

THE EQUITY,

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

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Editors and Proprietors.

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Parties in Pontiac County who intend travelling should write for information. All correspondence promptly answered.**JOHN A. MACDONALD,**
Ticket Agent, Arnprior, Ont.
March 7th, 1887

LOCAL NEWS.

On Saturday, the last day of December, the first train of cars crossed over the International bridge at Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. Brown, one of the defeated candidates for the mayoralty in Ottawa city, says he is bound to unseat Mayor Stewart.

Seventeen thousand immigrants settled in the province of Manitoba during the past year.

A term of the District Magistrate's Court was held in the town hall this village on Saturday last.

There is a large quantity of men looking for work at Mattawa just now, owing to the large number just discharged from the shanties.

Quebec, January 5.—The Local Legislature is not expected to meet before the end of February. Writs for vacant seats in the house will not be issued for five or six weeks.

The *Almonte Times* says Dr. M. A. Macfarlane of Montreal, nephew of the late Dr. Macfarlane, intends locating in Almonte about the 1st of March next.

Mr. Williams of the Eganville Enterprise has been appointed arbitrator to settle the differences between the STANDARD Printing Company, and the late proprietor, Mr. W. J. Gallagher.

The CENTRAL CANADIAN tells of a lady in Carleton Place, whose age is one hundred and three years, and yet she can read and knit without the aid of glasses. Her name is Mrs. Simpson.

The Rosamond Woolen Co., of Almonte, entertained their employees to a grand ball on the 30th ult. Five hundred persons were present, and the affair is said to have been a great success.

It is estimated that Pope Leo's jubilee gifts included 60,000 crucifixes, 12,000 cups, 2,000 crucifixes and a great quantity of other ecclesiastical properties which will be exhibited. Their value is estimated at \$15,000,000.

At Brockville lately John Flannigan, while thawing out some dynamite, was severely injured. The room in which he was, was blown to pieces by the explosion, but, strange to say, he miraculously escaped death. He was badly cut about the body.

Mr. William Richards with a gang of men destined to work on the river improvements this winter, remained over at the Forest House on Thursday night last. They proceeded to Allumette Lake on the day following.

A peculiarity of 1888 is that the last three numerals which compose it will be the same figures, a circumstance which can occur only once in a century, or, more strictly speaking, once in every 111 years, as it will be 111 years before another "three of a kind" (1888) will be reached.

The STANDARD says: The rumor that Mr. W. B. McAllister was about boring for coal oil near here, has gone past mere report, as he has now all the material machinery in position to test the truth of his faith in the matter of having oil on an oil bearing locality.

Carleton Place people are interested over the continued absence of the men named Sharples and Sharen who left some ten weeks ago with the object of hunting in the Tomichamingo district. They were only to be away four weeks. The men's families have grave fears of their safety.

A short time ago a Westmeath man named Robert Bennie narrowly escaped being killed by the bursting of a pulley attached to a threshing mill "Jack." The broken fragments of the pulley were hurled through the air to a great distance, only an instant after Bennie had stepped aside from it.

The Mattawa correspondent of the Pembroke OBSERVER says: The Hurdman Bros. are stopping their jobbers as they have about as many logs cut as they will require next year, in fact the jobbers have discharged all the men that will not be required to load logs on the 8th.

"So you wouldn't like to be a minister, Bobby, when you grow up?" remarked Mr. Whitechoker at the table. "No, indeed," responded Bobby, emphatically. "And why not?" inquired Mr. Whitechoker, amused at the lad's earnestness. "Because ma' says she always feels sorry for country ministers, and that's the reason she has you here to dinner so often."

The FREE PRESS of Thursday last says: Messrs. Hurdman & Co. sent away a gang of fifty teams yesterday to work in their limits on the Kippewa. Over four thousand men are said to have passed through the Mattawa this fall and are employed as log makers or otherwise in the various firms engaged getting out timber this winter on the Kippewa. The cut will be larger in that district than ever.

An exchange, within 1,000 miles of us, addresses its readers thus: "Do not be offended if your paper stops at the expiration of the time to which it is paid. We have to pay cash for paper at the mills, cash for labor, and cannot afford to send papers out when not paid for. No one expects to get the Toronto, Montreal, or any other city weekly on credit, then why ask us? If you want the paper continued send on the dollar at once." And is the logic not reasonable?

A few mornings ago Mr. and Mrs. George Hodgins, who reside on the town line between Bristol and Clarendon, near Bristol village met with a terrible shock. Finding that their eldest son, Alfred, did not arise at his usual hour, one of the family went to his room, and it was then discovered that the young man had died during the night. Heart disease is believed to have been the cause. The funeral took place to the English church cemetery, Shawville. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins and family have the sympathy of the whole community in their affliction.

Mrs. Fraser, of Pembroke township, and her sister Miss L. Combe spent the Christmas holidays with their parents at the Island home.

The Eganville ENTERPRISE says: Preparations are being made at Renfrew by the Kingston and Pembroke Railway to extend their line to Eganville next summer. The Company say they will build the line if they get the bonus of \$5,000 per mile. The Kingstonians are working for its extension to Eganville, and the Board of Trade is endeavoring to impress upon the business men of Kingston the advantages that would accrue by the line being built. Taking all in all, the prospects are exceedingly bright for Eganville.

A Concert to be Held in Bryson.
Active preparations are now in progress for a grand concert to be held sometime during the next month in the school house in this village. The Bryson people will be assisted by a contingent of ladies and gentlemen from Portage du Fort, and possibly other celebrated amateurs will also render assistance, so that according to present indications the affair promises to be the best of the kind ever given in this vicinity. Further announcements may be looked for as time rolls on.**Christmas Tree in Shawville.**
Gentlemen.—On the morning of the 26th ult., the Sunday school connected with St. Paul's church Shawville, had their annual Christmas Tree in Hodgins' hall which was crowded. The programme was quite an impromptu affair, but the selections were good and well rendered. The first piece was a glee, "Come again with singing" by the following: Miss Maggie Wilson, organist, Misses Emma, Edith and Effie Wilson and Annie McTee, and masters Harry and Wm. Taylor, John Wilson and Freddie McTee. This was followed by several readings, recitations by the same persons, with singing by the young ladies named. After these, the chairman, Rev. Mr. Taylor, introduced the following gentlemen in the order named: Mr. Gosselin, James Hodgins, merchant; James Elliott, divinity student, and A. Lyon, M. D. Then came the most interesting, the stripping of the tree, which, when lighted, made me think it the work of fairies. The tree was loaded with toys for children and many articles of utility, taste and vertu. If one may judge from the frequent bursts of applause the large audience highly enjoyed the whole entertainment. I ought to have written sooner but could not. Yours, X.**A Word from the Prairie Provinces.**
It affords me pleasure this week to mention the receipt of a letter from Mr. Dugald Stevenson, one of Pontiac's sons, who for some years past has been a resident of Edmonton, in the Province of Manitoba. Not particularly are we pleased because the writer reports the receipt of THE EQUITY for a year, but also because he is writing to us from a new country, leaving the hardships incident to life in a new country. As a portion of the letter will doubtless be of interest to some of our readers, we reproduce the following: "I am at present teaching the town school of Edmonton, and have a valuable farm near by, and am prospering nicely. I have been supplied for some time with copies of THE EQUITY by Mr. George McCracken, the Secretary of Bristol, and now living with 'Uncle George.' George is a good, steady fellow, with all the pluck and stick-to-itiveness of the average 'Prairie Boy,' and has now a pretty large herd of cattle. After eight years residence here, during which I have seen almost every part of Manitoba, my advice to the young man and young woman of the Upper Ottawa is 'Go west.' I may supply you with a few papers on Manitoba shortly. I had forgotten to mention that sleighing only commenced here a few days before Christmas, and the weather although sharp is very pleasant. Wishing yourselves and your friends in Pontiac a happy Christmas."**A Letter from Montana.**
A Pontiac boy who has pitched his tent in Montana Territory, sends us the following letter, descriptive of that part of the country in which he is located: Jay Gould, Mon., Dec. 24, 1887.
Dear Sir:—It has been my intention for several weeks to write a few lines from this section of the United States for your valuable paper, which I have the good pleasure to read occasionally. Having a few spare moments this afternoon, I shall engage in writing a few facts which have confronted myself and Canadian companions since our arrival in this territory.

I feel that to make no mention of our capital city would make my letter very incomplete. Not wishing to encumber the columns of your paper with any and uninteresting matter, I shall be brief in my allusions: Helena, as every intelligent Canadian knows, is the capital city of the territory, and is situated on the south side of Prickley Pear valley, and is a division station on the Northern Pacific railroad. Helena was founded in 1862, and was for many years a small mining camp, having to depend upon distant mining camps for its growth. Last Chance Gulch, which is now a portion of Central Helena, once contained rich placer diggings that were in early days Helena's main support. The city contains a population of about twelve thousand people, many of whom are among our foremost business men of the country. Helena may be said to be noted for its immense deposits of wealth. It contains three national banks and one or more savings banks. These banks contain several millions of dollars, nearly all of which belongs to Montana people, who have made it from natural resources, which abound all over the territory. Nearly all the religious denominations are well represented; the Catholics may be said to be predominant in numbers as a denomination. Main street may be said to be one half mile long, and is built up on each side with business houses in which are 1-1/2, valuable stocks of goods. The public school houses are built upon the latest and most improved plans.

Situated thirty-five miles west from Helena is the small mining camp of Jay Gould. Here is situated the famous Jay Gould gold mine and mill. The mill is one of ten stamps and has a crushing capacity of thirty tons of ore every twenty-four hours. The process used for saving the gold is known as the E. M. Boss Standard Mill. The value of the bullion produced by this mill is about fifty thousand dollars per month. The town of Jay Gould contains a population of 120 persons, five of whom are females who are here with their husbands. The town lies near the head of a narrow gulch that forms one of the channels

through which the melted snow flows on its way to the Missouri river, one mile further up from the town the gulch expands and becomes the surface of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. Snow falls here at all times in the year, at least a snow cover of 10 or 15 inches, and remains for a few days. To-day the depth of the snow is about 10 or 12 inches, but one mile farther up the gulch it is from five to ten feet deep. Tomorrow is Christmas, and I shall endeavor to be as well as I can in my mountain home. Wishing a merry Christmas to all.—H. A. T.

A very sad fatal accident happened in Franktown, on Tuesday of last week by which a child of Mr. James Kelly, two years of age, lost its life. It seems that the servant girl had laid a pail of boiling hot water on the floor into which the little child backed and received such injuries that she died soon afterwards.

The *Journal* of Saturday last says the aspirants to the vacated shoes of Sir John in Carleton, are troubled in mind over a rumor that the Premier intends to honor Ald. McVeity in the convention on Wednesday next. Warden Dawson heard of it, and came to town to-day to investigate. Accompanied by Mr. John Rochester he waited on the Chief at Earncliffe, and put the question straight Sir John disclaimed any responsibility for the rumor. He emphatically informed Mr. Dawson that he did not intend to have a hand in the battle at all. He would support the choice of the convention no matter what it might be, and would not make any recommendation, leaving the matter entirely to the free will of the electorate.**For the Sabbath Schools.**
Mr. John McD. Hains, of Montreal, a gentleman who will be remembered as having visited here on several occasions, has very generously presented the Union Sabbath School with a large package of literature, comprising select magazines and papers, in all about four thousand copies. The package was sent in care of Mr. D. Carmichael, and at Mr. Hains' request will be distributed between the school here and that in Portage du Fort.**A Tangible Surprise Party.**
As a general thing the surprise parties of the present day are inaugurated for the purpose of having a good time, but in addition to this, the particulars of the one we are about to record, there was the most tangible evidence of the success of the party. The surprise party was given at the residence of Mr. Henry Lunan, of Portage du Fort, on Saturday evening the 21st ult. On that evening a number of Mr. Lunan's friends in the vicinity of Otter Lake, at which place he is for upwards of 30 years managed so successfully the business of the Messrs. Gilmore, assembled and presented him with a gold-headed ebony walking cane, worth \$18, and a pair of alligator skin slippers, valued at \$5, and to the partner of Mr. Lunan's success and joys was presented a gold silver-axe handle. As a consequence of this never-to-be forgotten manifestation of friendship, Mr. and Mrs. Lunan were very much affected and pleased.**Personal.**
We had a call from Messrs. Robert Campbell and Thomas Craig of Elmisle, while those gentlemen were in the village on Monday last.
Mr. James Carmichael, who graduated a few months ago at Queen's University, Kingston, left here on Monday last for Peterborough where he purposes to prepare for the Bar in one of the legal establishments of that town. THE EQUITY wishes him success.Mr. A. Allen, the young student in charge of the Bryson circuit of the Methodist church, returned home on Saturday evening last, having spent a couple of weeks among his relatives in the vicinity of Lindsay, Ont. He resumed his usual services on Sunday.
Mr. Joseph Houston, who left here with his family for Dakota some months ago, has returned again, he not having been able to procure land there such as he desired. Mr. Houston considers the absence of wood tells greatly to the disadvantage of the new settler in Dakota.**Municipal Elections.**
The municipal election in this village were attended with very little of any excitement, the retiring councillors, viz. Messrs. LeRoy, M. ran and Tremblay, being re-elected without any opposition. Mr. Norman McCuag was placed in nomination, but when the propositions for the three first named were put to the meeting, no opposition was offered, and consequently they were declared duly elected.

In Portage du Fort, Mr. John Coyne was re-elected, and Mr. G. E. Reid takes the place of Mr. William Swallow, retired.

In the township of Litchfield Messrs. Michael Hughes and Daniel Smith were re-elected. Mr. James Dullaghan was put in nomination, but there not being a sufficient number of his supporters present to demand a poll, the meeting closed with the above result.
Calumet Island.—Messrs. Wm. Thomson and F. X. Rouleau, Shawville.—Andrew Hodgins and Francis Arms'—Bristol.—W. H. Lucas and Robert Blakely.

Portage du Fort Notes.

Since your last issue nothing very startling has taken place in this vicinity. A public meeting was held in the town hall on the evening of Thursday last, to consider the advisability of granting a bonus of six hundred dollars to certain Mr. Caron of Arnprior, who wished to come and live with us, and build a sash and door factory. The meeting was presided over by His Worship, Mayor Brabant and was addressed by many of the property owners, all of whom seemed in favor of the factory being established, but decided that the funds of the municipality were not sufficiently large to warrant any further expense in the way of a bonus to any man. The bonus business is pretty well played out in this town.

The Rev. A. A. Allen left here on Monday, 2nd, to attend the obsequies of his paternal relative who died the day before in Sorel. The reverend gentleman is expected back some day this week. Mr. C. J. Rivier read the services in St. George's church on Sunday last.

The Rev. Mr. Lett and Mrs. Lett are visiting their friends in Brockville. Mr. McKechnie of Bristol preached a very able and convincing sermon in the Methodist Church, Sunday morning.

Miss Amy has gone to Almonte for a short visit; she will then proceed to Montreal and other eastern cities for a more extended one.

Miss Louisa Amy has been appointed head teacher in the Sand Point high school. She left for the scene of her future labors last week. "A stick is a peacemaker."

The Rev. Mr. Beer and his magic lantern entertainment was but sparsely patronized on Monday night. It was quite evident that a goodly number of our "young Canada" were of the opinion that there is more magic in a different kind of Beer.

Judge St. Julien did not hold court here this week. It seems there was only one case on the list and that was argued at Bryson.

The election of municipal councillors on Monday last passed off very quietly. Mr. John Coyne was re-elected, and Mr. Emerson Reid chosen to replace Mr. W. Swallow resigned; both by acclamation.

Mr. Jas. Gaudry and Miss White, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry White, were married in the Roman Catholic church here on Tuesday morning. The Rev. Mr. Brunet tied the nuptial knot with his usual grace. The bride was the recipient of a large number of useful and costly wedding presents from her numerous friends and relatives. The gentlemen of Portage du Fort, with whom Mr. Gaudry has always been deservedly popular, presented him on the eve of his wedding day with what I would suppose to be one of the most necessary articles for a newly married couple to begin home-keeping with, viz., a handsome cooking stove. After the marriage ceremony was over the happy couple left for the east on their wedding tour. "Emma" wishes them every prosperity and joy throughout their future career.

Mr. Robert Thomson is spending a few days at home this week.

Miss Allen has resumed her duties at Clark's Station.

Sir John's new paper *The Empire* has made its appearance here and is creating quite a furore among the reading people. Its editorials are good, its policy pronounced; there is none of the set-on-the-fence style about *The Empire*. EMMA.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

THE FIRST THROUGH TRAIN TO THE SEA ARRIVES AT THE "BOO"—REGULAR TRAFFIC INAUGURATED.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., January 8.—The first through freight train, containing flour, arrived here from Minneapolis at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The train consisted of two engines and nineteen cars. They left Minneapolis on Friday afternoon, but met with heavy snow drifts. On reaching here the train met with an enthusiastic reception, hundreds greeting it at the station with loud cheers. The train was transferred at this point to the Canadian Pacific railway, who will rush it through to Boston. This opens up the fastest freight and passenger route from the Mississippi to New England. Eighty-three cars of flour will follow this consignment in four trains. The following inscriptions were observable on the freight cars: "Minnesota sends greeting to all England"; "New England is the place to be born in, but Minnesota is the place to live in"; "Pillsbury mills, the eighth wonder, capacity 7,500 barrels daily"; "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country. H. G."; "Minnesota and Dakota raise 100,000,000 bushels No. 1 wheat." "First through train from the Mississippi to the Atlantic north of Lake Michigan."

A telegram has been received from California announcing the death there of W. McDougall, son of the Hon. Wm. McDougall, of consumption. Mr. McDougall had gone to California to recover health. He belonged to the firm of McDougall & Belcourt, of Ottawa, and was one of the rising young lawyers of Canada. Mr. Frank McDougall ran as an independent in the Dominion election in 1883. Great regret is expressed for his untimely death.

THE "LADY ROSE"

OR, A NEW YEAR'S REQUIEM.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

PART I.

One evening at the beginning of the season in London—spring-tide in fashion's wonderful wide sea—a group of artists were conversing together in a spacious and lofty studio of South Kensington. Russell Leonard, the owner of the studio, palette and brush in hand, stood at a large easel in the centre of the group. He had just finished his work upon the canvas before him and was occasionally joining in the long and noisy discussion of the others, relating to a celebrated picture that day exhibited by Millais at the Academy.

"Pon my word," lazily drew a slight blonde youth, leaning upon the quaintly carved oak mantel-piece and slowly puffing a well-browned meerschaum, "it is very like the Lady Rose. Are you positive, Leonard, that she did not sit for Millais?"

"Positive, Denton! I can vouch for the fact that at the time Millais sketched that face here, Miss Rosalie D'Evile was living with her mother in California. It is a purely imaginary face, but it is very like hers, is it not, Dennis?"

"Very," replied Gretton Dennis, a tall, dark, distinguished-looking man sitting upon the arm of a capacious crimson velvet chair. "It certainly greatly resembles Miss D'Evile, but it has a purer, truer look in the eyes which—"

"Which the beaux-yeux of the 'Lady Rose' could never have possessed, eh, mon ami?" put in Valentine Seymour, a tall, handsome man of the Saxon type, wearing a pale golden moustache, but with a thoroughly roguish, devil-may-care look in his bright, blue eyes which took away his otherwise innocent expression. "Oh! you may well think other orbs more true, Dennis, by Jove, you had cause to, for they united with the sweet, ripe, ruby lips in giving you your *conge* to a nicety."

Dennis replied only by a slightly heightened color and a shrug of the broad shoulders, as he coolly took a cigar from its case and struck a fusee.

"Was Dennis the Invincible a victim too, then, Val?" enquired another of the group seated near Leonard, and intently scanning his work.

"Yes, dear boy, I should rather think he was. Why, he has not got over it yet, look how seedy he looks still and it is quite a month since she told him, in Woodville's expressive Canadian, to scoot, and he scooted. But never mind, Denny, dear boy, love is like the measles, the quicker taken and the worse you get it, the better for you in your old age."

"Why, I daresay you all don't know it," went on Valentine Seymour, lowering his voice, with a comical glance around as though he was going to reveal some horrible secret, "but I was once deeply, desperately in love with the 'Lady Rose' myself. It is a solemn fact! I dreamed about her by night and followed her about by day. And if I could not get near enough to her to speak, I gazed solemnly at her divine form from afar, and with 'my hand on my bosom, my head on my knee' I sighed like a red hot furnace that she was so near and yet so far. Oh! I was in love. By George, dear boys, you cannot tell how badly hit I was. I didn't eat—at least not above three chump chops a day—but wasted to a skeleton. My clothes hung upon me, just fitted where they touched, in fact the tightest fitting dress coat I possess hung loose. Oscar Wilde delighted in me. I got worse and worse and in a few weeks' time there was hardly any thing left of me but my shoes. I grew desperate and one night—tell it not in Gath—I grew mad, wild, frantic. I rushed along towards Piccadilly, knocked over two gallant blue coated bobbies, an ice-cream man and a couple of organ grinders in my hurry to get there and pop the question while the spirit moved me and before any one forestalled me. I arrived at Half Moon street at last and pulled the aristocratic bell of the D'Evile mansion so violently that Mr. James—who looked extremely much Mr. James, that eventful day—actually came to the door in two seconds under his usual ten minutes, no doubt imagining the house to be on fire and myself the fire escape. Always, hitherto, I had quailed before the astounding tightness and bright gamboge colour of his plush breeches. But there, so deep in love was I, that upon my life I don't know to this day whether I walked in upon my head or my heels. I verily believe, though, that I knelt upon both my knees ten minutes later when the awful James De La Plush had conducted me safely into the drawing-room and left me alone with the beautiful object of my affections. I knelt upon both my knees as I clasped the small, snowy jewelled hand of the 'Lady Rose' and gasped out, 'Be mine, my love, be mine.' Seymour stopped to take breath and roll up another cigarette.

"Interesting," replied Leonard. "But if there was nothing left but your shoes, Val, faith, there wasn't much to accept."

"Well, at any rate he could reveal his whole *sole*," laughed Dennis.

"It was no laughing matter," went on Seymour in a doleful voice. "I sank gracefully down on one knee—no, on both of 'em—and placed my right hand tenderly upon my heart, while with my left I clasped her little hand 'Rose, my darling, I said 'I love you!'"

Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

"You see I grew poetical. I gazed up into her lovely azure eyes and went on even more solemnly, 'Rose, my ownest own, the first time I ever hear you murmur that you no longer love me I will take Rough on Rats and poison myself dead at your feet.'"

"Will you, indeed, Mr. Seymour? And pray what will you do the second time?" she replied. "Come, get up; I want to introduce you to the Reverend Adolphus Sticklebait, he will think that we are rehearsing some new tableau."

"Looking up—that is to say, by the time I had got my glasses properly fixed into my eye, for, dear boys, you are all aware how deucedly short-sighted I am—I observed my audience, a new unfolded curate, who no doubt had come to perform the same ceremony himself.

"There was murder in my heart when I

left that room. By Jove, I felt like taking my breastpin out and burying it five fathoms deep into the fat calves of yellow plush as he smiled condescendingly—may pityingly—upon me and majestically flung open the front door with a royal flourish of his lily white hand as much as to say 'Behold him! Another victim!'"

Loud and long was the laughter at Valentine Seymour's absurd caricature of himself. None of them, however, placed much faith in the statement that he had actually proposed to Miss D'Evile, well knowing that unlike most of the group he was merely enjoying a touch of Bohemian life by dabbling a little in art, for at his father's—Sir Rudolph Seymour—death he would inherit the title and two large estates in Warwickshire and Yorkshire with an annual income of £30,000.

It was evident to all of them that Valentine Seymour had never actually proposed for Miss D'Evile's hand for she would, they all knew, be delighted at the prospect of becoming Lady Seymour and the mistress of Seymour Castle. The numerous invitations Seymour received for dinner parties at the Half-Moon street mansion testified to that fact, for while talent and youth were overlooked and few and far between were the invitations to the others of the group, money and youth in the handsome person of the nobleman were never forgotten by Mrs. D'Evile. But unfortunately for her and the "Lady Rose" the bait did not tempt as they wished and Valentine Seymour proved too hard a fish to land easily.

"Well," said Gretton Dennis, when some few minutes afterwards their mirth had subsided. "I really begin to think that most of us fellows here have been in love with Miss D'Evile, though some of course have been a trifle harder hit than others."

"All except myself, Gretton," a voice came from the far end of the room. Gretton Dennis looked up surprised, for none of them had ever heard the quiet studious young Scotchman, just then entering the room, discuss a lady before. He was quite young, a boy in years but a man in stature and breadth of limb, a man in heart and soul, and an Apollo in looks. Taller than any of the others, even than Dennis, and graceful in proportion, his dark, brown, wavy locks shaded a high intellectual forehead and his large dark eyes had an earnest grave expression rarely seen except in those of great genius.

Although young in years, Roy Lochhead was a man in heart and soul and in love and devotion to his profession, for in spite of his youth he was already an artist of the Royal Academy. Quiet and studious to a degree he took no part in the faster goings of his brother workers, yet by reason of his recognised far greater talent and ever ready advice or assistance he was one of the most popular amongst them.

As he crossed the studio and leaned against the easel upon which Leonard's recently finished work rested, the golden light of the setting sun shone upon his tall figure, lighting up each shabby seam of his brown velvet coat, worn with an inexpressible dignity and grace of movement.

"All except myself, Dennis, I have never yet been in love with Miss D'Evile and, what is still more marvellous, never shall."

"Don't be too sure, dear boy," replied Seymour, "I'll bet you £500 to £200 that if you were to be in the 'Lady Rose's' company for one evening you would go the way of all artist flesh and be dead spoons in no time, and when lads like you with wavy dark hair and big, melancholy, black eyes do fall in love, by George! Lochhead, it isn't half true either. It's my firm opinion that the darker complexioned a fellow is the worse he catches the infection."

"Then in that case I guess it did not go very deep with you, Sey, to judge by your pale, carrotty locks and neutral-tint complexion," laughed the young student, Jack Woodville.

"Carrotty, indeed," replied Val Seymour, indignantly, "my hair is golden and my complexion"—adjusting his gold-rimmed glasses to survey his classical features in the Venetian mirror near him—"like the interior of a sea-shell—like the dewy petals of the sweet wild rose, like the—"

"Oh! give us a rest, Seymour," put in Woodville "comparisons are odorous and as we all adore Rose, we agree in this."

"All except Lochhead! Well, Roy, I'll bet you £500 to £200 that, in less than a fortnight from to-day, you are dead spoons on the 'Lady Rose,' eh?"

"Done!" said Roy Lochhead, laughingly shaking hands with Seymour, "I shall win your £500 easily, for I am in love with and wedded only to my art."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Legislation in Congress.

Various matters now inviting, or soon to invite, the attention of Congress, have an interest and importance gained partly from their tendencies. One is a bill which Mr. Adams, of Illinois, is to introduce, providing that "all aliens who aid, advise, or encourage the destruction of property or the murder of any officer of the law, or who attempt to overthrow the laws, or excite violence, shall, upon proper information to the President, be ordered to leave the United States within a given time, and if they refuse to obey, they shall be arrested and conveyed out of its territories, and if they return they shall be imprisoned for a term of not more than three years, at the expiration of which they shall again be forcibly expelled." It adds to the gratifying significance of this proposed measure that it is prepared in accordance with suggestions of the editor of the leading German paper of Chicago, Mr. Heman Raster, in an address before the Union League Club of this city.

Another important measure is that of Senator Cullom, of Illinois; the bill introduced by him in the Senate, looking to the establishment of a system of telegraph lines, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with branches at various points, all to be government property, and under government control. Such a measure, if carried out, will be a blow at one at least, of those vast monopolies of which the country is already weary enough. The lines are to be constructed by the engineer-corps of the army, and when completed placed under

the direction of the Postmaster-General.— Still another bill, this also in the Senate, has been brought in by Senator Jones, of Arkansas. It proposes to "divide the great Sioux reservation in Dakota and Nebraska, and to secure to the Indians the title in fee simple in lands in severalty, to open a portion to actual settlement, and to provide for the better education and civilization of the Indians." It is another movement in the direction of much-needed legislation.

STATISTICS.

The people of the United States expend annually £120,000,000 for tobacco, £101,000,000 for bread, and £60,000,000 for meat.

It is stated that as many as 10 tons of periwinkles, gathered from the rocks by the children on the Galway coast, have been sent from Oranmore to the London market in one day.

Twenty years ago the average annual imports of pig-meat into the United Kingdom were only 42,300 tons; now they average 224,200 tons. Imports of beef have risen from 55,400 tons to 152,600 tons; imports of mutton have risen from 15,100 tons to 55,900 tons.

Europe has a population which may be computed at fully 300,000,000. Upon this population there rests a debt amounting in capitalised value to £4,685,000,000. That debt costs each year the large sum of £214,000,000; and, in addition, the money outlay incident to keeping the peace as between nation and nation is at least £181,000,000 per annum.

When the consumption of game in the United Kingdom is looked into and estimated by means of such figures of detail as can be relied upon, the total number of birds and beasts—that is to say, grouse and other black game, partridges, pheasants, hares, and rabbits—comes to close upon 10,000,000 in all. As to the money value of this head of game, it is difficult to find a representative price; but, adding snipe and woodcock, it may be set down perhaps at £1,000,000 sterling.

The total area of the Dominion of Canada is estimated at 3,610,257 square miles, or only 145,745 square miles less than the whole continent of Europe. Ontario is 60,685 square miles, Quebec 67,573, and Manitoba 2,085 larger than the United Kingdom, while British Columbia is three times as large. In 1891 there were 513.5 acres of land and 503 acres of unoccupied land to each person. In Manitoba alone the proportion was 1,159 acres of unoccupied land to each person, in British Columbia 4,407 acres, and in the North-West Territories 29,321 acres. The Territories, apart from the Provinces, are larger by 91,982 square miles than the whole of European Russia, Germany, and France together.

The area of Greenland cannot as yet be determined with any certainty. Dr. Rink calculates the mainland at a figure very far below what would be estimated from the maps of the country. The northern shore is totally unknown, and it is impossible therefore to say how far towards the Pole the continent of Greenland may extend. Taking the country as far northward as its coasts have been explored, this leading authority thinks that there is a kind of outskirt of islands and fjords comprising land to the extent of about 192,000 square miles, and that the interior may be estimated at about 325,000 square miles, thus giving altogether about 517,000 for the whole of Greenland. To those who are appalled by a few weeks' frost, and to whom a fall of six inches of snow is the occasion of all sorts of dire discomforts, there is something rather frightful in the contemplation of this interior expanse of 800,000 square miles. There seems every reason to believe that it is almost entirely covered by a perpetual ice-cap, and that the seasons effect no change in the temperature of this frightful desolation.

Borne down by a Mortgage.

The Lewiston Journal makes the following statement of some of the miseries which a mortgage may occasion on a small farm with small resources. A few men will succeed under a formidable debt and pay it off; but most men, after a long struggle, will sink under it and sell out or suffer foreclosure. A Maine farmer asked of the visitors in a Bangor store about making a loan of \$300. It seems that the man had worked hard all his days, had bought and paid for a \$1,200 farm, had taken a wife, furnished a house, and now, envious of some of his neighbors, wanted to build a \$300 barn. To do this he proposed to borrow the cash, giving a mortgage on his farm. Said the druggist, after the story was told: "Your farm is clear now?" "Yes sir." "You love your wife?" "Yes sir." "Well," said the merchant, "this is what you should do. Go home and earn the \$300 first and then build your barn. If you borrow now, you will think each night as you lie on your bed that you are in debt. You will fret and worry; your wife will do the same; sickness and accidents may come, or a poor crop be your portion; there will be a \$300 skeleton in your house, and, ten to one you don't fret and grow peevish and have a row with your wife. Don't go into mortgage business! Don't go into debt! Live within your income, be industrious, and when you do build your barn and own it, you'll be as proud of it as an Englishman is of his castle." For a moment the young farmer hesitated. On each side were interested spectators, and all was silent. Gradually the head lowered, and a tear rolled down the cheek. The man took pride in his occupation, and wanted that barn. At last he said: "Thank you, sir. To tell the truth, my wife was crying when I left home, because I was going to mortgage the place. I'll take your advice and go home as I came down, and she'll be glad to see me."

"There," said the Bangor man, "that fellow came to a good, wise conclusion. I have seen lots of misery on account of this mortgage business. He who gives one, often gives peace, comfort and contentment with it."

Big and Little men.

Bobby (to caller, whom he had met for the first time)—Why, you are a big man, Mr. Samson!

Mr. Samson (a six-footer)—Yes, my little boy, I'm rather over the average height. Have you ever seen a big man before?

Bobby—Yes, lots of 'em, but pa told me that you were about the smallest man he ever knew.

British Columbia Indians as Jockeys.

The Victoria (B. C.) Standard says: As jockey riders, the Flatheads and their relations have perhaps no equal on earth. Raised as they are from childhood almost on a pony's back, so to speak, it is no wonder they become superior equestrians.

When preparing for a race, the young bucks skin themselves of their clothing so as to present as little resistance to the air as possible. A Flathead jockey mounted for business, is dressed in nothing more than a breech clout, and perhaps, a thin cotton shirt, which floats in the breeze but offers no impediment to the rider or horse. Leaning forward on their hardy little cayuses they dash down the race-course like the wind, jumping ditches and dodging trees with a precision and skill truly marvellous. The white man's racecourse is a flat, level stretch of ground, rolled smooth, over which the animal simply runs, while the rider has nothing much to do except hold his seat. On the other hand, an Indian will race over any kind of ground, among timber or swimming streams, combining with the simple speed of his animal individual skill and judgment in surmounting a score of obstacles, and always coming under the wire ahead. A white man seldom wins a race from an Indian, and there is no wonder for it.

The Cost of Supporting a Captive King.

The Indian Office, no less than the Government at Calcutta, is exercised a good deal at present about the affairs of the King of Oude, who died recently at Calcutta. He and the members of his family had about 5,000 servants, many of whom had their families with them, so that about 10,000 persons were in one capacity or another resident about his palace and dependent on him. How to provide for all these was the problem.

The Government has devised a scale of gratuities for such of the King's servants as will agree to return to Lucknow, and further, a free passage is to be given them. But the owners of the huts in which many of these people live will not relinquish them, and it looks as if they will have to be brought out also.

In any event the removal will involve the transfer of a whole town from Calcutta to Lucknow. The debts of the King are said to be enormous, and the claims from creditors still larger and more numerous. It is anticipated that the cutting down of the claims will be of a ruthless kind. Even then, however, the balance will still be very considerable.

A Christmas Present.

Ah, how I wish that I might tell
The love which bound me as a spell!
She was a witching little maid,
But then—I think I was afraid—
And even the dearest time delayed
Till Christmas came.

I called on her on Christmas Eve,
Resolved to ask her to receive
My love, and in my vows believe,
(But I didn't.)

When I rose to go,
She whispered low,
"Give my love to your sister, I pray,"
I answered then without delay—
Her words had made me smooth the way—
"Suppose I should keep that precious prize?"
And looking in her deep brown eyes,
Saw no expression of surprise.
"If you will," she said,
With downcast head,
"As a Christmas gift from me."

Advantage of the Electrical Lounge.

It is said that a genius has invented what is called an electrical lounge. The lounge is connected by wire with the parental bedroom. At 10:15, prompt, the cruel father touches the knob in his room and the seat of the lounge flies up and splits its occupants upon the floor. We can imagine a youth in the act of proposing when the knob is touched. He is saying:

"Oh, Jennie, I love you more than tongue can tell. Will you be mine? My own, my very own? Will you—"

Just then, presto! change! up flies the seat of the lounge and the pair are sent spinning across the floor. How natural it would be for the young lady to say then:

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

A Startling Discovery.

A startling and important discovery was made when, after long and patient experiments, the combination of NERVILINE was reached. A grand victory, indeed, for the suffering have an ever ready, prompt, efficient, and cheap remedy at hand. Do you know that for 10 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Poison's Nerviline and test its great power over pain of every description? Poison's Nerviline cures chills, pain in the stomach, side, and back, rheumatism; in fact all pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

A Beautiful Gift.

Hamilton Young lady—Oh, Clara, papa gave me such an elegant piano for Christmas!

Toronto Young lady (enthusiastically)—Wasn't that lovely? Did you get it in your stocking?

Doctoring a Cough.

Wife—I am so worried about that cough of yours, John, dear.
Husband (fondly)—Don't be foolish, little one. It is a mere nothing.
Wife—It may be a mere nothing, John, but I do wish you would see the—the insurance man to day.

Forgotten Something.

Waiter (holding out his hand in a meaning sort of way)—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?
Departing Guest (grasping hand and shaking it heartily)—Goodbye—Goodbye!

Beauty and the Beast.

Countryman (to country hotel keeper)—I see you advertise on the sign outside "accommodations for man an' beast."
Hotel Keeper—Yes, sir.
Countryman—Well, gimme a room fer myself an' wife.

He Left Too Early.

"Did you ever have breakfast at Quimby's?"

"No."

"Why, I thought you were a frequent visitor on Miss Quimby."

"So I am, but I always leave when I hear the old man lightin' the fire."

FOREIGN NOTES.

The Australian market gardeners are being ruined by Chinese cheap labor.

There is a proposition to cut a ship canal across the Isthmus of Italy's great boot.

In two London churches actors have been invited to read the lessons for several successive Sundays lately.

There will be another attempt to build a railroad through the Euphrates valley, notwithstanding the many previous failures.

A horse lately in the hunting field picked up a stone with his fore foot and threw it against his hind leg and broke the bone.

Recent experiments with thirty-six-pound quick firing guns showed that twenty-two rounds could be fired in two minutes and a half. Seventy-pounders are now being made.

The switching engines of the Caledonian Railroad in Glasgow are to be provided with trumpets for signals instead of whistles. The system will also soon be adopted in London.

The English system of naval punishments is to be revised, and minor offences, instead of being treated to the cat and sweat box will now be punished by fines and stoppage of leave.

The greatest long distance ride on record is now to the credit of Col. Gatacre. He went from Simla to Umballah, 96 miles, in 8½ hours, with three-quarters of an hour allowed for changes, and returned, making 194 miles under 22 hours.

Dr. Gross, of Geneva, has lately experimented with himself in hanging. His experiments established that the sensations were only warmth and a burning in the head, without convulsions. Of course his experiments didn't go very far.

A Russian Judge of Instruction from Taganrog committed suicide at Odessa by throwing himself from the parapet of the Stroganoff Bridge. It is thought that the fact of his having fallen under the suspicion of the police on account of political matters drove him to the act.

In Buenos Ayres there is a bank which has a paid-up capital of \$57,000,000, deposits of \$35,000,000, and a line of discounts amounting to \$60,000,000. The Argentine Republic imports \$50,000,000 worth of goods, and of this sum the United States gets only \$5,000,000. The country is already a powerful competitor in the markets of the world for dressed beef and wheat.

The relative strength of parties in the German Reichstag, which differs very little from what it was at the beginning of last session, is: Conservatives, including Imperialists and Free Conservatives, 117; Clericals or Center, 101; Poles, 13; National Liberals, 99; Liberalists, Progressists or Radicals, 34; Social Democrats, 11; Independents, including the Alsace-Lorrainers, 12; total, 398.

Mutual organizations to insure against epidemics are being established in some of the large manufacturing of Sheffield, England. Each workman contributes 2 or 2½ per cent. of his wages, and in return is guaranteed a payment equal to his average wages should he be obliged to quit work on account of any epidemic in his family. The proprietors of the manufactories have charge of the funds.

A Paris Socialist the other day went into the office of the Mayor of the Eleventh arrondissement and asked to see the Register of Births. He had just been made the happy father of a daughter. To the usual question as to the name of the child he declared she was to be called "Egalite." The clerk said that by the law of the French capital that name was illegal. A lively conversation ensued, during which the Socialist declared he had taken a triple oath to the effect that if he had three daughters their names should be Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité respectively. Liberté had been born and christened in the provinces, and now Egalité had come.

The Bolivian Government has given to an American the exclusive right to navigate the River Desaguadero by steam. Lake Titicaca is 12,900 feet above the sea, and the River Desaguadero is its only outlet. The river issues from the southern extremity of the lake, and flows through the mountains 180 miles to Lake Aullogas, which is a little lower than Titicaca and has no outlet at all. It appears that the business of working the ancient mines in that country has been developed, and it is perhaps to bring to market ores from such mines further in the Andes that the right to use steam on the Desaguadero is desired. The beginning of the river is a hundred miles or so distant from the railroad terminals, but little steamers brought piecemeal over the mountains have long been running on Titicaca.

Organizing a Bank.

President (to cashier)—"In all the capital stock paid in yet, Mr. Tillinger?"

"Cashier—"No, sir; but it will be next Wednesday."

President—"Very well; just have the time on those tickets to Canada extended ten days."

The Trials of a Brakeman.

Brakeman—City Hall station, all out!

Old Lady—Is this City Hall station?

Brakeman—Ya-as, all out!

Old Lady—All get out there!

Brakeman—Ya-as!

Old Lady—Bless me!

An Untimely Taking Off.

Sympathetic Friend (to widow)—Your husband's death was a terrible one, Mrs. Bentley.

Widow (sadly)—Ah, yes! Poor John was a kind husband, but he didn't know much about buzz saws.

A Misunderstanding.

Father (who has given his consent)—"I hope, young man, that you know the value of the prize you will get in my daughter?"

Young Man—"Well—er—no, sir; I don't know the exact value, but as near as I can find out it's in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars."

Jones (yesterday, meeting Smith with whom he was out the night before)—"Ha, me boy! Got home all right?" Smith (gloomily)—"Yes, but my wife wouldn't speak to me." Jones (enviously)—"Lucky fellow! Mine did."

SPYING OUT THE LAND.—NO. 6.

BY W. H. LYNCH.

The Qu'Appelle Valley

Seems not to have been enough spoken of as a thing of interest to fix it in the mind of the public as something worth seeing. Everybody who goes west has in thought the long stretch of prairie and the grand crossing of mountains, but few expect to see a valley that has a distinctive character and merit enough to attract visitors from afar. There is such a valley in the North-West,—that of Qu'Appelle, and it is a thing

OF MAGNIFICENT BEAUTY.

We were driven to it by Col. McDonald, the Indian Agent at the Crooked Lake Reserve, near Broadview. We had been visiting an Indian farmhouse, and took it for granted that we were on the way to another. In my hearing, at least, the valley had not been mentioned during the drive; and I knew not that it was near us. Thus it was that, unannounced and undreamed of, up to the brink did we come to

ONE OF THE GRANDEST VIEWS

I had ever gazed upon. Thus it was that this extraordinary valley broke upon us—a surprise picture; and we were drinking in its beauty, not knowing what it was, indeed, doubting the senses which were being half intoxicated with a feast of beauty. I know not if our host had purposely said nothing to awaken our expectations, but if it was his purpose to give us a pleasing surprise, he well succeeded. Possibly, the quick and unexpected transition from the comparative monotony of the prairie may have

HEIGHTENED THE EFFECT

of the valley scene, and I may be extravagant in my admiration of it. I do not know, but I do know that if the reader can take half the delight in it that I did, it will amply pay him or her to go many miles out of his way to get one glimpse of it. Not since I had stood beneath the shadow of the great rocks of the Saguenay had I looked upon

SO IMPRESSIVE A WORK OF NATURE.

as was this striking view of the Qu'Appelle Valley on this sunny October day. Describe it I cannot. I can only tell, in an imperfect way, something about it. It is not a valley between high mountains or hills. It is a valley channelled out of the level prairie—it is a huge ditch—deep and wide trench; it is needless to say, not hollowed out by hand of man, nor even in these days of man's possession of the land. I had read or heard so little about it that I did not know its length, and I could only guess its depth and width. It must be long, for I saw it a second time at a point sixty miles distant, and in both places it was like itself and

LIKE NO OTHER PLACE.

I went down into it and across it; and it seemed to be two or three hundred feet down and about a mile across. Its wide bottom was almost level, and through it ran the Qu'Appelle river, looking like a silver thread, as it wound its way along the head of the valley, about midway between a distant high bluff. The river seemed small, out of all proportion, to the valley through which it meandered. It seemed to know it had freedom of movement, so it twisted itself about, sometimes turning almost back upon itself. It seemed to act with a playful familiarity towards the valley, as would a kitten towards a good natured mouse. What was the relationship between the two, I do not know. Whether the valley was the mother of the river which she carried in her lap, or whether the river was the father of the valley, as having caused its existence. Relationship there was, and long had been; let us say the two were wedded. One of our party happily describes this stream, in a letter received since the above was written, as follows: "Down the middle meandered about the

MOST WINDING LITTLE STREAM

I have ever seen. A cork-screw, badly twisted, would not begin to compare with it. It wound forwards and backwards, in no place making twenty yards of a straight course, while it often seemed to be almost doubling back, the bends were so sharp. In places it seemed as if the stream were trying to tie a knot in itself." Now and then this little vagary of a river would lose its insignificance, and spread itself into a lovely lake; and then the valley would put on a more beautiful appearance than before. But the

MOST STRIKING FEATURE

of the valley was its banks on either side—its huge cheeks, as it were. Standing on one brink and looking diagonally across, the opposite bank would present an appearance totally unlike ordinary bluffs. The huge banks were cut up all along by ravines, or "canyons," leaving rounded projections, these of varied forms. In the distant perspective these projections, or minor banks of hill, appeared to be leaping one over against another. Just as ocean pebbles are rounded and smoothed by the wear of water, so had these sand hills been

ROUNDED AND SMOOTHED

by the action of the water which in ages past had been plentiful enough to make this immense channel. After the waters had receded, verdure grew upon their surfaces and these beautiful hills, as rounded by the waters, became fixed. A fine effect was caused by the light and shade of hill and canyon. It gave the whole bank a tinge, or bluish, of color, analogous to the bluish upon a beach of pebbles. These bank projections sometimes assumed peculiar and interesting forms. Just beside us, with only the gully between, was one having the appearance of an artificial earth-bridge, or a railway embankment, sloping gently downwards, as though it had been intended to make an easy grade into the valley. After running many rods into the valley, and about halfway down, it is suddenly broken off short, as if left unfinished. The beauty of the grass-covered top bank is enhanced by a forest fringe along the bottom. Many clumps of trees spotted the level bed of the valley, which, with well-cultivated fields and here and there an Indian farm, added to the picture. Two colors seemed to predominate, the lighter brown—almost yellow—of the dried grass finding a pleasing contrast in the deeper brown of the trees. All this was a picture to come under a single glance of the eye. Looking at it as a whole it was as if one were looking at a beautiful flower or a lovely and tastefully dressed woman; it was characterized by graceful lines and subdued colors, and a general beauty charming to one's sense of vision and wholesome to the soul.

THE PIG THAT WENT TO MARKET.

BY A. DAD.

(A Bed-time Story.)

Once on a time there were five pigs that lived all in a row. Fat Mr. Pig and his wife Madam Pig, with the three little pigs, their children. These made up the whole family. Old Father Pig was as big as any two of them and every morning went out to market to buy meal and candies for the family. Old Mother Pig as regularly stopped at home and got up three meals a day for everybody, besides minding the children.

The eldest little pig did not need to be minded, because he was a good pig that was never scolded or whipped, but always got nice bread and butter. But the second little pig wasn't a good little pig at all, and he needed minding and he had to be scolded and whipped and so he got none. While the tiny Miss Pig went and got lost among the grass and the canes and required ever so much minding and had to be flogged so that she cried "weeh, weeh," all the way home.

This is what happened every day to this family of pigs and this is what was told to them every night as they were tucked up in bed, until they all said they would stand it no longer. Mr. Pig put his foot down on going to market and Mrs. Pig declared that she wouldn't stop at home, one little pig said he wanted a change from bread and butter, and the other said he had gone long enough with none.

The tiny, weeny pig said she was tired of being flogged all the way home, and that she wanted a change as much as anybody. So every one in that happy family wanted to do what they oughtn't, and they got into a heap of trouble over it.

Mrs. Pig went off to market and got all astray in no time. She went down the wrong street in the first place, then a big dog ran out and bit her in the leg. She ran and the dog ran until they overtook a fat old lady, who didn't run at all. Poor Mrs. Pig ran so fast that she ran up against the old lady, and there was trouble. But pig nor dog couldn't wait to see how the old lady got up. The pig then ran against a lamp post, and stopped short, to find that the dog had given up the chase.

Then she saw a little dog, and she made a dash at him, and ran between the legs of a fat old man. He fell, and the pig and dog were gone. Then it rained, and Mrs. Pig forgot to bring her umbrella and she got all wet, and she fell down on the slippery boards, and the fat man laughed. He was with the fat woman; first they cried, and then they laughed.

Then Mrs. Pig enquired of a policeman the way to the market, but he told her to move on. Then she met a drove of pigs, and she asked the same question of the driver, and he said to come along, but she was too wise for that.

So she turned around and declared she would go home, and this is what happened.

First Madam ran into an apple stall and tipped over the table of apples and things; and the old woman that kept the stall chased that pig down the street, over the lane and across the gutter, into a drain and out of a wood-yard, up and down, over and across till neither could go another step.

Then a small boy with a stick drove her—the pig—out again and she ran under a wagon and over a wheel-barrow and on one side of a baker's cart and on the other side of a boy with ten band-boxes, sending them all over the town.

Then the old woman got up and followed the boy, and the fat man joined the fat woman and the big dog too along with the little dog, the butcher's boy and the baker's man, three policemen and a dozen of men all along with the pig ahead, higgledy-piggledy, all out of breath, till there wasn't a soul in town that wasn't into the race of the pig that couldn't find the way to market. So she said she would go home, but she got lost again and wandered all around the town.

At last she met Mr. Pig coming down the street like mad saying he wouldn't stop at home any longer and would and must go to the market that day or die.

But Mr. Pig was civil enough to show the old lady home and he told on the way all the troubles he had. These form the story of the pig that stopped at home.

The Bills.

CONSIDERABLY AFTER DOB.

See the postmen with the bills—
New Year's bills!
What a world of tribulation
Now their sending out fulfill!
How they rankle, rankle, rankle
In the startled dreams of night,
As the creditors' procession
Of the chamber takes possession,
With a brutalized delight!
Calling "Time!" "Time!" "Time!"
In a sort of price-rising rhyme.

To the dark and deep demerits
That so gradually accrue,
From the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,
From the tailor and the hatter's little bills—
Bills!

See the big bills for my wife—
Tailor made in styles now rife.
If the present fashions grow
We can wear each other's clo'es,
Dropping frills and fur-belowes,
Dropping fur-belowes and frills
And reducing tailor's bills—
Bills!

See the fearful grocery bills!
Eating bills!
What exceeding cost to people
Is the food that stomachs bill!
Doctor's bills
For their pills—
Portions, squills
And subduing all which kills.
How we dread to draw the money
When recovered from our ills!

Plumbers' bills
For stopping rifts
In the pipes beneath the sills.
When we tell them for their pay
To take house and all away,
But they answer 'would not meet
Their "little bills—
Their extortionate and bank-suspending bills!
Bills!

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When we tell them for their pay
To take house and all away,
But they answer 'would not meet
Their "little bills—
Their extortionate and bank-suspending bills!
Bills!

Plumbers' bills
For stopping rifts
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Bills!

SWITZERLAND IN WINTER.

The Country, its Charms, and its Amusements.

BY M. D. S.

LAUSANNE, Dec. 1st.—It is wonderful how the fallacy still holds that Switzerland is a spot to be visited in summer only, or that it is a country which can be enjoyed, wandered over, dwelt in merely during the warmer months of the year and the long days, while it absolutely appears at its best in a seasonable, individual beauty of its own during the sharp winter time—a time which begins variously as soon as one morning the snow is visible on the summits and creeps stealthily down every night till it touches the waters of the lakes and lies heavily on the eternal green of the pines. Winter rids the cantons of the unappreciative perfumery tourist, and clothes them in a rich garment of spotless hue. Along the Rhine, from Basle to Schaffhausen plains and mountains are dazzlingly white, the latter preserving their grand beauty of outline; the ugly, profitable vineyards lose their arid, commonplace aspect, and appear like so many miniature *masses de glace*: from the rocks at the entrance of dark tunnels, thousands of long icicles depend like transparent stalactites, fringing overhanging ledges of granite; the chalets seem to nestle cozily in their pure wrappings, while on the narrow passes gigantic trunks of felled trees, drawn by patient oxen and shaggy horses, stamp their black contours on the universal whiteness. The sun, which has been coy and ill tempered during the late autumn weeks, waiting gloomily for the transformation scene,

SUDDENLY RECOVERS ITS GOOD HUMOR and smiles triumphantly for a few hours of each day on its changed dominions, as if to tell the solitary foreigner: "See what I can do in winter for the land of William Tell." The immense hotels are empty—the same solitary traveller can occupy the best room out of six hundred. If the big public rooms are shrunk, swathed in holland, at least he gets at a diminished table in a snug parlor the best attentions of the host, the porter, and the remaining waiters. The floating population, reduced to one or two units, is received everywhere almost with veneration. The choicest gossip, the most characteristic traditions are retailed for his benefit, logs of fragrant wood are piled up in the chimneys, the bell is answered even before the electric tinkle is ushered, and the meals prepared and served with noteworthy solicitude.

There is plenty to do in Switzerland during the winter. The skating is excellent, for nearly all the lakes have on their shores inland "broads," or long, shallow overflows, divided from the more treacherous deeper water by low banks, on which the ice forms quickly, smoothly, and safely, affording long, exhilarating runs. Earlier in the season there is shooting—free, untrammelled sport, fettered by no restrictions save the formality of a gun license at a ridiculously low cost. Game certainly is not very abundant. It is nowhere preserved, the profession of keeper is unknown, and the massacre of battues and driving unheard of; but there is the long bracing walk through the clear air, and the ever changing, ever beautiful scenery; the rests where magnificent views are obtained; the stopping at little rustic inns for the simple

REFRESHMENT OF BREAD AND CHEESE, washed down by the white wine of the country and the less bucolic kirschwasser, and then the capture of some wild bird or beast that has led you a brisk, long, but not exhausting chase through wood and valley.

It has been said that the chamois is nowadays a myth, a tradition, an extinct animal of the past. It is no such thing. He may elude the sybaritic sportsman accustomed to stand in a warm corner while countless partridges are driven into the muzzle of his gun, but through November he falls frequently enough before the active, energetic hunter, who, starting over night from the valleys, sleeps in a hut on the mountain, gets up at daybreak and pursues the fleet quarry perseveringly, climbing to the summits, venturing into the narrow defiles, and stopped only by the wall of freshly fallen snow, which is the chamois' stronghold and fastness. In the northern parts of the Lake of Geneva the eastern end of the Lake of Geneva the pretty creatures are still fairly abundant; one man alone, a gentleman, shot twenty-two during the present year. They often come across the Swiss frontier from the shootings of the King of Italy above Courmayeur, and the knowing sportsman keeps himself cognizant of the days when King Umberto is "en chasse," so that he can avail himself of any windfalls coming his way. No sport in the Highlands can compare with the "chasse au chamois," just as no Scotch scenery can vie with the scenery of Switzerland, nor any air have

THE INFIXICATING VIGOR of the Alpine atmosphere. It is extremely rare to find tourists "doing Switzerland" out of the appointed summer season, and yet they would find in many of the cities comforts, improvements, even luxuries, which are not to be matched in the largest of European capitals. Here the telephone is as much in use as the ordinary speaking tube, the bedrooms are lit with electricity, which also drives some of the railway trains; the houses are universally heated by hot air; the food is excellent; there are very fair theatres, and exceedingly good concerts; the conservatories of music are first rate at a ridiculously small annual charge; education has a justly earned renown; the libraries are amply provided with all the new French, English, and German books; travelling is easy, cheap, and comfortable, on lines which, in many instances, are miracles of engineering, and horses are abundant and inexpensive.

One of the numerous industries of this wonderful little land is that of precious stones belonging to the less costly species. Round about the St. Gothard and on the mountain amethysts, garnets, and all sorts of crystals abound; occasionally golden ore is found. The best crystals, sold at \$30 or \$40 each, are of course discovered only at the higher altitudes, as well as colored varieties, among which the most esteemed is the phosphoride. Large quantities of fine stones are brought to the surface after the frequent land slides

in the Oberland, but since the huge blocks of pure crystal are imported into Europe for the fabrication of important articles, the Swiss crystals have fallen considerably in value, so that the vendors barely make a living, and children can be seen selling assortments of the smaller pebbles at a penny apiece.

THE FREQUENT LAND SLIDES

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Each canton has a special national jewelry. Holbein used to paint the ladies of Basle with belts of embossed silver. Some of these are still occasionally met with to this day. The women of Berne deck themselves with silver chains, clasps, and openwork broad buttons, unfortunately not so universally worn as they used to be, but for that very reason much more highly prized by jewellers and amateurs. At Lucerne large filigree pins are modelled in the shape of flowers, and enamelled in bright colors. In the Tessin, on the Italian frontier, the favorite ornament consists of jewelled pins, stuck as a nimbus in the back hair, after the fashion of Lucia's headdress in the "Promessi Sposi." Fribourg has the chains three yards in length wound round the neck, and supporting a locket as broad as a saucer. In the "little cantons," notably Uri and Appenzel, the women are literally covered with showy ornaments of silver filigree, of excellent workmanship, somewhat disfigured, however, by a reckless admixture of colored stones. In the Grisons, you still find massive men's rings, formed of two chamois' or stags' teeth, mounted with sham stones, and little pendants representing two keys and a triangular padlock, which were the hunters' insignia, and supposed to indicate the gates of the kennels.

In the matter of art, Switzerland can boast of exceedingly good pottery, the oldest dating from the last century, and the more modern manufactured at Thun, of good design and rich, warm coloring. It has also quaint historical stained glass, fine pewter vessels, and exquisite wood carving.

IN THE MOUNTAINS EVERYWHERE

every one is a sculptor. Shepherds, with no other instrument than a common knife, carve little masterpieces while tending their flocks on the heights. Strangely enough, they never attempt the grotesque. Caricature is not congenial to them. They take their inspiration solely from nature, and their instincts invariably guide them to the simply beautiful. Thus, a chamois with a frightened listening head, a cow quaintly pacific, are perfect in execution and spirit, and rival the efforts of well-known artists. Unfortunately, the best specimens are often obliterated in the shops by a deluge of inferior productions, but the amateur will still be able to find, especially among the older pieces dating from a less hurried period, groups and isolated figures worthy to figure in the most choice collections of wood carving.

Under his heavy, almost coarse exterior, the Swiss mountaineer has a dreamy, half-poetical instinct, ennobled by his constant enforced communion with a nature at once austere and elevating. Like the Germans he is musical; he knows by heart simple songs and touching ballads, and throws their melancholy rhythm to the rocky echoes across the fissures of ice and the ledges of snow. At Steeg, near Brienz, is an inn-keeper of giant stature and equal strength, famous for his way of blowing the Alpine horn, his potent breath sending the sound far up the mountain. When he sings his voice is low and musical. He sings the lays of the country side with pathetic grace, interrupting himself occasionally to utter a stupid jest or to give a token of his athletic powers. That same giant rose one night at 12 to ascend the Faulhorn, 9,000 feet high, in order to see his little boy, who had been ill in the valley and had been ordered to spend some time in a chalet on the heights. When he arrived in the morning he found the child still asleep, and the rough man, kneeling before the cot, began to sing the ballad with which it was his wont to awaken him in his infancy. The pathos of this little act, with its poetical promptings, did not prevent the innkeeper from being unscrupulously extortionate when selling Alpine horns at Sley to a too confiding stranger.

Crow Courts.

Mr. Romanes, in discussing the question of animal intelligence, cites several instances in which jackdaws, rooks and crows have been seen to hold what may be called a formal court for the trial and punishment of offenders. It will surprise many persons, no doubt, to learn that such creatures have something like a regular system of "public justice." In the northern parts of Scotland, writes one observer, and in the Faroe Islands, extraordinary meetings of crows are occasionally known to occur.

They collect in great numbers, as if they had all been summoned for the occasion; a few of the flock sit with drooping heads, and others seem as grave as judges, while others again are exceedingly active and noisy. In the course of about an hour they disperse, and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead upon the spot.

These meetings will sometimes continue for a day or two before their object, whatever it may be, is accomplished. Crows continue to arrive from all quarters during the session.

As soon as they have all arrived, a very general noise ensues, and shortly after the whole fall upon one or two individuals, and put them to death. When the execution has been performed, they quietly disperse.

An army officer writes from India: that while sitting on a veranda, he saw three or four crows come and perch on a neighboring house. Soon a gathering from all quarters took place, till the roof of the guard-house was blackened with them.

"Thereupon," he continues, "a prodigious clatter ensued. It was plain that a 'palaver' was going forward, some of its members, more eager than others, skipping about. I became much interested, and narrowly watched the proceedings, all within a dozen yards of me.

"After much cawing and clamor, the whole group suddenly rose into the air, and kept circling round half-a-dozen of their fellows, one of whom had clearly been told off for punishment; for the five repeatedly attacked it in quick succession, allowing no opportunity for it to escape, which it was trying to do, until they had cast it fluttering on the ground, about thirty yards from my chair.

"Unfortunately, I rushed forward to pick up the bird, prostrate but fluttering on the grass. I succeeded only in touching it, and flew, greatly crippled and close to the ground, into some adjacent bushes, where I lost sight of it.

"All the others, after circling round me and chattering, in anger, as I thought, flew away, on my resuming my seat, in the direction taken by their victim."

The Progress of Islam.

When Canon Taylor told the Church Congress in England that Islam as a missionary religion is more successful than Christianity, he aroused a violent controversy that has happily brought into a clear light a few facts of great interest. It has been abundantly proven in this debate that Islam in Africa is an aggressive, conquering force that now dominates half the continent and is constantly advancing in a large part of the remainder. It has also been shown by Mr. Bosworth Smith, Dr. Blyden, and others pre-eminently qualified to speak, that compared with the paganism it is supplanting, the religion of Mohamed is a great blessing to the natives of Africa, eradicating, as it does, the practices of cannibalism, human sacrifices, and intemperance, destroying the belief in witchcraft and fetishism, and rearing schools, mosques, and manufactories in the large cities of the Sudan which Barth, Nachtigall, and Rohlf have described. In the vast region south of the Sahara, in which Islam is now supreme, Dr. Blyden says there are 60,000,000 of water drinkers among whom the rum question can never arise.

The question is, can Christianity make any headway against the irrepressible activity of the Mohammedan faith? The men who have most thoroughly studied this problem says that it can, and that it is to-day making converts in the Mohammedan strongholds on West Africa. Dr. Blyden says that Musulmans, many thousands of whom are taught to read the Koran, do not object to reading the Christian Scriptures, and that they pay close attention to their contents. Many who visit the coasts to trade buy Arabic Bibles, and many of these Bibles and Testaments have been sent inland from Sierra Leone and Liberia.

It is not Arabs, but negro converts to Islam, who have converted the millions of natives in the Sudan. The white missionaries of the west coast are appealing to negro Christians to work in the vast domain of Islam, and Bishop Taylor and others are calling for coöperateurs from America to carry on the spiritual war in West Africa. They say that Africa need not be conquered wholly for Islam if the disciples of Christianity contest the field with courage and vigor.

The controversy now practically closed will not be without good fruits if it opens the eyes of the Christian world to the fact that Islam is doing a vast amount of good in Africa. The energies of Christian missions should now be exerted to securely plant their truer and higher faith in all the new fields which Mohammedanism has invaded in order that they may not only vie with Islam in contributing to the welfare of man, but also overcome such evils as slavery and polygamy, which Islam encourages.

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

"I have had many peculiar experiences since I commenced selling goods, but I shall never forget one of my first attempts. It taught me a lesson as to how to handle people, which has been of inestimable value to me ever since.

"I entered a store, and calling for the proprietor asked him whether I could show him my samples. He was a surly man, and particularly so on this morning.

"No, I don't want to buy anything," began the proprietor, after I had put my stereotyped speech to him.

"But I assure—"

"Do you see that door?" said he.

"Yes, sir; but—"

"Get out! Get out! I'll put you out," said the man, motioning to the door.

"I walked slowly out of the door, and turning around said: 'Say, mister, will you allow me to stay in New York a couple of days?'"

"This conquered him. He smiled and I smiled. He broke out in a loud laugh, and I walked into the store again.

"I took that man's order for \$150 worth of goods, and he is to-day one of my best customers."

A Throne Chair of B. C. 1600.

That most ancient and interesting historical relic, the throne chair of Queen Hatshep (XVIII. Egyptian Dynasty, B. C. 1600), described in the jubilee number of the *Times*, on the 22nd June, has been presented to the British Museum by the owner, Mr. Jesse Haworth, of Bowden, Cheshire. This throne chair is the only extant specimen of ancient royal Egyptian furniture, and is the most venerable piece of dated cabinet-maker's work in the world. The national collection is much enriched by this addition to its treasures, and the nation has reason to be grateful to the munificent donor.—*London Times*.

An Unsuccessful Boycott.

At one of the Cambridge precincts the other day a coal dealer who was on his way to the ballot box with a "No" ballot in his hand was followed by a group of license men who tried to dissuade him from casting it. The foremost of them said to him: "Frank, if you vote that I won't buy any more coal of you." The dealer was deaf, and the remark was several times repeated until, just as the box was reached, it was shouted out so as to be generally audible. Then the voter turned around and said sharply: "You haven't paid yet for the last year's coal," and deposited his ballot amid general applause. It was not a successful boycott.

"Man, know thyself," was the advice of the early Greek philosophers; but most men would prefer to get acquainted with some handsome young widow about the genuineness of whose teeth, complexion and dividends there can be no question.

"I trust your late husband had something laid up for a rainy day," said a sympathizing friend. "Indeed he had," replied the widow, with a fresh burst of tears; "he had seven umbrellas. John was the thriftiest man ever I see."

Some time ago the Government of Colombia offered \$10,000 in silver to any one who would discover a new merchantable article of export. Rafael Vanegas thinks that he deserves the reward, or two of them, because he has discovered a valuable medicinal plant, hitherto unknown; and also has ascertained that cocoa trees abound in such profusion in the forests along the river Guabare, that the gathering of their pods would furnish work for thousands who are now idle, and bring great wealth to the country.

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E. O'REILLY,

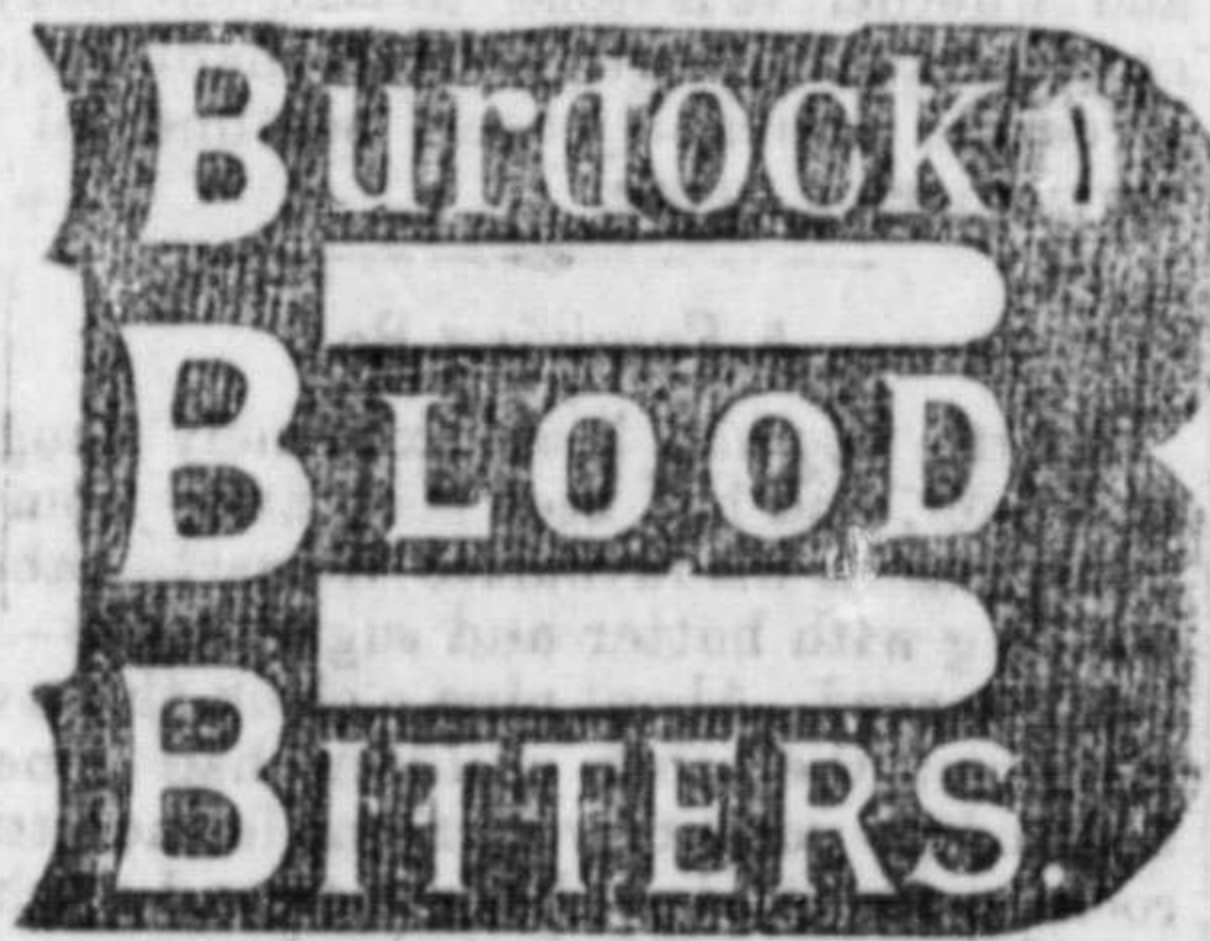
AYLMER'S **◆** LEADING **◆** MERCHANT.

EXPLANATION } **CHRISTMAS RUSH.** TOO BUSY TO WRITE ADVT.

AVIS.

AVIS PUBLIC est donné que la Compagnie d'améliorations du Haut de l'Ottawa s'adressera au parlement du Canada, à sa prochaine session, dans le but d'obtenir un acte lui permettant d'écarter ses opérations jusqu'à la fin des rapides des Quinze sur la Rivière Ottawa, d'acheter ou construire et employer des bateaux à vapeur et des remorqueurs, d'acquiescer et construire des quais et Jaldes, de louer et rassembler des billes de selonge, d'acquiescer les escadras et jaldes dans les eaux de la Rivière Ottawa en haut des chutes des Chaudières, d'acquiescer et exploiter des lignes de télégraphe et de téléphone, et d'augmenter son capital-actions, ou d'emprunter des débiteurs jusqu'à un chiffre n'excédant pas deux cent cinquante mille piastres.

PINHEY, CHRISTIE ET CHRISTIE, Solliciteurs pour la Compagnie d'améliorations du Haut de l'Ottawa. Daté 22 novembre, A. D. 1887.



WILL CURE OR RELIEVE
 BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADBURN, HEADACHE.
 DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, THE STOMACH DRYNESS OF THE SKIN.
 And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.
T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

A. H. HORN,
 Undertaker, - - - - - Pembroke, Ont.
 Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Cases, Shrouds, Caps, Gloves, &c., &c.
 TELEGRAPH and TELEPHONE ORDERS attended to at ALL HOURS.

NOTICE TO LADIES
 Suffering from Female Weaknesses and WOMB DISORDERS.
Orange Blossom--A Positive Cure.
 I AM a living witness to the above. For stamp for postage I will send sample free and full printed instructions. I can faithfully and sincerely recommend it to every form of the above disorders and Piles. Mrs. M. KILGOUR, Agent, Haley's Station, Ont.

B. V. STAFFORD'S
PALACE <FURNITURE> STORE
 ARNPRIOR, - - - - - ONT.,
 Is the cheapest and most reliable place to purchase everything in the Furniture line.

Parlor Furniture of every design, and Bedroom Sets in the latest and most artistic styles, in WALNUT MAHOAGANY, HARD WOOD, ASH and SOFT WOODS. As I am now manufacturing all my own PARLOR SUITS and EASY CHAIRS, I keep full lines of Coverings, in Pile, Silks, Ramays, and Hair Cloths, which enable my customers to suit themselves in the different shades of covering, and as I use nothing but the best kiln-dried lumber, and employ none but skilled workmen, I guarantee satisfaction both in quality and price to all who favor me with their patronage.

DOOR SASH AND BLIND DEPARTMENT.
 This department of my business is now running in full blast, and as we use nothing but the best of kiln dried lumber in the manufacture of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Architraves and all kinds of Finish, patrons may depend on receiving a satisfaction every time. Turning and scroll sawing a specialty. Newell Posts, Ballusters, and Hand Rills always in Stock. Contracts for the erection of all kinds of building taken at reasonable prices. Specifications and estimates furnished on application.

UNDERTAKING.
 Coffins, Caskets (both in wood and in cloth) Metallic Cases, Shrouds and Ribes of all sizes and at all prices to suit customers, kept constantly on hand. Gloves, Caps, and every requisite for funeral Outfits always in stock. Charges Moderate. Orders promptly executed at any hour of the day or night.
 Dealer in first-class Pianos and Organs, of American and Canadian manufacture. Agent for the International Tent and Awning Company, and Macfarlane, McKinley & Co's. Artistic Window Shades for Stores and Private Residences.

B. V. STAFFORD,
 Madawaska St. Arnprior, Ont.
 Arnprior, October 19th, 1886



FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
 Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Paraffin. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.



Goldsmiths Hall.

Waltham Watches,
 English Watches,
 Elgin Watches,
 Swiss Watches,
 Diamonds,
 Fine Jewelry,
 Silver Ware.
 The largest and most elegant stock in the Ottawa valley.

W. J. DOUGLAS
 MAIN STREET, - - - - - PEMBROKE.

FURNITURE

HARRIS & CAMPBELL,
 36, 38, 40 and 44 O'Connor St.
OTTAWA.

Bedroom Sets from \$13 upwards.
 Parlor Sets, \$40

Ottawa, June 25th, 1887.

THE ARGYLE HOUSE--
 AYLMER, P. Q.

THE DWELLING HOUSE of Dr. J. R. Church has been renovated and refitted and opened out as a Fashionable Resort and Boarding House, where the travelling public will find the best accommodation and attention. Mrs. GEORGE ACHES, late of the "Bodega," Ottawa, has assumed control. Aylmer, July 15, '87.

SUPPLY STORE!

THE undersigned whilst most candidly thanking a discriminating public for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him would say that he has replenished his Fall Stock and is now prepared to offer bargains in all kinds of Supplies, such as

- PORK, FLOUR, \$4.40 per Bbl.,
- GROCERIES, of all kinds,
- TEA, at 20 cents per lb.,
- Or, SIX POUNDS for \$1.00.
- READY-MADE CLOTHING, (A Good Suit for \$5.00.)
- BOOTS, SHOES, MOCCASINS AND SHANTY SUPPLIES of every kind.

Quality Unquestionable. Prices Right.
A. COLTON,
 FORT COULONCE, - - - - - P. QUE.
 Sept. 15, 1887.

Farm for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale Lot 28, in the 9th range of the Township of Clarendon, containing 200 acres and situated one half mile from Clarke's Station on the P. E. Railway. There are about seventy-five acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The premises are well watered and a good house, barns and stable are erected thereon. Title indisputable. For further particulars apply to the owner, GEO. H. KEMP. Clarendon, Aug. 25, 1887.

A Great Cause of Human Misery is the Loss of Manhood.

A lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure of seminal weakness, or spermatorrhea, induced by self-abuse, involuntary emissions, impotency, nervous debility, and impediments to marriage generally; consumption, epilepsy and fits; mental and physical incapacity, &c., by Robt. J. Culverwell, M.D. The world renowned author in this admirable lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of self-abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, blisters, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically. This lecture was given to a room to thousands and thousands. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope to any address, on receipt of four cents, or 17c. postage stamps. Address, THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 41 Ann St. New York N. Y. Post Office Box 450.

The Renfrew Granite and Marble Works,
T. J. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of Headstones, Tablets, Cemetery Coping, Granite and Marble Monuments. Also all kinds of Builders' Work.

We take this method to inform you that we still take the lead, and can fill orders for decorating the graves of departed friends at low figures, and erected in the best style of workmanship. See my Agent H. B. SOMERVILLE before ordering elsewhere, you will save money and get a finished job.

1872. - - - ESTABLISHED - - - 1872.

THOMAS MORAN,
MERCHANT:-:-TAILOR,
 COBB STREET, - - - - - BRYSON, P. Q.

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

- - - A GREAT VARIETY OF - - -

TWEEDS, ETOFFS, &c. &c.,
 ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Good Suits from Ten Dollars and upwards!
THOMAS MORAN.

Bryson, June 9, 1883.

STAGE LINE AND EXPRESS AGENCY
 - - - - - BETWEEN - - - - -
HALEY'S STATION and PORTAGE DU FORT.

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

STAGES LEAVE PORTAGE DU FORT:

8.00, A. M.	CONNECTING AT HALEY'S STATION	9.45, A. M.
5.00, P. M.	"	6.50, P. M.
11.30, P. M.	"	1.00, A. M.
2.30, A. M.	"	3.15, A. M.

D. M. RATRAY, STAGE OFFICE **RATRAY HOUSE,**
 GENERAL FORWARDER, EXPRESS AGT. AND STAGE PROPRIETOR.
 Portage du Fort, September 2, 1886.

NOTICE. Ottawa House, PORTAGE DU FORT.

STAGES
 LEAVE THE OTTAWA HOUSE TO

Connect with all Trains going East & West FROM HALEY'S.

SURE CONNECTION GUARANTEED

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

CHARGES MODERATE.
 Farmers' - - - Custom - - - Solicited.
DAN. McDONALD,
 Portage du Fort, May 1, 1886. PROPRIETOR.

W. H. KLOCK, M. D.,
 M. McHILL COLLEGE, L. R. C. P. & S. Edinburgh; L. F. P. & S. Glasgow. Of- fice, 115, Upper St., Ottawa. Dr. Klock received special courses at London, Vienna and Berlin, on the diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; also on the diseases of Women and Children, and is now prepared to treat all such cases.

THE PLAGUE SHIP.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "UNDER DRAKE'S FLAG," "IN TIMES OF PERIL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

On the fourth night I had gone on watch at eight bells; four bells had just struck, and I was standing by the bulwark looking out over the sea, which was as smooth as glass, while a light mist shut in a cable's length all round. I was wondering how long the calm was going to last, and which way the wind was going to come from, when it did come, when suddenly I started, for there was a light touch on my shoulder. I looked round, and there was Jane Williams standing beside me.

"Do you hear anything, Mr. Thompson?" "Hear anything?" I repeated, when I got my voice, which was not just at first, for I was fairly startled by her appearing on deck at that time of night. "No, I don't hear anything, Miss Williams, except the snoring of some of the men in the fo'castle."

"Listen!" she said.

I listened, but I could hear nothing. I shook my head.

"No, I can't hear anything, Miss Williams; what can you hear?"

"I can hear the sound of paddles."

"I looked at her hard to be sure that she was quite awake, for my hearing was pretty good, and not a sound could I make out, though the night was so quiet you might have heard a pin drop."

"You think I am mistaken," she said; "but I am not. I was asleep, when I woke suddenly with a sense of danger. My cabin window, which is close to the berth, was open. I listened; I heard paddles quite distinctly, so I put on my wrapper and came up to warn whoever might be in charge of the deck."

I listened again, but everything was perfectly still and quiet. "I cannot help thinking that you must have been mistaken, Miss Williams; I cannot hear the slightest sound."

"I can hear it plainly," she said. "I have been accustomed to live in danger, and my hearing is more acute than yours, just as they say the hearing of hunted animals becomes sharper. I can hear the regular throb of paddles quite distinctly."

I went up to the man at the helm; he was sitting down smoking a pipe, for the vessel was as immovable as a log.

"Peter," I said, "can you hear anything? Miss Williams thinks she hears the sound of paddles."

"God forbid!" Peter exclaimed, standing up and listening intently for a minute. "I don't hear anything, sir, and I am sure I hope the young lady lady is mistaken."

"I am not mistaken, indeed," she said, earnestly. "There's more than one canoe, I am sure, for sometimes the sound is confused. I am going to call my father and mother, Mr. Thompson. Pray believe me that I am not mistaken, and arouse the captain and get ready for defence."

The matter was too serious to be trifled with, for although for the life of me I could hear nothing, I knew that it was only too likely that a Malay canoe might have made the ship out as she lay becalmed, and in that case she would very soon bring some of her consorts down upon us; so I went down and roused the skipper and first mate. They were soon on deck.

"I don't hear anything, Mr. Thompson."

"No more do I, sir; but Miss Williams is quite positive that she is not mistaken, and her hearing may be sharper than ours."

The skipper looked over the side. A boat was floating there. She had been lowered the day before, as we had been taking advantage of the calm to give the ship a coat of fresh paint, and as we had not quite finished the job had left the boat towing alongside.

"Jump down, Mr. Thompson, and get your ear as close as possible to the water; you will make it out then if there is anything to be heard."

The moment I got my ear close to the water I heard it so clearly that I wondered that I had not heard it before.

"Miss Williams is right, sir; I can hear it plainly enough now. I should say from the sound," I added, a minute later, "there must be three or four of them."

"Come on board again," the skipper said; "we must be prepared for the scoundrels. Mr. Wilson, will you go and rouse the men forward; tell them to make as little noise as possible. Get the arms on deck and open the magazine."

The men soon turned out. The two brothers carried a strong crew for her size, for whalers always carry a good many more men than traders, as they may sometimes have three or four boats away after fish. All whalers carry a gun or two to signal for boats if a boat comes on while they are away; but we carried six, as the skipper always calculated that he might do a little trade among the islands.

In a quarter of an hour we could hear the sound of paddles on the deck, but we judged they must still be a long way off. Everything was done as noiselessly as possible, the covers were taken off the guns, and they were run in and loaded. We had twenty muskets on board, and these were served out to the hands as far as they would go, for we had six and twenty on board besides the officers and passengers. The captain, Wilson and I, had each a double-barrelled gun, which we used when we went ashore or on the ice after wild fowl or seal. The trader had a heavy rifle, and the parson turned up with a double-barrelled gun.

"Fighting is not my vocation," he said to the captain; "but I have more than once had to assist my people when they were attacked by these sea-robbers."

Our work was pretty well done when Jane Williams said, suddenly:—

"They have stopped paddling."

The word was passed along the deck for everyone to stand quiet, and then, on listening, we found that she was right again, and that the sound of oars had ceased.

"They have stopped rowing, sure enough," the skipper said. "No doubt they have steered in the general direction in which the vessel is lying. They know we cannot be very far off, but they cannot reckon on hitting the exact spot in thick weather like this. I expect they will wait now till the haze clears off in the morning."

"All the better," the first mate said, "if we have got to fight, I say let's fight by daylight."

"Go forward, Mr. Thompson," the captain said, "and tell the men to get in readi-

ness, but to work as quietly as possible, for those fellows will be listening for the slightest sound, and I don't want them to be upon us till daylight. When everything is ready the watch below can turn in all standing until they are wanted. Now, ladies and gentlemen, you can go below again, there is no chance of our being surprised now; we have to thank you, Miss Williams, for your timely warning; if it had not been for that we should have been taken by surprise almost to a certainty, for the ship's bell would have enabled them to steer for us, and they might have been upon us before we knew anything about it. As it is now, you need feel no uneasiness as to the result."

We heard nothing more of the Malays till the mist cleared off an hour or so after sunrise, and then there were four of them, about two miles away. They saw us as soon as we saw them, and rowed straight at us as hard as they could go, so as to catch us before we were quite ready. But we were prepared for them, and a stout ship, with six guns and a strong crew, need have little fear of these craft unless she is caught napping. It didn't last ten minutes, and then two of them sheered off crippled, and the others were at the bottom of the sea.

The girls noticed that Uncle Dick cut this part of the story very short, leaving out all details of the fighting, as if this part of the business was a matter of very little importance in comparison to that which was occupying his thoughts.

All that day the calm was as dead as it had been before. As soon as we had got things to rights, the captain had out the boats, and we towed the ship a mile away from where we had been lying, and so got rid of the fragments of the smashed boats and the floating bodies of the Malays, which weren't pleasant looking at. It was hard work, for it was stiflingly hot, though the sun seemed only shining through a sort of mist. As the afternoon went on, the mist seemed to thicken, and a dull leaden shade came over everything.

"I don't like the look of the sky," the parson said; "we have learned the look of the weather in these seas, and unless I am greatly mistaken we are going to have a hurricane."

The skipper went into his cabin and in half a minute came out again.

"Get all her sails off her as quickly as you can, Mr. Wilson; the glass has fallen more than half an inch since breakfast."

The sails had been hanging idly from the yards for the last four days, in readiness should a puff come, and the men soon swarmed up aloft and were busy furling them. The three topsails were trebly reefed and lowered on their caps, and the fore staysail put in readiness for hoisting.

"We are prepared now, whatever comes," the skipper said; "but I would give a good deal if we were a few hundred miles to the west, and well out from these islands. There is no saying from which point it may come, and if it comes in earnest, as I expect it will, there will be nothing to do but to run before it for a bit, anyhow."

It grew darker and darker till it seemed almost as dark as night, and yet we could see each others' faces, and pale and ghastly enough they looked in the dull leaden light. Everyone felt there was something terrible coming; when it came they would meet it like men, but it was this waiting that tried them. There was scarce a sound heard in the ship, and when anyone spoke it was under his breath.

"Would you mind taking the ladies down stairs, Mr. Williams," the skipper said.

"It isn't that I am afraid of their being frightened, or going on as women do sometimes; but we shall want all our heads when it comes, and I would rather not have a thought of anything but the ship on my mind. Of course, when the first burst is over, they can come up if they like; but something may go at the first burst; things may get adrift on the deck, or we may lose some of the upper spars, so I would rather the decks were clear."

"I will take them down," Mr. Williams said. "I can quite understand that you would rather have nothing but your ship to attend to when it comes."

There was half an hour's more waiting. Tarpaulins had been lashed over the cabin skylights, but we could hear the voices of the parson and the ladies joined in a hymn, and I don't think there was a man on board but felt glad of the sound. Then all of an instant it came. There was a crash above as if the very sky had burst, and a glare of light that blinded one. Then there was a sound of falling wood on the deck. For a minute or two I thought my sight was gone, and I stood groping for something to catch hold of. Then I heard cries and groans forward, and the captain sung out:—

"What has happened?"

"The mainmast is struck, sir, and somebody is hurt."

We began to make out things now, and hurried forward. Two men who were leaning against the mast had been killed; several others were hurt by fragments of the fallen spars, and by the shrouds, which hung across the deck. The mainmast had gone, and a splintered stump, some twenty feet above the deck, alone remained.

"Get hold of the axe, Mr. Wilson, and clear everything away; the mainmast must be towed alongside and got rid of."

We worked with a will, and we had just cut everything clear when the storm struck her. The injured men had at once been helped or carried to the cabin, and handed over to the care of the ladies. The blow was terrible when it came, and it was well that we had lost the mainmast, for although we had not a rag of canvas set, she heeled over till the lee gunwale was under water. The second mate, with three men, had been standing ready at the fore staysail halliards, and as she heeled over they hauled on them. For a minute the vessel lay as if she were pressed down into the water by a mountain, then her head began to pay off. I was at the helm with the skipper.

"She will do now, Thompson," he said; "but it was a case of touch and go. It was God's providence the mainmast went first."

As she came up before the wind she righted, and just as she got on an even keel the staysail blew away from the ropes with a report like a cannon; but it had done its work. The closely-reefed fore topsail was hoisted, and we were soon flying before the wind at something like fifteen knots an

hour. Two of the oldest hands were placed at the helm, and the captain sent me down to find out what damage had really been done, for we had had no time to make enquiries. I found that one man had had his leg broken, and several had been pretty badly hurt. But none of the injuries were likely to prove serious. The parson knew something about surgery, and under his broken bone into its place, and he cut up the blade of an oar and made some splints, and bandaged it there. Just as I went and reported how things were, the first mate came aft and said that there was a smell of fire.

"I was afraid of that," the captain said. "We must get off one of the hatches and rig the pumps."

He went forward himself and said a few words to the men. "As I was afraid, lads, it would do, the lightning has set something on fire. Fortunately we found it out early, and it can't have got much hold yet; so if you are cool and calm I have no doubt we shall soon master it. Get the fire buckets up, and rig a hose to the pumps."

When all was in readiness one of the hatches was taken off, and a volume of smoke at once poured up. It was stifling work, but we all did our duty. Fortunately we knew exactly where the fire was, and three or four holes were cut around the foot of the mainmast, and all hands except those working below set to work pouring water down them.

At first we did not seem to be making much way, but after four hours' fighting we got it under, helped at the end by a couple of heavy seas which came on board and flooded the deck knee deep with water, and so poured as much down the holes in a few minutes as we could have baled in as many hours. As the smoke decreased we worked our way through the cargo to the spot where the fire had been, and were at last able to report that the last spark was extinguished. Then the hatches were put on again, bits of tarpaulin nailed over the holes, and we were able to look round. We were still running before a tremendous sea, and had made the first mate, who was in charge of the helm, said, three complete turns of the compass; but as far as the storm was concerned we felt but little anxiety. The ship was not heavily laden, and now that the first blow was over no one doubted she would weather it. There was no change before morning, and the wind was blowing as strong as ever, but steadier, and more in one direction. Two or three times the skipper went in to look at his charts, and I saw him shake his head as he was talking to the first mate.

"You don't think we could lie to, Mr. Wilson?" he said, the last time he came up.

"I am sure we couldn't," the mate answered. "As long as we are running she is all right, but we can never bring her round head to wind in this sea with what sail we dare show."

"No, I agree with you," the skipper said; "but at the rate we are going now she will be down among a group of islands before many hours are over."

"We must take our chance," the first mate replied. "Maybe we may get under the lee of one of them. At any rate we can only hope for the best, for there's nothing to be done."

It was easy to see that. We were tearing along the water so fast that the ship seemed to squat down into it, and the water sometimes looked level with her bulwarks. I went below to get a glass, and mounted to the foretop. It was hard work, and it was as much as I could do to prevent the wind from tearing me off the shrouds as I went up. I had not been there an hour when I made out land looming ahead; I waved my cap to the skipper and pointed, for my voice would not have been heard ten feet away if I had shouted myself hoarse. He climbed up and joined me.

"Yes, that is land sure enough, Mr. Thompson, and in our present course we are running right down to it. We must show a bit of sail on the mizen, and try to edge away a bit. It does not seem to me to extend far on the starboard beam, and we may manage to weather it if there are no reefs running out beyond that bluff."

We went down together, and in a few minutes the reefed topsail was set on the mizen, the foreyard braced aft, and the helm put down. Then I went down into the cabin to get a snack of something to eat, for I had had nothing since the storm broke.

"What is the latest news, Mr. Thompson?" the parson asked. "You have changed the course of the ship, I know, for the motion has altered altogether in the last few minutes; we were going easily enough before, and now she is lying right over, and we can hardly keep our feet."

"There is land in sight," I said, "and we have set more sail and changed her course to work round a bluff ahead of us."

"Shall we get round?" Jane Williams asked in a quiet voice. "I think it is all the better everyone should know the truth."

"And yet, my dear Jane," her father said, "you were very thankful that they kept all knowledge of the fire from us until the danger was passed."

"I was thankful for that," she said; "there is something so dreadful in fire. The captain told us, Mr. Thompson, that you led the party down in the hold, and were brought up insensible three or four times through the smoke."

"We all did our work, Miss Williams, one just as well as another. It has been a pretty rough time of it for everyone on board since yesterday afternoon; but the ship has behaved nobly, and if we do but get safely round the land ahead, I think we shall do."

"May I come up with you and take a look round, Mr. Thompson?"

"If you like, Miss Williams; but you must not stir beyond the companion, she is taking the water over her pretty freely now."

"I always like looking at a storm," the girl said. "There is something so grand about it, and one feels how small and insignificant we are before the power of God."

I soon finished my snack and went up again, Jane throwing a cloak over her shoulders and coming up with me, and we stood together at the companion looking out.

All hands were crouching under the weather bulwarks, with their eyes fixed ahead towards the point which we were nearing fast, for it could not have been above six miles away when I first saw it through the mist. The vessel was heeled over, gunwale under water, and each wave that struck her sent a cataract of water over her.

"Will she get round the point?" Jane asked, quietly.

"I think so," I said. "It is touch and go, but I think she will do it."

I said so, but I had my doubts. Each sea that struck her seemed to bear her bodily to leeward.

"I do not think that she will," she said. "I will go below and tell my father and mother, they ought to know."

"I will call you at the last moment, Miss Williams, if I see we shall not clear it; but I still hope we shall; there is no broken water off the point, so if we scrape round we are safe."

"We are all in God's hands," she said, quietly. "A little sooner or a little later doesn't make much difference, does it?" and before I could say anything more she had gone. I joined the captain.

"We are going to set another sail, Mr. Thompson; we must send her faster through the water or we shall drift bodily down on the point. She may not stand it, but it's our only chance."

A fresh staysail had been brought up and got in readiness. A dozen men hung on to the halliards, and up it went. The ship lay down almost on her beam ends, and we expected the foremast to go over the side every moment; but the rigging had been well looked after and was stout and strong. But the added speed told, and her head was looking well out beyond the point.

"Five minutes more," the captain said, "and if all holds we are safe; if not, God help us!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sons of England!

Respectfully dedicated to the Sons of England in Canada.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

The sons of England are her boast,
They love her as of yore;
Then pledge to her a royal toast,
As oft we've done before!

Chorus—Her sons are free
By land or sea
They know not craven fear:
They dare to fight
For God and right,
And home, and kindred dear!

Should foreign powers invade her strand
And taunt her with their boasts,
Her iron-armed sons from many a land
Would rally round her coasts.

Chorus—Her sons are free!

America would send her share
Across Atlantic's wave,
In Freedom's cause their swords declare,
Their mother-land to save.

Chorus—Her sons are free!

From Canada would gladly go,
Rose, Thistle, Shamrock green!
They'd help to fight a common foe
And shield their royal Queen.

Chorus—Her sons are free!

From far across old Neptune's line
Behold! a loyal band,
Australia—India—would combine
To lend a helping hand.

Chorus—Her sons are free!

From distant islands of the sea
Would rise a gallant host,
To prove that England shall be free,
And sacred is her coast.

Chorus—Her sons are free!

A Baby in Furs.

On any one of a great many small islands along the uninhabited parts of our coasts lives a little beast whose babyhood is one of the strangest we know. The largest tribes of these animals live far away to the North, and they are much more numerous in the Pacific than in the Atlantic Ocean.

It is so cold and wet in his native land that this creature wears two coats of fur to keep warm, and it is so uncomfortable for men that no one, except the natives, who are used to the climate, cares to stay there long enough to find out about his ways.

But this baby happens to be a very important youngster, because the coat he wears is so desired by ladies to put on their own backs that it becomes very valuable. It is seal-skin, and the baby, of course, is the fur seal. A few years ago Prof. Henry W. Elliott was sent by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, to find out all about seals, and what he tells us of the first few months of seal baby life is most curious and interesting.

When this infant comes into the cold, wet world, he is about as big as a half-grown cat. He is dressed in a suit of rather long black hair, with an under coat of fine short fur, and he has a small white spot behind each forearm. His head is pretty, as are the heads of all seals, and he has beautiful, large dark blue eyes, with long lashes.

His foreflippers, broad, finlike-looking things, are extremely useful. On them he walks, taking two short, mincing steps, and then bringing up with a jerk his body, which rests on the heels of his hindflippers. With these also he swims.

His hindflippers, however, are the strangest members one can imagine. They are long and thin, or flat, as Professor Elliott says, like a black kid glove pressed flat and wrinkled. The long fingers, turned far out on each side, flap about in a useless kind of way. In swimming they are used to steer with, but on shore merely to fan and scratch himself. He never rests on them.

The young seal is a regular baby. The first thing he does is to cry with a weak "blast," like that of a lamb. He has, too, a baby's way of eating till he is too full and obliged to let the food come up again, which looks droll enough in an animal.

One of the most peculiar things is his fondness for babies of his own kind. As soon as he can get about, he leaves his home and joins his fellow-babies. These little fellows collect in great numbers by themselves, back of the ground their elders occupy. When a mother seal comes up from the sea to nurse her little one, she approaches the nursery of thousands of youngsters looking all alike, calling as she comes. Hundreds of little voices answer her call, but she knows her own, and hitches herself through the crowd, nuzzling the others right and left, till she reaches him and feeds him.

Then she goes away and leaves him with his playfellows. She doesn't seem to care that he prefers to be with them; in fact, this is seal fashion. When they go back to the life in the sea, the fathers go by themselves, the mothers in parties of their own, the half-grown young "bachelors," as they are called, in their own company, and, strangest of all, the babies also together.

A very interesting sight is a field five or six miles long filled with little seals, hundreds of thousands of them, almost as thick as grains of sand on the shore. Many are lying around in every possible position. Some of them are flat on their backs, with hindflippers drawn up to the chin and the

for flippers crossed on the breast; others lie flat on the stomach, with hindflippers under the body; still others on the side, with one flipper held up in the air; while some are curled up in a ring like a dog.

Most of these babies sleep in a restless, jerky, nervous way, as if they had bad dreams. Many will be seen playing with each other, loping over the ground uneasily, day and night alike, or rolling over and over in good-natured frolic; for these amiable little beasts are never ill-natured. The sounds arising from the multitude will be the blast of hunger and the choo! choo! of surprise.

The interesting time in this water-baby's life comes when he learns to swim. His parents take no notice of him, and the little fellow has to attend to his own education, for, strange to say, though destined to pass his life in the water, he cannot swim till he has learned.

It happens thus: In his wandering about the land, when he gets to be five or six weeks old, the pup—as he is called—first or last stumbles upon the beach, and into the edge of the surf. This is a new element, but it has a fascination for him that he cannot resist.

The first time a wave washes up and goes over him, he turns in hot haste and scrambles back upon the land, very much frightened; but in a moment or two back he goes, flounders about in the first wave, a ruggles and beats the water with his little flippers, and comes out so tired that he has to take a nap at once.

Every day the young seals play in the water, very clumsy and awkward at first, but learning more as time goes on, till, before many weeks, the whole baby population of hundreds of thousands of pups spend most of their time in the surf, swarming along the whole coast, frolicking and chatting in great glee.

By the time the old seals leave the land, and the young one begins to feel the desire to go too, the young seal can swim and dive and sport and sleep in the water with ease. Also he has learned to get from it his food, consisting of small squids and other little creatures, till he is strong and expert enough to catch fish.

By the middle of September this self-training is ended, and the young seals weigh thirty or forty pounds. As the time draws near for them to take to their ocean life, they shed their baby coats and get on the "sea-going jackets"—light gray overcoats of fine hair about an inch long, and soft brown under ones, half an inch thick, which keep their bodies warm and dry.

At the same time the old seals have put on their fresh suits, and the whole rookery breaks up for the year. The old males leave first; a little later the mothers and "bachelors," and last of all the younglings.

This clanish way, of each keeping by itself, is one of the most curious customs of the seal family. Another interesting habit is the fanning, already spoken of. This is done with the long, thin hindflippers, which are usually carried striking squarely out each side, and well up from the ground, with the ends, or toes, curled over.

One of them is often gently moved back and forth with exactly the motion of a fan, and whether it is done to cool the body or not, it looks as though that were the object, and gives the animal a queer, sentimental air, very amusing to see.

A Forgiving Boy.

A little boy had been extremely naughty at dinner, and had been sent away from the table just as his favourite dessert—cabinet pudding with butter and sugar sauce—was being served. About nine o'clock that evening when the other children had gone to bed and his parents were alone in the sitting-room, a tear-stained little face and a white-robed figure appeared at the door.

"Mamma," it said, bravely between sobs, "You told me never to go to sleep when anything wrong had been done until it was all fixed up right, so I came down to tell you that—that—I—forgive you and papa for what you did to me at the dinner table."

An Irishman who had on a ragged coat was asked of what kind of stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know," said he; "I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

The roof of Girard College, in Philadelphia, was made of marble and expected to outlast the centuries, but it has not proved more enduring than the old-fashioned roofs made of good spruce shingles, and is to be replaced.

The forces of habit, is always strong. A Toronto young man who was calling on a street car conductor's daughter says that the father wandered in at rather late hour and, opening the parlor door, mechanically exclaimed: "Sit close, please."

A new novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor says he hasn't read the book, but he knows what her wishes are: "First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; fourth, a new bonnet."

"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked a gentleman of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She said it was too dark to match de dress."

At the beginning of the year 1887 the railroad mileage of the United States was 137,986; to-day it is 150,710 miles. The increase during the year, therefore, was 12,724 miles, thus surpassing that of any previous year. The greatest previous year's record is that of 1882, when 11,568 miles were constructed.

A race at Fort Dodge, Ia., recently showed what an excellent thing in a horse a fast walk is. Fifteen horses started to go a mile and a half. They were to walk the first half mile, trot the second and run the last. The fastest walkers got such a start in the first half mile that neither the fast trotters nor runners could overtake them.

John Sheets, of Reading, Pa., brought suit before the Aldermen to recover 10 cents from a man named Wentzel. The case grew out of a dispute about the value of an apple-butter jar, which Sheets declared to be worth 10 cents, while in Wentzel's opinion it was worth only 8 cents. The Aldermen gave judgment in favour of Sheets for 10 cents and heavy costs.

A noted epicure—and one accustomed to give fine dinners—says:—"It requires much more activity and anxiety to give a dinner for men alone than for women alone. Women care more to display their fine toilets; men care more for a fine dinner. The women like beautiful plate and elegant floral decorations; but men care for little of this if the roast is properly brown and the wine choice."

Social Inequality.

Social inequality, since it arises from unalterable nature and inevitable chance, is irritating only when it is not recognized. The American plutocrat may be forced to travel for a week in the company of a hoddman because American theories discountenance first and third class carriages, but catch him speaking to him! Whereas an English Duke, if by chance thrown into the companionship of an honest countryman, would be on the best of terms with him before an hour was over, and the good understanding between the two would be made all the easier should the latter have on his distinguishing smock-frock. The genuine Tory is the most accessible of persons, the genuine Radical the least so. The one takes things as they are and must be, the other views them as they are not and cannot be, and, kicking against imaginary evils, often pays the penalty of finding himself firmly saddled with the realities. "One can live in a house without being an architect," and it is not at all necessary that the common people should understand the English constitution in order to feel that their lives are the sweeter and nobler because they are members of its living organism. Not a ploughboy or a milkmaid but would feel, without in the least knowing why, that a light had passed from their lives with the disappearance of social inequalities and the consequent loss of their dignity as integral parts of a somewhat that was greater than themselves. Democracy is only a continually shifting aristocracy of money, impudence, animal energy, and cunning, in which the best grub gets the best of the carrion; and the level to which it tends to bring all things is not a mountain tableland, as it promoters would have their victims think, but the unwholesome platitude of the fen and the morass, of which black envy would enjoy the malaria so long as all others shared in it. Whatever may be the pretences set forth by the leading advocates of such a among us, it is manifest enough that black envy is the principal motive with many of them, who hate the beauty of the ordered life to be the ruling stars of which they cannot attain, just as certain others are said to "hate the happy light from which they tell." They hate hereditary honours, chiefly because they produce hereditary honour, and create a standard of truth and courage for which even the basest are the better in so far that they are ashamed by it. Do the United States, some may ask, justify this condemnation? They are but a poor approach to the idea of democracy which seems now about to be realised among us; but they have already gone a long way towards extinguishing that last glory of, and now best substitute for, a generally extinct religion—a sense of honour among the people. "Why, what a demerit fool you must be!" exclaimed a New York shopkeeper to a friend of mine, who had received a dollar too much in changing a note and had returned it. If there is a shopkeeper in England who would think such a thing, there is certainly not one who would dare to say it. Nor, in losing sight of the sense of "infinite personal value," which is a source of honour and the growth of a long enduring recognition of inevitable inequalities, have the Americans preserved delight. Dr. Johnson's saying finds a remarkable comment in the observation of a recent American traveler—"In the United States there is everywhere comfort, but no joy."—Fortnightly.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A new disinfectant is called creolin. It is said to be superior to carbolic acid. The stems and waste of tobacco are said to be as good as linen rags in the manufacture of linen paper.

In Europe thrifty trees and good crops of peaches have been secured from grafts on the hawthorn.

Highly polished brass may be kept absolutely bright and free from tarnish by thinly coating the articles with a varnish of bleached shellac and alcohol.

A bit of soft paper is recommended by an English doctor for dropping medicines into the eye as being equally effective as brushes, glass droppers, etc., and far less likely to introduce foreign substances.

The beautiful enameled bricks frequently used for outside or interior decoration are made by applying to the surface a colored flux, which during the burning causes the siliceous to melt and form a vitreous covering. Very pretty effects may be produced by the use of these bricks.

One of the cheapest and best modes of destroying insects in pot plants is to invert the pot and dip the plants for a few seconds in water warmed to 130 degrees. A German paper, referring to this plan, says that the azalea will stand 133 degrees without injury. Usually heat the water pretty well and pour in cool until 130 degrees is reached.

The Locomotive recently published cuts made from photographs of sections of boilers which have been very badly corroded by water contaminated by sewage, such as the leakage of privy vaults, etc. The corrosion is of a bad and dangerous character, and shows that it is necessary to see that such impure water is not allowed to enter boilers.

The new pencil introduced by Faber for writing upon glass, porcelain and metals in red, white and blue are made by melting together spermacet, four parts, tallow, three parts, and wax two parts, and coloring the mixture with white lead, red lead or Prussian blue, as desired. These pencils are convenient in the laboratory, and save the trouble of labeling.

One of the latest attempts to harness the forces of nature for the service of man is the adaptation of a windmill for the turning of a dynamo, the electricity thus obtained being stored in suitable batteries, and afterward used in lighting beacons for the benefit of the maritime interests. There is a station of this kind near the mouth of the Seine, and considerable success has been obtained.

The American Machinist gives the following as a cure for chapped hands: "Wash the hands with fine soap, and before removing the soap scrub the hands with a tablespoonful of Indian meal, rinsing thoroughly with soft tepid water, using a little meal each time except the last; wipe the hands perfectly dry, then rinse them in a very little water containing a teaspoonful of pure glycerine, rubbing the hands together until the water has evaporated. The glycerine must be pure or it will irritate instead of healing."

The clove is the unexpanded flower-bud of *Caryophyllus aromaticus*. The plant is a native of the islands in the Chinese seas.

Ad Occidentem.

TO 'W. WHELEBERT MASON,
When the western winds were sighing
Through the green leaves of the forest,
With a heart that flew before me,
Turned I to the prairie's solitude;
And the white ship cleaving the billows
That grew dusky on lake Huron;
And the wet keel sank beneath them,
As they rolled on slowly shoreward,
Where they kissed the shore down stooping
With a wild, sonorous music
Queenly night threw all her shadows
On the water, but the vessel,
Swanlike, ghostly in her whiteness,
With no cygnets above her,
Fouled its waters all among them,
As Aurora flushed the heavens
With her gleams of blue and purple.
Dewy morn lost all her vermilion,
Noontide cooled with vesper's dolor,
And a coronal of twilight
Hovered o'er the hills about us;
Sweeping the cerulean bosom
Of Superior—lying abandoned,
Wanton, in the deepened stillness,
On the pebbled strand the waves
Broke in foam, and promontories,
Mantled in a mail of silver,
Broke the waves which fell back broken.
Every shore was dimmed in distance,
And the mountains beyond their black heads
Till they sank beneath the water:
Pale Lucia spread her magic
Over land and lake and forest;
But we rocked alone, encompassed,
By an endless realm of water,
Gilding with no other signal
Than the wild swop of cold billows,
Still another day passed by us,
Lulled upon the swelling ripples,
Till the third night blurred the horizon,
And we neared the northern pillar,
Standing ever dark and lonely,
Monument of silent ages,
Thunder Cape, with awful summit,
Clear cut in the ethereal midday,
Diademed with shreds and circles
Of grey cloud bands torn and reared.
From Canadian pine-tree forests,
Steadfastly, it gazes southward,
Over vast plains intervening
To the Mississippi's silver.
Thunder Bay's mysterious basin
Lay beyond us, all unrolled:
Far above the thunders rolling,
Whispered secrets to each other,
Seated here Prince Arthur's Landing
Watched the ships that swept the waters.
Where the war trail of the Indians
Ran of old, through forests winding,
Runs the railway's shining pathway.
Through the wilderness we rolled on,
Where the wolves howl in the winter,
Where the lurk Indian wanders,
And no hand has marked the forest
Past where lone lakes, blue and sparkling,
Peer up, smiling at the sunlight,
Past Vernon Bay's flashed ripple,
Here a lake and there a mountain,
Here a river and a valley,
On we sped, and on, unheeding
All the changing panoramas
Through a forest, dark and lonely,
Drove the train, with roar and whistle,
Swiftly from the perfumed twilight
Of the vast primeval forest.
We emerged upon the prairie,
Rolling like the reeds of ocean.
No tree showed its crest above them,
Naught but green grass ever waving
In the winds which soothed the prairie
To their silent sleep of ages;
The horizon in the distance
Circled like the sea's horizon.
But at eventide above it
Loomed a black cloud in the sunset,
That lay purple to the westward,
And ere long, clear spires appearing,
We approached the western city,
Winnipeg of Manitoba,
Where the soft Assiniboia
Falls into the murk Red River,
Many-bridged, and here we reared it,
Thundering onwards to the depot,
In the centre of the city.
The earth is still the Great Lone Land,
Stinks into shadow on each hand.
Here the weird city reigns,
Where the Red River of the north
Bursts with an ebboing music forth.
The city of the plains.
EDGAR STAFFORD.

Faultfinding.

WILEY T. JAMES.
The critic's tongue and pen are most annoying
thorns,
Which are like brambles in nature-lover's way,
Who, blind to their proximity, doth thither stray
Against their brilliant, lacerating points, and scorns
The petty pain that naves in his unhealed
Although it spoils the pleasure of his soul's com-
mune
With ambient scenes of loveliness, and mares the
suns
Rife in the air from a mistletoe-making brood
Of feathered warblers, which he would delight to
hear,
Were he not vexed with obstacles to turn his
words
Of admiration for the scene and notes of birds
To irate ejaculations of disgust, that near
The things so beautiful and sweet should lurk sharp
thorns—
A prickly nuisance where they not a whit adorn.

Quaker Marriages.

All Quaker marriages being regarded as a religious ceremony—indeed, courtship, betrothal, permission, and final marriage itself, being regarded wholly as a matter of religious progression to the very grave and sacred consummation of wedded life—whether they occur in the meeting-house or at some home—the wedding must invariably be solemnized at "meeting," and must partake of all the "meeting's" silence and sacred character. The regular monthly "meeting" preceding the marriage appoints two friends of each sex to have its general oversight. Headed by the bridemaids and groomsman, the prim and sombre procession enters the "meeting," forming in line through which pass the bride and groom to the altar. At one side are gathered the parents and venerable grand-parents; and at the other a venerable group of olden folk and "friends in the ministry." But all the throng of silent Quakers is standing, save the bridal couple. Then follows a silence such as may only be known among those people. This continues until it is the pleasure of the bride and groom to break it. Finally they arise. Facing each other, and with right hand clasped, the man repeats only these simple words: "In the presence of the Lord and these our friends I take (here naming the bride) to be my wife, promising, with the Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." Then the woman makes precisely the same declaration, changing only the word "husband" to "wife"—and the two are one. After another impressive period of silence, groomsman bring forward a small table. Upon this is a certificate of marriage to which both attach their names; and following these are usually placed the signatures of nearly every friend at the "meeting." This is the entire ceremony, and after a simple feast and congratulations, the couple proceed to their home and begin life together, apparently as unconscious of the tremendous change in their condition as though a blended life of half a century had preceded their wedding day.

SCIATICA.—An effectual remedy invented and prepared by S. J. Lancaster, for Sciatica, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout and Lumbago, who was cured himself by it after being three years on crutches. The remedy will be expressed to any part of Canada, to any person suffering the above complaints who order it. Send for circulars, Price of 8 oz Bottles Liniment \$1.00, Pills 50c. S. J. LANCASTER, Petrolia, Ont.

"Just Hear That Child Cry"

said Mrs. Smith to her sister, Mrs. Davis, as the sound of a child's shrieks came across the garden from a neighbor's house. "What kind of a woman have you for a neighbor? Does she abuse her children?" "No, indeed," replied Mrs. Davis. "She is one of the most tender mothers in existence. But you see she believes in the old-fashioned styles of doctoring. When a child needs physic, she fills a spoon with some nauseous dose, lays the little victim flat on her lap, holds his nose till he is forced to open his mouth for breath, when down goes the dreadful mess. When comes the yell," "No wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "Why doesn't she use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? They are effective without being harsh, and are as easy to take as sugar plums. I always give them to my children." "And so do I," said Mrs. Davis.

The new laundry lists on celluloid are pretty for holiday gifts.

The Little Seed.

A little seed lay in the darter's path:
A little shoot bowed in the strong wind's wrath;
A little shrub grew, by its roots held fast;
Then a stout tree braved all the winter's blast.

A little cough started—'twas only light;
A little chill shivered the hours of night;
A little pain came and began to grow,
Then consumption laid all his brave strength low.

Be wise in time. Check the little cough,
cure the little chill, dispel the little pain,
ere the little ailment becomes the strong,
unconquerable giant of disease. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, is a remedy for these ills.

Russian styles are in favor, and there is a rage for furs.

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

Clustered and uniform stripes are equally in favor.

Free! Free! Free!!!

A Book of Instruction and Price List of Dyeing and Cleaning to be had gratis by calling at any of our offices, or by post by sending your address to R. Parker & Co., Dyers and Cleaners, 759 to 763 Yonge St., Toronto. Branch Offices: 4 John St. N., Hamilton; 100 Colborne St., Brantford.

Soft India silk, China silk, surah, and crepe are the proper materials for the useful tea gown or matinee.

ITCHING PILLS.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. It will continue to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumour. It is equally efficacious in curing all skin diseases. DR. SWAYNE & SON, Proprietors, Philadelphia. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mail for 50 cents.

Belts, pockets, bands, collars, cuffs of seal and other furs are seen on rich pease de soie and other silk dresses.

Hus! COUGH CURE cures in one minute. Fraizes high and of medium height are as much in favor for dinner costumes as the fall of lace over the V-out bodice and dog.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or indigestion and their attendant evils, take a dose of Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

Striped fabrics look best when cut on the bias for the corsage and sleeves, all the stripes running in points down, not upward.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W. are stamped on each drop.

Most dinner dresses for American women are made with high bodices, or opening only in V shape in front, but high in the back. CHANGERS HAIR RESTORER restores grey and faded hair to its natural color and prevents falling out.

Black lace dresses bid fair to never go entirely out of fashion. They only change their shape and under dress from season to season.

Striped fabrics are in the ascendant, and vivid colors on neutral grounds the preferred form.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the stomach, can be relieved by using Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Young Rural (in a Toronto restaurant, showing off before his girl)—"Waiter, bring us a bottle of champagne." Waiter—"Yes, sir. Dry?" Young Rural (hotly)—"It's none of your infernal 'business whether we are dry or not. Just you bring it."

A Cure for Drunkenness. The opium habit, depression, the morphia habit nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-excitation of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Men. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address: M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington street East Toronto, Ont. A. P. 379

WORK FOR ALL. \$300 a week and expenses paid. Suitable outfit, and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

IF you have invented anything useful, patent it and make money. Write for HAYN'S GUIDE to PATENTS, to A. HAYN, Patent Attorney and publisher of "The Patent Review," Ottawa, Ont. 25 yrs. experience.

PATENTS PROCURED in Canada, the U.S. and all foreign countries. Engineers, Patent Attorneys, and experts in Patent Causes. Established 1867. Donald C. Ridout & Co., Toronto.

THE BOILER INSPECTION and Insurance Company of Canada, Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents, G. C. ROBIN, Chief Engineer. A. FRANK, Sec'y-Treas.

\$1,000 CHALLENGE. In all New York papers Wyckoff, Seaman & Bene dict challenge all writing machines to a test, of speed with the Remington Standard Typewriter. For particulars apply to GEO. BENGOUGH, Canadian Agent, 36 King St. E., Toronto.

MANITOBA.

Farmers going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to call upon or write to W. B. Gillett, 523 Main Street, Winnipeg, who has improved farms for sale.

Information cheerfully furnished without charge. Money advanced to bona fide settlers at low rates of interest upon personal property to assist them in starting.

W. McDOWALL,

Importer of fine Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and sports man's goods of every description. On receipt of \$15.00, I will express to any address, an English made double barrel breach-loading shotgun, with cover and tools complete. W. McDOWALL, 51 King street East, Toronto.

Nervous Debility.

DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the past fifteen years with great success, in the treatment of Nervous Debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc. For sale by all druggists. Price \$1 per box, or 6 boxes for \$5, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet on application. THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Toronto.

MERCHANTS AND BUTCHERS

AND TRADERS GENERALLY. We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALEFSKINS

for us. Cash furnished on satisfactory guaranty. Address C. S. PAGE Hyde Park, Vermont, U.S.

TOBOGGANS, SNOWSHOES, MOCCASINS,

Wholesale and Retail. Discounts to Clubs and Dealers. Send for Catalogue. A.T. LANE, CARNIVAL HOUSE, MONTREAL.

CHINIQUY'S FIFTY YEARS

in the church of Rome, 10th edition, cheaper in price, 32^d pages. Agents, ladies or gentlemen, to sell this VIVID, FASCINATING and TRAGIC book. Liberal terms. ADDRESS: A. G. WATSON, TORONTO, WILLARD TRUST DEPOSITORY, TORONTO.

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BEST IMPORTED ENGLISH SHEEPS, also Small B American Hog Casings. Quality guaranteed in lots to suit purchasers. Write for prices.

Jas. Park & Son.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.

Sailing during winter from Port and every Sunday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow Line sail during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal, weekly, Glasgow and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia fortnightly. For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co. Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomas & Co., St. John N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allan & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brooks, Philadelphia; E. J. Allan Portland Boston Montreal.

P. W. GRAHAM & CO.,

238 Yonge St., Toronto, dealers in all kinds of Band and Orchestra instruments. Both New and Second Hand. Vocal and Instrumental Music, Music Books, etc. Instruction Books for every instrument. Agents for Carl Fischer's BAND & ORCHESTRA MUSIC. Send for catalogue.

LADIES' Dress and Mantle cutting by this

new and improved

TAILORS' SQUARES.

Satisfactory guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by ladies and children. PROF. SMITH, 153 Queen St. W., Toronto. Agents wanted.

Toronto Silver Plate Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE OF SILVER PLATED WARES.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.

TORONTO.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We

have decided in future to put Dr. Jug's Medicine in a brown jug, instead of glass bottle as heretofore. The jugs that we will use for this purpose are made of the finest imported Rockingham, of a mottled brown colour, with "Dr. Jug's Medicine for Lungs, Liver and Blood" in raised letters on the side. Our reasons for making this change are: 1st—Its wonderful curative qualities will be better preserved by the medicine being kept entirely in the dark. 2nd—As the jug will be registered it will be impossible to counterfeit it. 3rd—The name "Dr. Jug's Medicine" will be more easily remembered by association. 4th—Our friends will be able to recognize at once that they are getting the genuine article, as there is no other medicine put up in a jug. DR. JUG MEDICINE CO., Toronto and Stratford.

Toronto Silver Plate Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE OF SILVER PLATED WARES.

TRADE MARK.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED.

TORONTO.

DR. JUG'S MEDICINE

FOR LUNGS, LIVER AND BLOOD.

FACSIMILE

OF A JUG OF DR. JUG'S MEDICINE.

will be able to recognize at once that they are getting the genuine article, as there is no other medicine put up in a jug. DR. JUG MEDICINE CO., Toronto and Stratford.

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Use on your Machinery only the Well-known

Peerless Oil

NINE GOLD MEDALS have been awarded it during the last four years. Try also our PEERLESS AXLE GREASE for your Waggon and Horse Power. Manufactured at QUEEN CITY OIL WORKS, v

SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., Toronto.

BARNUM WIRE and IRON WORKS,

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We are now offering the Best Iron Fences ever sold in Canada, at remarkably Low Prices.

WE ALSO MAKE Stable Fixtures, Sand Screens, Weather Vanes, Iron Stairs and Shutters, Fire Escapes, Office Railing, Flower Stands, Wire Signs, and all kinds of Wire, Iron and Brass Work.

Send for Catalogue.

PATENTS For Sale—Illustrative descriptive Cat

alogue free. R. Chamberlin, Toronto

CANADA PERMANENT

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Subscribed Capital \$3,500,000

Paid-up Capital 2,300,000

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WOOD ENGRAVER

10 KING ST. EAST

TORONTO.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY

A Beautiful Improved Birthday Card sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of two or more other babies, and their parents' addresses. Also a handsome Framed Dye Stamp to Color to the mother and such valuable information.

Wells, Richardson & Co., Montreal.

MILLER'S TICK DESTROYER.

STOCKMEN give this valuable preparation a fair trial. It operates promptly and effectually in destroying ticks and other vermin pests, as well as in eradicating all affections of the skin to which Sheep are subject. Sold in Tins at 35c., 75c. and \$1. A 35c. Tin will clean 20 Sheep or 35 Lambs. HUGH MILLER & Co., Toronto.

THE Greatest Dis-

covery of the present age for Remedying the BOWELS, AND CURING ALL BLOOD, LIVER, AND KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. A Perfect Blood Purifier. A few in Hamilton who have been benefited by its use: Mrs. M. Keenan, 192 Robert St., cured of Erysipelas of two years' standing; Robt. Cornell, 24 South St., daughter cured of Erysipelas after six years' suffering; Jennie Birrell, 56 Walnut St., cured of Weakness and Lung Trouble; John Wood, 96 Cathcart St., cured of Liver Complaint and Biliousness, used only a fifty-cent bottle; Mrs. J. Beal, 6 Augusta St., troubled for years with Nervous Prostration, two mail bottles gave her great relief. Sold at 50c. & \$1. F. F. DALLEY & CO., Proprietors.

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USES BEST FRENCH BURR MILLSTONES

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STONES WILL LAST A LIFETIME

Have also Feed Corn Sifters for sale.

20 INCH STANDARD CHOPPER

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Desiring to obtain a Business Education, or become proficient in Shorthand and Typewriting, should attend the

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For Circulars, etc., Address C. O'DEA, Secretary.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE SEASON TO ALL OUR PATRONS.

ROSS BROS' CHRISTMAS GREETING!

While extending to our numerous friends and customers the felicitations of this joyous, happy, festive holiday season, we would most cordially invite all to attend our great holiday sale to be carried on at a reduction of 25% all round.

We are going to commence stock taking about the 2nd week of January and will therefore offer special inducements to Cash Buyers during the holiday season in order to reduce our stock.

Wishing our customers and the public generally a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year, we are

ROSS BROS., SHAWVILLE, Q.

Shawville, 28th November, 1887.

Notice.
THIS IS to inform the public that between the 12th and 19th of November last, while I was absent, my trunk was forced open and a note of hand for one hundred dollars payable twenty months after July 2nd, 1887, was taken therefrom. Said note was drawn by John S. Murphy in favor of Maggie Murphy by whom it was transferred to me. I have, however, received no value for the same.
KATE MURPHY.
North Clarendon, Dec. 28, 1887.

Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that the plans and book of reference of that portion of the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway, commencing on Lot number Twenty-two in the first range of the Township of Mansfield, in the County of Pontiac, and District of Ottawa, and terminating on lot number One, Range A, in the Township of Waltham, in the County and district aforesaid, have been deposited in the office of the Department of Public Works for the Dominion of Canada, and in the office for the Clerk of the Peace for the District of Ottawa.
L. HUGGLES CHURCH, President.
Aylmer, Dec. 21, 1887.

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS
THERE WILL BE A **CHEAP SALE**
—AT—
G. W. SWATMAN'S, SHAWVILLE.

The Stock to be disposed of consists of
Watches,
Clocks,
Jewellery,
AND A SUPPLY OF
Groceries & Confectionery.
Form Produce taken in exchange.
Oysters and Fruits in Season.
G. W. SWATMAN, Jeweller.
Shawville, Jan. 30, 1888.

GREATLY EXCITED.—People are apt to get greatly excited in case of sudden accident and injury. It is well to be prepared for such emergencies. Hagar's Yellow Oil is the handiest remedy known for burns, scalds, bruises, lameness, pain and all wounds of the flesh. It is used internally and externally.
WORMS often cause serious illness. The cure is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup. It destroys and expels worms effectually.
FOR THE COMPLETION.—For pimples, blotches, tan and all itching tumors of the skin, use Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.

HAVE YOU NOTICED IT.—The weary, "ragged" feeling, with gnawing at the pit of the stomach, or a choking from undigested food so common to the weak dyspeptic. The trouble is soon remedied by Burdock Blood Bitters, which is a positive cure for the worst form of Dyspepsia.
A FATAL ATTACK.—A fatal attack of croup is a frequent occurrence among children. Every household should be guarded by keeping Hagar's Pectoral Balsam at hand. It breaks up colds, coughs, croup, asthma and bronchitis in a remarkable manner.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—Frederick Wiese, of Minden, Ont., suffered with running sores on both legs which the best of physicians failed to cure. Two bottles of Blood Bitters cured him completely. Scrofula always due to bad blood, is curable when timely treated with B. B. B.
OF GREAT UTILITY.—There is no other medicine of such general usefulness in the household as Hagar's Yellow Oil for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and all internal and external pains and injuries.

Sale of Lands for Taxes.

Public Notice.
Province of Quebec,
Municipality of the County of Pontiac.
PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Lands hereinafter mentioned will be sold, by Public Auction, at the Council Hall, in the Village of Bryson, in the County of Pontiac, in the Province of Quebec, on Wednesday, the 7th day of March next, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, for the assessments and charges due to the municipalities hereinafter mentioned, upon the several lots hereinafter described, unless the same be paid, with costs, at least two days before the day of said sale.

Avis Public.
Province de Québec,
Municipalité du Comté de Pontiac.
AVIS PUBLIC est par le présent donné, que les terres ci-après mentionnées seront vendues par Encaissement Public, en la salle du Conseil, du Village de Bryson, dans le Comté de Pontiac, dans la Province de Québec, Mercredi, le septième jour de Mars prochain, à dix heures de l'avant midi, pour les cotisations et charges dues aux municipalités, ci-après décrites, sur les divers lots ci-après désignés, à moins qu'elles ne soient payées, avec les frais encourus, au moins deux jours avant le jour des ventes.

CHEAP :: BARGAINS.

SIMON McNALLY & SONS, of Campbell's Bay, beg to announce to the inhabitants of the surrounding country and the public generally, that they have just received a large and well assorted stock of Fall and Winter Goods, comprising;
DRY GOODS, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS, FELT MITS, MOCCASINS, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, PATENT MEDICINES, STOVES OF ALL KINDS, AND SALT,

Which they purpose selling off at very low prices. Their Stock of Yeas cannot be surpassed for Cheapness and excellence of quality.

They would here thank their numerous customers for past patronage and by fair and liberal dealing to merit a continuance of their favors.
Cash paid here and at Calumet Island for Pease and Butter.
SIMON McNALLY & SONS.
Sept. 1887. CAMPBELL'S BAY AND CALUMET ISLAND

REMOVAL!

I beg to announce to the people of Pontiac that I have removed my large Stock to more commodious premises just a few doors south of my old stand, where I will, as usual, attend to the wants of my customers.

J. M. QUINN, - - - MERCHANT TAILOR,
510 1/2 Sussex Street, Ottawa.

P. S.—Orders by mail promptly attended to.
Ottawa, January 25, 1887.

Name of the Municipality.	Name on Assessment Roll.	Range.	Lot.	Extent.	Amount.
Nom de Municipalité.	Nom sur le Role de Taxe	Rang.	Lot.	Étendu.	Montant.
Allanette Island.	Andrew Gandette.	4	11	100	10 46
do	Thos. W. Lee.	7	4 and 5.	141	16 58
do	Estate (succession) late John McCohen.	7	9.	100	8 32
do	J. Berpin or L. Whitmore.	6	20 and 20.	204	15 43
do	Samuel A. Huntington.	West (Est.)	22.	94	8 04
do	Silas E. Huntington.	West (Est.)	23.	100	8 93
do	Adelard Dedine.	6	47.	100	20 27
do	Patrick O'Donnell.	6	13.	100	29 37
do	Henry A. Mitchell.	9	7.	125	14 88
Village of Bryson.	Orange Lodge.		15 & 14 north side George St.		6 60
do	Abraham French.		52 & 53 east (est) side Main St.		7 40
Bristol.	Unknown (inconnu).	12	N. E. 1/2 6 and 7.	200	18 19
do	Unknown (inconnu).	9	N. E. 1/2 2.	100	4 75
do	Unknown (inconnu).	A	S. W. 1/2 18.	100	7 78
do	John Bradley.	9	35 and 36.	174	7 04
Thorne.	Joshua Caffin.	1	N. E. 1/2 F and G.	118	9 58
do	Thomas Corrigan.		31 and 22.	56	4 35
do	Faloon Corrigan.		West, ouest 34.	97	7 51
do	Michael Cooney.	1	K in Gore.	92	4 42
do	John Daley.	1	N. E. 1/2 H and I in Gore.	127 1/2	3 55
do	Egan Estate (succession).	4	Part (partie) of 16.	54	6 98
do	Wm. Jas. Hodgins.	2	Rear of 11.	52	3 82
do	Hardwicke Lyons.	2	21 and 22.	200	13 79
do	Robert Lucas.	2	Front 1/2 D in Gore.	52	3 68
do	Widow Latham.	East (Est.)	1.	100	2 65
do	Widow Palmer.	East (Est.)	12.	100	2 65
do	Unknown (inconnu).	West, ouest	39 and 40.	200	13 01
do	G. H. Perley.	4	Rear of 49.	50	4 00
do	James Roney.	2	Front 1/2 E and F.	104	11 17
do	James Roney.	West, ouest	36.	75	8 66
do	John Stevens.	West, ouest	45.	100	5 89
do	Richard Hodgins.	East (Est.)	37 and 38.	210	14 76
do	Bernard Smirb.	1	1.	100	4 87
do	Bernard Smith.	1	2.	100	4 87
do	Bernard Smith.	1	3.	100	4 87
Liethfield.	H. K. Egan.	1	Front of 13 and 14.	00	10 00
do	John Frost.	7	Rear 1/2 18.	00	12 50
do	James Somerville.	1	North (Nord) 1/2 19.	100	19 75
do	William Wilson.	10	North (Nord) part (partie) N. E. 1/2 22.	00	10 14
do	Ephraim Mohr.	3	Part (partie) S. E. 1/2 10.	55 1/2	20 84
do	Samuel Fraser.	2	N. 1/2 of N. E. 1/2 8 and 9, N. E. 1/2 10.	150	40 84
do	John Telford.	6	Part (partie) S. W. 1/2 26.	97	30 62
do	Miles Cowley.	2	S. E. 1/2 3.	100	27 02
do	Peter Whalen.	7	S. E. 1/2 16.	100	7 83
do	John McTiernan.	8	28.		
do		9	S. W. 1/2 28.	300	31 85
do	Joseph Whalen.	7	S. E. 1/2 17.	100	17 08
do	James McTiernan.	8	N. E. 1/2 26, all (tout) 27.		
do		9	S. W. 1/2 27.	100	53 66
do	Mrs. McLeod.	3	S. W. 1/2 1.	100	23 95
do	Alexander Watson.	2	S. 1/2 of S. W. 1/2 9.	50	14 39
do	Thomas Fletcher.	6	S. W. 1/2 14.	50	35 04
do	Heir (heritiers) James McDowell.	6	S. E. 1/2 24.	100	41 64
do	Robert Dagg.	13	23.	200	8 85
do	John Wheelihan.	?	16.	200	28 80
do	John Wheelihan.	13	S. W. 1/2 20.	100	11 78
do	James Stevens.	12	17.	200	35 42
do	Mrs. Cline.	9	22.	200	5 52
do	Thomas Telford.	4	N. E. 1/2 26.	100	9 48

Office of the Municipal Council, County of Pontiac,
Portage du Fort, 4th January, 1888.
C. J. RIMER,
SECRETARY-TREASURER COUNTY OF PONTIAC.

Bureau de Conseil Municipal, Comté de Pontiac,
Portage du Fort, 4th Janvier, 1888.
C. J. RIMER,
SECRETARE-TRESORIER COMTE DE PONTIAC.