptitude for writing on subjects which they know little or nothing about, but waited until he had bartered and sold the county, they might have abused him to their heart's content. Bless your soul that would never do, they are bound to go for him anyway, and would be grieved and disappointed if everything was OK.

FIRST COMMUNION.—On Sunday next, at the Calumet Church, a number of children will receive their first communion, preparation to confirmation next Thursday by Bishop Lorrain, who is expected there on that day.

THE WEATHER.—Since Vennorant Wiggins have given up the business of manufacturing the weather to order, there is a great change for the better. Old sol's rays are darting down upon us with daily increasing vigour, and vegetation is at present progressing rapidly. The piping of the bull frog awakens the echoes each evening, and in short, nature is appearing in all her beauty.

DEANERY MEETING.—Service was held in Shawville last Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, immediately after which the Deanery Meeting was held. The following rev. gentlemen and laymen were present: Rev. Messrs. W.H. Naylor, Rural Dean, Shawville; H.S. Fuller, North Wakefield; T. Everett, Bristol; Robert Acton, Portage du Fort; J.A. Greer, Thorne; T.E. Cunningham, Aylmer; Messrs Shaw and Elliott, Shawville; Mr. Armitage, Onslow; Mr. Hamilton, Thorne; Mr. Hodgins, Shawville; Mr. W.H. LeRoy, Bryson; Mr. Conley, Bristol.

OBITUARY.—In the recent demise of Mr. E.W. Murray the county has lost one of its enterprising and valued residents, and his loss will not be easily forgotten by the many friends to whom he had socially and otherwise endeared himself. Mr. Murray was born in England and came to Canada with his father, Jas. Murray, a member of the Royal Staff. Mr. E.W. Murray settled in Buckingham some 45 years ago, and there engaged in the lumbering business of Messrs. Bigelow & Co. When that firm suspended he assumed business on his own account, and successfully conducted his enterprises for a number of years. He was afterwards selected for the municipalities of Buckingham Village and Township, a post which he honorably retained until 1880, a period of 20 years. Mr. Murray, although not born in Canada, was a truly representative Canadian. Gifted with strong natural ability, also not with early advantages of education, he made himself not only a shrewd business man, but also one of the best read of the Ottawa Valley. In business he was energetic and far seeing, and a friend generous and steadfast. His funeral took place at Buckingham on Friday last. Fathers Clerk and Charbonneau officiating. The cortege which followed his remains to the grave was the largest that has been seen in that vicinity for many years. His death leaves a blank in the community not easily filled.

COMING ROUND.—Our national fete day will soon be upon us again, and if we are going to have a celebration, it is time steps were taken in the matter. Boys bestir yourselves and get up a day's fun. Don't let other places have the precedence.

A GOOD THING.—The Litchfield Council has commenced to make some alterations on the Ingram bridge between this village and Portage du Fort. We are glad to have this intelligence to chronicle. Any change in this structure will be welcomed by the public and regarded as an improvement.

ENTERPRISING.—Flour will be delivered to any part of the village of Bryson, or a mile outside of the village, free of cost by G.A. Purvis & Sons. Flour \$5.50 per barrel.

AN OFFICIAL VISIT.—Mr. Willis Chief Immigration Agent for this district was in Pembroke last Saturday to make arrangements for placing of some immigrants. He returned to Ottawa Monday.

OUR RAILWAY.—We people of the Pontiac have been hitherto sadly deceived in railway matters, and now we find ourselves in the month of June and no work going on. Only a short time ago we were told that the money was raised and that the work would be pushed vigorously to completion. Now we are told that the contractor failed in floating a loan in England. The latter report, we fear, is only too true.

Since writing the above rumours from the lower end of the county, that work on the Pontiac Railway is to resume immediately, being floated around here. The approaching county council meeting is, perhaps, the cause of these rumours. In the meantime the council will act wisely in deferring the levying of the railway rate for at least another three months.

BRICK MAKING.—We understand Mr. Daniel Kennedy of the 12th con. of Clarendon has purchased the brick making machine used in the yard here some years ago, by Mr. McCuaid, and will soon commence the manufacture of that article on his own premises. Mr. Kennedy having secured the services of a first-class workman, we bespeak for him a good trade.

ARRIVED.—The gay and festive mosquito has at length arrived on his annual summer visit. It may therefore be inferred that summer has at length come to stay, for the mosquito seldom makes the mistake of coming until he is sure of settled warm weather.

PRODUCE.—The following are the quotations for farmers' produce this week at Bryson: butter 20 cents per lb; eggs 13 cents per doz; potatoes 40 cts per bush; flour \$5.50 per bbl; pork 12 1/2 cts per lb; oats 40 cts per bush; peas 7 cts per bush.

THE GRAND RIVER.—The Ottawa River is now at its highest, although about six feet lower than it was last year at this time. No northwest ducks have so far passed down, and a gradual fall of the stream may be looked for without continued heavy rains which are not now to be looked for, and which farmers do not want. The water may be expected to be low this season.

DROWNING ACCIDENT.—On Thursday last a young man named Terence Smith, of Chapeau village, aged 23 years, fell off the bridge at Mattawa, and in spite of every effort met with a watery grave. He had been engaged as clerk in the store of Messrs. McCool & Co., at Mattawa. His remains were brought to the Chapeau, and were followed to the grave by a large concourse of mourners. He was a universal favourite and highly respected, and his untimely end has cast a gloom over the entire neighbourhood. His friends have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

NOT IMPROVING.—Mr. Daniel Smith, of Upper Litchfield, who has been confined to his bed for some time, is still in a dangerous condition, and but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

FOOTBALL.—The boys in this village are infected with the football fever, and some two clubs are being organized shortly.

PERSONAL.—Mr. J.W. MacFarlane of the News gave us a call last Wednesday. Notwithstanding a rush of work in his office, MacFarlane, like all printers, is fond of a holiday now and then, hence his appearance here subsequently at the county council hall.

THE GATINEAU VALLEY RAILWAY.—The Gatineau Valley Railway has been given to Messrs. Large & Co., and the subcontractors for the construction are three Norwich, Ontario men - Messrs. Donald Jones & Bray, Mr. Ryan of Perth is their surety and the price is said to be \$16,000 per mile. Thirty miles are to be completed this year, the rails for which are ordered by Messrs Cox & Green of Montreal.

NEARLY DROWNED.—While engaged in gathering float wood with a number of other lads, a son of Mr. Joseph Ringland of this village, narrowly escaped drowning last Tuesday week. It appears the boy had a number of logs secured by one end to the shore, and had ventured out on the floating ends in order that he might have a better opportunity of catching more as the eddy brought it round. He was so busily engaged with his work that he did not notice the timber on which he was standing, had become loose until it was some forty or fifty feet from shore. He made a noise and jumped towards shore into fully 16 feet of water, from which he was rescued by a man named Cheshe; had he not done this his chances for going over chute were almost certain.

PAINFUL ACCIDENTS.—Last Thursday a six year old son of Mr. Barclay Anderson of Leslie had part of the first and nearly the whole of the second and third fingers of his right hand cut off while playing with an axe, in company with another boy, aged 9 or 10 years. How the accident occurred it is not exactly known, but it is supposed that the elder boy let the axe fall, accidentally on the hand of his little companion, causing the injury described. The parents of the child promptly bandaged the hand, but it became so painful that they were obliged to bring him to this village on Monday when Dr. Gaboury dressed the wounds again, much to the relief of the little sufferer.

A young son of Mr. Thomas Richardson of Clarendon also had one finger taken off by an axe last week.

DEATH BY LOCOMOTIVE POWER.—On Thursday morning last the driver saw a horse and wagon, in the latter a man, directly on the crossing at Bell's Corners. He whistled the alarm. But the horses had no spirit and the man no ears, perceiving which the driver called swiftly and lustily for brakes. It was too late, however, and the engine crowded on the obstruction, which was scattered like chaff to the winds, the man and horse going to instant death in the general wreck. When found the man's head was seen to be crushed in at the top, both legs broken and his body mutilated from head to foot. A whisky bottle was found in his pocket quite uninjured - a most remarkable escape. It was empty, which fact accounted for the condition of the man's ears when the whistle, loud enough to wake the dead, couldn't pierce them. The man's name was Corrick, a farmer near by.

A FOX STORY.—A good fox story comes from Bristol, which we give as related to us; Mr. Richard Docherty of that township has been annoyed very much of late by the incursions of master Reynard on his domains. Mr. Docherty, unfortunately, never could catch the miscreant, to deal with him according to his works till he procured a dog whose worth as a farm animal cannot be over estimated. In the meantime Mr. Fox continued to perform "the tricks that are vain" to his great delight. One day however, he happened to be more careless than usual and this was the opportunity for the dog to display his agility. With a fair field before him, he gave a lively chase and succeeded in catching hold of the rascal's tail; nor did the latter make good his escape until that luxurious appendage was kindly removed by the unusually expert canine. The cut-tail animal signs not again to enter the precincts of Mr. Docherty's hen roosts, etc.

FREAK OF NATURE.—Mr. H. Isherwoods' garden, says the Almonte Times, contain a curiosity well worth viewing - roses on a crab apple tree in blossom.

ENERGETIC.—Mr. McCritchie of the Forest House, of this place is remarked for the good taste displayed by him from year to year in improving and adorning his premises. He has lately completed a very handsome cedar rustic fence around his garden which sets it off nicely. Last week he erected the frame of a very large two-story shed which is spoken of as being the finest in the neighbourhood. Mr. W.H. Walsh prepared and put the timber up.

BETTER THAN EVER.—The sports in Bryson for the approaching Dominion Day celebration promise to surpass all previous lists enjoyed in this place.

"A SAD CASE IF TRUE"—Under this head an item appeared in last week's Advance in which it is said that a man named Cole, residing in the township of Aldfield had his land sold over his head by the agent of the Quebec government; on good authority we have been told that no such case has occurred with the agent's knowledge. The only lot sold in this township was sold to the person who represented himself as being the one who occupied it. The government never did, nor does it yet, recognize the claim of a squatter. But, there is a clause, however, in the receipt given by the Crown, bidding the purchaser to pay "for any real improvements existing thereon belonging to any other party".

ALDFIELD NOTES.—The Halverson post office has been removed to the residence of James Moore, Esq., secretary treasurer of the township. Mrs. McGale of Onslow was arrested yesterday under a warrant issued by James Martin, Esq., for shooting at and wounding Patrick Riley, a neighbour of hers. The shot took effect in his arms and was extracted by Dr. Falls of Peche village. The wounded man is doing well under the circumstances.

COULONGE.—Hoping that you will soon have things in shape to issue your first number, I forward you a few items from Coulonge, that pretty little village contained the "lofty mansions" which are such an eye-sore to your neighbour of the Advance.

Firstly, then there are three new building in course of erection, (one intended for a general store), two frame, and one sided timber; and a fourth, the walls of which have been up for some time, has been roofed, and I understand is to be fitted up for a tinsmith's shop, which I have no doubt will be a paying investment. The bazaar which has been going on in the Roman Catholic Church here for the past two weeks, came to a termination on Saturday evening last, when a considerable quantity of stuff, which remained unsold, was put up at auction, and brought good prices. I did not learn the exact amount realized from the bazaar, but it could not have been less than three hundred dollars, which went to paying off the debt of the church. It was a decided success, mainly attributable to the energy and perseverance of Rev. T. Nap LeMoine, resident priest, who seems determined to at least "pay as he goes." The different saw logs concerns on the Coulonge, are busy putting their legs through the slide, and out into the Ottawa. Mr. Fraser's square timber, in charge of Mr. John Curry, is all over the slide and forty or fifty cribs of it are already rafted up and ready for Quebec. I understand he will have two hundred cribs, and very handsome, well made timber it is, too.

Our young friend, Mr. Alfred Gander came home from college last week, where he carried off the "gold medal" prize, and a cash prize of \$60, and in fact everything in the way of first prizes. The Coulonge Brass Band turned out and serenaded him the next evening after his arrival, when he made a neat little speech - short - but to the point. I believe he intends to remain at home during the summer months.

Most of our stores are doing a good business just now, as they invariably do during the shanty boys are around. Business of all descriptions is brisk here; Mr. Morrison, blacksmith, having turned out no less than six new wagons this spring already; and our two shoemakers, Messrs McCuaid and Merleau have more work than they can do. What we want here badly here, is a good tailor - none but a good one need apply. I am certain that a good tailor would do well here. For hotels, we have not fewer than four - three too many; but a new license law will regulate that, and cut the number to one. Although there are four, they all seem to pick up a good, easy living. The Brass Band under Pros. Farrell, gave a very successful concert here a week ago. Some forty to fifty were obliged to go away, as they could not gain admittance, the house being crowded before the performance commenced.

Mr. William Ardill of your village is busily engaged re-plastering one of the "lofty mansions" of the "somer shadows" which hurts the Advance man's eyes so badly - that of George Bryson, Esq., Jr. and Billy is just the boy who can put a finish on a good job.

The steamer Sir John Young, Capt. Ovide Blondin, continues to cheer the natives once or twice a day, with her ringing toot, toot, toot, as she lets go each boom of logs. She must have received a thorough overhauling during the past winter, as she looked much better than she did last year. Her enterprising proprietor, Capt. John L. Murphy, was round on a tour of inspection last week.

All who have occasion to travel the Black River Road, will be pleased to learn that the Mansfield Council have had the bridge across Connolly's Creek torn away, and a culvert constructed instead, besides having the hill on both sides considerably lowered, so that now a team can take any reasonable load up without the least difficulty. The work was done by Mr. Oliver Piche.

COULONGE NOTES.—The principal event of the past week was the arrival of Bishop Lorrain, from Pembroke, on Thursday afternoon. The brass band turned out on the Bishop's arrival at Coulonge, and played while he passed through the arch and up the avenue to the Church. Mr. Dempsey, on Saturday last, shot a muskrat which was swimming in the water, at a distance of three hundred and fifty yards, and that without a rest too. A breach loader was the weapon used. Who can beat that? Mr. Curry will be pushing out from the Coulonge boom about the 21st or 22nd, with a very handsome raft, neatly and securely put together.

The Messrs Whites' saw log drive on the Coulonge has struck for the season. McLaughlan's drive is beginning to come in at the head of the chute.

Mr. Richards' boys have got down this far with their scow, and occasionally pay us a visit when they happen to be smudged near the village. McCoshen's drive of square timber has arrived at the Black River side. The slide is working well this season, a great improvement having been made on it during the past winter. Water has risen late in Coulonge and Black Rivers, and is now about as high as at any time this spring.

An abundance of potato bugs in this village, five or six hard shells to every hill, with a fair prospect of becoming more numerous. Another new building is in process of erection in the outskirts of the village. We had a visit from a regular tramp last Sunday afternoon - a hard looking seed. He was seen prowling about the backyards in the middle of the night, when some parties conveyed him out of the village some distance, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He said he didn't like to sleep in a hotel - too close and warm for him, he preferred to sleep in the open air.

The Advance man works himself into a white heat in his half column of billingsgate over your Coulonge correspondent; and then after the froth has boiled over and run off, how funny he attempts to become. Now, don't you think he should rather be thankful to your correspondent for furnishing him with a new hobby. The "Olive branch" hobby is worn out; the "Bryson-Poupore" hobby is threadbare and now it is just simply amazing to see him spread himself on "lofty mansions" and "somer shadows". His grim attempts to poke fun at "Watchman" is sublime - a whole half column devoted to low slang. What a pity he mistook his calling, he might have been really useful as the "phunny man" (commonly known as clown) in some circus.

Narcisse Marroon Jr., came near losing the number of his mess last Sunday morning, about daybreak. It seems his bark canoe upset with him near the village here, when his legs got caught between the bars somehow, and as he could not extricate himself, he lay on his back, and kicked and splashed and shouted lustily for help, which brought his brother Oliver to the rescue. Young men should not be gallivanting so early on Sabbath morning.

Mr. Alfred Gandier preached here last Sabbath, and also at Black River, his father being too ill to officiate. The Rev. gentleman has had very poor health since the middle of winter, and contemplates taking a spare for a few weeks, during which time his son will fill his place here.

John Bryson, Esq., M.O. arrived home from Kippewa on Friday evening, looking not a whit the worse for abuse he has had to regularly dish out to him in the News and Advance since his election. What a pity the people would not elect those two rangers the Advance and News men to represent them. Mr. Bryson is hiring men to go to Quebec on his timber. The hay crop in this vicinity promised to be more than an average yield. Coulonge River falling fast, Ottawa keeping up well.

LITTLE LOCAL LINES
Glorious weather. The fish story season has arrived. Anglers report that fishing is poor just now. The month of roses is now with us. Fifteen hours of daylight just. Oh! my goodness! Gracious! The weather is very warm! The ice water and lemonade season has set in.

Howling dogs make things hideous at night in the precincts of this village. A raft of dimension timber belonging to Mr. Mason arrived here yesterday. Mr. George Letts will shortly open a baking establishment in this village. A load of 3,400 pounds was drew from the station in this village - a very rough hill road - by Messrs. O'Meara's team. Sawlogs are running past here very thickly at present, indicating that the rivermen and steamboat commanders are doing their duty.

The boys have commenced to practice baseball in the evenings. It is said they intend having a friendly game with the Quyon Club on Dominion Day. We are sorry to hear of the death of Rev. N. Austin, last pastor of the Portage du Fort Methodist congregation. The sad event took place last Wednesday at his home. A good deal of sickness prevails at this present time in different sections of the county, and altogether the past winter and present spring have been trying season with many.

There is some talk of an effort being made shortly to start a farmers' grange in Pontiac. The idea is a good one, and would certainly be a great benefit to all parties concerned. A saw mill is badly needed here, the supply of lumber furnished by those in the vicinity being inadequate to the demand. Dressed lumber has to be imported from Renfrew or Annapolis. Oh the tiny little ants, how they clamber up our pants, at the pic-nic 'neath' the willows in the glen, how they seem to take delight in the obnoxious sport of bitin', indefensible and modest gentlemen.

The following young ladies took diplomas for teachers at the Aylmer examination: Miss Maggie Morrison and Miss Maggie Miller, Clarendon; Miss Annie Morrison, Bristol. The Miss Miller referred to here is sister of the editor of the Pembroke Observer. Cheese factories do not appear to be in a flourishing condition in Pontiac at present, owing to the difficulty of procuring the necessary supply of milk. We hear the one of the Calumet Island is about beginning operations. The cold and backward spring coupled with the high price of butter must militate more or less against the industrial enterprise. Pembroke merchants have adopted the early closing movement.

The strawberries are ripe, a beautiful large ripe one was handed to us the other day. Vegetation has made wonderful strides since the rains of last week. Meat cattle are very scarce and sought by local and Ottawa butchers.

The thermometer registered 95 degrees in the shade of the Sabbath last. Some fat people were taken down. The Bryson people as usual are subscribing largely to the Dominion Day Fun. There is a rumour that Mr. Eddy is going to start a paper manufactory on Batson & Currier's old mill site.

Wednesday's frost did not find the gardening community unprepared. Some of the ladies "papered up" their corn plants. A young man by the name of Lapointe got one of his hands badly shattered by a saw in Mr. Eddy's mill on Saturday last. A raft of timber was towed down by the Steamer "Sir John Young" last Saturday night, belonging to Mr. Mason. The raft is in charge of Mr. Peter McCaughey of this village. Our streets were beautifully decorated on Saturday with green trees and flags in honour of Bishop Lorrain's arrival on his way to Portage du Fort.

Rev. Mr. Christie of Beachburg preached in the Presbyterian Church here last Sabbath taking for his text the first clause of the 56th verse of the 45th chapter of Jeremiah "Seeketh thou great things Baruch? See them not." Those who have never witnessed the attractive sight of a miniature balloon ascension will have a chance of doing so by attending the celebration here on Dominion Day. "Professor" Jolicoeur of animal-training fame is progressing wonderfully in subjecting to his will the animals he has in charge. Don't miss his performances on Dominion Day. A man winks his eye an average of 30,000 times a day, and a woman's tongue makes 78,000 motions every 24 hours. At this rate how long will it take the man to catch up?

Unprecedented GREAT STOCK OF DRY -:-: GOODS

— AND —
GROCERIES,
At E.B. D. Lafleur's Store all to be sold out to make room for New Stock

Go and see EUSTACHE who is always ready to show goods for inspection.

PRODUCE OF ALL KINDS

— TAKEN IN EXCHANGE AT —

CASH PRICES

At Discount of 5 per cent on all Cash Purchases.

E.B.D. Lafleur

BRYSON, JUNE 7, 1883

HENRY PORTEOUS Popular Store

The public is cordially invited to inspect my good and compare prices. Note the following:

Good factory Cotton at 7c per yard : White Shirts at 9c per yard
Dress Goods at 10c " : Past Coloured Prints at 7c per yard
Duckings from 15c and upwards

Cashmeres, Prints, Muslins, White and Coloured, Parasols and Umbrellas.

Don't buy until you see the bargains I am giving.

GENTS' -:-: FURNISHINGS.

READY MADE SUITS FROM \$6.50 UP
WHITE REGATTA SHIRTS FROM 70 CENTS UP.
TIES, SCARFS, COLLARS, CUFFS, SOCKS, BRACES,

In endless variety.
THE BEST—All Wood Tweeds, worth One Dollar a yard, I will sell at 75c

HATS -:-: AND -:-: CAPS.

A grand display in this department. Felt and Straw Hats.

GROCERIES.

A No. 1 TEA at 20 cents a pound, or 6 pounds for one dollar.
Twelve and a half pounds of Good Brown Sugar for one dollar.
Nine Pounds of Granulated (White) Sugar for one dollar.
TOBACCOS 40 cents per pounds.

FOOTWEAR

Ladies and Gents' Footwear — a very fine stock. A beautiful Ladies Buttoned Boot for \$3.50 a pair. My stock of Boots and Shoes will be found CHEAPER and BETTER than any establishment in this vicinity.

Those who favor me with their patronage can rely on civil treatment and prompt attention.

HENRY PORTEOUS
Bryson, June 20, 1883

C. BASSALOU, Notary Public, has returned from Montreal, and has opened an office in Bryson, where he will be found at all hours.

TWO BOYS WANTED.

One with two years experience and a smart intelligent lad, who can read and spell well as an apprentice. Apply at this office.

THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, JUNE 7th, 1883

PROSPECTUS

We take much pleasure today in presenting the public with the first number of THE EQUITY newspaper, to which we invite its attention.

In making our appearance in the journalistic arena, we do so deeply cognizant of the responsibility which attaches to that position.

A definition of the word which we have chosen for the name of our journal at once suggests the course it is our intention to pursue: Equity — that virtue which treats all persons according to the rules of reason and justice — an adherence to which, it must be admitted, is no very easy task; and, if through mis-judgement or indiscretion, our efforts to do so prove futile, the indulgence of a discerning public is solicited.

In local affairs THE EQUITY purposes taking a most active part. Believing that the interests of the inhabitants of the County of Pontiac stand paramount to all others, we will consider it our first duty to advocate and protect those interests, and to further this end, our columns will be open to those who choose to discuss matters identical with them.

Being firmly convinced of the wisdom and excellent of the policy pursued by the leaders of the Liberal-Conservative party of Canada in the affairs of this country, and believing that to the great measures they have introduced is mainly due the cause of our prosperous condition today, the columns of this journal will be devoted to the interests of that party.

Matters which have no immediate connection with our county or provincial affairs, and with which we do not presume to be familiarly acquainted, will receive such consideration as we deem it prudent to give. Our express object is to supply our readers with a good local paper, and in carrying out this aim, we respectfully ask their assistance and support.

In introducing THE EQUITY to the people of the Pontiac a duty of grave importance devolves upon us: the duty of defending ourselves and others (whose names have been associated with ours in connection with this enterprise) from the vile attacks and gross misrepresentations of parties who, - long before we had an opportunity of defining our position - were untrusting in their exertions to blast our hopes of success in the field of journalism, imagining by so doing, that they would enlist public apathy in their behalf, and push to completion the object of their own ambitions and unscrupulous ends. Through this means and the medium of the local press, a number of people have been led to believe that our publication is the creature of the so-called "Bryson-Poupre clique," that it is the personal property of the gentlemen who have the honor of representing this county in parliament; and that it has been rallied into existence solely for the purposes of defending themselves, and securing for their own especial benefit, the patronage of the Dominion and Provincial Governments. These insinuations are as groundless as they are cowardly, and we trust the public will see them with that contempt which they so richly deserve. Sewn broadcast with the two-fold and decidedly mean object of injuring us financially in the pursuit of our business, and tending to convey the idea to the minds of the people that the above-mentioned gentlemen are possessed with the spirit of avarice which so exclusively belongs to the originator of these low, underhand method of endeavoring to gratify selfish ends, we have confidence in an intelligent public taking no stock in them.

In the first place, we wish it to be understood that we have absolute control of this journal; that we are the proprietors, and that we are at liberty to support whomsoever we choose, so long as their actions are in accordance with reason and justice. Secondly, although we freely acknowledge having received aid in starting this enterprise from a number of friends in the Conservative ranks, not one dollar by way of bonus has been given by the members of this county towards the establishment of this journal, neither have they been the instruments by which it came into existence. In accepting aid from outside sources, we cannot see anything wrong. Our conferees in this county have been materially aided in like manner; our only hope is that, in consideration of these favors, we will be enabled to repay the debt of gratitude by a true observance of justice and fair play to all; and if by extending to the members elect for this county that right which has heretofore been denied them - a fair representation through the columns of the press - we claim it as our privilege to do so.

MARRIED — At Montreal on the 5th of June by the Rev. Cahon Evans, John R. Hayman to Miss August Eaurance Willoughby, both of Pembroke.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

In March 1881 Alexander ascended the throne of Russia, but has not dared to show himself to his subjects sufficiently long to be crowned until the present time. For two years he has been a prisoner in his own palace. He dare not eat anything until others had tasted it, and his chamberlain has had to take a sip out of his wine glass before the Autocrat of all the Russias felt safe in drinking the contents. Guarded as no other Sovereign has ever been, yet plots were always being discovered. A cake of toilet soap turned out to be a dynamite bomb, and once the washstand blew up a few minutes before Alexander approached to wash himself.

At last he felt that it was unsafe to delay the coronation any longer, and on Sunday, May 20 the ceremonies commenced, and were completed on the 27th. On the last day of the ceremonies of the procession to the cathedral was of immense length and comprised deputies from the Asiatic States of the Empire, university students, the clergy, judges, the nobility, and prefects from every section of the empire.

On entering the portals of the Cathedral the emperor was received by the Metropolitan of Moscow. The thrones, for the emperor and the empress, were placed upon a dais erected between the two middle columns of the cathedral. In front of the thrones were two tables covered with gold cloth, upon which were placed two crowns, the orb and the sceptre. The people were then asked if they knew any reason why the Czar should not be crowned. No answer being given, selections from the Gospels were read and the Metropolitan of Novgorod and Kieff again ascended the ascended and invested the emperor with the imperial mantle of ermine, the Metropolitan of Moscow saying at the same time: "Cover and protect they people as this robe protects and covers thee." The emperor responded: "I will, I will, I will, God helping." The Metropolitan of Novgorod, crossing his hands upon the head of the Emperor, then invoked the benediction of Almighty God upon him and his reign, delivered to Alexander III, the crown of Russia, who placed it on his own head, and, assuming the sceptre and orb, took his seat upon the throne. He then returned the insignia of his title to the dignitaries appointed to receive them. The Czar preserved throughout a grave and decorous dignity and a nobleness of demeanor, which provoked the admiration of all.

In the midst of all this splendor, surrounded by all the pomp which human ingenuity can devise, there will be many in Moscow more unhappy than the Czar. Even though the crown be placed upon his head, how long is he to wear it? Even though conspiracies sleep, how long will it be before they awaken? It is the utter hopelessness of his position which makes it so melancholy. He cannot create a Parliament for what sort of a legislative assembly would it be which fathered half of its representatives from Europe and half from Asia! He cannot grant a constitution, for that, by the tradition of his family, means abdication. He can only pray before the shrines of the Kremlin and his life may be spared, that his reign may be prosperous and in the awful despair which must visit him in his hours of prostration there is something so sad that none among us can do aught but pity him.

THE PROVINCIAL FARM SCHOOL

The Course of Instruction
The following information will be useful to all those who have young people to send to the new Provincial Farm School. This establishment will open at once. The post-office addresses Whitfield's, Quebec.

1. All application must be addressed to MS Lesage, Asst., Commissioner of Agriculture, Quebec. Certificates must accompany them testifying to the good conduct of the candidate, his capacity, and his desire to work as men usually do work on a farm.

2. The Government will select 20 apprentices, one for each judicial district, who will receive board, the washing of their working clothes, and a salary, varying from \$30 - \$100 according to the value of their labor. The young men will be expected to have been previously at work on the land for at least two years, special mention of which should be made in the application.

3. Every apprentice who turns out idle, incapable, or unruly, will be immediately discharged in order to make room for others.

4. The course of instruction at the farm school will be, above all things, practical, that is to say, the apprentices will be under the charge of skilful instructors, who will show them how to perform, after the best fashion, the work of the following departments: the field cultivation; the fruit and vegetable garden; the orchard; the plantations; the stables and cattle sheds; and the butter and cheese factories.

5. The evenings and intervals of leisure will be usually employed in the perusal of books and journals on farming, and by lectures given at odd times by managers and sub-managers of departments.

6. The board of management under Mr. Whitfield himself will consist of: 1st a general superintendent; 2nd a manager of cattle department; 3rd a thorough dairyman; 4th a farm manager; 5th a gardener nurseryman, and forester; 6th an accountant. Each of these will have an assistant as may be necessary for the proper conduct of the business.

7. Every evening the work done on the farm will be entered in books, its value noted, and the work for each apprentice for the next day be pointed out.

8. The farm account and the work book will be always open for inspection by the pupils.

9. The catholic pupils will be under the care of the Rev. Cure of St. Cesaire, and the protestants under that of the Minister at Rougemont. Both these gentlemen have promised their best aid to the General Superintendent, who will watch over the morals and conduct of the pupils with all possible devotion.

10. All branches of agriculture to which they intend to devote themselves, they will receive certificates and diploma's in accordance with

their several merits. It will be observed that time has not permitted all the intended changes in the establishment. Thus, the number of bedrooms is insufficient, the reading rooms wants finishing and furnishing, and a wing wants building before the place can be called complete. In the meantime, it is thought better to postpone these additions for the present rather than defer opening the school for another year.

For all other information apply to Ed. A. Barnard, Director of Agriculture Provincial Model Farm, Whitfield's, Que.

Sir Francis Hincks

THE QUESTIONS OF CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE

Closing a long and interesting speech at the banquet given in his honor in Montreal on Thursday evening by the Montreal Club, Sir Francis Hincks made the following reference to the independence questions: —

I have avoided touching tonight upon any of the questions of the present day upon which difference of opinion can arise; and it was gratifying to me the other day to see the address presented to the Governor General, from which I want to read one sentence: — "The success of your Excellency's efforts has fortified us in the belief that a full development of our national sentiment is perfectly consistent with the closest and most loyal connection with the empire." The address containing these words was moved by Sir John Macdonald, the leader of the Government, and seconded by Mr. Blake, the leader of the Opposition. Well, gentlemen, we hear a good deal in these times about independence and I confess that before I read that address I could hardly venture to name the word independence because I should be afraid to come on a party question; but when the leader of the Government and the leader of the Opposition are agreed in the sentiment there expressed, it must be perfectly clear that the question is not a party one. Now I am not so ignorant as to think that we are all of one mind as to which is the best system of Government - the Monarchical or the Republican. It is natural for some to prefer the Republican. I confess I am not one of them. What I want to point out - and I wish you to take notice of it - for here are, perhaps, some young men here who, after I am in my grave, will think of something I have said today. What I want to point out, and my last advice and warning is that you may depend upon it that you will have no change from a monarchical to a republican government, without a revolution and bloodshed. During the last few years I have devoted myself to literary pursuits, writing a good deal for reviews and papers, and engaging in controversies and having made that assertion once I was told by a distinguished literary man, who is one who believes that our political destiny is annexation, that there are plenty of instances of States changing their allegiance without revolution; and the instances given were actually instances that proved my own assertion to the contrary. You will scarcely believe that one of them was Alaska, an uninhabited country sold by Russia to the United States. Another instance was Cyprus, transferred to Great Britain only the other day. Another was Nice and Savoy, transferred to Italy by an arrangement between France and Italy, and another was Alsace and Lorraine - both the result of the war between France and Germany. Another instance was the Transvaal, which was annexed to Great Britain, and succeeded in getting its independence. Many will say on this question of independence that Great Britain won't interfere to prevent our independence. It is not a question of interfering. It is a question of the Canadian people themselves. You won't get the people to be unanimous in preferring a monarch in favor of a republic, he has nothing to do but quietly to go to the other side of the lines, and he will do that rather than fight at the risk of life and property and everything. My firm conviction is, and I know of no case in history where a change of political institutions has been effected without a revolution and bloodshed.

A Perilous Position

A YOUNG MILL HAND'S ESCAPE FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

Yesterday morning a young French Canadian mill hand named Narcisse Meunier, in Eddy's new mill at Hull, had one of the most marvellous escapes from death on record. It seems that while attending to his duties in the lower part of the mill he slipped and fell into the water beneath. At this point the stream resembles a gigantic seething chaudiere, but notwithstanding the warning of the rushing waters Narcisse, who is a powerful swimmer struck out boldly for the shore. In spite of his efforts he was hurled down the waterway toward the Devil's Hole, where the stream enters the underground passage. Nothing daunted by the tremendous strength of the current against which he was battling Narcisse continued to fight for his life. At length he succeeded in getting near enough to the shore to clutch a projecting piece of rock to which he held until rescued by some parties who had witnessed the accident. When the news spread about the mill that this had occurred few could credit it, as it was considered utterly impossible, says the Citizen, that any man could have fallen into the mill-stream beneath the mill and escape with his life. When he fell into the water he shouted as loudly as he could, but the noise of the mill prevented his cries being heard, consequently his fellow workmen did not know of the occurrence until it was over. Fortunately for him some outsiders happened to see him clinging to the rock on the shore with the energy of despair, while the force of the current was almost tearing his arms out of his sockets, and came to his rescue. Had it not been for this he would inevitably have been sucked down into the Devil's Hole probably never heard of again. No description can give the faintest idea of the dangers of this spot, but after a good glance at it, it seems incredible that a human being should have been there and survived. Notwithstanding the fearful peril from which he had been rescued a few hours before, he was coolly

engaged at his usual work as though nothing out of the way had happened. He is a stoutly built young fellow, of about 19 summers, and although he looked rather pale after his battle with death, he made light of the affair. He said he didn't feel very bad at the time, but he wouldn't like to be there again.

THE BRIDGE ACCIDENT.

NEW YORK, June 2 - At a meeting of the bridge trustees yesterday it was stated that a committee, of which Mayors Lowe and Edson were members, had been appointed to investigate the causes of the recent accident and consider plans to prevent a repetition of it. The investigation will be private. The committee on organization of the bridge trustees to whom as referred the matter of the disaster, met today and declared it to be unwise to allow pedestrians on the roadways for horses and vehicles. The committee received many suggestions from all parts in regard to prevent a recurrence of such a disaster. John Sweeney, one of the work men employed on the bridge, was mysteriously shot in the arm today. The police are unable to find the man who wounded him.

THE APACHE WAR

SAN JOSE - Chichulrus, June 2 - Mexican officers fear that the Apaches are being driven toward the southwest by Crooks' operations. His recently reported fight on the Sonora Line is confirmed by rumors from the scattered hamlets and villages on the Chichuahua Slope of the Sierra Madres. The squaws and Indians who came into Wilcox are the remnant of Chato's people cut off from the main body. They have probably been in the United States all the time.

TOMBSTONE, May 28 - Couriers have arrived from the Mexican headquarters at Opusera, bringing alarming intelligence. The Indians appeared in force at Narcori on Thursday last. The authorities there asked for reinforcements and were afraid of being attacked at any moment as there were only 30 soldiers there. When the courier left the Indians were killing cattle within 60 yards of the town. The Indians were nearly all dismounted, and have evidently fled from the Sierra Madres to escape Crook. No news of Crook had been received. Reinforcements have been sent to Narcori and news is hourly expected. It appears that the Apaches escaped from the Sierra Madres owing to the failure of the Mexican forces to cooperate with Crook.

TUSCON, June 3 - Information reached this place via Hermosville, Mexico, that the Indians have been forced out of the Sierra Madres by Crook, and were scattering among the settlements stealing horses and killing cattle. The Mexican forces, which are not strong in the locality fear that many citizens may be murdered unless Crook comes to their relief. The sensational dispatches sent out from El Paso, Tombstone and Deming last week about an Indian fight, were without the slightest foundation, in fact, as it is well known no fight had taken place up to Monday.

Sir Roderick

NEW YORK HISTORY OF A KNIGHTED CANADIAN

Roderick William Cameron, the founder and senior member of the shipping firm of R.W. Cameron & Co. of No. 23 South William St., has been knighted by Queen Victoria in recognition of his services in establishing and developing commercial relations between the North American continent and the Australian colonies. The first news received in this city was a congratulatory dispatch from the Marquis of Lorne, Governor General of Canada, which was addressed to Sir Roderick at New York. Mr. Cameron was born of Scotch parentage at Glangarry, in the province of Ontario, Canada, about 57 years ago. He came to this city in 1852, when he was about 25 years of age, and engaged in the shipping business. The present firm was formed in 1870. In 1852, soon after his arrival here he sent out the first ship that ever sailed from the United States to Australia. This was the beginning of the Australia Pioneer Line, which since then plied between two countries. The firm afterwards sold its interests in the vessels of the line, but the regular communication is still kept up. Mr. Cameron was Commissioner from New South Wales to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 and also to the Paris Exhibition in 1878. He was honorary commissioner from Canada to the international exhibition at Sidney, New South Wales in 1879, but was not able to attend it. He was appointed special honorary commissioner from Canada to the Victoria Exhibition, which was held at Melbourne in 1880-81. He was present during the whole time, and on his return home made a complete report on the conditions and resources of the Australian colonies. To his industrious labors at this Exhibition is due, in large part, his present honor of knighthood. He has always maintained allegiance to the British Crown, and although he has spent the most of his life in New York and has won success there, he has never sought to be an American citizen.

About 15 years ago Mr. Cameron took a strong interest in the breeding of race horses and established a breeding and racing stable on Staten Island. He imported the famous stallion Leamington, the greatest sire and the greatest race horse ever brought to the country.

Sir Roderick is now in England, having sailed from New York last December. His family is in Paris, where his children are educated.

Nothing to do

A man who has nothing to do is a pitiable object. He is simply a kept man. He is living on charity. Some amiable snoozer, now dead, has left him the money he is now living on and all he has to do is to draw the money and eat, drink and sleep.

No eyes can be brightened with happiness when he comes home, because he only comes home when other places are closed. He cannot come home tired and be petted and rested by willing hands, because it would be a mockery to pet a man who had got tired doing nothing.

Such a man simply exists and is no good on earth. If he would wheel a barrow and earn a dollar, and get tired, and buy a beefsteak with the dollar, and have it cooked, and eat it while the appetite was on that he got wheeled the barrow, he would know more enjoyment than he had every known before. That man with nothing to do on earth

no doubt, thinks, as he lays around and smells frow, that he is enjoying life, but he knows no more about enjoyment than a tom cat that sleeps all day and goes out nights to play short-stop to a lot of boot-jacks and beer bottles. Such a man is a cipher, and does not know enough to go in when it rains. If there were less incomes left the lazy young fellows, and more sets of carpenter tools, there would be more real enjoyment.

Matrimony and Finance.—"In our country," say the Englishman, as he leaned back in the chair, "before we marry we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American, "but with us it is different. It is after we are married that we settle everything on the wife and arrange to beat our creditors." "Haw! I see. And how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."

How General Grant's Wife got her First Sewing Machine

I remember when we commenced house-keeping, I did not want Julia to do the family washing, because I not only thought it foreign to her abilities, but I also thought it work of a menial nature that a man should not impose on his wife. For three or four weeks I had the washing done at a laundry, and the expense was from \$1.25 to \$1.50 per week. And it was not always satisfactory at that, and imposed quite a little attention and annoyance upon us. Julia never remonstrated or mentioned the subject, but when I came home one evening I found two washtubs and a board standing in the kitchen. She then told me that she had decided to have a sewing machine. And before the year was out she did have one and a new one, costing 25.00 at that, and virtually got it out of the washtubs. First off she bought two second-hand tubs for \$1.20. She said that a good second-hand tub was better than many new ones. How that is, I do not know? The washtubs cost 20 cents. I viewed the arrangements somewhat skeptically. I will admit, and was not more than half pleased with this experiment. Julia, I think noticed this, and did not discuss the matter with me. Well the next morning after her first day's washing, she accidentally mentioned how strained her hands and wrists felt. I said, "Julia are you determined to do our washing?" "Certainly I am," she replied. "Caesar was a bigger man than you, and his sisters did the washing; and there was a time Marie Antoinette did her own, and the whole royal family besides. Why should not I?" "But," I asked, "do you think it fitting to your social position - to your station?" "Social position - my station? Why Ullysses?"

And the way she brought that "Why Ullysses?" out made me feel very small. I told her, very well then, I would help her. And did. I put up a nice easy-running pulleys and lines, and brought a clothes wringer and a clothes basket, so that with one she might not strain her wrists, and with the other her temper, for I have noticed that when a few pieces of wrung clothes fall off into the dirt from a washtub on which they are being carried, it is rather more exasperating than the work. In six months she came to me, and demonstrated where she save \$25 by the tubs, and went off and bought a sewing machine to suit herself with the money.

THE CHEMISTRY OF BREAD MAKING

An ordinary grain of wheat, if sliced through the middle and examined as to its structure, will be found to consist of several layers, the outer a hard coating, which contains mineral salts, lime, sand, etc. Beneath this is a zone of matter very rich in gluten, the flesh-forming constituent of the wheat, while the central portion of the grain is occupied by a white, powdery mass, which is nearly pure starch. In manufacturing flour the two outer layers, which together form the bran, are usually removed, leaving the white starch flour of the central portion.

Let us now briefly consider the chief points in the chemistry of bread making. If flour be worked up with water it forms a sodden, insoluble, indigestible mass; but if heated to the temperature of boiling water the starch nodules burst, and it is thereby rendered a little more digestible, although still form a close, stiff, and not very palatable cake. Such is the character of unleavened bread and of sea-biscuits, a slightly different form of the same thing. To be fit for digestion starch must be dissolved or softened by boiling or baking, hence the reason why raw nuts are indigestible as compared with the favorite roasted chestnut, and hence one reason for cooking food, which mankind has been taught by experience, ages before chemistry could give a scientific explanation of the reason why. Cooking is, in fact a partial digestion, and the same is the case with baking, both being preliminary aids to the changes which take place in the mouth and stomach before the food is in a fit state for the preparation of the blood. Accordingly, we bake our bread, and we bake it in the way we do because a soft, spongy loaf is more readily moistened and acted upon by the saliva and the juices of the stomach.

There is a good deal in the chemistry of bread making and our bread might be much improved if bakers had a more intelligent understanding of the science involved in their business, for, although several improvements have been introduced of late years, the most of our bread is still prepared in the old fashion. The necessary quantity of flour is put into a trough with about half its weight of water and sufficient salt and yeast or leaven, then thoroughly mixed up into water is known as the sponge. (Here we may remark that the best flour takes up the largest quantity of water, and a rough test of the quality of two samples of flour may be made by comparing the quantity of water required to obtain a dough of similar consistency.) After the sponge is made it is left for about five hours in a warm place to ferment, after which it is kneaded with the rest of the flour and again left to rest some time. The dough is then weighed into lumps, which are put in tins and set aside till they have risen to twice their previous bulk. It is the yeast or leaven that the rising of bread is due, and the action is identical with the fermentation of beer. The flour contains a small amount of a nitrogenous substance which changes a portion of the starch into sugar; a yeast then attacks the sugar, splitting it into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, the little bubbles of which try to escape from the mass of the dough, but get entangled by gluten and gum which the flour contains, and thus every part of the bread

becomes penetrated with little cavities. Eventually the fermentation would cease, and the bubbles of gas would find their way to the outside, thus leaving the dough less light and spongy than we wish it to be; but the baker guards against this by putting it in the proper time into a hot oven, the heat of which at first increased the fermentation. Just a few minutes, however, the temperatures becomes sufficiently high to kill all yeast germs; the fermentation is thereby stopped, and, by continued heating, the starch granules are burst and the mass is fixed in the porous form it has then attained. A little of the alcohol is retained in the bread, but practically almost the whole of it - in London amounting to some 300,000 gallons per annum - is driven off by the heat.

EXPERIENCE in editing a newspaper we do not claim to have; our connection heretofore with journalism has been purely mechanical, and this proves to us how ever essential it is to have experience before venturing on any undertaking. But in all explorations a commencement has to be made and if we have chosen the sea of journalism as our future element we are simply following the footsteps of many others. If, at the end of ten or 12 years - should our journalistic career be so prolonged, - experience does not teach us any more about conducting a newspaper so as to meet the views of the people.

S. A. MACKAY, B.C.L., Notary Public, Portage du Fort, will visit Shawville, from Messrs. Taggart, is now with the assistance of a

PHOTOGRAPHY!

THE SHAWVILLE GALLERY.

The undersigned having leased the Photography Gallery in the village of Shawville, from Messrs. Taggart, is now with the assistance of a

FIRST CLASS ARTIST,

Prepared to carry on the business with renewed vigor.

ENLARGING A SPECIALITY

ALL KINDS OF PICTURE FRAMING FROM \$1.00 TO \$25.00, DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

He is determined to exert his best effort to please the public, and would therefore respectfully solicit a call believing that he can satisfy the most exacting with his work.

T. A. WAINMAN

Shawville, June 7, 1883

AGRICULTURAL DEPOT!

MAIN STREET - - - - - BRYSON

The Farmers are respectfully requested to come and inspect the following AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS: STEEL PLOUGHS, STEEL HARROWS, ACME HARROWS, REAPERS, MOWER, PULVERIZES, and HORSE RAKES

The Mowers and Reapers are all of a superior quality and this coupled with the fact that the foundry is so convenient thereby rendering it easy to get a break repaired, which is a decided advantage, leads us to ask an inspection of these machines before purchasing elsewhere.

All the extras in connection with these implements kept on hand or ordered on the shortest notice.

W.G. LEROY
AGENT FOR FROST & WOOD