# 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 per line 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.

Correspondence solicited from all parts of the county. Correspondents are particularly requested to write in a moderate style, and sign their communications.

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 ork in a superior manner.

Office, on Main Street, opposite the Forest House.

H. T. SMITH. J. A. COWAN.



*Professional Cards.*

D. R. BARRY, LL.B., ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, &c. Office and residence: Portage du Fort P. Q. Attends all Courts in County and Superior Court at Aylmer.

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

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

S. A. MACKAY, B.C.L., Notary Public, Portage du Fort, will visit Shawville every second and fourth Thursday of the month.

M. J. GORMAN, LL.B., Barrister at Law, Solicitor of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer, &c.
OFFICE—Over the Post Office,
PEMBROKE . . . . ONTARIO.
☞ Money to Loan on Real Estate.

DR. E. H. ROULEAU—Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.
OFFICE—Cobb Street, Bryson.

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Office—First door east of the Observer Office, where he can be found at all hours.

C. 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. J. ST. JULIEN, ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, &c. &c., for the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. A Commissioner for taking Affidavits for Ontario. Office and residence, Portage-du-Fort.
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Good accommodation for the travelling public. The best dollar a day house in the city.

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—:o:—

**Waltham Watches,**
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The largest and most elegant stock in the Ottawa valley.

**W. J. DOUGLAS,**

MAIN STREET, . . . PEMBROKE.

**PEMBROKE MARBLE WORKS.**

THE undersigned begs to inform the public that he has just received a large stock of

**Marble Monuments and Headstones.**

Which he is prepared to work up in first-class style, and at reasonable rates.

☞ Remember the place, East End of Bridge, Gorman's Building, Pembroke.

JOHN B. BEAL.

**T. J. SOMERVILLE,**

**RENFREW MARBLE**

—AND—

**GRANITE WORKS.**

MANUFACTURER OF

Renfrew Granite and White Marble

**MONUMENTS,**

*HEAD STONES,*

*TABLETS,*

*CURBING-POSTS;*

*and Railings of all sizes and styles,*

T. J. SOMERVILLE,
Renfrew, June 7, 1883. AGENT


## NOTICE.

AS A NUMBER OF SETTLERS WERE UNABLE for one cause or another to avail themselves of the offer made by the Department to grant a reduction of 25 per cent on all arrears of interest paid up to the 25th of June, it has been decided to extend the time during which this extension will be granted, up to and including the 31st December next, to all settlers who pay to the agents the sums due by them.

After that date legal proceedings will have to be taken against all those who have not then paid.

W. W. LYNCH,
C.C.L.

Department of Crown Lands }
Quebec, August 24, 1883. }


# THE EQUITY.

Vol. I BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., DECEMBER 20, 1883. No. 27.


## SET IN DIAMONDS

**BY BERTHA M. CLAY,**

*Author of "Beyond Pardon."*

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It was as though music was the natural life of the child; but it made her most unlike other children. She grew like a strange, beautiful bird, differing from other children as the white dove differs from the sparrow tribe.

She had a soul full of beautiful secrets, a mind full of beautiful thoughts, a heart full of beautiful desires; there was nothing commonplace about her. Her father's music, so beautiful and so rare, was to her a series of pictures. As she listened she dreamed, and her dreams took the color and tone of the music.

If it were brilliant and full of martial fire, she would fancy herself a Joan of Arc, the leader of brilliant armies, the conqueror of a thousand foes; wild shouts rent the air, cannon fired and bells rang, while the people proclaimed her queen. The music changed to some soft, sweet air, and she was a black-robed sister kneeling in a cell; another changed to a love ballad, so sweet that the birds in the air paused to listen, and she was the beloved of some 'gay cavalier.' So she lived her life of romance and dreams.

Cyril Nairne lived much alone; the only visitor he had was David Anson, the organist of the old church at Inisfail, and they talked little. They played duets on all kinds of instruments, the child listening, and filling in her dream pictures, made doubly strong and doubly beautiful by the additional force. David Anson loved the beautiful child with her magnificent eyes. He said little to her, but he never came without bringing her some little present. Her only other friend was the rector of St. Alphage, who had neither wife nor child, and loved to sun himself in the fair lovliness of the graceful little girl.

The pretty housemaid left when her young mistress died; she could not endure the lonliness of the spot, the sense of death, the weird music. She soon went away, and one who had been a faithful servant of Cyril's mother took her place. Martha Gray was one of the faithful, old-fashioned servants, one of a race rapidly dying out. She was devoted to her master; it was no exaggeration to say that she would have given her life for him, while she worshipped Marguerite as the most beautiful and adorable of human beings. Education, in the strict sense of the word, the child had none. Martha taught her to read, and after that she educated herself; she read all-fashioned books that abounded in the library; she knew the old poets by heart, while she had never even seen a modern novel; she had the most quaint collection of knowledge; the knew the most out-of-the-way things, while she was quite ignorant of the most common matters.

Her father taught her music. Her voice was not like her mother's—a clear, ringing soprano—it was a contralto of the richest and most sympathetic kind. She could play the piano, the harp and the violin, but she did not know one word of French or German. She could sing like an angel, but she was ignorant of the most ordinary affairs of ever-day life. Cyril Nairne had a passion for music; the artist soul was transmitted to his daughter, and in her it took the shape of intense love and keen appreciation of the duties of nature.

She had a strange knowledge of the stars. David Anson was an astronomer of no mean skill, and he taught her all he knew. It was a study she loved, for it gave all scope for the marvellous, and Marguerite Nairne had a natural love for all that was strange and mystical. She grew up without any training, without any constraint. But for the rector she would have no religious teaching. She was by nature and instinct good and true; she had no vices and few faults; she never told a lie or did a mean action.

Martha Gray was so given to the supernatural that when Marguerite asked a question from her the answer generally left her more ignorant. Martha believed in luck and in fairies, in omens and dreams, and everything else most foolish and delightful. She told the child such legends and stories that she grew up almost uncertain where the border lands of truth and fancy met.

Twice—while she grew from childhood to youth—the old nurse, Mrs. Spar, came to see her. Each time she looked with deepening wonder at the lines in the pink hands. She had the good sense not to say anything to the child about it; but she would go to Martha in the kitchen, and warn her after the most mysterious fashion to take great care of her little mistress; and Martha, who knew the old nurse's reputation for being a wise woman, almost a seer, was much impressed by these warnings.

"I am quite sure myself," she would say, "the child will have an uncommon lot., for she is not like other children."

To which the old nurse would reply, sententiously:

"Perhaps it would be better if she were."

"It was not a natural life," the old woman said. "No child came to play with her. She went to no parties—sh knew no visitors: she lived with a father who until she was sixteen thought of her always as a little child to be lulled to sleep by the sweetest of melodies, but never realized the fact that she had grown up.

Marguerite had grown into one of the lovliest girls ever beheld—of an uncommon type of beauty. She was tall and shapely, slender now with the lovliest years of girlhood, and giving promise of rare and magnificent womanhood. There was something in the face that struck everyone; in repose it was dreamy and thoughtful, but when she was animated and interested a strange lustre came from it. On looking at it one felt that no common story would fit it, that no common lot would befall the owner of that exquisite face.

It was full of noble imaginings, of grand and noble possibilities, of poetry and romance; but to Cyril Nairne, the man who lived in sweet sounds, it was still the face of the little Marguerite.

### CHAPTER IV.

A LORDLY WOOER.

There was great excitement in the pretty town of Inisfail—there was to be a grand concert given at Elmsthorpe, and Cyril Nairne was to play one of his own compositions. It was called 'The Woodland Overture,' and was one that he loved best; for he had reproduced those beautiful sounds that so few hear.

The concert was under the distinguished patronage of the 'Lord Stair,' the great man of the county, of the Earl and Countess of Desford, of Major White, of John Stuart, Esq., and Squire Jourdan. David Anson was general manager, and it seemed to him the very chance for making his friend known to the world, for drawing attention to the genius he thought unrivalled. He asked Cyril Nairne if he would assist at the concert, and if he would play that beautiful melodious, and intricate composition.

Cyril Nairne consented.

The concert was given in aid of the Hospital Fund, and was extensively advertised. A great soprano was coming from London, and she was to sing some beautiful ballads; but the great feature of the evening was 'The Woodland Overture,' by Cyril Nairne.

"Papa," said Marguerite Nairne, "may I go to hear you play?" and the perplexed genius, who could still consider her as a child, looked to his friend David for counsel and advice under somewhat extraordinary circumstances.

"Certainly let her go. What can be more natural! She will enjoy it, I am sure."

It was the first time that Marguerite had attended any place of amusement, and her excitement was intense.

The Town Hall of Elmsthorpe, where the concert was to be held, was a building of great magnitude in her simple eyes that had seen no better. To sit there among what seemed to her the very grandest people in the land, to listen to her father's playing, to make one of the crowd—for she had never been in a crowd—was all a source of marvel to her. She thought of nothing else for days beforehand. She had no notion of dress—this girl whose exquisite face might have made her a queen!—but the simple black silk, the mantle of white cashmere, and the bonnet of white lace that held the one white rose, made her royally beautiful. She was quite unconscious of it herself; she had not the faintest idea of her own ideal lovliness.

She sat among the crowd, wondering at the sea of faces; wondering, too, with all her simple heart, why the people all looked at her. Quite unconscious that such a face had never been seen in Elmsthorpe before, she thought that all this attention was paid to her because she was the daughter of a genius—of a true musician.

What a kindly world it was! How good of these people to recognise her for father's sake—even to admire her for it—how kind and generous! She did not know that her refined and highbred face, with its exquisite beauty, shone in that room as a bright star shines in the sky.

There was a great sensation among the ladies. Who was this lovely young girl who looked like some rare plant, some delicate, dainty flower?

The daughter of Cyril Nairne, the genius, the musician whom they had all looked upon with good-natured pity. No one in Elmsthorpe and very few in Inisfail knew that he had such a beautiful daughter.

Lady Desford was captivated with her. She had no sons, no young brothers. "It was all very well for her—she could please herself," said Mrs. Major White, who rejoiced in four stalwart sons, who were known to be always on the lookout for new and pretty faces. Mrs. Major White shuddered when she thought of what might happen.

"I have never seen a face like that in my life," said Lady Desford to her husband; "I must know that girl and bring her out."

"You had much better leave her alone," said the earl, who had seen several of her ladyship's protegees come to great grief.

But the person who seemed most struck by her was Lord Stair, the great man of the country.

Douglass, sixth Baron of Stair, one of the noblest, wealthiest gentlemen in the land; Baron of Stair, Lord of Rydesdale Manor, owner of the superb pile of buildings known as Rydesdale House, in Belgravia, master of the pretty residence known as Rydesdale Cottage, in the Isle of Whight; a man of grave and gracious presence, tall, dark, handsome, learned, but cold and proud.

He was one of the finest amateur musicians in England, and he had been attracted by the name of Cyril Nairne. He knew how often gems of the highest and most brilliant kind are to be found hidden in out-of-the-way places. From the organist, David Anson, he had heard wonders of the 'Woodland Overture,' and he went purposely to hear it. He had not thought to see a face of such exquisite lovliness, that it was to haunt him until the end of his life.

Lord Stair had passed through twenty years of perfect adulation from the fair sex; they began to court him when he was a boy of ten, and they were still doing the same thing now that he was a man of over thirty; he had gone through the ordeal unscathed. Duchesses had smiled upon him, and had courted him for their daughter's sake; beautiful, high-bred women had given him their brightest smiles; girls had sighed for himself and sighed for his coronet. But music teaches those who love it grand secrets; it had taught him to dream of an ideal, and until this hour he had not found her. He beheld her first when he saw the exquisite face of Marguerite Nairne, looking all the more beautiful for the commonplace ones which surrounded it.

Lord Stair had seen nothing like this. He watched the girl with eager eyes. There was no consciousness whatever on that perfect face, no trace of any emotion, except when her father made his appearance on the platform, and the 'Woodland Overture' was coming. Then her face seemed to flash light; her eyes never left her father. One could have told the progress of the music from her face; delight, pride, wonder, were all there when she saw the impression he had made.

Although she knew very little, she quite understood that her father's genius was not recognized, and that this was the first time any work of his had been brought before public notice. The breathless wonder in which that music was received, the unbounded applause when it was ended, the cheers and ringing plaudits that rent the air, when the fine ladies clapped their little jewelled hands until the kid gloves suffered wofully, all delighted her.

They would call the composer out, but the man had been so lonely and understood praise so little that he was bewildered. He stood there pale and silent, while the ringing cheers of the people floated round.

Suddenly he caught sight of his daughter's face, all fire, delight and tears. It was his wife Daisy whom he saw, and he thought of the sweet ringing voice he had first heard singing "Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise! Those who saw him wondered why that strange light came into his face, and why he looked like one who saw something afar off.

They cheered him and praised him; the *elite* of the county came forward to shake hands with him. Lord Desford was in rapture with him.

"You must not hide your light under a bushel, Mr. Nairne," he said. "Your county has reason to be proud of you."

And Lady Desford with her most gracious and flattering smile, told him she had never heard music she had liked better.

But they might praise—flatter as they would, it was all the same to the man who never by night or by day forgot his dead wife's face. Then, before the whole company—before the laughing, yet stately countess—before the gossiping Mrs. Major White—before all the fine ladies of the place—Lord Stair asked to be introduced to the composer's daughter. Before the whole room he made her the most stately bow, and praised her father.

He saw plainly that she was not flattered, only pleased—that his name did not strike her—that she made no further effort to please him or attract his notice.

"The girl of whom I have been dreaming for years," he said to himself, "and I have found her at last!"

The concert was a great success, the people were delighted, and Lord Stair begged permission to call on Cyril Nairne the next day, a permission fully accorded by the man who knew nothing of the world or its ways.

"I shall be delighted if you will let me look over some of your music," said Lord Stair. "It should be brought out, not hoarded up as a miser hoards up his treasure."

He went the day after, and for many days after that. He fell so utterly and hopelessly in love with the composer's daughter, that after a time he determined to ask her to be his wife.

She was almost shocked at first; the thought of love, lovers and marrfage had barely entered her head.

Lord Stair saw that she looked genuinely alarmed and astonished.

"Tell me, my beautiful child," he said, have you never had a lover?"

"Have I!" she cried in wonder. "Oh, no; I have never thought of one. Why should I?"

"Has any lover thought of you?" he asked.

And she answered earnestly that she was quite sure no one had ever thought of such a thing.

"Then will you marry me?" said Lord Stair. "I will make you the happiest woman on earth."

She looked at him with almost solemn wonder.

"I am not grown up yet," she said. "I could not marry any one."

"Will you try to love me?" he said.

"Yes, I will try to do that," she said, "but not the other."

"I will be content for a time," said Lord Stair, "if you will make me that promise."

She made it one night under the light of the stars, rather troubled and distressed, and she debated long within herself, should she marry him or should she not?"

That was the turning point in her life. Should she, Marguerite Nairne, marry this great nobleman, or should she not?

### CHAPTER V.

"LET ME PERSUADE YOU."

All the warmth and glow of the June sunshine seemed to beat this question of marriage, or no marriage, more deeply into the girl's heart. She was beautiful as the dream of a poet. She was free and untamed as any forest bird.. Life had been nothing to her but a continuation of melodies. In its harmony there was not as yet one discordant note—the question was, would marriage deepen the harmonies, or would it make discord?

When Douglass, Lord Stair, first made his proposal and asked Marguerite Nairne to marry him, she hardly knew what he meant. In her small world no one was married; her father lived alone, David Anson had no wife; the rector had no wife; they never talked about love, or marriage or wives. Lord Stair, during his first few visits, had not talked of such things either. Then all at once, one June night, when the moon washed the lilies white, he came to her in a fever of passion of love, and of pain, to tell her that he loved her with all his heart and could not live without her.

She was surprised and amused, nothing more; her heart was not touched in the least. "To be married," sounded much the same as though he had asked her to a dance or pic-nic. It did not seem much more serious. She wondered when she saw his proud, handsome face pale with passion; she knew less than a child of the mysteries of love. It had never been discussed in her presence, and she had no girl friends to whisper their love secrets to her. She was too much surprised to give him any answer at first; she looked up with such wondering eyes—such utter bewilderment that in spite of his passion he smiled.

They parted that evening without having made any arrangements at all.

There came anothtr June night. Cyril Nairne and David Anson were deep in a melodious symphony of Bach's, and Lord Stair would not interrupt the music. He stood outside the window listening, while the odor of roses and lillies floated round him.

Suddenly among the flowers he sees a golden head and the flow of a pale blue silk. It is Marguerite. His heart gives a great leap, the sound of Bach's symphony dies from his ears; the sun glows golden in the heavens.

"Marguerite."

The very sound of the name as he utters it stirs his blood like the strongest wine. He goes to her. In the wood where the blue bells are making way for the wild anemones, a nightingale is singing; the sweet evening air blows fresh and cool.

A bright June evening, with its lights, its flowers, its odours, its stars, and dew, is the nearest approach of earth to heaven, and this one was especially fair.

"Marguerite," said Lord Stair, as he walked through the rose trees to meet her, "I am glad to find you here. I would not disturb the musicians, and I was afraid you that you were shut up in the house."

She looked up at him with a bright smile.

"I hope," she thought to herself, "that he is not going to talk to me about being married."

Then, when he stood by her side, he looked so tall, so distinguished, and the sunlight fell on such a proud face, that she was awed and silent.

"Marguerite," he said, "I hope you are more disposed to listen to me to-night. I hardly thought the time would come when I should sue, and sue in vain."

He who had been of all men the most eagerly saught. Fine ladies, handsome women, and beautiful girls had sought him eagerly, and here he stood before a slender girl of sixteen, his heart aching with passion, beating with hope, then chilled with despair. Would he ever win one word from her lovely lips, one loving glance from those beautiful eyes? It was quite uncertain whether he should ever win them or not.

"Have you thought of what I said to you?" he asked.

"I have thought of nothing else—except Bach's symphony, she answered with a smile.

"Not even of that," he replied. "I have thought of nothing but you, wondering whether you would say "Yes," hoping I should see a kindly gleam of light in your eyes. Marguerite, say you will you marry me."

She stood with down-drooped eyes.

"I do not know what to say, Lord Stair. If I marry you, I shall have to live with you always, shall I not?"

"I hope so," he answered. "It is customary for husband and wife to live in the same house. Why do you ask?

"I thought it would be so strange to be always in the same house with you," she answered.

She glanced at him suddenly.

"There is such a difference between us," she continued. "You are so tall, and you are years older than I am."

"You are tall, Marguerite," he replied. "With that beautiful golden head of yours, you are just like one of those tall, slender lilies. True, I am older than you; I am more than thirty, and you are not more than sixteen. I maintain that I shall love you all the better for that. Being older than you I can take more care of you."

"I have never seen even the interior of such grand houses as you live in," she said.

"My dearest Marguerite, it is a question of hearts, not houses," he replied.

"It is a question of houses, too," she continued, "I have seen nothing better than this pretty cottage home of ours. I know nothing of the furniture, the belongings, the appliances of a grand house; yet you, who own, David Anson says, three of the finest palaces in England, you want me to marry you and be mistress of them."

"That I do in right earnest," he said, heartily.

"In those houses you have many servants," she continued.

'Yes, many," was the answer.

"Then you must see how impossible it is," she cried, with some little energy. We have never had but one servant, and she manages us instead of obeying us. What could I do with a host of servants?"

He notices that she never even thinks of love; it does not enter into her calculations. The trouble that lies now in her childish eyes is merely one of knowing that she could not cope with the difficulties she had mentioned.

"Never mind those things, Marguerite," he cries, passionately. "It is not likely that I should burden your young shoulders with such heavy weights. Never mind houses and servants. Talk to me of love!"

She merely laughed; it was such a clear, childish laugh: it fell softly on the sweet summer air, and might have saved her from such ardent wooing.

"Talk to you of love!" she replies. "Why I know less of that than of anything else."

"Then let me teach you!"

The bright beauty of her young face seemed to daze him. His very heart is set upon winning her; on carrying her from the cottage home and placing her in a palace which her beauty shall brighten; on clothing her in silk and gold; on covering her beautiful figure with jewels; on giving her such a place in the world that every one should admire her.

He was bent upon carrying her off and lavishing all the love of his heart upon her. He had loved no other woman. True, she is very young, a woman in growth, but a child in her perfect simplicity.

If she had been discussing with him the purchase of a piano, the laying out of a garden, she could not have been cooler or more collected.

There was no flush on the fair young face, no shyness, none of those gleams of light and shade which come over the face of the girl who loves.

This great nobleman, who had four palaces, so David Anson said, wanted to marry her, stood before her; pleading with all the passionate love of his heart, and her only idea was whether she should understand the fashion of living in grand houses, whether she should know how to manage her servants, not whether she should love him or find the happiness of her life with him.

It was almost pitiful. He was so bent upon winning her that he forgot to be just as he would have been with any other; he forgot to warn her that marriage without love was like a body without a soul; he forgot to tell her that without true and deep love the contract of marriage must be null and void.

The June sun shone upon a beautiful picture; the sweet face and golden head of the girl as she leaned against the trunk of an old apple tree, the dying light falling upon her slender figure, showing the lovely curves of her white neck and the beautiful hands in which, sixteen years ago, the old nurse had read so strange a fate.

*To be Continued.*

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The sentence of death passed upon Greenwood and Harding, for the murder of Maher at Sandwich, Ontario, last spring has been commuted to imprisonment for life. It will be remembered that Greenwood escaped from jail some weeks ago and has not been recaptured.

The 85 miles of road between North Bay and Sudbury Junction were handed over to the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. last Monday night. Trains will run regularly during the winter to the Junction, a distance above Mattawa of 130 miles and 220 west of Pembroke.

### A Romantic Story.

BROUGHT TO MEMORY BY THE DISCOVERY OF AN OLD PORTRAIT IN A SECOND HAND STORE.

A few days ago Miss Jennie Hazen, of Angloa township, was passing a second-hand picture dealer's store in Buffalo, when she noticed among some old paintings a picture that was a striking likeness of herself. Looking at the reflection of herself in the window and then the old painting the resemblance was wonderful. The young lady, who is only 16 years old, returned home to Angola full of her discovery, insisting that some one had been painting her picture and arranging her as a fright (the girl of the painting was dressed in the style of the last century). Incited by curiosity some of the family went to Buffalo, and upon seeing the picture were as amazed as Miss Jennie. Their bewilderment was increased by deciphering the name Jennie on the back of the painting. It also bore the name of the artist "Richardson Philadelphia." The painting was bought for $3.50, and was sent to the young lady's grandmother in Erie, Mrs. Dr. M. J. Clark, who recognized it as a portrait of her grandmother, Jennie Elizabeth McMichael, an intrepid Philadelpqia girl, whose adventures during the revolutionary period was told at hundreds of firesides by the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation. The Courier correspondent called upon Mrs. Dr. Clark and obtained from her the interesting history of the beautiful original of the old portrait.

"Jennie Elizabeth McMichael was born in Philadelphia, and was the daughter of Dr. McAllister, a sergeat in the continental army. When about 17 years of age she met Edward McMichael, a young British officer of a Scotch regiment, who had taken shelter from a storm at the seminery where she was being educated. It was a case of love at first sight, and although her father was an uncompromising foe of British rule and British arms, she decided to give up all and follow him. The eloped and were married oa the same night of their flight. Her husband's regiment was sent to Canada and thither she went. During the war Capt. McMichael undertook a mission very similar to that of Maj Andre, and being captured he was sentenced to death, shooting being permitted instead of hanging. He was treated with the greatest courtesy, and his wife, the original of the picture, was permitted to visit him as often as she pleased. She resolved to effect his deliverance. The day before the execution was to take place she concealed files about her person, and while apparently hanging over the prisoner's prostrate form in great grief she was filing away at the iron shackles that held his wrists and ankles. Her piteous cries drowned the noise of the file and in a few hours she succeeded in freeing him of his chains. At midnight the Provost Marshal entered and informed Capt. McMichael that the efforts made to save him had failed and that orders had been received to execute the sentence of death at daybreak. The young wife's shrieks deeply affected the official, and he suggested an early farewell of the prisoner. Capt. McMichael nodded approvingly and advised his wife to bid him good-bye and leave the prison then and there under the Provost's escort. She finally consented and requested the officer to call for her in five minutes, the last five that she was to spend alone with her young husband. The Provost withdrew and in ten minutes he returned. He found a woman convulsed with grief, powerless to speak. With the tenderness of a humane man he gently took her arm and led her weeping from the room. He escorted her to the dwelling she had occupied during her husband's incarceration, and returned to his quarters to prepare for his work of death. Ten minutes later a sentry came in and said that the woman just led from the building in an apparently fainting condition had taken to her heels as fast as she could after the Provost had left her. In haste a visit to the prisoner's room was made, and the officer was considerably relieved to find his prisoner all safe. He was lying on the bed in his uniform, the red sleeves of which could be distinctly seen upon the arms thrown over his head. He had fallen into a doze, the last sleep on earth, they thought, and so they would not arouse him, but they kept a sharp eye on him. Just before daybreak the clanking of arms was heard outside, and the prisoner was seen to shiver as he lay. It was the firing party. "Capt. McMichael," said the Provost Marshal, "it is time." There was no answer. "Come, McMichael, meet this like a brave soldier." Then the form arose, and to the astonishment of the party they beheld Jennie McMichael in her husband's uniform. She had changed clothes with him in that ten minutes and he had escaped. A hot pursuit was made, but McMichael was far away within the British lines. Her father would not intercede to save her from punishment, but consented to take and rear her infant son, John, who grew up to be a loyal American and the founder of a large and esteemed family of McMichaels which exists to-day in Philadelphia.

"The authorities decided to release Mrs. McMichael upon her promise to retire from the continental lines and never return. A second time her husband was captured, but his identity was skillfully concealed by her, thus preventing the certain death that awaited him in Philadelphia, where he would be recognized immediately. By a clever manuver she got him exchanged for four private soldiers who were captured by the British. After the war they lived at Buffalo, where McMichael died. The widow went to live near Hamilton, Ont., and was presented with considerable land. Later a miserly Canadian sought to rest it from her and set out for Toronto to obtain a deed from gov. Simcoe. Hearing of this the brave woman mounted her swiftest horse, and overtaking the plotter made him dismount and give up his horse. She then sped on before him, fording and swimming rivers in the dead of night, and not drawing rein until she reached the Governor's house. All water-soaked and frozen as she was she presented herself before the governor and told her story. When the coveter of her possessions arrived he found he had been frustrated, and that Mrs. McMichael's deeds had been confirmed. The man became a magistrate afterwards, and revenged himself by drafting her sons for for the war of 1812. He took them one by one as they were slain in battle. She lived to a great age, and upon a tombstone in a little lot on the farm she owned is following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Jennie E. McMichael, daughter of Dr. McAllister, of Philadelphia, a noble girl, a brave wife and unhappy mother." Such was the original of the old picture of the one-time belle of Philadelphia and the great-great-grandmother of the young girl who thought some modern artist had been painting her picture and arraying her as a fright.—[Buffalo Courier.

### Little Abe.

THE BOY WHO ENLISTED IN THE ARMY AT THE AGE OF SEVEN YEARS.

The following facts were given by a gentleman who served in the war and in the company with "little Abe," who is believed to have been the youngest person enlisted. The gentleman could not recall the name of the lad, who was known in the army as Little Abe and who was enlisted at Jefferson barracks, a short distance from St. Louis, Mo., May 1, 1861, as a drummer, at the age of 7 years and 1 month. He belonged to Company E. Second United States Infantry, Captain, afterwards Maj.-Gen., Steel. The reasons which influenced the acceptance of so young a recruit was that his father was in the service and his mother was dead. There was no relatives who could or would look after the boy, and so, with the consent of the army authorities, he was put with his father in the army.

Little Abe was a favorite with both officers and men. He displayed at all times the coolest bravery and utter ignorance of fear. His favorite position was in the front rank in battle, and as soon as he saw a soldier fall disabled he would throw away his drum, seize the musket of his fallen comrade and load and fire as cooly as the most hardened veteran, although the diminutive size and strength did not allow him to elevate the gun without some kind of a rest. In the early part of his army experience, at one of the battles when the Union forces found it necessary to take up a position in the rear, Little Abe got possession of a gun, and when the army was forced back, his drum was captured by the Confederates. He was reprimanded and told that when retreating if he could not carry it with him he should destroy it. Ever after this when in battle he saw a chance to get a gun he smashed in the heads of his drum; and then devoted his whole time to his preferred employment of popping at the rebs. At the close of a skirmish one day he was found crying. Somebody inquired what troubled him and received an explanation to the effect that he had been unable to find any gun not in use, so he had been unable to have any shooting. The men of Company E wanted to fit him out with a rifle made in accordance with his size, but the desire was not granted, as according to the regulations he must carry a drum. Little Abe passed through the war without receiving a wound, although always in the front rank and in many engagements. Of his career since then nothing is known to the writer.—[Correspondence Boston Globe.

### Another American Method Adopted.

There is one thing that Cuba, or at least Havana, must put an end to, and that is "the love to murder." I will give you a little description of a murder which took place here recently. A young man of 25 years of age, while passing the corner of Vertudes and Empedrado, was struck from behind, and after falling, was cut all to pieces. Then a rope was placed around his neck, drawn around his legs and under the knees, and then pulled up, so as to bring his legs close to his head. Then they tied him all around and put him in a sack, and threw him in the new market-house. In the morning the police, thinking the bundle was a bag of clothes, kicked it, and finding it was heavy opened it and found the corpse. The whole city is horrified at this most dastardly murder. There are many murders here that people know nothing of, and which the authorities here suppress in order to prevent the frightening away of visitors.—[Correspondence New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### A Duel Between Two Brothers.

Two Brothers, sons of a prominent Russian family, were students at the best college in St. Petersburg, and on graduation became officers in the same crack regiment. The young men differed greatly in their mode of life from their comrades, and only seldom joined in the customary revelries of the jeunesse doree. Three years after leaving the regiment the elder brother married a young and beautiful girl of excellent family. Gradually, however, the newly-wedded pair became estranged in affection, so much so that after three years of married life they occupied seperate rooms. In the meantime the younger brother fell in love with his sister-in-law. At first, the young wife, surrounded by a host of admirers, was not aware of the passion she had kindled in her brother-in-law's heart, but soon she, in turn, experienced toward her adorer a love so passionate that she was unable to struggle against it. The young husband's jealously was rightfully aroused. Terrible scenes ensued, followed by mutual recrimination a challenge, and finally a duel between the brothers. The elder—the outraged husband—was wounded in the side; the younger, who had wronged his brother, remained untouched by the latter's bullet. The last act of this life's drama, begun so tragically, was that of a farce. After the duel, the wounded man was brought into the city and then taken abroad, where the combined care of his wife and brother snatched him from the jaws of death. Out of gratitude for this he allowed his wife to secure a divorce from him, taking all the blame on his shoulders. This she did, and then married her lover.—[London Echo.

### Girl Wanted.

Their is one thing Detroit lacks and ought to have right away, and that is a missing girl. Chicago has one' St. Louis two, Buffalo one, Cleveland two or three, and even cities of half our size have their cases of "A girl Mysteriously Missing from Home." We have had several close shaves during the last three months, but the mystery was busted before the detective could light their pipes and form a theory.

In one instance a girl mysterously disappeared from her home on Beaubien street. After the lapse of three days her distacted parents went to the police, consulted the Harbor Master in regard to dragging the river, and had about decided to put on crape, when the girl returned in company with a husband who had a double chin and weighing 210 pounds.

In another case a High street girl, having the usual attractive countenance and the usual reasons for being satisfied with her home, left the house one night at dusk and did not return. Next morning detectives were put at work, and they traced her to a candy store where she had bought gum-drops, and to a milliner's where she had tried on a $16 hat. Their the trial ended as suddenly as if the victim had been swallowed up by the earth. But she hadn't been half swallowed. She had gone over to the house of a friend on Montcalm street to see about making a crazy quilt, and had volunteered to sit up with a sick child. While the detectives were consulting State maps and looked after two or three men who had been heard to say that they were dying to murder somebody, the girl returned home singing "Only a pansy Blossom."

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

# THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, DECEMBER 20TH 1883.

## *TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.*

In consequence of Christmas coming next week, there will be no paper issued from this office. Printers in common with other mortals look for an annual holiday, and we have chosen the merry Christmas tide for ours; in order to allow the weary type-stickers an opportunity of participating in its festivities.

It is announced that there is no more room for interments in Westminster Abbey, and the coffins containing the bodies of Darwin and Spottiswoode, the last distinguished men interred in the Abbey, are only a few feet below the surface. According to the Times for a long time past there have been ghastly stories of the disturbance necessary to the finding of room for a new arrival. This has been the case, indeed, for a century and a half, or more Chaucer's grave was molested to make way for Dryden's, Ben Jonson's bones fell out one by one into the grave prepared for Sir Robert Wilson, and came in sight again when a grave was dug for John Hunter. Addison lies over the Duchess of Albemarle, and upon him James Craggs.

The unanimity which existed at the last meeting of the county council with regard to railway matters no doubt occasioned a good deal of astonishment to those present who were familiar with the scenes enacted at several previous sessions. It seems extraordinary that Mr. McCuaig, who, for the past year has been such an active defender of the doings of the Company, and an equally active traducer of the efforts put forth by Mr. Bryson and his colleague to guard the interests of this county, should acknowledge that the course Mr. Bryson has been pursuing is, after all, the proper one. The whole cry was that Mr. Bryson was doing his best to injure the prospects of the Company, and that in place of using his influence to secure a subsidy from the Dominion Government to aid in building the road he was doing his level best to prevent the Government from giving it. Mr. Bryson frequently repudiated these charges. It was shown by him on more occasions than one that his object was to have the bonus removed from the shoulders of the people, and until the Railway Company were prepared to make this release in lieu of a Dominion subsidy, by giving a written guarantee to that effect, he did not consider his conduct would appear justifiable in the eyes of the electors had he obtained such subsidy. Mr. Bryson and Mr. Poupore had both asked for this guarantee, and at one time they were told that it would be given, and again that it would not. But these explanations up till last Wednesday were of no avail. Mr. McCuaig ridiculed them, the Pontiac *Advance* howled at them. It comes to Mr. Bryson's rescue and with its ever predominant characteristic trait for suggesting ways and means, offers to shew a way out of the difficulty and reveal a plan whereby the road can be built! On this occasion, however, when Mr. Bryson had reiterated his previous statements, Mr. McCuaig rises and declares that he (Mr. Bryson) has been pursning the proper course in the interests of the county, and that he himself had always been in favor of that course. Verily the millenium is at hand.

## *FRIDAY'S ELECTIONS.*

The result of the elections in Ontario on Friday slightly changes the position of parties in the Local Legislature, the Opposition having carried Cardwell, and lost West Simcoe and West Middlesex, the latter constituency also electing a Liberal to replace Mr. Ross in the House of Commons. The task of defeating Hon. G. W. Ross, the newly appointed Minister of Education, was, indeed, a hopeless one under the circumstances. The continuance in office of the Government practically depended upon his election, and with so much at stake, no means would be spared, however impromptu or correct, to secure his return. Whatever money his opponents may have spent—and, if the testimony of the Liberal press counts for anything, it was a considerable sum—we may be sure at least double that amount was put out on behalf of Mr. Ross. The constituency was carried by Mr. Johnstone, who was again the Conservative candidate at Friday's election, by a majority of 87 in February last, the vote cast at that time being the largest ever polled in the riding; and only money could overcome that adverse majority, as the conditions of the contest were precisely the same as ten months ago. The election of Mr. Phelps in West Simcoe was hardly expected, the seat having been lost by the Conservatives in February by a narrow majority through over-confidence. In Cardwell the late member, Mr. Hammill, has been again returned, in spite of the personal canvass of three members of the Ontario Government, and the expenditure of a considerable amount of money to encompass his defeat.

The Conservatives now number 37 members in the Ontario Legislature, the Liberals 45 members, against six of whom petitions are pending. Muskoka, which returned a Conservative in February, is vacant, the return for Algoma has not yet been gazetted, South Oxford will not be represented owing to the state of Mr. Crooks' health, Mr. Neelin of Lincoln is classed as an independent, and East Northumberland and South Renfrew are vacant. If the election cases in appeal are disposed of shortly, it is probable that when the House meets the Opposition will comprise about 41 members, in a total of 88 members.—*Montreal Gazette.*

The Quebec Government have received from the Federal authorities and from the several Provincial Governments copies of official documents and Parliamentary reports to replace those destroyed by the fire at the recent burning of the Parliament House.

The National Republican Committee has fixed the third of June for the assembly of the National Republican Convention, at which candidates for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency will be nominated and the "platform" of the party declared, At present President Arthur is the most probable candate. The Convention will meet at Chicago.

The London Times reviews the recent legislation of the Dominion Parliament for the reorganization and improvement of the militia force, and concludes:—"The provision of the military schools and the formation of a permanent force are looked upon in Canada as the nucleus of a future standing army, and are undoubtedly an important step in the organization of the means of self-defence, which appears to be attracting much attention in the various colonies at the present time.

"Richelieu" Robinson, the New York Congressman who is eternally treading on the British Lion's tail, has begun his annual crusade upon that noble animal by introducing in the House a batch of queer resolutions, one of which calls on the Secretary of State for information as to whether the Minister to Great Britain has received any title of nobility, such as "Lord Rector" from any foreign state, and whether such English "Lord" is still retained in the service of the United States; another calls on the Secretary of the Navy for information as to whether any officer of the navy has received or accepted any gift or present from any king, prince or foreign State, without the consent of Congress and contrary to the provision of the constitution; also, whether the officers and sailors of the United States navy rendered any service to the British navy in the recent bombardment of Alexandria in Egypt.

Hong Kong, which, it has been pointed out, would play an important part in the case of a war between China and any other power, was ceded to great Britain in 1841, the cession being confirmed by the Treaty of Nankin in August, 1842. It is as much a naval and military station as a factory, and has been called a kind of Chinese Gibraltar. Since 1855 the colony has had a surplus of revenue over and above its fixed expenditure. Its public debt, which amounted in 1867 to £15,625, was extinguished the following year. The population including the military and naval force, is made up of Europeans, Americans, Hindoos, Manilans, Chinese, etc. The inhabitants are, indeed, gathered from nearly every country in the world. The Europeans are composed of English, Irish, Scotch, Germans, French, Danes, Italians, Spaniards, Swiss and Austrians in numbers according to the order just given, with, at least, one or two represntatives of every other nationality. Then there are Americans, amounting probably to a couple of hundreds, a few Mexicans, and members of a great many nationalities of Eastern Asia. The entire population is about 125,000. The chief export to Great Britain is tea, and the chief imports from that country are textile fabrics. They amount to from $1,250,000 to $2,000,000 and from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 respectively. The island is separated from the mainland (a small strip of which belongs to the colony) by a narrow passage. Macao is at the mouth, and Canton at the head of the estuary, of which Hong Kong seems to guard the northern entrance. These are the three cities (Canton, Macao and Victoria) which W. G. Palgrave selected for his comparison of Chinese, Portuguese, or mediæval, and British, or modern civilization.

## *Correspondence.*

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinion of our correspondents.

### *TO THE EDITORS OF THE EQUITY.*

### *TO THE EDITORS OF THE EQUITY*

GENTLEMEN—Having for some time past been watching with interest and special attention the controversies which from time to time take place between the supporters of the different factions in which our county is divided, namely: Tory, Grit and Spite alias J. T. Pattison. As spite generally constitutes the greater part of, and has the firmest grip on, men of mean dispositions, I can, without doubt, apply this adjective to James Thomas. Spite has become so much diffused through his body, which, along with the amount of overwork he sometimes gives his digestive organs, must necessarily produce pressure and confusion. To lessen this confusion he finds a remedy in giving vent to those scandalous statements and insinuations which have appeared in his paper for the past year, the object being to lessen the confidence reposed in our representatives by a large majority of the electorate, but it will take a great deal more than Pattison is able to bring forward to accomplish this object, although he is the big-feeling, egotistically inebriated editor of the Pontiac *Advance*. The name I think must have been prophetic, as it reads like something that was printed in Pontiac before the advance of civilization. From the standpoint I have taken I have been enabled to form a conscientious opinion of party—an opinion which was endorsed by the sending to Parliament of men who are supporters of the great Conservative party, —a party from whose beneficial measures we have been raised from a state of despondency and placed on the rock of prosperity. Before concluding I would like to give a few words of advice to James Thomas, as a brother to a brother: Leave off printing as you will never be successful with your paper, its race is nearly run; go into farming; raise lots of vegetables, as the consumption will be very great, not forgetting the incubator which will provide you now and then with a chicken to make soup for your cabbage and turnips; combined they make an excellent dish, so savory that I hope you will use moderation.

Thanking you gentlemen for the space, I remain, yours very truly,

HUCKLEBERRY.

### *TO THE EDITORS OF THE EQUITY.*

GENTLEMEN:—In my last letter I endeavored to defend compositors against charges that are sometimes made against them, and urged the fact, that if those who wrote would take care to write plainly, the danger of misprints would be much lessened, and also gave an illustration of the amount of labor performed by a printer's hand, in setting up an ordinary journal. I also promised to give some anecdotes of obscure writing, I now redeem the promise, and if it passes the editorial eye all right. If not all right. Lawyer's writing has become a proverb for obscurity; but other scholarly men, as well as lawyers, are apt to write a cramped crooked, illegible hand. The late offlcial signature of the late Sir Edmund Head was more like a goose track in the mud than it was like the name of the distinguished writer. I have acquired some skill in deciphering cramped writing and have often been called on to read letters which the owners could not. I was once completely baffled. A post card written from a distinguished lawyer and statesman was handed to me. With much labor I made out about half of it and gave up the task is despair. On another occasion a friend had received a pretty long letter from the Attorney-General—long since raised to the bench. He and I were pretty familiar with the Attorney-General's writing, but, even with that advantage we spent an evening in making out two or three pages of foolscap. I have had the good fortune to enjoy the friendship and correspondence of some distinguished scholars. Some years since I received a letter (the first) from one of them. It was a long one. It took two or three hours before I could read it readily. Of course I had less difficulty in makinig out the subsequent ones.

Another time I was spending an evening with a distinguished prelate. In the course of the conversation I told him that I had lately received a letter from his Archdeacon. "Did you not find it very difficult to read?" said he. "No, my Lord," said I, "I am familiar with his hand." I could have told my noble friend that his own writing gave me much more trouble than the Archdeacon's. Sometimes a word or two would bother me for a long time. Some years since I sent an article to a museum. The very learned principal of a university with whom I was acquainted, wrote a letter on my gift to a scientific magazine, and sent me the manuscript to revise if necessary. I was acquainted with his writing and got along swimmingly, but one word baffled me, I tried in vain to make it out, and went to bed, but lay awake trying to think what it could be. At last I remembered a technical, scientific word rarely used that would make sense. When I saw the article in print, I found that I had guessed rightly, my friend is the author of many volumes, and the compositors used by his publishers are so well used to his writing that they can get along well enough. A letter from a learned divine, the editor of a magazine puzzled me so much that I thought his writings must be a valuable means of grace to his compositors, inasmuch as they must read them without swearing. Rufus Choate, once a celebrated Boston lawyer; Bishop Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal Church and Horace Greely, late editor of the New York Tribune, were all celebrated for their fearfully bad writing. The latter especially. He used to fine compositors for swearing. Some of them for a time used to swear out their wages, till they got used to Greely's writing. I suppose however that the universally beloved, and lamented Dean Stanley was, *facile princeps*, the worst writer of all. The dean wrote a letter to a New York periodical. The compositors could not master it, and the editor sent it back to the good Dean's London publishers to be copied.

Yours, etc.

TETUPHA.

### *TO THE EDITORS OF THE EQUITY.*

GENTLEMEN,—The *Advance*—the "official" organ of the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway Company and faithful (?) exponent of public opinion in this county—was beautifully silent last week, regarding the proceedings of the County Council. Now, THE EQUITY gave its readers a synopsis of what transpired at the board, and it is issued a day ahead of the publication of its confrere, the *retro-Advance*. Why is this thusly? Some evil disposed persons are uncharitable enough to throw out hints that a verbatim report is hatching in the incubator, and will appear fully fledged in the issue of this week. The taciturnity of of last week will be fully counterbalanced by the loquaciousness of this week's issue. By way of addenda, (if the hatching process meets with luck) will appear a very clever and ingeniously written article, which will clearly demonstrate that our County Fathers do not understand what is for the best interests of Pontiac, and that it is too, too bad that after all the able lessons taught these gentlemen, that it would seem, judging by their actions at the board, as if their education had been neglected. N.B.—Look out for a sermon this week. It is very much to be regretted that the pernicious teaching of two men at the council-board should almost invariably neutralize the moral suasion and good intentions of the high-toned *Advance*. What business have these two disturbers of the mental equilibrium of the *Advance* man at the County Council board anyway? Is it not enough for them to have M. P., and M. P. P., appended to their names? It seems not. They are regular monopolists—I had almost said gormandizers, and would actually dub them so, were it not that I know them to be so spiteful, they might haul me up for libel. I wish you luck, gentleman, when I give you a chance to nab me; but, anyway, I'll risk telling you that you are not much anyhow, and if you try to bring me over the coals for it, I can assure you that the man of the *Advance* will prove that against you, and maybe more too. So take my advice and stick to your parliamentary affairs, and let J. T. run the Council, and then he will be happy until the time comes when he can take one of your places either at Quebec or Ottawa—he has not yet made up his mind which; but that is none of your business—give him time to run the matter through the never-failing incubator, and then he will decide.

Now, seriously every well-wisher of the County must rejoice at the spirited action of the County Council at its last session. If the railway company of which Hon. L. R. Church is president, thinks to gull the long-suffering people of Pontiac much longer, their pleasant dreams of fancied security are doomed to have a rude awakening. The energetic action of the Council will receive the endorsation of every ratepayer, except the few pliant tools of the company, who presumably preach according to their stipend. The ways of Mr. Church are peculiar, and Mr. Poupore hit the nail on the head when he stated that he (Mr. Church) had no right in submitting the questions as to who the gentlemen were who would form the new company, etc. The fact is that if Mr. Church's company cannot or will not build the road, it is none of their business if a company of Kaffirs or Hottentots do so, provided the present company are paid all disbursements. Why do the present company pursue their dog-in-the-manger course so long? Why don't they either go on with the construction of the road, themselves, or hand it over to a company who are able, willing and ready to do so? Evidently there is a reason, and it will take the *Advance* a long time to convince the people that a love of filthy lucre is not at the bottom of it. If ever a man has wrought hard to obtain a railway for Pontiac, that man is the much-abused Mr. Bryson. In season and out of season, and at great expense he has left no stone unturned to advance the people's interests. A wrong construction is put on nearly everything he does, or says, by the organ and the little clique who hob-a-nob with it. But the tables are rapidly turning,—the people are beginning to realize who is their friend, and who not. Yes, truth is mighty and must ultimately prevail. A good many have been hitherto deceived by the plausible sophistry of the *Advance*; but the stern logic of facts is rapidly opening their eyes, and instead of considering Mr. Bryson as a "boy" sent to do a "man's" work, now regard him as the right man in the right place.

Our representative in the Local, too, is working equally hard for the good of the county in spite of his traducers, and will be able to give a good account of his stewardship at the end of his term. He will be able to shew a record that any man might well be proud of. The enemies of Messrs. Bryson and Poupore can continue to their heart's content to indulge in their pet hobby—misrepresentation; but the long and short of the matter: that what Poupore and Bryson united cannot accomplish, need not be attempted by their puny assailants. But hold on a minute; the *Advance* says that Bryson and Poupore are "no good," and it knows all about it. Wouldn't J. T. be a happy man to-day if he could make a majority of the people of Pontiac chime in with his doctrine; but alas for him, they can't or won't see the point, and will at last leave him where it is said Moses was when the light went out—in the dark. The *Advance* may probably call this fulsome flattery, or some more euphonious title, but it matters not, it is the truth, and the *Advance* has so completely sat down on that virtue lately, that if it stated that two and two make four, people would hardly believe it. The general public at present don't take much stock in anything it says, and until it turns over a new leaf there is but little hope for it. It has played itself out, and is every day getting deeper into the mud, and has got so completely stuck in it, that Mr. Church in charge of a powerful engine (when the road is in running order) could hardly succeed in pulling the editor out. So hurry up, Mr. Church, your friend is in a very critical position. You have shoved him into the mud-hole,—please bring on your iron horse and try to haul him out.

The resolution moved by Mr. Poupore and seconded by Mr. McKinney "that this Council regards as dissatisfactory the reply sent by Mr. Church to the resolution passed at the September meeting," ought to teach that gentleman that the ratepayers of this county, through their representatives at the board of the County Council, do not intend to put up with his "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" much longer. The motion by Mr. Bryson, seconded by Mr. Poupore concerning the "return of the matured coupons and others as they mature," has the right ring about it, and is certainly a move in the right direction. The statement of Mr. Bryson regarding an interview he had with Mr. McLaren is highly important, as shewing most conclusively that Messrs. Church & Co., are not such masters of the situation as they had fondly imagined. The new company are prepared to plank down between $400,000 or $500,000 under certain conditions, and go on with the work at once, on obtaining the charter. What say ye, gentlemen, of the do-dothing company? Will you hand over the charter on the terms proposed, and let us have a railway? Or, do you prefer to tough it out a while longer, in hopes that something may turn up—something in the shape of a big subsidy, and a higher bid before disposing thereof. If so, you reckon without your host. You may continue your dog-in-the-manger policy, as I stated above, a little, and only a little longer. You have delayed the building of the road, you are delaying itat present, you will continue to delay it for a little while; but so sure as yonder sun shines, you will be either compelled to build it or throw up the sponge far sooner than you are aware of. There are just as clever lawyers in the Dominion as Hon. L. R. Church, and the time is fast approaching when a day will be named for holding public meetings of the electorate in every township, passing resolutions condemnatory of the conduct of the company; and, if necessary, establishing a fund for the purpose of contesting the legality of the pretensions of said company—the bonus by-law and all. The people carried the by-law in good faith, trusting to the honor of the company; the ratepayers have done their part, what have the company done? Oh, that's none of your business—leave that to Messrs. Church, Pattison & Co. They will give you all "*information*" through their official organ. Well, out with the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and the sooner the better, if you value your reputation. No more shuffling and dodging. That game is no played out. The eyes of Pontiac are upon you; don't try to pull the wool over our eyes any longer, it won't work now worth a cent.

Apologizing for the length of this communication, I am, gentlemen,

Yours, etc.,

VINDICATOR.

Dec. 17, 1883.

Paris, 14th—All the members of the Senate committee on the Touquin credits are in favour of granting the credits. Three battalions have been ordered to prepare to embark for Tonquin on the 23rd instant, and Volunteers have been called for to form three more battalions. These six battalions will form a brigade under General Lesquilles. General Millot will be appointed commander of the land and sea forces in Tonquin with 15,080 men, not including those on board of the flotilla.

A despatch from Siagon says there is no room to doubt that the King of Anam was poisoned by pro-Chinese mandarines.

Champeaux, 14th—The French resident is fortified in the citadel at Hue with 100 marines.

Shanghai, 14th—The latest news from Pekin confirms the report of the activity and increasing influence of the Chinese war party. It is reported that Li Hung Chang has been appointed Viceroy of the provinces of Kuangsi and Canton which adjoin Tonquin, and the uncle of the Marquis Tseng has been appointed Viceroy of the Province of Pechili.

Paris, 14th.—The Government is still without information relative to the reported revolution at Hue, and the poisoning of the Anamite King. It is well known, however, that the King's position has been very difficult since the signing of the treaty with the French. Eight hundred French troops occupy the forts at Hue and on the river, and seven gunboats are stationed in stream. The Government therefore has no fear for the safety of its forces there.

# O'DONNELL.

## Carey's Remover Hanged at 8.02 this Morning.

London, Dec. 17th, 8.15, a.m.—O'Donnell was hanged at 8.02 this morning.

Despite the boisterous and squally weather a considerable crowd had assembled as early as seven o'clock outside the prison gates and stood or walked about waiting for the appointed hour.

Hundreds of workmen passing by stopped to gaze at the black flag. Among them was O'Donnell's brother who paced two and fro opposite the flag staff in a most restless and dejected manner, exciting the sympathy of all present.

The hangman's arrangements were perfect and the execution occurred without a hitch.

O'Donnell was calm and collected. He made no statement on the scaffold.

London, 15th.—The scaffold upon which O'Donnell is to be hanged is being erected. O'Donnell sleeps well and takes his meals regularly. He does not occupy the cell to which condemned persons are usually assigned, but is placed in a larger one. Two wardens watch him constantly; usually only one man is detailed for this purpose. O'Donnell maintains great firmness of demeanour and is apparently prepared to meet his fate. He regards himself as a martyr. His determined air of bravado and cheerful indifference to his impending fate have greatly impressed his wardens. His brother visited him to day and remained twenty minutes. At parting O'Donne'l shook him by the hand and said "Good-bye old fellow; keep up your spirits and don't be cast down because of me."

London, December 15.—Victor Hugo has witten to the Queen asking her to pardon O'Donnell. The prisoner passed a good night and continues cheerful. His appetite is fair, but he enjoys smoking more than eating. He was visited this afternoon by Father Fleming and another priest, and was attentive to their exhortations. The strictest reticence is observed by prison officials. A special guard of twenty-four men is on duty inside the prison day and night and several detectives are placed outside. The streets in the vicinity of the prison are empty and quiet. Some uneasiness being felt about Binns' drop, it was thoroughly tested today and the machinery overhauled, ; it seemed to work well. The exclusion of representatives of the press from the prison and the difficulty of obtaining information cause much dissatisfaction. The execution will surely take place at eight o'clock on Monday morning.

Victor Hugo, in his letter says:—"The Queen of England has shown more than once her greatness of heart, and that Queen will grant O'Donnell his life and accept the unanimous and profound thanks of the civilized world."

Masses will be said at eight o'clock tomorrow morning in the various Catholic Churches for the repose of O'Donnell's soul. It is stated O'Donnell gave his brother final instructions yesterday in regard to certain private matters. O'Donnel felt comforted because of hearing that the unexpected balance of the American funds subscribed for his defence would be divided among his friends and dependent relations. He said he died for Ireland and would die like a brave man. O'Donnell's brother was desirous of burying his body in consecrated ground, and was horrified to learn that the remains must be interred in the prison yard. As his brother will not be allowed to revisit O'Donnell he stated that he would stand outside Newgate Prison on Monday until the black flag is hoisted. The police have information that several invincibles left New York recently either to attempt to rescue O'Donnell or to avenge his execution. The police boarded the steamer Assyrian Monarch to day, but no arrests were made, as they was no passenger list on board to furnish the names of suspected persons.

New York, December 16th.—A London special says O'Donnell yesterday for the first time admitted that he was an invincible. The admission was made to his brother, and was by the latter divulged after leaving O'Donnell last evening. The despatch says the brother made this statement:—"For fear that anything might happen to him between now and Monday my brother sent for me and asked me to put before my friends the following words: "I killed James Carey the informer; I am not sorry for killing him, and I never have been. Not only that, but all London's wealth would not buy be or induce me to give anyone away."

Washington, December 15.—On Thursday last Secretary Frelinghuysen telegraphed to Minister Lowell stating that the House of Representatives had brought the case of O'Donnell to the President's notice in the hope that the latter might secure reasonable delay in the execution of the sentence and might ascertain whether the prisoner was an American citizen and whether there was an error in the trial. In this telegram Lowell was instructed as follows:—"As before instructed, you will consider O'Donnell's citizenship as established. There being in Great Britain no judicial examination on an appeal of proceedings at a criminal trial, possible errors can only be corrected through a new trial or by executive action upon the sentence. This government is anxious that such careful examination be given to the proceedings in this case as to discover error, should one have been committed; you are therefore directed by the President to request a delay of execution of the sentence, and that a careful examination of the case be made by Her Majesty's Government, and the prisoner's counsel be permitted to point out any alleged points of error. Frelinghuysen is now in receipt of a telegram from Lowell, who stated that on the 12th he received the above telegram and immediately communicated its substance to Lord Granville, who acknowledged its receipt and stated that it had been referred to the proper authorities; also on Saturday the 15th, Lowell received Lord Granville's reply, in which the latter after referring to Lowell's communication said that counsel for O'Donnell having submitted the representations he thought advisable on the prisoner's behalf, those representations and all other circumstances of the case had been carefully examined and considered in the manner usual in cases of capital convictions, and her Majesty's Government had found no grounds upon which they would be justified in advising the crown to interfere with the sentence of the law or its execution.

Mr. John Stewart of Lower Litchfield was up the Madawaska last week deer hunting. He killed eight in all, having shot four without moving out of his tracks with a Winchester rifle.

We learn from a correspondent that a certain Pembrokite has been installed as editor in chief of the Pembroke *Standard*. We feel sure that the Pembroke people won't feel very much elated at this change as it is out of the frying pan into the fire, but the street corners and hotel benches will get a rest.

## MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, township Griffith, on the 5th inst., Mr. F.R. Hatton, of Arnprior, to Miss Elizabeth Joyce, of Griffith.

## DIED.

At Calumet Island on Monday the 17th instant, Margaret Emma, infant daughter of Charles Heaphy, Esq., aged 3 months.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.


# NOTICE to CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus," will be received until MONDAY the 31st instant, for a

**HEATING APPARATUS**

required for the Parliament House, Winnipeg, Man.

Plans and specification, &c., can be seen at the Dominion Public Works Office, Winnipeg, Man., and at this Department, on and after Monday, the 17th inst., where forms of tender, &c., and all necessary information can be obtained.

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

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Dec. 12th, 1883.

# Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Richlieu Wharf," will be received until TUESDAY, the 8th day of January, 1884, inclusively, for the construction of

**A Wharf at the Bridge across the River Richelieu,**

on the road between Lacolle and Clarenceville, Quebec, according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to W. Mead Pattison, Esq., Clarenceville, Quebec, from whom printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks properly filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

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

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Dec. 6th, 1883.

# AUCTION SALE.

**I will offer for Sale at the**

# TOWN - HALL

—IN THE—

# VILLAGE of BRYSON,

ON MONDAY THE

## 7th Day of January Next,

**At the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon,**

The following properties belonging to the estate of HENRY PORTEOUS of the Village of Bryson:—

## Lots No. 20 and 21, in the First Range of the Township of Litchfield,

Containing two hundred acres, more or less. On the property is a **Good India Log Barn and Stable; an House all New and in good order.**

There is a mortgage with interest amounting, with municipal and school taxes, to about four hundred dollars, which will require to be paid by the purchaser on the day of sale, and the balance in **Six Months with interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum.**

The vendor does not guarantee any title further than that vested in as Trustee of the Estate. All searches and conveyancing to be paid by the purchaser.

For further particulars apply to **W.G. LEROY**, Bryson.

**ANDREW FORBES, Trustee.**

**JOHN MOONEY, Auctioneer.**

# HARNESS! HARNESS!

—:o:—

*The undersigned in returning thanks to his numerous friends for the very liberal patronage he has received since commencing business in Bryson would now inform them and the public generally, that he has on hand a*

**REPLETE**

# STOCK

—OF—

# HARNESS

*AND EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A*

**FIRRT-CLASS COUNTRY SHOP,**

*Which he intends to sell at*

**Reasonable Rates.**

*Send in your repairing early so you can have it well done. A discount of five per cent. will be allowed on all CASH SALES. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.*

JAMES HYNES.

Bryson, Oct. 4th 1883.

# R. BRUCE GRAY,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

*CHEMIST & DRUGGIST*

**Pembroke and Mattawa.**

*Orders from the County of Pontiac attended to with care and despatch.*

*Correspondence solicited.*

Pembroke, June 21, 1883.

# NOTICE to CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Morpeth Works," will be received until Wednesday, the 2nd day of January, 1884, inclusively, for the construction of

## A Pier at Morpeth,

**KENT COUNTY, ONT.,**

according to a plan and specification to be seen on application to Mr. John Duck, Custom Officer, Morpeth, from whom printed tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, the blanks property filled in, and signed with their actual signatures.

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

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Nov. 29, 1883.

# GOOD BARGAINS! QUICK SALES! Small Profits!

AT

# E. B. D. LAFLEUR'S

**Cheap Store, Main st., Bryson,**

As I have sorted up my store with all necessary articles, I am prepared to supply the demand of the public in

# DRY :-: GOODS

**Such as**

TWEEDS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, DRESS MATERIAL, COTTONS, WINCEYS, UNDERCLOTHING MITTS, CAPS, HATS, &c.

**GROCERIES,**

TEAS SUGAS TOBACCOS always on hand.

**Boots and Shoes,**

to fit any sized foot and cheaper than the cheapest.

Men's winter

**DEER and BEEF SKIN MOCCASINS.**

**MEN'S**

WHITE SHIRTS, REGATTA SHIRTS, FANCY FLANNEL SHIRTS, HOME-MADE FLANNEL SHIRTS, all good value and very cheap

**All kinds of Grain taken**

and highest market prices accorded. Call, and you will be convinced that what I advertize is absolutely true.

**E. B. D. LAFLEUR.**

Bryson, Nov. 8th, 1883.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

# PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

**PRIVATE BILLS.**

PARTIES intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the rules of the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in the Quebec Official Gazette), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Quebec Official Gazette, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notice to the Private Bills Office of each House, and any persons who shall make application shall within one week from the first publication of such notice in the Official Gazette forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for PRIVATE BILLS must be presented within the "first two weeks" of the Session.

L. DELORME, Clerk Leg. Assembly.

Quebec, October 1st, 1883.

# ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

**NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of December next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned on and after TUESDAY the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galops Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY the EIGHTEENTH day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned on and after TUESDAY the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals, Ottawa, 20th October, 1883.

# For Sale.

The undersigned offers the commodious BRICK HOUSE and Out-buildings, and two acres of land in connection therewith, situate in the corporation of Bryson, on reasonable terms.

**JAMES COLTON.**

Litchfield, August 23, 1883. tf

# Wm. McVEIGH

**KEEPS**

IN stock

**Teas,**

**Tobaccos,**

**Sugars, &c., &c.,**

ceptionally good and at prices to suit all buyers.

**LIQUORS:**

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

☞ A call solicited.

WM. McVEIGH.

Bryson, June 7, 1883.

## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

MASONIC SUPPER.—The members of Pontiac Lodge A.F.& A.M., intend having a grand supper on the 27th instant at McGuire's hotel on the occasion of installation of officers for the ensuing year.

ILL.—Mr. Andrew Grant, forest ranger, of Bristol, has been suffering for some time past from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which was brought about by a severe cold contracted by that gentleman, while engaged in classifying the crown lands of Aldfield. We are pleased to learn however that Mr. Grant is recovering.

CLOSED.—The revival meetings which have been in progress here for the last two weeks was brought to a close last Thursday evening. Much good has been done. Many earnest seekers have found salvation. The Rev. Mr. Earl is now holding similar services in the township of Clarendon, assisted by Messrs. Larmer, McGinnis and Shaver.

GRAND CONCERT.—A grand concert will be given by the members of the Portage du Fort skating rink on Friday the 28th instant. The concert promises to be better than ever. Two dramas, "Ici on parle Francais," and "Blue Beard," together with chice selections of music will be given by the leading amateurs of Portage du Fort.

LEG BROKEN.—Mr. Patrick Cosgrove, of Allumette Island, better known as the famous poet of the Upper Ottawa, met with a painful accident on Monday of last week. It appears that while walking in the vicinity of the railway station at Pembroke he accidentally slipped on the icy platform, fracturing his leg. After the injury was attended to he was driven home by a neighbor.

SKELETON FOUND.—Last Friday morning while some of the men at work on the Wellington street drain were engaged in excavating they came across a box containing the skeleton of a child. It had evidently been a long time in the ground, for the flesh had completely decomposed and nothing but the bones remained. It was not deeply buried and as the ground never formed a portion of a cemetery how it came there is a mystery.—[Citizen.

THE ONTARIO AND QUEBEC RAILWAY.—It is likely that the O. & Q. road will be ironed and bridged right through to Perth before February 1st, and that on that date freight trains will be run over it to Ottawa, though it is not probable that passenger traffic can be accommodated before July 1st, by which time the ballasting ought to be completed. When this is done Toronto and Ottawa will not be more than seven hours apart, with the tendency in the direction of still further reduction.

ERRONEOUS.—The report which appeared in THE EQUITY in reference to Father Cadigan was erroneous, or at least part of it. It was stated that he had been sent to an asylum, and this is where the error occurred. We are pleased to be informed that the worthy gentleman's mind is not at all affected; it is his physical system that has been undermined by incessant and laborious work. He is at present at the hospital in Montreal, where he was taken. It is to be hoped that after a few months' rest he will be able to resume his charge.

CHURCH NOTES.—We understand it is the intention of the Anglican Congregation here to take steps to thoroughly renovate their church and add to the building some much needed improvements. Last Sunday Mr. W. G. LeRoy with his accustomed thoughtfulness presented a pair of very handsome imported offertory plates of appropriate ecclesiastical design as a special thank offering.

The Rev. R. Acton, the pastor, has announced a series of special mission services. The Rev. T. H. Duvernet of Montreal is to be the mission preacher. Nightly services at Portage du Fort from 6th to 13th, January and at Bryson and Clark's settlement on alternate evenings from 13th to 20th January.

There will be divine services in the Presbyterian Church at Leslie at 11, a.m., and in Riendeau's School House at 2, p.m., on Sunday Dec. 23rd and 30th, and Jan. 6th and 13th.

Mr. S. A. A. Thomas the Presbyterian Missionary who spent last summer in Leslie and Thorne will officiate at the above services.

PORTAGE-DU-FORT NOTES.—The friends of J. T. St. Julien, Esq., gathered together at his residence on Thursday evening last, and presented that gentleman with a congratulatory address on his promotion to the vacant seat of C. B. Rouleau Esq., where it is to be expected he will reap a harvest of gold rouleaus and gold opinions.

The members of the rink (in prospect) have decided on a concert, and in the same breath decided that the programme of entertainment should be entirely new—a thing which at the present date is somewhat difficult, especially the dialogue part, owing to the heavy demand on them in past concerts. However, after a lengthy discussion, and sending for books by the dozen, they succeeded in getting something worth while—at least they say so. And now they are mad at their haste, for if they had waited till the issue of the *Advance* of the 7th, (for till then no one suspected the editor of the *Advance* of possessing such an original and vivid imagination as that which he desplayed in the conversation ascribed to Messrs. Smith and Bryson about the railway prospectus), they might have got the *Advance* man to write any amount of farces, if we are to judge by that squib on short notice. The public missed a "pile" of fun by the haste of the aforesaid members of the rink.

TANCRED.

**HIGHEST CASH PRICE paid for Oats at Charles N. Purvis' Store, Portage du Fort.**

THE STORY.—With last week's issue we commenced a new serial story, to which we invite the attention of all lovers of that class of literature. The name of the talented authoress is a sufficient recommendation. Parties wishing to read a truly interesting tale should subscribe at once; back numbers can be furnished.

GOOD ICE.—The keen frosts of several successive days and nights promises to ensure excellent ice for the coming winter. Last Thursday Dr. Gaboury was the first who ventured across at this point with a horse and cutter. At that time the ice was reported to be five inches thick. Since then a number of teams have crossed; and some have ventured up the river for over a mile.

RAFFLING:—The Attorney General of Ontario has issued an order to all County Attorneys to the effect hat persons taking part in raffles, lotteries or prize drawings should be prosecuted. A Toronto editor was recently summoned for exposing a jar and asking for guesses as to the number of beans it contained. The winner was to receive a prize. The scheme had to be abandoned. Bazaar ladies should be careful.

DANGEROUS.—During the past few days pedestpianism has been somewhrt dangerous in this village owing to the absence of snow from the ice covered streets. Last Saturday evening Mr. Joseph Mulligan of Thorne, while in the village received a severe cut at the corner of his left eye by falling on the ice. The injury was of so serious nature as to require several stitches to hold the flesh together, which operation was performed by Doctor Gaboury.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS.—The Sunday School Children of Portage du Fort purpose holding an entertainment in the Town Hall on Thursday evening the 27th inst., in connection with which there will be a Christmass tree. Preparations are also being made by the S. S. children of St. James Church in this village to give an entertainment of the same nature, on New Year's eve. The trees are to contain presents for the children, and the audiences will be treated to some choice selections of music, dialogues, recitations tableaux, etc. The object is a good one, being for the purpose of providing books and other necessaries for the schools, and as the admission fees will be placed at a low figure, we trust that the public will give the entertainments a hearty support.

A SINGULAR FACT,—In the erection of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa there were thirty-six men employed in cutting and dressing the stone that was used in the buildings. These men were of very different ages, some of them being young, and giving prospect of a long life, but one after the other have passed away, and two or three weeks ago the last of the thirty-six was carried to his final resting-place. In would be a matter worth investigating whether there was anything peculiar in the formation or composition of that particular stone to account for such a very remarkable exodus of the men who worked upon it, as, if their is no predisposing cause, it must be admitted to be a very singular circumstance that within so few years so many should die who had been formerly associated.

ROBBERY IN RAMSAY.—On Thursday morning of last week between two and three o'clock three men stole up to the residence of Robert Cornett, 3rd line of Ramsay. One stood as a guard at the gate, and the others affected an entrance by the only weak spot in the house—a window. Mrs. Cornett and the children were alone, Mr. Cornett having gone the night before to Mr. Sinclair's to work on his house. She heard the noise down stairs and called: "Robert is that you?" There was no response, but the men at once went upstairs and fired a shot—as if to silence her. They searched everywhere and had keys to fit everything; and secured $56 in cash but left all papers. Mrs. Cornett was unable to recognize any of them, and they have all safely escaped to this day. It is thought they were professional tramps who might have known that the man of the house was away, Mr. Cornett has no clue, and no suspicion; and has given up all hope.

BRILLIANT SUNSETS.—Under the heading of "A Terrible Prophecy," the Ottawa Citizen of Saturday last gives a long article upon the phenomenal appearance of the sky during the sunrise and sunset, which our readers cannot but have observed several days in the past two weeks. It seems to be the opinion of many scientists that these changes in the colors of the sky to yellow, orange and red cannot be accounted for in the ordinary sunset. Some think that the earth if enveloped by the tail of some mighty but unseen comet, or a stratum of microscopic meteors. While others speak of these phenomina being caused by some unorganized world dust or decomposed vapors. Whether any of these theories be true or not we cannot say, but it is surmised that those brilliant skies which have delighted the spectator may have had an intimate connection with the tornadoes, cyclones and earthquakes, which of late months have been so destructive to life and property. And indeed, that they may be but an instalment of the fearful things which, according to Professor Grimmer's prophecies, were to come upon the earth during the passages of the great planets—Mars, Neptune, Jupiter, Uranus and Saturn round the sun. History for the past three thousand years supports the idea of a connection between the pherihelia of the planets, and famine and pestilence on the earth, but there are exceptions to every rule. May this be one!

COULONGE NOTES.—The concert held at Lapasse, on Wednesday evening, the 12th inst., was a complete success, each performer (although their first appearance on the stage) sustaining their parts admirably. The stage was tastefully filled up, and I would venture to wager a bawbee that the ladies of the company had a good deal to do with it. After the concert the young folks—and some of the older ones too—adjourned to the school house, where they "tripped the light fantastic toe," to the music of the violin, till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

And now the Coulonge band boys with the assistance of the village ladies, intend to give a grand concert, on the evening of Thursday, the 27th instant, and are making extensive preparations for the event. It bids fair to be a great success.

Messrs. Henry Walsh, Samuel Moorhead, Michael Dempsey and James G. Bryson killed a fine buck a few days ago near this place.

Good crossing at Lapasse and Grand Marais on the ice now with teams.

Some talk of trotting races on the ice here Christmas day.

Hay is worth six dollars in the barn; oats twenty-eight to thirty cents, delivered; wheat, one dollar and ten cents; rye, sixty-five cents; buckwheat, forty cents; hides, four dollars.

Coulonge, Dec. 18. WATCHMAN.

**Christmas Toys in great variety can be had at Miss Tremblay's Store for HALF PRICE. Be sure and inspect them before purchasing elsewhere.**

INSOLENT EMPLOYEES.—From time to time we have heard reports of the insolence to which the travelling community is subjected by some of the men employed on the C. P. railway. This discourteous conduct must be carried on without the knowledge of the managing authorities, or, we have reason to believe, they would take measures to provide a remedy. A recent exhibition of blackguardism was described to us by a gentleman of this neighborhood who had in charge a drove of cattle destined for the lumbering operations of Messrs. McLean in the Muskoka district. The cattle were put on the cars at Haley's station, the gentleman purchased a ticket, and as the express would not be due for some time he decided to take passage on the train containing the cattle. He had not travelled far when a brakesman addressed him in a very rude manner, saying that he had no business on that train, and that he would have to get off. The gentleman expostulated and said that his cattle were on board, and that he wished to have an eye to them. The brakesman then became very insulting, threatening that if the man did not get off immediately he would find a way of kicking him off. Forbearance ceases to be a virture at times and thus it was in the present instance. The gentleman quietly removed his coat, remarking as he did so that he had determined on remaining where he was, as he did not consider the combined physical efforts of all the hands sufficient to remove him. The conductor and other hands interfered, but a glance at the stalwart form of the passenger was quite enough to convince them that it would not be safe to attempt any violence, and he was allowed to pursue his journey without further molestation. Some time previous a gang of men with a number of horses sent up by the same firm, were put off the train at a point somewhere above Pembroke and had to remain there for eight days before they were permitted to continue their journey. This, of course, occasioned a considerable loss to the lumbermen, and only to gratify the ridiculous and discourteous whims of a parcel of fellows who, having only a limited authority, endeavor to create some notriety for themselves by tyrannizing over the public. Certainly the railway company would profit by removing such characters at once.

LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.—On Thursday last some of the members of the B. H. C. thought that before the close season came in they would once more try their luck. But a division took place in the ranks, and two of the veterans took to the North (a hunting ground the club has lately been informed of). Two others (already initiated) took an Easterly course. Below, your humble servant the secretary—who regrets he cannot join treasurer to his name—will give you a short account of what happened:—

Party No. 1, consisting of the renowned Buffalo Bill and the famous Fork Tongue took their way via Coulonge, and there installed three new members, after blackballing several other applicants. They left there and proceeded to a point a few miles above, having with them the newly installed members, viz., Scouting Jim, Water Witch and Moose Caller. On arriving at hunting ground, Moose Caller said: "Well, I will go with the dogs as I know the hills." Water Witch,—"Well, as poor Fork Tongue sprained his arm when pulling Charlie's ears, we will put him in the bow of one boat, and the recruit, Scouting Jim, in centre, with Buffalo Bill as captain. I will man the other." Buffalo Bill,—"I am agreeable; what do you think, Scouting Jim?" Scouting Jim,—"Yes, that is a good arrangement." After being on the water intently listening for a sound from the hounds—"Lord Dufferin," "Rattler" and "Hunter"—for some hours, Fork Tongue caught a slight sound, so preparations for action were at once made. Suddenly, a large buck—or, as Scouting Jim called it—"a deer with a rocking chair on his head," took the water close by. Buffalo Bill,—"Row, boys, row! I'm goin' to shoot him!" Scouting Jim and Fork Tongue then put on their best spurt, and on arriving within twenty feet of the "rocking chair," Water Witch stood boldly up in his boat, and after taking a deliberate aim from his right eye, pulled the trigger and succeeded only in putting one buckshot through his majesty's ear. The boat containing the other three then approached, and Buffalo Bill thinking that this was his time, shouldered his musket and fired two shots, each containing 17 grains of buckshot, and failed to make any impression. Nothing daunted he seized another *mortar* belonging to Scouting Jim, and thought that by pulling both triggers at once he would surely bring the object down, but nary a down. Fork Tongue then took a bead on him with his pocket revolver and fired, at the same shouting, "I'm the boy, by Jove! I don't care for anything in the Pontiac of Countiac!" Another denizen shortly afterwards made its appearance, which also fell a victim to Fork Tongue's unerring aim. The party returned on Saturday night, Fork Tongue feeling proud in parading one of the pelts. Both "rocking chairs" were left at Coulonge.

Party No. 2 were less fortunate. In fact it might be said that the members who composed it had scarcely a chance of sustaining even the previous record of the club. They succeeded in inducing another sport—Long John (Texas Kit)—to join them. Hawkeye on leaving said he was going to fetch the deer with his "Zulu," but failed to do so, his excuse being that he only saw the deer's tail as its agile owner swiftly vacated the immediate territory. He might have secured this trophy, of course, but then he thought it was scarcely worth while. He then placed "Zulu" against a tree and proceeded to devour his "snack", trusting to the Fates to bring that deer around again to smell Zulu and to otherwise survey the surroundings. The deer did not come. Sure Shot Seth said they had better go home. The party arrived on Monday, and Sure Shot Seth presented quite an appearance, having forgot to tie down the ears of his cap. Perhaps he left his oral organs out as thermometers in order to ascertain what the late cold snap would register. It is needless to say he asertained.

### MR. ST. JULIEN'S APPOINTMENT TO THE DISTBICT MAGISTRACY.

PRESENTATION OF A CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS.

On the 13th instant the friends of J. T. St. Julien, Esq., headed by P. B. Coyne, Esq., J.P., called at his residence, Portage du Fort, and presented him with an address of congratulation on his recent elevation to the Bench. They were received in a most corteous manner and spent a very pleasant evening drinking to the health of the new titular and singing songs in which humour and wit were emphatic. We publish the address and reply in *extenso*, which is signed by the most influential residents of the county and which certainly reflects credit on the honorable gentleman.

We heartily join with the signatures and avail ourselves of this opportunity to tender Mr. St. Julien our compliments. He has nobly earned his epaulets. Always the first in the ranks to struggle for the party in the dark as well as in the bright days, and with a disinterestedness and abnegation worthy of a good cause. He has had recently to sustain much personal abuse and unscrupulous persecutions. All that political rabidness and narrow-minded jealousy could stir up was heaped upon him and upon those who favored his appointment. We have a right to feel rejoiced not only because he is a resident of this county, but because it is an eloquent denial given to Mr. Poupore's backbiters in reference to his standing and influence with the Government.

Mr. P. B. Coyne read the following address on behalf of those present:—

*To J. T. St. Julien, Esq., District Magistrate for the District of Ottawa:*

DEAR SIR,—We the undersigned, your friends, offer you our most sincere congratulations on your appointment as District Magistrate for the District of Ottawa. By your legal attainments and your social qualities you had acquired rights to the position. We know that, notwithstanding your indisputable claims to that position, which we so anxiously desired you should obtain, you had to contend with a serious competition. But the well-known saying that "Ingratitude is the reward of Kings," will not find its application here, for gratitude is still to be found in the hearts of some of the people's representatives, and your appointment is the best proof of it.

In conclusion, let us hope that you will always find in the members of the Bar, and in the public generally that sympathy which you are entitled to—sympathy so necessary to the good administration of justice in a county like our own; and wishing that this appointment may be a step to higher functions, we wish you all the happiness and success you rightly deserve.

[*Signed*]

| | |
|---|---|
| P B Coyne, J P, | John Bell, mayor Bristol, |
| Irvine Allen, Advocate, | T C Gaboury, M D, |
| Francis Murtagh, | J A Cowan, |
| C N Purvis, | H T Smith, |
| S A Mackay, N P, | T Merleau, |
| Thomas McWilliams, | R Merleau, |
| E H Rouleau, M D, | N Giraldeau, |
| M E O'Meara, | W Rimer, |
| John Honan, | E B D Lafleur, |
| Michael Cleary, | A Turner, |
| Dennis Shea, | P J Whelan, |
| John Proudfoot, | Issac Morrison, |
| G H Perry, | D M Rattray, |
| N Bessette, | F Aubrey, |
| Wm Ostrum, sr, | J S Sauve, |
| Samuel Moorhead, | H H Knox, M D, |
| John Paul, | G W Swalwell, |
| Jeremiah Shea, | Wm Swalwell, |
| R McC Ritchie, | H N Osborne, |
| C P Roney, Advocate, | H McDonell, |
| D R Barry, Advocate, | A Elliott, |
| John Bryson, | S L Brabazon, |
| M Dempsey, | A J Brabazon, |
| F A McGuire, | Gerald Brabazon, |
| George Davis, | H E Sheppard, M D, |
| W H Walsh, | John McFarlane, |
| Francis Aubry, | G R Knight, |
| Hugh Mulligan, | Wm Beckett, |
| H Matheson, | C J Rimer, |
| Joseph Ricard, | James A Murphy, |
| John Thompson, | Roderick McDonell, |
| F D Astley, M D, | Coll McDonell, |
| Michael Hughes, | Isidore Tremblay, |
| James Colton, | Philip Toner, |
| C Barsalou, N P, | William Bennett, |
| George Palmer, | Joseph Everell, |
| John McDonald, | Edward Murphy, |
| James McCool, | Alfred Wildman, |
| Simon McNally, | Thos Thacker, jr, |
| O Blondin, | A Brunet, P P, |
| | V Ferreri, P P. |

Mr. St. Julien replied as follows:—

MR. COYNE AND GENTLEMEN:

I scarcely know how to express my thanks and gratitude for your very kind and flattering address. There is one thing that is particularly agreeable to me in this proceeding, it is this: that your address is signed by nearly all the leading men of this county, without distinction of creed, nationality or political party. During the five years that I have lived in Portage du Fort, and travelled through the county of Pontiac, the exigencies of my profession, the political agitations in which I have taken part, and all the eventualities of an active life, must inevitably have created adversaries for myself. I may have displayed too much zeal in the practice of my profession, I may have been too energetic in fighting the political battles, but I do claim to have acted always with conviction and the best intentions. And I cherish the idea that you are convinced of what I am now saying, when I see your signatures to this address. Therefore I find myself in the strange but agreeable position that I can thank my adversaries, as well as those with whom I have been in harmony of opinions, for their attention to me on this occasion. I am delighted at present to see you here, when you give me a chance to put you all in the same category, and call you all by the same name—my friends. It is highly gratifying to me to know that my appointment to the Magistracy is so universally approved of in this county. I will endeavor to merit a continuation of your good will and confidence by administering justice to the best of my abilities, without fear, favor or affection. I am very grateful for the good wishes you offer for my future advancement and prosperity.

Thanking you again for your kindness, let me assure you that there will always be a favorable place in my heart for the friends of Pontiac.

J. T. St. JULIEN.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Don't forget Miss Tremblay for your Christmas Cards. She has Plain, Silver lined and Mechanical Cards in the latest style. Come and see a splendid yacht in full sale. Come and see all the other beautiful designs.**

PROVERBS FOR POLITICIANS.—As the time for the annual municipal elections is drawing near, it may not be out of place to give a few proverbs for the benefit of candidates. Here goes:

Taffy is cheap.

Molasses catches more votes than vinegar.

Promises are the most plentiful of coins.

Never wipe your mouth after kissing a baby.

A promise of reduced taxes catch the "free and independent."

It is better to walk two miles to see a man than to write him a letter.

Distribute a few turkeys among your *friends*. You can say they were a job lot and you got them cheaply.

Shake hands with everyone this shows that you are not inclined to be partial.

If you are not in the habit of attending church regularly, be sure and show up the Sunday previous to polling day.

If you have any bitter opponents send them out in the country on a wild goose chase—on polling day.

### Here and There.

Very cold weather.

Slippery walking.

Good crossing on the ice here.

The skating on the river here is splendid.

There is some talk of a skating rink for Bryson.

A merry Christmas and happy New Year to all.

Where are you going for dinner on Christmas.

The small boy now enjoys his hand sleigh on the hills.

Leap year is rapidly approaching. Ladies make a note of it.

Dr. Gaboury was the first to cross with a horse and cutter on the ice.

The Messrs. Purvis are doing some repairs to their grist mill.

The ups and downs of life are numerous at this season,—the ice fetches them.

The juveniles of our village have enjoyed the excellent skating of the past few days.

The Ottawa people talk of building an ice palace and holding a carnival this winter.

A nice new shed has been put up on the grounds of the Methodist Church Shawville.

James Delaney, an old Kingston grava digger, buried three thousand bodies in twenty-eight years.

Expectations of Christmas holidays, and a fortnight's over-feeding, are what chiefly occupy the juvenile mind just now.

New buildings to the value of about $120,000 have been erected in Pembroke during the past summer.

Mr. James Haskins, of Bark Lake, is said to have killed 144 deer this season, and Mr. Wiliscrait, of the same place, 21 in one week.

A detachment of ten soldiers of the Salvation Army at Kingston has been ordered to make an attack on Carleton Place, and will leave for the Junction in a few days. It is also rumoured that small skirmishing parties will be thrown into Almonte, Arnprior, Renfrew and Pembroke.

The Central Canadian says that two years ago Miss O'Brien, of Ramsay, went to visit her sister Mrs. Eccles, of Dakota. Though but nineteen she took up 160 acres and has since been fulfilling the legal requirements of settlement. A few days ago she was offered $3,000, but respectfully declined.

The London Times comments freely on Mr. Parnell's declaration of war against England and his demand for Irish separation. Mr. Parnell's proclamation places him at the head of a treasonable movement, which no loyal man in Ireland, no matter how desirous he may be of seeing the condition of his countrymen improved, can encourage.

### The Ottawa Canal.

ACTION OF BRITISH MERCHANTS AND CAPITALISTS.

(From Public Opinion.)

The Ottawa Canal project has been revived by a number of merchants and others interested in the grain regions of Lake Michigan, Superior and Huron. We hear that a syndicate formed in London for the purpose has taken the matter up, and sent out a representative to sound the Canadian Government on the subject. It will be remembered that surveys of the proposed route from the Georgian Bay to the St. Lawrence were made at the instance of the Government of Canada by Mr. T. C. Clark, C.E., and Mr. Walter M. Shanly nearly forty years ago. The result of these surveys was to show that the project was a practicable one, and easily carried out. It was proposed that the French River, the outlet of Lake Nipissing should by a series of dams and locks, be made navigable. A Canal was to be cut between the latter through a low ridge which separates it from the Montreal river a tributary of the Ottawa river. The long narrow deep reaches of the latter separated by rapids where, it was proposed, to be connected by a series of canals, in all about twenty four miles long. It was proposed to make these canals deep enough for sea-going vessels, so that vessels loading at Chicago or other ports must reach Liverpool without breaking bulk. Liverpool, it was stated at the time as an argument in its favor, was 900 miles nearer Chicago via the Ottawa and St. Lawrence than by Quebec. Should the intention of the revivers of this scheme be to make a similar provision for sea-going vessels from the upper lakes, it will involve the deepening of the Lachine canal, which has now a depth of only ten feet on its sills. Should this system of Ottawa canals be carried out, while it would benefit the grain growing countries bordering on the upper lakes, it would seriously affect the Grand Trunk and other western railways, and will no doubt be strongly opposed by them.


**NOTICE.**

Any person found trespassing on lots No. 3, West Range and lots 4 and 5 in the 7th Range of Allumette Island, will be prosecuted according to law.

W. L. GRAY.

Chapeau, Sept. 13.

**THE WESTERN HOTEL MATTAWA.**

THE PROPRIETOR, HAVING RENTED THE Hotel and Premises lately occupied by Mr. N. Durrell, begs to solicit the patronage of the public. The house has been

**Thoroughly Refitted & Furnished,**

and all attention will be paid to visitors.

Free 'Bus to and from all trains. Good Sample Rooms. Charges Moderate.

B. J. MULLIGAN.

Mattawa, Nov. 2, 1883.

**NOTICE.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made at the next session of the Parliament of Canada for an act to incorporate and authorize a company to construct a Railway from the Village of Gananoque, in the County of Leeds, to the Town of Perth, in the County of Lanark, and thence in a northerly direction to some point on James Bay, Northwest Territories.

W. B. CARROLL,
Solicitor for Applicants.

Dated at Gananoque this 8th day of October, 1883.

**Teachers Wanted.**

Two Catholic Female Teachers wanted by the Municipality of Chichester. One to teach French and English and the other English only. State salary on making application.

N. BESSETTE, Sec.-Treas.
Chapeau P. O., P. Q.

August 9t h 1883. tf.

# A MERRY 'XMAS!

AND

# HAPPY NEW YEAR!

With a general invitation to all to buy their Christmas and New Year Goods from

JOHN COYNE,

**The Cheapest and Best House in**

PORTAGE DU FORT,

Where will be found a good assortment of

**Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,**
**Ladies Hats and Trimmings,**
**Gents Furnishing,**
**Ready-Made Clothing,**
**Boots and Shoes,**
**Crockery,**
**Lamps and Glassware,**

WITH THE BEST STOCK OF

**Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Biscuits and Confectionary,**

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE

**Paid for Oats, Beef, Pork and Poultry.**

JOHN COYNE.

Portage du Fort, December 10th, 1883.

# THE CHEAPEST STORE

IN

# PEMBROKE

IS

# OMEARA & HOWE'S.

## DRY GOODS,

DRESS GOODS, MANTLES, SHAWLS, CLOUDS, TIES, COTTONS, TWEFDS, ENGLISH and SCOTCH, ETOFFS, WORSTED OVERCOATINGS, KNITTED GOODS, FLANNELS, CARPETS, and OIL CLOTH,

## GROCERIES,

TEAS from 25c. a pound upward; quality guaranteed. SUGARS, TOBACCO FISH, CANNED GOODS, SYRUPS.

## LIQUORS,

**Full Lines and Choice Brands.**

HENNESSY and MARTELL'S BRANDY, McLAREN'S MALT, FIVE YEAR OLD RYE WHISKEY, GUENESSES PORTER, NATIVE WINE, "THE ISABELLA," 50c. per bottle; HIGH-WINES, and RYE WHISKEY in Bond.

## Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

BOOTS and SHOES at rock bottom prices. MITTS, MOCCASINS, Beef and Oil Tanned.

☞ CASH BUYERS will find it to their advantage to give us a call. ☜

**OATS PEAS and RYE Bought and Sold.**

O'MEARA & HOWE.

PEMBROKE, N6th, 1883. ly.

# COBURN, SHEA & CO.

## OF PEMBROKE,

Are now offering some GENUINE BARGAINS in DRY GOODS, which are justly claimed to surpass anything ever offered in that town. Some lines away below WHOLESALE PRICES.

**Blankets, Etoffs, Tweeds, Ulsterings, Coatings, Prints Cottons, and Dress Goods, in great variety.**

WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF

**Men's Women's and Children's Hoisery ever offered in Pembroke.**

Corsets for 75 cents, usual price $1.25 a pair. Shirts and Drawers, 40c. each, worth 60c. to $1.75. Flannels all colors and every price. Ask to be shown those Velveteens 25c. per yard, worth 50c. Ladies Kid Mits and Gloves 50c. to $1.25 worth 75c. In Winter Clothing we are showing the best value in

OVERCOATS, ULSTERS, SUITS, CLOTH, SCOTCH and FUR CAPS, GROCERIES, BOOTS and SHOES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, HARDWARE, TINWARE in fact

an endless variety of goods to suit all tastes. We ask the readers of THE EQUITY to pay us a visit when in Pembroke and ask to be shown through our establishment, and if they should require anything in our line we feel safe in promising that they will be well repaid for their visit.

—ALL KINDS OF—

**FARM -:- PRODUCE -:- TAKEN**

AND HIGHEST MARKET PRICE ACCORDED.

**COBURN, SHEA & CO.**

(P. SLATTERY'S OLD STAND.)

PEMBROKE, October 6th, 1883. 1y

Main Street - Pembroke.

### How he Won the Squatter.

"Can you tell me when the train comes along here?" asked a travel-stained man of an old fellow who sat on a pile of cross ties near an Arkansaw railroad.

"Yes, I reckin I can."

"But, will you?" asked the traveller after a moment's silence.

"Yes, reckin I will."

"Well, what time?"

"What time what, mister?"

"What time does the train come along here?"

"I dunno."

"You said you did."

"Didn't."

"I say you did."

"Say I didn't."

"What did you say?"

"Said I'd tell you when it comes along, an' of both o' us is here when she comes I will, but I reckin yer ken see her as well as I ken."

"You think you are very smart, don't you?"

"Not now. I was right peart till the rheumatiz sot in."

"Where do you live?"

"I'm livin' here now."

"Is this your home?"

"Noah."

"Then you don't live here."

"Wall, I don't die here, do I? Long's I'm here I'm livin' here."

"When the train comes do you suppose I can get on?"

"Yes, if it stops."

"But that's what I want to know. Will it stop?"

"I kain't tell yer right now, although I am al'ers pleased ter give a stranger any information in my power."

"When can you tell me?" asked the stranger, evidently thinking that the old fellow was going in search of information.

"When she gets here."

"Now, say, old man, I don't like to be made game of in this way. You may have nothing to do but sit around and spend your life in joking, but I am thoroughly in earnest. I have come a long distance to reach this road, and I want to leave this devilish country. You would confer a great favor on me by answering my questions in a straightforward manner. If the train is not likely to stop at this woodyard, why then I must make on until I come to a station. Now give me your honest opinion. Do you think that the next train will stop here?"

"Now, stranger," replied the old fellow, leaning over and tying his shoe, "yer ken talk mighty pityful, I allow, an' ef yer was a preacher it would take all the plank at the saw mill to make a mourners' bench big enough fur yer church. I'd be a mighty bad man ter hold back any news I've got about this matter, an' bein's as I like yer looks, I'll tell yer all I know about these trains."

"I thank you most heartily, sir."

"I expect I know as much about these trains as any man what lives in this here community."

"I have no doubt of it."

"An' all that I know about em stopping here I'll tell yer."

"Well!"

"Why, sometimes they stop an' sometimes they don't. That's all I know."

"I am half inclined to jump on you and maul you."

"Better walk ter the station stranger than ter try that. The last man what tried it ain't been able ter find the United States Court sence."

"Well how far is it to the next station?"

"Which way? Thiser way or thater way?" pointing.

"Either way."

"Well, they'se about the same distance.

"How far?"

"Blame 'f I know."

"I'll be confounded if I stand this. Come over here and I'll lick you."

"Well, ef yer want ter whup me wus'n I wanter to be whupped, ye'd better come over here."

"I can do it, and don't you forget it."

"Wall, ef yer do, I ain't apt ter forgit it."

"I'l try it anyway," and taking off his coat a bottle fell out.

"Hole on. What yer got in that bottle?"

"Whisky."

"Then there's no use in fighten," and throwing out a quid of tobacco, he limped across the track, took a drink, and said:

"Train ain't likely to stop here."

Took another drink.

"Closest station's down this way."

Another drink.

"Three miles."

Another.

"Make it better, two an'er half."

Still another.

"Go down thar and them niggers will take yer on a han' car. Good day cap'n. Wush yer well. Ef yer'd 'nounced yer principles in the fust place thar wouldn't ter been all this argyin'."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

### Scaling Hotel Figures.

An old lady, with a jerky voice and a great display of snuff-box and spectacles, got left by a train the other night and had togo to a hotel for lodgings and breakfast.

A few minutes before train time the clerk went up to her room to notify her, and found her sitting in her chair as stiff as a major. And as soon as he entered she broke out with:

How much a day in this hotel?

Two dollars, madam.

How much where you don't have supper?

Twelve shillings.

How much where you sit up all night long, expecting to be murdered every minute?

Just the same—twelve shillings.

How much where you don't eat any breakfast for fear of being pizened? she continued.

Just the same madam. There is your bed and breakfast has been ready these two hours.

Well I won't pay it!

But madam.

No, not if I die fur it! Here I've sot in this blessed cheer all night long, hearing whistles and bells and folks running and men whooping and expecting every minit would be my last on airth!

Has that gas been going all night?

Every minit, sir. I've allus made a practise o' mindin' my business, and I did not propose to set fire to myself by fooling with that thing. How much is it where you sot and trembled like a leaf, from 8 o'clock in the morning, wishing to goodness you hadn't been fool enough to start for Illanoy alone!

Just the same madam.

Not by a jug-full, young man! Here's fifty cents and you can take the rest out in a law suit! I haven't mussed the bed nor touched breakfast, and fifty cents is plenty for having a roof over my head. Git out of the way, for I'm going!

He had to move aside or be run over, for she picked up her satchel and put on steam until nothing could stop her. She made her way down stairs and started for the depot, and when a boy asked her if she would have her baggage toted she wheeled on him and replied:

You meander! I've been swindled out of fifty cents already, and if there's any more fooling around somebody will get hurt!

### The Jone's Family.

Jeptha, what is this? asked Mrs. Jones suddenly confronting the gentleman as he sat reading.

That is a hairpin, answered Jones apparently absorbed in his book.

Is it, indeed? retorted Mrs. Jones, and not one of mine either! A twisted hairpin May I ask what has become of the rest of the woman?

Maria! exclaimed Jones looking up with the fearlessness of conscious guilt, why these unnecessary and disagreeable questions?

What is the hairpin to me?

That is just what I would like to know—what I am dying to find out, said the wife, turning white around the mouth and leaning faintly against the mantel.

Where did you find it? asked Jones, as if it were a Gatling gun directed towards him.

I f-f-found it in your overcoat pocket, sobbed Mrs. Jones, that's where!

Then you put it there! suggested Mr. Jone's, carrying the war into the enemy's camp. I don't use hairpins? What do you suppose I want of the thing! and he assumed an obstinately virtuous look that might have deceived even a woman. But it didn't deceive Mrs. Jones, who suddenly changed her tactics.

Jeptha, she said in a soft, persuasive, sealskin cloak tone, if you ever loved me in the sweet days that are past—if—if—you have the least regard for me now, tell me—tell me where you got that hairpin!

She could not have chosen a more forcible way of appealing to his feelings. The wretched man twined his fingers in his gray hair, dug his toes into the Amsterdam rug, and gritted his teeth as he nerved himself to tell the truth—s' help me M'ria!

He began, with his eyes cast down, and in a low troubled voice, that trembled with canned and condensed misery.

It was only yesterday, he said, feeling as if it might have been a century before; I had been to the restaurant——"

Oh! oh! oh! you told me you never ate a mouthful all day," interrupted Mrs. Jones.

——to collect a b'll owing me, cont'nued Jones in a hollow speech, and as I came out I saw something glittering on the walk. I thought of what my good mother had told me years before, when I was a boy:

"To see a pin and let it lie
You'll come to want before you die:
To see a pin and pick it up,
You'll be sure to have good luck.

Maria, I had no thought of evil when I stooped down to pick up that pin, as I supposed, but it was that miserable hairpin. I—I—wasn't it, Anthony? and I picked it up—a thing any man might do with perfect impunity.

Is that all? asked Mrs. Jones, very calmly.

That is all answered Jones with a truthful smile.

Then where did this blond hair come from? inquired his wife, holding it up for his inspection. Did you find this on the sidewalk?

Then Jones realized that the way of the transgressor is hard, and he owned up, and really did tell the truth; how that he had stepped into a dry goods store on the avenue to get a pair of new kid gloves—how a pretty girl buttoned them with a hair pin; how she gave it to him because it was more convenient than a glove-buttoner, and that he hoped to die if he'd know her again from a side of sole leather—a story that any reasonable woman would see carried truth on the face of it.

Did Mrs. Jones believe it? A-hem! The neighbors complained next morning of the racket, and said if Jones was going to rehearse private threatricals again this winter they'd compel him to move—see if they wouldn't.

### A Determined Man.

I started down town this morning to keep thanksgiving, explained a farmer as he met a patrolman on Grand River Street yesterday morning.

"Well you can find lots of it here," was the reply.

But I don't want any—won't have it at any price.

What's the matter?

Well, I was thinking as I came along how much I had to be thankful for, when all at once I remembered how two fellows beat me out of thirty dollars last spring by a confidence game.

Yes.

And I was thinking how thankful I ought to be that I was alive and in good health, while my oldest brother had been hung and buried in Texas, when it suddenly popped into my mind that the girl I was engaged to and was to marry last Fourth of July went back on me only 24 hours before we were to have been spliced and I was over seventy dollars out of pocket and all broke through haying and harvesting.

I see.

I had kinder choaked down my bitterness of heart when I met a chap who almost kicked me to death about two months ago, and he stopped and said if I wasn't satisfied he would do it some more. And with that her run me four blocks before his wind gave out.

You were lucky.

That's what I was thinking of and trying to be thankful for, when I had to make a dodge of three blocks to get past a grocer who has an account of six years old agin me, and who says he will have it or make me sing small. I dodged him, but run plumpagainst a blacksmith and had to pay $7 on a bill outlawed seven years ago. Do you suppose I am going to fool around with Thanksgiving, feeling as I do at present.

It might have been worse.

Yes, I might have sued for breach of promise, or treed by a ba'r, or bit by a rattle snake, but Providence didn't keep me from it. I won't be thankful.

I would.

Not a thank! I am going down as far as the City Hall, and I'll sit down on the step and think of every mean thing I ever did in my life, and think of every mean trick played on me, and I hope Detroit will have small pox, diphtheria and meaels until you cannot rest.

Say, please don't! entreated the officer.

But I will. You can neither coax nor buy me off. I am as dethrmined as a pair of runaway oxen. Yes, I'll sit there and feel as mean as mean as a wolfe caught in a trap, and along towards night I'll go home and join the old woman and kick the dog and pound my spavined horse to death."

He was offered as high as fifteen cents if he would forgo his fiendish designs, but he was implacable and the last seen of him he was holding down the cold stone steps and counting the shivers which run up his back.

The following excellent advice is given by the New York Globe to its fellows of the Negro race: "Let each man of us resolve to save more money. Without money a man cuts a very poor figure in the world He is to a certain extent a cipher—a sort of drone in the social hive. Our children should be taught the value of time, value of intelligence, and the value of money. Now is the time to begin."

### A Strange Battle.

Nothing but the wail of a child—a child two years old—asleep on the bed, and yet it broke out so suddenly, and it had such a long drawn quaver in it that the mother started up with a scream.

A stove, table, bed, two or three chairs—a home in which a weak woman was battling with sickness and poverty, only asking for the bare necessaries of life, and yet finding the battle going against her more and more as the days pass on. On this night there wasn't a mouthful in that house to eat. A hungry mouse could not have picked up a crust or crumb. The last bit of bread had been given to the child at dusk, and now as it wailed out the mother clasped her hands and gasped:

If he wakes and cries for bread, what then?

Well! What then? It was only a square to the river, with its cold, dark, current. She could say to the angels in heaven: It was either that or starvation, and they would not judge her harshly.

As she sat there with beating heart and anxious fears, the dim light making queer shadows dance around the room, a low fierce growl made her heart stand still. The door had not been opened and yet a gaunt wolfe had found its way into the room. It stood there with its blood-shot eyes looking into hers—its red tongue lolling from its mouth and flecks of foam falling to the floor. Its shaggy fur was stained and discolored—its yellow fangs clashing and grinding—a spectacle to have made a hunter's heart beat like a caged bird.

It was the Wolf of Starvation—the fierce brute that never tires—which is ever on the hunt for the helpless and weak, which growls with delight as the wails of hunger and despair reach its ears. It had scented its prey from afar, and its fangs were sharpened to rend, and tear and devour.

For a moment the mother's heart stood still and she gasped for breath. Then, as she realized the horror of the situation, she rose up and cried out:

You have come to drink the blood of my child! I will fight you to the death!

She had no weapon but the thin hands that had toiled and ached for years—no hopes but those born of a mother's love and affection for her offspring, but she sprang at the gaunt, strong beast and the battle began. Despair gave her strength—love steeled her heart. The beast retreated with fierce growls as she sprang forward to clutch him, and as she stood in the centre of the room she became a magnet round which he circled

Now he slowly circles to the right, his red eyes watching her bony fingers as they nervously work, and every hair on his back standing up in anger. She turns slowly always looking straight into his eyes.—ready to clutch at his throat when he springs. Now he halts and glares at her growling and sniffing—flinging the flecks of foam to the right and left and grinding those horrible fangs. Now he circles to the left—cringing, skulking, crawling like a serpent—watching to find her off her guard.

The child is aroused by the patter of the beast's feet and the labored breathing of the mother, and he sits up a silent witness of the scene. His face is whiter than the snow—his eyes are big with terror—his hears choakes him.

Now the beast springs, With a cry of rage and triumph he springs full at his prey, and the woman's hands clutch his throat. They wave to and fro. They stagger this way and that. His yellow fangs graze her flesh and draw blood, and the foam flecks are stained crimson. The child looks on with a fascination born of horror.

He hears the clash of teeth as the jaws meet—he notes the fury of the vengful eyes—his young heart seems to be stabbed at the sight of the poor mother's grim despair.

Such a battle! Such a prize if the gaunt hungary beast succeeds—such a victory if the strength of a fainting, despairing woman holds out to save the life of her child. With a cry to heaven for aid she calls up all her strength for one great effort and throws the beast across the room. He is back in a moment, and now he circles to the left—now to the right—now——!

A step on the stairs! The beast haults in his circling, his ears work nervously, and as the steps comes nearer his growl changes to a whine, and he slinks into darkness, away into space. The door is thrown open and Charity steps within, food in her basket and kind words on her lips.

The battle is ended.

When harness becomes rusty, says an exchange, gives a new coat of grain black. Before applying this wash the grain side of the leather with potash water, cold, until the grease is removed. After the leather is quite dry apply the grain black and then oil and tallow. This fastens the color and makes the harness flexible and soft. Grained harness can be cleaned by a cloth moistened with kerosene, but should be immediately washed and oiled afterward. Washing harness with warm water and soap soon injures the leather. All varnishes, and blacking containing varnish, are injurious.

Happy the man who is poor through life and dies poor. He escapes innumerable annoyances and dangers. No fall in stocks or bonds, or failure of banks trouble him. His house is sacred from the inroads of burglers. He is not tracked and murdered by highwaymen, or hustled by pickpockets. Those gentry are not such fools as to risk their necks or the penitentionary for nothing. Best of all, there are no long wrangles about the will after his death, including a ripping up and exposure to the public of all his private life. Many estates left for relations or good purposes, are wasted among lawyers, and many are appropreated to their own uses by agents, administrators, receivers or executors. If he had only enough to maintain a family frugally and educate his children, he will escape more than half the vexations which attend speculators and persons of wealth. And it will be far easier for him to be a consistent Christian than if he were wealthy. His children are also likely to prove better members of society, than those of wealthy men. These thoughts are excited by the numerous and very expansive cases of disputed wills, and the more numerous defalcations of trustees, agents and managers of great estates.

'Mamma," said a little girl who lives on Brainard street "the baby in the next house is dead, and they've hung its little white angel on the door nob."

There was crape on the door.

The same little one lost a baby brother, and after the funeral she asked:

"Is the baby all to gether now

"What do you mean, dear?" inquired her mother.

"Why you said his spirit had gone to Heaven, mamma, but he was here with us, you know. Has God put him together again?"

The mother explained as well as she could to the little theologian the mystery that has puzzled the world's philosophers through centuries of wisdom.

### Singular Case.

St. John, N.B., 12.—One of the most remarkable cases of fasting now on record has just come to light. A girl named Kate Maloney was hired at Doherty's Mill Vale, Restigouche county, who seemed very melancholy, and was reported insane at the time. After remaining there only a week she wandered into the woods where she remained for twenty-one days without food of any kind, except the gum she ate from the trees. When found her feet were very badly frozen. One of them will have to be amputated and she will probably lose part of the other.

### A Simple Test.

People who seek healthy sites for building themselves homes are often victims to their sense of sight or to that of others. In many cases the sense of smell is inferior, and the eyes are left to supply the deficiency. A building site may be charming to the vision, and made additionally attractive by being in or proximate to "a good neighborhood," as the phrase runs, and the family house purchased or builded may possess all the appliances of sanitization known to experts in building and plumbing, and yet be a mansion of death. Life slips away in a manner which surprises physicians and brings woe to the survivors. Not long since, in an upper district of New York City, the family of a well-known clergyman was almost decimated by diphtheria, and still, so far as external appearances were concerned, the house was dry and inviting, and, strangest of all, in a neighborhood well paved and densely populated by an excellent class of citizens. The premises underwent investigation by plumbers and were pronounced free from all taint of sewer gas. Yet the dread carnival of death carried dismay into the hearts of the heads of the family, and the house was abandoned. Similar instances have, and will always, abound until some simple test for the detection of malarial odors and influences are made. The simplest of all is to place pieces of fresh meat on the proposed sight, properly protected from theft, and in twelve hours time it can be decided whether or not the place is unhealthy or the reverse. If the fresh meat rapidly putrifies, avoid the locality as you would a plague spot. All architects should be students of hygiene as well as of the art of conceiving plans for houses in which human life is to be saved or sacrificed.—[Rochester Union and Advertiser.

### The Economy of the Human Stomach.

After long and carefully-made digests of mathematical calcaulations and practical experiments, science has reached the conclusion that a stomach is cheaper to keep than a gizard. In proportion to their respective sizes and weight, a bird's appetite is some where near twenty times greater than a man's. If an English sparrow eats, at a single meal one of the largest snails produced by its native country, as he frequently does, a man with a gizzard would require a whole round of beef at one sitting. The robin redbreast, again, requires a daily portion of food equal to fourteen lineal feet of fishworm to keep him in a normal condition of health. Preserving the proportions, such a gizzard appetite in a man would demand of the largest belogna sausage known to the German population, a diurnal longitudinal mass equal to sixty-seven feet. Given, man at large a gizzard, multiply the resulting consumptive power by the earth's population, and the result would be appaling. No man could earn sufficient to eat, and the products of all lands would be totally inadequate to the market demand. It were better that in the economy of nature men continue to be supplied with stomachs, and that gizzards be relegated to the bipeds of the feathered species, except so far as the word "gizzard" may be used in the figurative sense to indicate the presence in man of that place where he carries his "grit."

Edinburgh, December 7th.—Mr. Trevelyan, Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking at Galashields spoke of Biggar and Healy and other League leaders in terms far from complimentary, and censured the Government for its leniency towards those calumniators, and falsifiers. The Government, he said, always sought capable Irishmen to fill responsible offices without regard to religion. The O'Connor Don, in his recent speech in Parliament, had been over zealous in serving the catholics, and his astounding statements had done incalculable injury to the cause he sought to benefit. The man who can sincerely assert that the exaction of rents is a crime which should be avenged by dynamite is dangerous either as a guide or follower. The Irish people, the speaker said, are rapidly becoming more self reliant, and if left to themselves would no doubt, be law-abiding and self-sustaining. But if constant agitation shall ever succeed in securing to Ireland a free government by Irish officials, internecine strife and bloodshed is certain to be the result and Ireland recede into the barbarism of the middle ages.

The average stature of adults males in England is 67.36 inches, and of females 62.65 inches, showing a difference of 4.71 inches. The average weight of males is 155 pounds, and that of females 122.8 pounds, showing an excess of 32.2 pounds on the side of males.

The new gas well of Haymaker Bros., in Westmoreland County; Pa,, which was opened on Friday week, was lighted on Saturday. The flame shoots upward 150 feet and illumines the country for miles, By its intense action houses are shaken within the radius of a mile. The well is pronounced by experts to be the largest ever developed.

Such was the success of the Winter Carnival in Montreal last season that arrangements are in progress for its repetition upon even a grander scale. A larger and more elaborate Ice Palace will be erected, new tobogganing hills are to be prepared, while all the various features which characterized the last festival—the snowshoe races, torchlight processions, moonlight tramps, tandem drives, curling games, skatsng masquerades, etc.,—will be repeated, together with such additions and improvements as experience may suggest. The date has been fixed for the week commencing the 4th of February. Those who recall our accounts of the first Carnival will need no recommendation to attend, if possible, the second.

One of the queerest curiosities on the globe is a man with a silver skull, who is now visited in Louisville, Ky, During a fiercely contested battle in the late war this interesting individual was struck in the head with a piece of shell, which tore away the entire top of his skull, leaving the brain most horribly exposed. Strange to say, he survived the terrible wound, and a noted surgeon, who was one of the physicians in attendance upon the late lamented Garfield, succeeded in fitting a silver plate over the opening, which shielded the brain equally as well as the skull. The plate is about the size of a man's hand and works on hinges, and may be raised up and down at will. The re-skulled man does not experience the least pain. and as he wears a wig all evidence of a shattered skull is concealed.

"Mother," said a slangy Casa avenue boy at the table when company was present, "this putter is O.K., but the bread is N. G., and ought to get the G.B."

"Just hear him!" explained the fond mother; "he is such a beautifel Latin scholar that I don't pretend to understand a word he says!"

The traders of Winnipeg have greatly reduced their purchases of stock this fall, and with a fair winter's trade, will be in a sound position in the spring. In November the value of goods imported at Winnipeg from the United States was only $162,876, against $469,761 in the corresponding period last year, while the value of Canadian goods imported fell from $946,928 to $305,942 in the same month. The total decrease reaches nearly a million dollars, and at this rate, stock ought rapidly to be reduced to the current consumption.

The Prince of Wales, says a Minneapolis Tribune London corresondent, is not scary. It is doubtful if he is in any danger, for he is very popular with all classes. By his course in Parliament he has shown that he favors the most liberal measures of legislation, and he is even suspected of a desire to do justice to Ireland. Out in society he is "hail fellow well met" among those of high rank, and he is not above fraternizing with those of lower station. In the sports and amusements of the people he makes himself one of the crowd. He eschews pomp and ceremony whenever possible, preferring to move about as any private gentleman might do. These touches of humanity make his future subjects look very kindly upon him, and his indifference to danger is perhaps his best protection.

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Portage Du Fort June 7, 1883.

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**British Columbia.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Graving Dock, B.C.," will be received at this office until Friday, the 8th day of February, 1884, inclusively, for the construction and completion of the partially finished

**Graving Dock at Esquimault Harbor, British Columbia,**

According to plans and specifications to be seen on and after Monday, the 24th of December next, at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and on application to the Hon. J. W. Trutch, Victoria, B.C.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and prices stated to the whole of the items stated therein, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of $7,500, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 12th Nov. 1883.

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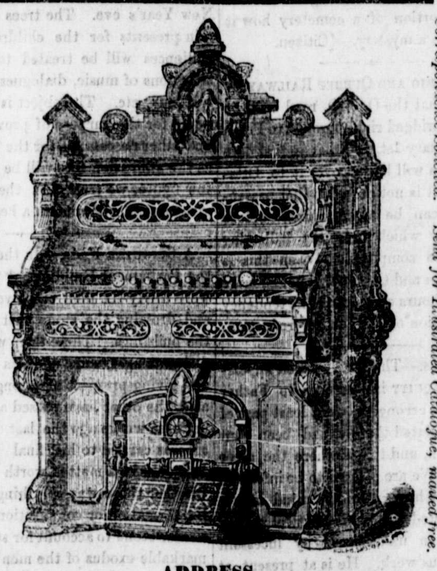

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