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THE EQUITY

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

SMITH & COWAN,

Editors and Proprietors.

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T. J. SOMERVILLE,
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THE EQUITY.

Vol. I BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., OCTOBER 18, 1883. No. 18.

Inez Varian's Secret.

Or, WHOSE CHILD WAS SHE?

BY HAZEL WOOD.

PART III.

(To be Continued.)

"Do you really mean to tell me that Lawrence Varian has fallen in love with his own daughter, and does not know it?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean to say, madame. Lawrence Varian has met his own daughter here in England, and not being aware of their relationship, has fallen in love with her, and is about to make her his wife; so you see how surely you can spoil his marriage."

The paint on madame's face does not conceal her pallor. She is silent for some moments, then she says, in a trembling voice:

"Claude, tell me truly, do you honestly think that the girl has been told by the Varians that I am her mother?"

"Why, of course the girl has been told it. They could not keep it from her when everyone of their acquaintances knew of it."

Madame is silent once more; then, with sudden energy, she says:

"I will try it, anyway. I can do no less than fail. You may go. I will call on Varian, or rather Colonel Grey, at once."

CHAPTER XV.

CAN THIS BE TRUE.

Madame Duvanee trembles with fear as she draws near the hotel where, according to her son's directions, she is to find Lawrence Varian. Perhaps she thinks, as she reaches the hotel entrance, Claude has deceived her. What if there is no such person as Colonel Grey here? or if such a person is here, what if he and Lawrence Varian are not one? Madame groans inwardly as she thinks of her two hundred pounds. Well, she will soon know whether she is on a fool's errand.

Colonel Grey is seated in his room, smoking his after dinner cigar, and thinking, as only a man of Colonel Grey's calibre and in his predicament, can think, when he is told that a lady is waiting to see him in the reception-room.

Who is she? is the colonel's mental comment, as he takes his cigar from between his lips, and looks at the hotel functionary, as if waiting the information. The man understands the look, for in answer to it he says, with a twinkle about the curves of his mouth that annoys the colonel:

"She didn't give me her name, sir, but she told me to say that a relative is waiting to see you."

Colonel Gray, as a man of spirit might well be, is tempted to knock the fellow down for his meaning smile and the stress he places on that word relative, but he restrains himself, and says, with a look that makes the fellow understand his position:

"I will see the lady directly," but the colonel hesitates ere he follows the call boy, thinks for a few moments, then throwing his cigar into the grate, says aloud as he quits the room:

"It wouldn't surprise me if it were she."

He masks his annoyance as well as he can when he finds himself on the threshold of the reception room and sees its only occupant a lady heavily veiled. She is seated and wrapped in a loose cloak, so that he cannot discern her height or figure; but the pose of her head is enough for the colonel. He steps into the room and closes the door. The lady rose, and throwing back her veil faces him. It is she, sure enough; and as the colonel said it wouldn't surprise him, it doesn't. Very coolly indeed he surveys the face that is unveiled—the face that proclaims the triumph it would try to conceal.

"Colonel Grey," says Madame Duvanee smiling in spite of herself.

"Madame Duvanee, I have no desire to chase away that look of triumph that shews itself so plainly in the twitching of your mouth and the gleam of your eye; but your presence here does not astound me. I have been looking for it any moment, and now that you let me know that you have discovered my assumed name, I shall ring for——"

"Stop, Lawrence Varian," cries madame in a commanding tone. Her discovery that Colonel Grey is Lawrence Varian makes her bold, but she still means to feel her way until she is sure that all the rest that Claude has told her is as true as this. "Lawrence Varian, you are not going to rid yourself of me until I have done my duty."

"Madame about to perform her duty," says Colonel Grey—rather, Lawrence Varian, as we must now call him—sarcastically. "If you have studied this new role for my especial benefit, madame, it was time wasted. I shall not witness your performance of it. I told you to-day when you stopped me on the square that if you persisted in following me about that you would drive me to take severe measures to rid myself of you." Varian is fast losing his temper as he speaks. "Madame Duvanee, understand at once and forever, that all earth does not hold the power to make you anything but odious in my sight. Now then, will you go, or shall I ring the bell?"

The blood has risen to Lawrence Varian's temples, and his eyes flash with scorn. He sees a terrible change come over Duvanee's face, and he turns away to hide his own change of countenance. Already he is sorry for having uttered those hasty words. He thinks himself less the man that he was before they fell from his lips. True, she has been persistent in trying his temper since yesterday; but no matter how great the provocation, she is a woman, he thinks, and he should not have spoken as he did.

But Duvanee does not understand his feelings as he turns away. That look in his eyes, without his words, would have made her understand that her case is hopeless That flash of his eye as he looked down at her, as if she were a thing he were about to tread upon, would convince a woman of far less susceptibility than madame that this earth had not indeed the power to draw him any nearer to her than he is at this moment. She loved him madly, and he scorns her, and

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

There is nothing for her now but to revenge herself. She cannot touch his heart with tenderness, but she has the power to make it writhe with agony, she thinks in her blind rage, and haphazard she uses the information given her by her son.

"Lawrence Varian, you need not look at me with quite so much scorn——"

"Madame," says Varian, turning to her, "you forced me to lose my temper. I regret speaking so harshly to you. Let us have no more words; leave me now and trouble me no more."

His voice is soft, appealing, but he can never take back those harsh words or the scornful look that even now madame can see lurking in the depths of his eyes.

"I will leave you when I have said what I came here to say. I am a thing to be scorned, and Miss Dolores Vane is, in your estimation——"

"Oh, you have found out her name, also," says Varian, his face putting on a graver look before he is aware of it, and his heart seemingly bouncing out of its place, as he thinks Duvanee may have already seen Dolores. If she has not, there is no time to be lost. His lips must tell Dolores the story of his life.

"Yes, I have found out who your lady-love is," cries Duvanee, emboldened by the discovery that so far Claude has not deceived her. "Of course you think her the purest creature that ever walked the earth, yet there cannot be such a vast difference between myself and Dolores Vane as she is called.

"Madame, you will please not mention the lady in comparison with yourself again," says Varian, his temper rising once more.

"But, I repeat, there cannot be such a difference between us," and madame raises her hand for silence as he attempts to interrupt her. "Lawrence Varian, I came here to-night to perform a duty. It is well for you that I discovered who Colonel Grey really is. I discovered it in time, to prevent you, Lawrence Varian, from committing a most atrocious crime——"

Madame, if you would only cease your acting when you are not on the stage!" cries Varian, impatiently.

"My dear sir," says madame, her eyes glittering, "I am not acting. I repeat, I am going to keep you from committing a crime, and I repeat also, that there cannot be such a vast difference between the woman you would marry and myself, for *she is my daughter!*"

Varian steps back and stares at madame.

"Have I not spoken plainly? Dolores Vane is my daughtar, your daughter—man, think of what you were going to do—marry your own daughter!" says madame, in a tragic voice.

"It is false!" thunders Varian, but his features are set with horror, and his body suddenly becomes too weighty for his knees for they bend beneath it. "It is false and you know it!" and his whole voice grows husky. "Duvanee no one but a wicked woman like yourself could invent such a disgusting story."

"But the story does not happen to be an invention of mine," the glitter in her eyes growing brighter. "It is as true as I tell it to you. Under the name of Colonel Grey you have fallen in love with your own daughter; but for your assumed name, I suppose that state of affairs would never have been, as the girl well knows her father's name is Lawrence Varian."

"I do not believe a word that you are saying!" but his troubled face shows that his mind is very much upset.

"Did the girl who calls herself Dolores Vane, who is chaperoned by a Mrs. Norris, ever tell you anything of your family?" says madame, boldly.

Varian does not answer Duvanee, but a wild light comes into his eyes at her question, and he claps his hands to his brow as if trying to think. His blood begins to chill in his veins, though he does not believe a word that Duvane has said, as he remembers the only time Dolores mentioned her family to him. The night he discovered her with Claude Duvane in Banvard Park. Then she hinted at a family skeleton that had fallen into the possession of Duvane. She said she would tell it to him some day. What if it were —— He dare not think further. Great beads of cold perspiration oozed out of the brow his hand pressed so coldly now. A fear so terrible that he has not power to think or speak, for a moment seizes him.

"Ah, you are becoming convinced that what I tell you is true. Go to Dolores Vane and ask her who is her father—aye, and who is her mother."

"Duvanee, I have never known you to tell the truth, and this is the basest lie you have ever uttered."

He pushes Duvane from his path, and makes for the door like one bereft of reason.

"You will find that I am telling you the truth," she cries, exultingly; but he does not hear her.

He is down the stairs and rushing across the large vestibule, nearly throwing down the call-boy, who endeavors to approach him with:

"A letter for you, colonel."

He snatches the letter from the boy's hand, who wonders "what's up with the colonel." By mere chance he catches a glimpse of Dolores' handwriting, as he is about to thrust it into his pocket. He tears open the envelope. "Colonel Grey, come to me at once," signed "Dolores," is all it contains.

"What does this mean? Good heavens, can it have anything to do with—no, no! I am going mad. What that woman told me cannot be true. God is merciful; I have suffered enough already. This cannot be true," says the colonel to himself, as he hurries out of the hotel.

CHAPTER XVI.

IT IS TRUE.

Dolores is far from being well after her fainting fit of to-day, but she has gathered all her strength, all her courage for this hour.

Dolores Vane possesses a strength of body and mind combined, that one rarely sees in a girl of her age. For three years her mental torture has been so great that few indeed could have concealed it so well, we must say, so nobly from the world. Perhaps it was her vigorous constitution and the unnatural amount of animal spirits with which she was endowed that enabled her to bear up under her secret sorrow, or, more likely, it might have been her purity of heart, her deep religious faith, that she never flaunted, yet that was seen and felt in her every word and action, gave her strength to hide the work of the canker-worm from even those who would have truly sympathized with her. True, there was always a depth of sadness in her eyes, but it was seldom that one did not look upon it as a beautiful expression, little dreaming that it was the reflection of the heart in an e[illegible] where natural expression is one of spar[illegible]

She walks the floor of their private parlor now with tottering footsteps. She dare not trust herself to recline on the sofa or in an arm-chair, though she is scarce able to stand, dreading that her weakness might conquer her, and that she would be unfit to meet Colonel Grey, to whom she had despatched the note we have already read, some fifteen minutes before.

Mrs. Norris left her, by request, to meet the colonel alone, and Dolores walks the floor, watching the clock. She would have sent for Colonel Grey sooner, though it was little more than an hour since she left Mrs. Linden's, but Mrs. Norris would not hear of her doing so until she had more fully recovered her strength.

Every minute that passes, as Dolores watches the clock with aching eyes, seems to her an hour. Will he be on hand to receive her note? she thinks. If he is, he will be here in a very few moments, and when he comes she will learn—— She clasps her hands to her head, as if to stop her temples, and at that moment there is a knock on the door.

"Come!"

The words fall mechanically from her lips, and her hands still clasp her temples as the door is pushed open, and Colonel Grey stands before her.

Lawrence Varian sees the girl's attitude and the whiteness and horror, that have not left his face, deepen. For the moment he forgets the story Duvanee has told him of Dolores. He sees her standing before him half dazed with grief, and his only thought is that Duvanee has been here and told Dolores his history, giving it her own atrocious coloring.

"Duvanee has been here," he says, in a hopeless voice, giving his thoughts words without being aware of it.

"Duvanee has not been here."

Dolores' hands fall heavily to her side. Her worst fears are realized. There is an unnatural calmness in her voice, and she scarce knows what she answers.

"She has not been here?" cries the colonel, his face lighting with joy, and stepping toward Dolores, with extended arms, he says fervently: "Thank God, my darling! now you shall hear my past from my own lips, and I know you will say that my suffering has atoned for my sin."

She recoils from his touch. She looks at him strangely. Lawrence Varian never will forget that look to the day of his death.

"I know all," she says. "You were talking to that woman on Grosvenor Square to-day, and Maud Linden pointed you out to me; she knew you at once."

"*Maud Linden!*"

Every trace of joy has left Lawrence Varian's face, and the feeling of horror creeps over him again. In an instant he takes a backward bound of fourteen years. He is standing in the brilliantly lighted ball room of his father's house. Inez is at his side. He feels a touch on his arm, and Maud Linden's impudent, smiling, pink and white face is before him, and Maud Linden's malicious voice is saying, "Larry, how is your wife?" This was the beginning of the terrible end—the last time he saw Maud Linden. She is now in London, and Dolores knows her. The Varians and Lindens were always together. It all flashes upon him in a moment, and with it, Madame Duvanee's story about Dolores Vane. In all his life, Lawrence Varian never dreaded anything as much as he did his father's anger fourteen years ago, but when he stood before that enraged man on the day of his disinheritance, his voice did not tremble, his limbs did not quake with fear as they do now as he stands before Dolores and says:

"You know that Queen of mischief-makers, Maud Linden, and she has told you that I am——"

He pauses, looking at her as if he wished her to finish the sentence for him. It is some moments before she can speak, then in a voice scarcely audible, she says:

"She told me that you are Lawrence Varian, but"—and with a sudden energy she raises her voice, and stretching her arms appealingly toward him, cries—"but for God's sake say that she did not tell me what is true!"

He takes both the outstretched hands in his, and holds them some time in silence, then in a tremulous voice, he says:

"Dolores, I am Lawrence Varian. Who are you?"

Never will Dolores forget her struggle of this moment. Lawrence Varian, for whom she has sought so long—for whom she has prayed night and day—is holding her hands in his. She tries at this moment to forget what he has been to her these few weeks past, and to think of him as her father. Perhaps he reads her thoughts, for he makes no effort to hold her hands, and she drops into an easy chair near which they are standing, and bows her face upon its arm. A silence falls upon them, so intense that Lawrence Varian can hear the beating of his heart. He knows he has found the girl for whom he has made search these two days. There is no need of her to answer his question, to tell him who she is. But there is no joy over his discovery in his loudly beating heart; not the weakest little feeling of paternity can he summon to aid him in comforting the girl bowed before him in shame and despair. His new-found happiness of a few weeks ago is blotted out, leaving only an ugly stain to remind him that it was. The wild oats he has sowed reaped him indeed and abundant harvest. He thought his measure of suffering was filled to the brim long ago; but now—now what a fate is his! Standing close to Dolores, his heart rebels; but few men possess so strong a will as Lawrence Varian; the rebellious thought is stifled at its birth. He turns away from Dolores, his bosom heaving, his face a livid hue, that firm feature, his jaw, set so that his lips form a straight line. He takes two or three turns upon the floor, then his lips relax, and he says:

"God knows best."

He has conquered his feelings, and he is once more beside the arm chair where Dolores sits motionless. He lays his hand gently upon her head, but she jumps as if she had received a shock, and her despairing eyes are fixed upon his colorless face.

"My poor girl, this is terrible—it seems too terrible to be true."

"But it is true," she says, hopelessly, sinking back in her chair.

"We were mistaken in our sentiment—we were drawn toward each other the moment we met. Now I know who you are Dolores, and it explains the strange attraction, I suppose. The moment I beheld your face it brought the past before me, but I never had the least suspicion who you were—no, not even when Madame Duvanee met me on the way back to my hotel the last night I was here, and told me that you were in London——"

"She told you that I was here?" cries Dolores, with sudden emotion.

"Yes. I met her unexpectedly a few squares from here. It was the second time that I met her since I left home. In India, a few years ago, I met her in the same unexpected manner. She told me the other night that you were in London, but she would not, or could not tell me where to find you. I, of course, thought you bore the name of Varian, and that you were with some of the family. She must have thought likewise then, or from some reason of her own kept from me the name you bear. I at once instituted a search of London for you; that was the business that kept me from you. This evening, just before I received your note, Madame Duvanee called upon me, and told me the young lady whom I was in love with is my own——"

She interrupts him before he can utter the word. Her interest became so intense, as he proceeded with his story, that she is excited, and she cries out:

"I see it all—I see it all; HE is her informant. He was at Maud Linden's to-day when you were pointed out talking to her."

"He! who is he, Dolores?"

"Claude Duvane, the man you warned me of at the garrison ball, the man——"

"I know whom you mean," interrupted Varian, speaking in a calm voice as he notes the color rising dangerously to Dolores' cheek. "I know what you would tell me. This is the secret that he had of yours, that he threatened you with the night he came across you in Banvard Park. So he knows Duvanee: I suppose he got the secret from her."

"No," says Dolores, the wild light of excitement grower in her eyes. "In America Claude Duvane managed to become a guest of the Lindens, and Maud Linden told him all she knew about me and my parentage. I overheard her telling it to him, but I did not see him again until I met him at the garrison ball. Then I refused to recognize him, but next day he sent a letter to me demanding an interview. He threatened to expose me to Lady Banvard, and to let him know that I was not afraid of him I granted the interview, and you came upon it. In that interview he gave me a surprise. He told me that he is Madame Duvanee's son——"

Varian's indignation against Claude Duvane for his treatment of Dolores now gives way to surprise, and he interrupts her saying:

"Claude Duvane—Duvanee's son? Do you believe him?"

"I do. I believe he is Duvanee's son. He claims he is the child of her first marriage, and that I am——"

Dolores pauses abruptly, and starts up from her chair. Excitement gives her false strength, and she begins to pace the room, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. Lawrence Varian shivers at her allusion to her birth. He watches her with much concern, but he is at a loss for words to comfort her.

"Dolores," he says, persuasively, "this excitement is very bad for you. Let us not further discuss our situation to-night."

"Not discuss our situation further," she cries, "when I have only paused at the point upon which my very life hangs. Oh, how I have longed and prayed to to meet you," she cries, standing before him. "But how different this meeting is from what I have already pictured it! I thought when I met my father, that ever before he revealed himself to me, my heart would tell me that it was he. But now, even now that holy love is not in my heart for you—may God forgive me!"

"Dolores, don't," cries Varian, in pain, "don't talk about that now!"

"I must speak now. If you are Lawrence Varian, you have told me a falsehood."

"Never!"

"But you have. You told me you never loved until you met me."

"And I call Heaven to witness that I told you the truth," says Varian, fervently.

"Oh, Lawrence Varian"—she does not think of calling him father—"do you mean to tell me that you did not love the woman you married?"

"Yes, I do mean it when I tell you that I did not love Duvanee. It was the infatuation of a boy of sixteen——"

"Duvanee! I was not alluding to her—it was Inez, Inez Varian. You were married to Inez."

Varian regards her in dumb astonishment.

"Oh, in the name of pity, Lawrence, do not keep this secret from me! You were married to Inez!"

"Dolores, I cannot understand what put such a thought into your head," says Varian, in surprise.

"Oh, do not try to put me off——"

"Surely, Dolores," interrupted Varian, "Inez never told you such a thing?"

"No, but I am sure she would if she had lived a few minutes longer——"

"Is Inez dead?" cries Varian, in a husky voice.

"Yes, she is dead, she is dead?" cries Dolores, wringing her hands. "Oh, Lawrence Varian, in God's name tell me that Inez Varian was your wife. I swear to you, that without your permission, I will never breathe it."

The intense anguish of her face and voice wrings Varian's heart. He scarce knows what to answer her. He tries to take her in his arms but she recoils from him as she says:

"Don't touch me, but answer my question."

"Dolores what ails you? What put this insane idea into your head? I never thought anything of Inez Varian but what a brother might think of a dear sister. If I had remained at home I might have learned to love her so that I would some day have asked her to be my wife."

"Oh, my God, are you telling me the truth, Lawrence Varian? Will you swear——"

"Dolores, I swear by all that I hold sacred that Inez was my sister—nothing more."

"Nothing more?" gasps Dolores.

"I swear to you that she was nothing but a sister to me," says Varian solemnly "Dolores, again I ask you what put such an insane idea into your head?"

Inez was never anything more than a sister to him—then for three long years she has been hugging a delusion! She has been on a wild goose chase to have the mystery of her birth cleared up. Well it is clear at last. Dolores see's it now. Inez's mind wandered, her reason had fled long before she had breathed her last, and she was without a doubt Duvanee's child.

"Oh that I should never have lived to see this day," she groans aloud as she sinks into the chair again. "If I had only died with Inez!" and she buries her face in her hands.

"Ah then you loved Inez?" says Varian softly, and he gently lays his hands on her head This time she does not throw it off and he continues: "She promised me that she would be a mother to you. Poor, dear Inez, my father's tyranny I fear, made her life miserable as it did mine."

"Please do not say anything harsh of him. I cannot listen to it—he has been a good father to me," says Dolores, sadly, forgetting her own grief for the moment as she hears Lawrence Varian speak bitterly of his father. "He has forgiven you long ago. For three years he has done everything to try to find out whether you were dead or alive. Maybe you know this, perhaps it is you that will not forgive him——"

"No no; this is the first I have heard of it. God knows how willingly I would make peace with my father."

"I am glad of that. He is coming here——"

"Coming here! When?"

"I am looking for him every hour now. It was to search for you that I came to Europe. Did you not see the advertisement in the *Times*.

She speaks in an embarrassed tone. They both feel their position keenly, painfully. He knows the sooner he rids her of his presence the better. He answers her question at random, then says:

"I shall wan't to hear from my father before I come again. Dolores we must have time to think over our new situation before we meet again. I shall leave you now."

He holds her hand in his for a moment. He makes no attempt to kiss her or embrace her. He is no longer her lover and to make any show of fatherly affection would be a mockery.

An Excusable case.

A man had met a girl in a lonely place and forcibly kissed her. She was terribly indignant and had him arrested. She gave an account on the witness-stand of how he gazed at her intently, and then, suddenly throwing his arms around her, imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The prisoner made no defence, and the jury was expected to promptly convict him of assault. They returned to the court-room. 'The ju-ju-jury w-w-would like to ask the young lady two questions,' the foreman said. The judge consented and she went on the stand. 'D-d-did you wear the J-j-jersey you've g-g-got on now?' 'Yes, sir,' was the demure reply. 'And w-w-was your ha-ha-hair b-b-banged like that?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then your Honor, we acquit th p-p-prisoner on the ground of em-mo-motional insanity.'

Poots Explains Mesmmerism.

"What's mesmerism?" asked Poots' little boy the other day.

"Mesmerism, son, is the—well—let's see, how can I make you understand it?—it is the—where's your dictionary? But no never mind. I'll explain it another way," and then Poots, who thinks he has a remarkably powerful mind, undertook to exert a mesmeric influence on his son.

Fixing his eyes on the boy in a way that made him feel anything but comfortable, he pointed to the clock:

"See that pretty bird! Hear it sing! Let's catch it and put it in a cage," and he got up and dragged the unwilling boy after him.

Then the boy broke away with an awful yell, knocking the clock down in his terror and yelling, "Ma! Ma! Pa's got the 'jims' again."

And that wound up Poots' experiments in mesmerism.

Daring Robbery.

London, Oct. 9.—One of the most daring robberies ever perpetrated in this section of the country took place yesterday, at Dreany's Corners, on the Governor's road. The post office at this place is kept by A. C. Campbell. There is a store in connection, and Mr. Campbell and his wife occupy a bedroom adjoining on the ground floor. At an early hour they were aroused from their sleep by a terrific pounding at the door, which presently gave way before several blows with a rail, and came crashing in. Mr. Campbell sprang out of bed and was confronted with three masked men armed with long knives and revolvers. One grasped a heavy iron poker from under the stove and dealt Mr. Campbell a blow over the head staggering him back against the bed The ruffians then seized Campbell and his wife and bound them hand and foot. One of the robbers then stood over him with a revolver threatening to blow his brains out if he did not keep quiet, while the second took up a position by his wife, knife in hand, to prevent any possible outcry. The third then ransacked the drawers and bureaus. From one drawer he secured $54 in bills and $14.15 in silver, taking beside a valuable hunting-case silver watch and chain. Having plundered the premises they drove away at a rapid rate in a buggy, which stood down the road a short distance awaiting them.

Mr. Campbell arrived in this city next morning and acquainted a detective with the facts of the outrage.

A Great Whale Hunt in Shetland.

An exciting whale hunt took place at West Voe, Dunrossness, on Thursday, September 20th, resulting in the capture of a shoal of 28 whales. Early in the morning a number of six-oared boats were proceeding to the fishing, when they observed the shoal disporting themselves close to Sumburg Head. They immediately gave chase and succeeded in driving them all ashore.

An eye witness describes the scene of slaughter as wild in the extreme. Along the head of the Voe were s read the whales, lashing the water into foam in their death struggles, while in the midst of the blood and foam the men, going from fish to fish and plunging lances into the monster's sides. One big fellow managed to get his head seaward, and away he went at a great rate, sometimes below and sometimes on the surface; but he had been wounded mortally, and he was easily brought ashore again. The boats which arrived in the evening from the fishing ground reported that they had seen several shoals playing about to the eastward of Shamburg Head

He had just returned from his wedding trip, and was going down town in a horse car with his bride, who, in all the pride of her new garments and new husband was disposed to look down on humanity generally, and on a poor old man in particular who sat opposite. "Who is that dreadful old creature, Horatio?" said she. "I am sure I don't know," replied the apple of her eye, with a slight blush and stammer; "some tramp I suppose, who has begged his passage." Just then the aged person alluded to awoke from his reverie, and adjusting his spectacles said: "Why bless me, if that isn't my grandson, Horatio! and that must be his wife! Don't color up so, boy; she's a right pretty girl, and you have no cause to be ashamed of her.' There was an audible smile in that vehicle, which the happy pair did not stop to hear the last of.

Selling off at Cost.

—:o:—

THE undersigned offers for sale the following lines of his surplus stock at cost for CASH

Dress Goods, Hats, Hat Shapes, Boots and Shoes, etc.

all of which must be sold off at a sacrifice.

NEW STOCK of GROCERIES.

The above must be sold out as he is putting in a large and varied stock of Groceries, such as

TEAS, SUGARS, TOBACCOS, CANDIES, CHRISTMAS TOYS, PRESENTS, &c. &c.

These Groceries are all of the very best quality and will be sold at a small advance on cost.

In addition to the above he has a

Baking Establishment,

and is prepared to get up all kinds of baking including

WEDDING CAKES,

in first class style.

A call solicited. JAMES KNOX.

Shawville, Sept. 6th, 1883.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

PRIVATE BILLS.

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

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

L. DELORME,
Clerk Leg. Assembly.

Quebec, October 1st, 1883.

NOTICE to CONTRACTORS.

SEALED Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Examining Warehouse, Montreal," will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, the 17th OCTOBER next, inclusively, for the erection of

Addition to Examining Warehouse AT MONTREAL.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of J. Neilson, Esq., Architect, Montreal, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, on and after Monday, the 1st October.

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

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

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

By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 26th September, 1883.

Wm. McVEIGH

KEEPS

IN stock

Teas,

Tobaccos,

Sugars, &c., &c.,

xceptionally good and at prices to suit all buyers.

LIQUORS:

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

☞ A call solicited. WM. McVEIGH.

Bryson., June 7, 1883.

GEO. LETTS,

Main street, - - Bryson.

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

-:FURNITURE:-

OF ALL KINDS

MADE TO ORDER.

SPINNING-WHEELS, YARN & REELS,

Manufactured and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

CHURNS of any pattern or size ☞ MADE TO ORDER.

—o—

In addition to the above he has opened out a nice stock of

Choice Groceries

Teas, Sugars, Syrup, Biscuits, Tobacco, Canned Fruits and Meats, Candies, Soap, Essences, Perfumery variety of Fancy Arti[illegible]

AT VERY LOW PR[illegible]

CALL AND [illegible]

GEO. LETTS.

Bryson, June 7, 1883.

THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, OCTOBER 18th, 1883.

By the death of the Rev. Dr. Begg, of Edinburgh, the Free Church of Scotland has lost one of its clerical pillars. Up to the day of his death he was one of the most uncompromising and out-spoken opponents of the use of instrumental music in divine worship. Dr Begg was a practical philanthropist in his day. The comfort of the laboring and agricultural classes was with him a question of the utmost importance, and to that end he spent no inconsiderable time in agitating in favour of the erection of suitable homes.

Yesterday, at noon, says the *Citizen* of Tuesday last, His Excellency the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise bade farewell to Ottawa. The demonstration at the Canada Atlantic Railway Station was heartily loyal, warmly spontaneous, and magnificently enthusiastic. The loud and repeated huzzahs, the out bursts of ringing cheers and the general expression of regret which was given utterance to as the train moved slowly away from the station, were the best evidence of the fact that His Excellency and Her Royal Highness left Ottawa in possession of the cordial good wishes of the people of Ottawa, represented by the large turn-out of citizens on the occasion. Both His Excellency and Her Royal Highness were visibly affected when the time to say "farewell" arrived, and the feeling manifested by them was reciprocated in the hearts of hundreds of Her Majesty's loyal subjects who assembled to bid them God-speed on their way to "the old land at home." We again express the hope that His Excellency and Her Royal Highness may experience a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, and that in the future a perpetual sunshine of happiness may illumine their lives.

The hysterical nonsense in which some of the newspapers are indulging about the presence of the Winnipeg Field Battery at Rat Portage on the day of the elections for Algoma and Varennes would be amusing if it were not for its mischievous tendency. One newspaper asks, "Shall the people of Canada be subject to military government?" and attacks Sir John Macdonald as if he was in some way responsible in the matter. There was no overawing of anybody at Rat Portage. Under the law, four magistrates who were willing to take the responsibility of stating that they have reason to believe, and do believe, that riot is imminent, have the power to secure the turning out of the militia. Four magistrates made that requisition in the case in question. The Winnipeg Field Battery, in answer to it, went to Rat Portage; they were kept in barracks all day, so that no one was intimidated or molested. The voting went on, and no disturbance occurred. The next day the battery returned to Winnipeg. The newspaper referred to speaks of the troops being those of a "hostile government." The troops are under the control of the Dominion Government, which can hardly be called hostile. But if the Manitoba Government is referred to, it would be well to remember that an election for the Manitoba Legislature was going on at the same time, in the same place. If the troops had undertaken to prevent anyone from voting, or had even taken any part in the election, there might be cause for complaint. But they did not. If riot was intended and was prevented by their presence, then their presence was an advantage; if riot was not intended, then as they were confined to barracks, no harm was done.—*Gazette.*

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

The Montreal *Gazette* of Saturday last publishes the opinions of a number of the most prominent merchants of Montreal, on the subject of the present condition of trade, upon which the same journal comments as follows:—

"There is a remarkable unanimity in the views expressed; all agree that importations have been considerably contracted this year, and that a further contraction next spring would be to the advantage of trade, affording the best possible protection against embarrassment. The extent to which importations have been reduced up to this time may be learned from the following statement of the value of imports at Montreal, exclusive of coin and bullion:—

	1882.	1883.
February	$ 3,496,790	$ 3,080,00[illegible]
March	3,600,034	3,075,65[illegible]
April	2,321,854	2,205,62[illegible]
May	3,773,462	3,235,74[illegible]
June	3,700,120	3,270,76[illegible]
July	4,550,083	3,887,487
August	4,505,181	3,826,35[illegible]
September	3,953,040	3,478,0[illegible]
Total	$ 29,900,664	$ 26,059,03[illegible]

The decrease to date is thus about 1[illegible] per cent., and the process of curtailment will in all probability continue for another half-year, covering the spring trade. As to the cause of this reduction opinions differ but a little, a portion of it being traceable to the increase in home production of manufactured goods, while slower sales and adequate stocks of imported goods have assisted to bring about the result noted. The fall trade appears to have been a quiet one, of less volume than that of the two preceding years, but upon the whole fairly satisfactory, and it is worthy of the remark that more than one of the merchants interviewed reports stocks in retailer's hands as by no means large. Remittances up to this time have come forward slowly, but there is nothing unusual in this, as the fall trade is only now opening in the country, the harvest was nearly a month late, and farmers have but recently begun to market the crops. An improvement in remittances is looked for during the rest of the year. In respect to the business of the Northwest, the reports are most encouraging. All agree in characterising the trade of that section of the country as decidedly bad during the spring and summer, traders having greatly overstocked themselves, many failures occurring, bankrupt stocks being thrown on the market, and producing other disasters in turn, and the lock up of capital in real estate, cramping the resources of merchants. But a marked improvement has occurred within the past month. Stocks have been worked down to a reasonable compass, the weak men, whose competition was injuring everyone, have been weeded out, and satisfactory results are looked for hereafter from dealing with the trade of the Northwest. As to home manufacturers, prices of all classes of goods are described as lower than ever before, and the recent combination of cotton manufacturers to restrict production is favourably regarded by merchants. It is pointed out, too, that no such advance in the prices of cottons has been made as opponents of the existing trade policy pretend. The advance is from 5 to 7½ per cent., and upon one class of goods alone, grey cottons, which are selling in Canada under the revised scale of prices as cheaply as in England.

The question of insolvency is also touched upon. There is a general desire for the enactment of the law for the distribution of the assets of insolvent estates, the various provincial laws being found unequal, unjust, even iniquitous in their working. Opinions favorable to the old Insolvent Act are expressed, the unpopularity of the measure being attributed to the failure of creditors to properly enforce it, and it seems to be regarded as necessary to the passage of a new law that provision should be made for the discharge of insolvent debtors. Some merchants, indeed, prefer that the insolvent should be dealt with by the creditors directly, the discharge being given or with held according to his deserts; but we infer that a provision for discharge by the consent of a majority in number and three-fourths in value of the creditors would be generally acceptable.

Correspondence.

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

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EQUITY.

DEAR SIRS:—By the existing postal regulations, all mail matter addressed "Allumette Island"—formerly the name of the post office at Chapeau—goes to the office of Mr. J. J. McGuire, some four miles from Chapeau. As there is only a weekly mail service, mail matter remains a week at this office before it returns to Pembroke, thereby causing no small degree of inconvenience to those getting their mail at Chapeau. The remedy is quite simple: either change the name from "Allumette Island" to "McGuire's," or to any other name which might be suitable; or make Chapeau, instead of Pembroke, the distributing office. The latter, I think, would be the wisest course, as our postmaster would be in a better position to ascertain who receive their mail matter at Allumette Island. No doubt if the P. O. Inspector's was directed to the matter he would take steps to have the evil remedied.

Yours very truly,
CHAPEAU.

Oct. 13, 1883.

REMARKS.

Our correspondent and the fellow-residents of his locality are not in an isolated position as regards the injudicious management of the mail service in this county. A great many people in the back settlements complain of irregularity in receiving their mails. In Aldfield, a settler told our reporter a few weeks ago that half the time his newspaper did not come to the post office at all. This we know to be, unfortunately, only too true, the missing parcels, after an interval of four or five days from the time they were despatched from this office, in some unaccountable way, coming back to Bryson again. Whether this annoying state of affairs can be attributed to incompetency or carlessness on the part of the P. O. officials, or, that the fault lies in the distribution system, we cannot tell; but one thing is certain, much dissatisfaction prevails, and it is high time the matter was investigated.—EDS.

Great Blowing.

EDITORS OF THE EQUITY.

DEAR SIR:—There has been great blowing lately about the Lever Stump Machine beating all others, pulling from one hundred to one hundred and fifty stumps per day. One was brought on to the Calumet Island, and after a trial of seven days, proving unsatisfactory to the people, the agent—who, by the way, has been doing considerable blowing about said machine—was sent for again. The chain-holes were dug, the neighbors were invited, and on Monday morning, the 8th inst., the agent together with two others—all able-bodied men, weighing from 160 to 200 pounds—with a $400 team of horses, went into the field. The neighbors gathered round to watch the progress of the workmen, who succeeded, after pulling and hauling all day, in raising or rather canting twenty-four stumps, from which the earth that adhered to the roots is yet to be taken. The small amount of work done was quite disappointing to those who witnessed the machine in operation.

The agent then went his way, and I have heard that he keeps on blowing, notwithstanding the fact that old hands at the stumping business were heard to express their preference to take out new stumps with the screw machine rather than attempt to remove the earth from those left by him on top of the ground.

A FARMER.

Calumet Istand, Oct. 10, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EQUITY.

DEAR SIR:—Would you be so kind as to publish a few words for me? I have been told that there is a letter to appear in your next week's issue in reference to our stump machine—one of the Whitfeld Toronto machines. I do not know what it may be, but it may be interesting to farmers to know the difference in stump machines.

In our machine the posts are so high and so far apart on the ground that great room is given to clean a stump; then being on wheels it is very easily moved. The chain and "take-up" are arranged in such a way that for shattered stumps each piece can be removed in a few seconds. For pulling large stumps and leaving them in a good position for removing the earth, this machine excels all others without a doubt. We have used it for eight days with an attendance of three men, and two days with two men, in a very stumpy field during the driest time in summer, and stumped thirteen acres, removing the earth from most of the stumps.

We can pull and clean as many stumps in one day as can be done with any other machine in this neighborhood in two days; therefore what can be done with our machine in three weeks, having an attendance of three men and one team, would require two machines which would cost nearly as much, and ninety dollars for payment of extra assistance; so farmers can judge for themselves which is the cheapest.

If any man in the county discredits this statement, let him bring on his "merry-go-round" and compete with me for a day or two for sport; or if he doesn't want to give a free exhibition, let him bring on his money, and we will have the sport all the same. Respectfully yours,

JEREMIAH SHEA.

Calumet Island, Oct. 13, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EQUITY.

DEAR SIRS:—Will you please allow me a small space in your valuable columns? As the season is rushing past and no prospects, in fact no probability of those people called the P. P, J. R. Company doing anything, and if Mr. John Bryson and Mr. W. J. Poupore are prepared to stand up to what they put forth at the exhibition at Shawville, that is to say, that they can bring to the front a body of men who are ready to pay to the company whatever amount they have expended in connection with the road, and give a guarantee that they will build the road and complete it within two years; if this company can be had, Mr. Editor, why delay any longer? As the County Council has been the medium through which the people transacted their business heretofore with the old company, why not call a meeting of those people to meet at Bryson at an early date, as it was one of the strongest claims that we have on the County Council to put this railway matter in better shape, there being a great mistake in not getting a large amount of security for the completion of the road at some certain date.

You must remember, Mr. Editor, that the county is out of pocket say from $70,000 to $100,000 yearly, on account of the road being delayed. I do not speak at random; if space would permit I would prove it, and will at some future time, if required. And, sir, as I know a good deal about the state of things at present, it is my opinion the old company cannot build the road as cheap as any other company, except they get more assistance, and it is doubtful if they can get that. There is no doubt, also, that the old company cannot build the road as cheap as any other company In the first place there is a want of confidence established, and they cannot get either men or material, or right of way as cheap as if they had come forward and assisted their contractor to meet his obligations before the work stopped. They will find if they ever go on with the road that men and material will not be so plentiful as they were when the work was first started, unless the cash is paid down for them. Now, sir, I think there is nothing unfair to the old company in this way of dealing with the matter; and if the new company is ready to take up the work with what assistance is in the hands of the old company, and carry out the contract; and then if the Dominion Government renders assistance, say even one hundred thousand dollars, the new company to get that amount and relinguish the claim on the county. I hope the County Council will consider the matter before it is too late. Hoping that I have not intruded on your valuable space, I remain,

ONE WHO IS INTERESTED.

Clarendon, Oct. 15, 1883.

Co. Pontiac Ag. Society No. 1.

PRIZE LIST.

Span of Horses, gen. use.—12 entries.—Joseph Amm 1st, John Steele 2nd, Wm. Mee 3nd.

Span Draft Horses.—8 entries.—1st John Steele, 2nd Thos. Sally, 3rd Hugh Elliott sr.

Span of Carriage Horses.—2 entries.—1st John Macfarlane.

Span of Roadsters.—4 entries.—1st A. J. McGuire, 2nd Wm. Blakely, 3rd John Bell.

Roadsters.—4 entries.—1st A. J. McGuire, special prize of D. J. Craig.

Single Horse in carriage.—4 entries.—1st Dr. Knox, 2nd D. J. Craig, 3rd Robt. Shaw.

Saddle Horse.—2 entries.—1st D. J. Craig, special prize of A. J. McGuire.

Mare and Foal, gen. use.—6 entries.—1st Joseph Amm, 2nd Hugh Horner, 3rd John Thomson.

Mare and Foal, draft.—10 entries.—1st Wm. Blakely, 2nd Wm. McKnight, 3rd Hugh Horner.

Two year old Colt, gen. use.—12 entries—1st Andrew Grant, 2nd Hugh Elliott senr., 3rd Edward Hodgins.

Two year old Colt, draft.—8 entries.—1st Wm. McKnight, 2nd Wm. Glen, 3rd James Cuthbertson.

One year old Colt, draft.—4 entries.—1st Wm. B. Hodgins, 2nd Peter Little.

One year old Colt, gen. use.—6 entries. 1st Wm. B. Hodgins, 2nd Geo. Kilgour, 3rd Peter Little.

CATTLE.

Milch Cow.—9 entries.—1st Jas. Caldwell, 2nd Wm. Brown, 3rd Wm. A. Armstrong.

Two year old Heifer.—10 entries.—1st Wm. Mee, 2nd Alex Elliott, 3rd. Jas. Caldwell.

One year old Heifer.—6 entries.—1st James Caldwell, 2nd Hodgins Bros., 3rd Robt. Shaw.

Heifer Calf.—6 entries.—1st Robert Shaw.

Two year old Bull (Durham.)—3 entries—1st John Steele, 2nd Jas. Colton.

Two year old Bull (Ayrshire.)—3 entries.—1st William Blakely, 2nd Charles DeLisle.

SHEEP.

Aged Ram.—7 entries.—1st John Thomson, 2nd A. R. MacFarlane, 3rd Wm. G. McDowell.

Year old Ram.—2 entries.—1st James Colton, 2nd Wm. Armstrong.

Ram Lamb.—11 entries.—1st Jas. Colten, 2nd Wm. Armstrong, 3rd Wm. C. McDowell.

Two Ewes.—6 entries.—1st Alex Elliott, 2nd Wm. Armstrong, 3rd Edward Hodgins.

Two Ewes, one shear.—6 entries—1st Wm. Armstrong, 2nd Hodgins Bros.

Ewe Lamb.—7 entries.—1st A. R. MacFarlane, 2nd W. G. McDowell, 3rd Wm. Armstrong.

SWINE.

Boar of Season.—7 entries.—1st Wm. Mee, 2nd W. B. Armstrong, 3rd W. B. Hodgins.

Sow of Season.—6 entries.—1st Hodgins Bros., 2nd Wm. Mee, 3rd Wm. B. Hodgins.

WOL. GOODS.

Ten yards of Dressed Cloth.—4 entries.—1st Oswald Cuthbertson, 2nd Hugh Elliott, 3rd Jas. Hobbs.

Ten yards of Satinette.—2 entries.—1st Wm. McKnight, 2nd Geo. Graham.

Ten yards of White Flannel.—2 entries.—1st Hugh Elliott, 2nd James Hobbs.

Ten yards of white Flannel, (woolen & cotton.)—1st Hugh Elliott sr., 2nd W. A. Armstrong, 3rd James Hobbs.

Ten yards of Twilled Flannel, (wool.)—4 entries—1st James Hobbs, 2nd Richard Hodgins.

Ten yards Twilled Flannel, [wool and cotton]—6 entries.—1st Hugh Elliott sr. 2nd W. A. Armstrong, 3rd James Hodgins.

Ten yards of Colored Flannel (wool.)—Three entries.—1st Hugh Elliott, 2nd W. Armstrong, 3rd Jas Hobbs.

Ten yards of Colored Flannel, (wool and Cotton.)—8 entries.—1st Wm. Blakely, 2nd Oswald Cuthbertson, 3rd James Hobbs.

Pair of Blankets.—7 entries.—1st Mrs. Hugh Elliott, 2nd Mrs. Jas. Hobbs, 3rd Mrs. Wm. Armstrong.

Pair Knit Mitts.—6 entries.—1st Wm. A. Armstrong, 2nd Mrs. Smart.

Pair Knit Socks.—8 entries.—1st Mrs. G. Kilgour, 2nd Mrs. W. A. Armstrong.

Pair Knit Stockings.—5 entries.—1st Mrs. Hugh Elliott senr., 2nd Miss Annie Graham.

Woollen Quilt.—3 entries—1st Mrs. Cunningham.

Cotton Quilt.—3 entries.—1st Mrs. W. A. Armstrong, 2nd Mrs. A. McCredie, 3rd Mrs. Wm. Stark.

Woollen or cotton Knitting.—3 entries.—1st Mrs. A. McCredie, 2nd Mrs. Richd. Hodgins.

Berlin Wool Work (raised.)—1st Miss Annie Grant, 2nd Mrs. William Armstrong.

Berlin Wool work [plain.]—3 entries.—1st Mrs. William Hodgins, 2nd Mrs. W. A. Armstrong.

Lace Work.—2 entries.—1st Mrs. Jas. Hodgins, 2nd Mrs. A. McCredie.

Crotchet Work.—10 entries.—1st Mrs. Hugh Elliott, 2nd Miss Annie Grant.

Tatting.—2 entries.—1st Mrs. Wm. B. Hodgins, 2nd Miss Annie Grant.

Card Board work.—6 entries.—1st Mrs. Richard Hodgins, 2nd Miss Annie Graham.

Seeds.

One bushel Fall Wheat.—2 entries.—1st John Young, 2nd Wm. Glen.

Bearded Wheat.—2 entries.—1st W. A. Armstrong, 2nd W. G. McDowell.

White Prussian Wheat.—5 entries.—1st John Young, 2nd W. G. McDowell, 3rd Robert Shaw.

Scotch Wheat.—5 entries—1st John Young, 2nd O. Cuthbertson, 3rd Wm. Brown.

White Russian Oats.—4 entries.—1st Wm. A Armstrong, 2nd Alex Smart, 3rd Edward Hodgins.

Common Oats.—8 entries.—1st Edward Hodgins, 2nd Geo. Graham, 3rd Wm. A. Armstrong.

Pease.—8 entries.—1st Wm. Brown, 2nd Wm. Glen, 3rd A. Smart.

Barley.—2 entries.—1st Alex Elliott.

White Beans, (small).—8 entries.—1st John Young, 2nd Wm. Stark, 3rd Wm. Stark.

Rye.—4 entries.—1st Wm. Mee, 2nd Edward Hodgins, 3rd Alex Elliott.

Horticultural Products.

One bushel of Blood Beets.—4 entries—1st Wm. Brown.

Mangold Wurtzell.—3 entries; 1st M. Cunningham, 2nd R. Shaw.

White Carrots.—5 entries.—1st Wm. Brown, 2nd Wm. Glenn.

Red Carrots.—5 entries.—1st Wm. Glen 2nd R. Shaw.

Sweet Turnips.—2 entries.—1st Wm. Mee.

Display of Grapes.—2 entries—1st Wm. Stark, 2nd Alex Elliott.

Onions, (multiplying).—4 entries—1st Wm. Stark, 2nd M. Cunningham.

Cabbage.—4 entries—1st Robt. Shaw, 2nd Wm. Mee.

Dairy.

Ten pounds of Cheese (factory.)—2 entries; 1st Edward Graham, 2nd Hugh H. Elliott.

Ten pounds of Cheese (Domestic Manufacture.)—2 entries; 1st Miss Annie Graham, 2nd H. Elliott.

Twenty pounds Butter.—15 entries; 1st Mrs. Brown, 2nd Mrs Edward Hodgins, (Shawville,) 3rd Mrs. Wm. Mee.

Loaf of Bread.—9 entries; 1st Mrs. W. Brown, 2nd Mrs. Jas. Cuthbertson, 3rd Mrs. Cunningham.

Boots.

Pair Kip Boots.—2 entries.—1st Hugh Brownlee, 2nd Wm. McNight.

Pair of Cowhide Boots.—1 entry; Wm. B. Hodgins.

Harness.

Carriage Harness, (double.)—4 entries; 1st Jas Spelman, 2nd J. J. Turner, 3rd Hodgins Bros.

Carriage Harness, (single.)—3 entries; 1st Jos. Turner.

Poultry.

Pair of Turkeys.—3 entries; 1st Jas. Hobbs, 2nd W Armstrong, 3rd James Cuthbertson.

Pair of Geese.—5 entries; 1st Trueman Thomas, 2nd John Young.

Guinea Fowl.—2 entries; 1st Trueman Thomas, 2nd W. Armstrong.

Pair of Cochins.—1 entry; 1st Thomas Sally.

Pair of Bramas.—2 entries; 1st Thomas Sally, 2nd Hodgins Bros.

Pair Black Spanish.—2 entries.—1st W. Armstrong.

Pair Brown Bramahs.—3 entries; 1st John Bell.

Pair Leghorns.—2 entries; 1st W. A. Armstrong.

Pair Plymouth Blacks.—1 entry; W. A. Armstrong.

Pair of Black Polands.—1 entry; W. A. Armstrong.

Pair of Peacocks.—1 entry; 1st Wm. Blakely.

Farm Implements.

Lumber Wagon.—9 entries; 1st John Thomson, 2nd Thos, Sally, 3rd Geo. Graham.

Plough.—9 entries; 1st Trueman Thomas, 2nd O. Cuthbertson, 3rd Wm. B. Hodgins.

Horse Rake.—4 entries; 1st W. A. Armstrong, 2nd Trueman Thomas.

Cultivator.—6 entries; 1st Robt Shaw, 2nd Hugh Elliott, 3rd George Kilgour.

Harrow.—3 entries; all deficient in merit.

Reaping Machine.—1st W. Amstrong, special prize of R. D. Featherstones; 3 entries, but only one machine present.

Twine binder.—1 entry; Not present.

Double Buggy.—1 entry; Joseph Wyman.

Single Buggy.—9 entries; 1st Ed. Morrison, 2nd John Shaw, 3rd Wm. Stark.

Express Waggon.—5 entries; 1st Jas. Hodgins, 2nd Hodgins Bros., 3rd O. Cuthbertson.

Double Cutter.—1 entry. W. A. Armstrong.

Single Cutter.—3 entries; 1st Malcolm McRae, 2nd James Hodgins, 3 Wm. Stark.

The directors desire to tender their best thanks to the parties who so satisfactorily performed their duties at the ticket offices and entrances, and especially to Mr. Pattison, who with great self-denial attended one of the ticket offices to make good the post of a non-attendant.

G. M. JUDGSON.
Secy.-Treas.

BORN.

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst., the wife of John O'Brien, Esq., of Allumette Island, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Chapeau, by the Rev. Father Lynch, on Tuesday morning, the 9th inst., Adolphus Chapuet to Mary, eldest daughter of John A. McDonald, of Chichester.

At Brockville, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. J. J. Neilson, of Arnprior, to Miss Josephine Upham, of Brockville.

DIED.

At Franktown, on Tuesday the 16th inst., Catherine eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Doyle, aged 18 years.

For Sale.

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

JAMES COLTON.

Litchfield, August 23, 1883. tf

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE

SHAWVILLE GALLERY.

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

FIRST Class ARTIST,

Prepared to carry on the business with renewed vigor.

ENLARGING A SPECIALITY.

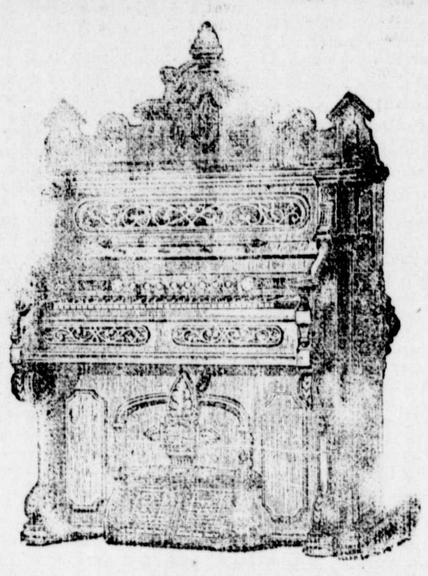
ALL KINDS OF PICTURE FRAMING, FROM $1.00 UP TO $25.00, DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

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

T. A. WAINMAN

Shawville, June 7, 1883.

DOMINION ORGANS AND PIANOS.



MEDAL AND DIPLOMA AT CENTENNIAL, ... 1876.
" " AT SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, ... 1877.
GOLD MEDAL AT PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO, ... 1878.
HIGHEST AWARD AT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO, ... 1879.

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE FACTORY IN THE EMPIRE, 140 x 100.
HIGHEST HONORS EVER AWARDED TO ANY MAKER IN THE WORLD.
WE ARE NOW MANUFACTURING SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS. BEST IN THE MARKET.
Correspondence Solicited. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

ADDRESS,

DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO CO.,

BOWMANVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

AMONG THE MANY

Interesting attractions in

PORTAGE DU FORT,

May be mentioned the

NEW -:- STORE

—OF—

C. N. PURVIS,

ON MAIN STREET, where you can procure

Splendid Bargains in every department.

He has received, and is daily receiving a large and choice assortment of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, and is now in a position to give the very best value for your money, and guarantee bargains every time.

-: Dry :- Goods :-

Factory Cottons, Dress Goods, Plain and Fancy Ducks and Denims, Shirtings, and latest styles in Scotch and Canadian Tweeds.

He also has a full assortment of

Gents :-: Furnishing.

White and Regatta Shirts, Ties, Collars, &c., special value.
Under Shirts and Drawers—the best in the market and at prices that will convince purchasers that he means business.

GROCERIES.

In Groceries he has a very choice selection of Teas, Sugars, Tobaccos, &c.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Beautiful Decorated Sets. Plain Gold Line China Sets. A splendid assortment of Toilet Sets cheap.

In Glassware his stock is complete. Glass sets at all prices and to suit all customers.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In this department he can fit the smallest and largest foot and will sell nothing but the best footware and cheaper than at any other store in Portage du Fort.

Quick Sales and small profits will be his motto.

Portage du Fort, August 30, 1883.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Caretaker's Residence, Drill Shed Ottawa," will be received at this office until MONDAY, the 15th instant, inclusive for

Erection of Caretaker's Residence, Drill Shed, Ottawa.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, on and after WEDNESDAY, the third instant.

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

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

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

By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Oct. 1st, 1883. 1in.

NEW STORE

I hereby invite the public to to call at my New Shop and examine my GOODS.

I have just got my goods removed to my new Store and am prepared to sell as cheap as the cheapest, for Cash or Produce.

A. C. SOUCIE.

Coulonge, September 21, 1883.

NEW TINSMITH SHOP

—IN—

Shawville, . Que.

The undersigned begs to intimate to the people of Shawville and surrounding country that he has opened a Tinsmith's Shop in Shawville and is prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in his line in

GOOD STYLE

—AND—

MODERATE RATES.

A Full Stock of Tinware kept constantly on hand.

Good work guaranteed. A call solicited. Repairing done on the shortest possible notice.

DUGALD McKILLOP.

Shawville, Sept. 8, 1883.

NEW STORE

—AT—

BROWNLEE'S CORNER.

The undersigned begs to say that in connection with the RADFORD POST OFFICE he has opened out a nice SELECT STOCK of

DRY :-: GOODS,

—AND—

GROCERIES.

Dry Goods consisting of

Dress Goods, Cottons, Winceys, Ticking, Toweling, Ready-made Clothing.

In Groceries,

Teas, Tobaccos, Sugars, Currants, Raisins, &c. &c.

A good stock and very select variety of

Boots and Shoes,

and in a word everything kept in a country store.

All goods will be sold cheap for cash or farmers' produce.

Clarendon, Sept. 8, 1883. JOHN DALE.

NOTICE.

AS A NUMBER OF SETTLERS WERE UNABLE for one cause or another to avail themselves of the offer made by the Department to grant a reduction of 25 per cent on all arrears of interest paid up to the 30th of June, it has been decided to extend the time during which this extension will be granted, up to and including the 1st December next, to all settlers who pay to the agents the sums due by them.

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

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

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

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the lockwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the resident engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, after Tuesday the 30th day of October, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the different parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRAYLEY,
Sec.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 29th Sept. 1883.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

SMITH'S FALLS.—Notwithstanding the fact that the Governor-General forwarded several names for adoption, and nearly every newspaper in Eastern Ontario suggested one, the people of Smith's Falls have decided to stick to the old name.

P.P.J.R.—It is said that the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway Company are making arrangements with Mr. O'Dell to to complete their line providing they can get rid of Mr. Armstrong. We hope to see them do something this fall.—*Aylmer Times.*

REPAIRS.—The town hall at Chichester is being repaired by putting a good solid new foundation under it, and erecting new steps and stairs. The lower part is used as a school house, and the upper story for the meetings of the township fathers.

THE IRON ORE TRADE.—The iron ore trade is again looming up in this country, quite a few Americans having opened mines in the vicinity of Perth. The ore is being shipped to Brockville by the C. P. R., where it is forwarded to the States by barges used expressly for that purpose. The demand in the American Market is said to be very large.

QUICK WORK.— While Mr. James O'Donnell was threshing wheat for Mr. W. H. McKay, miller, at the Quyon one day last week Mr. McKay took the first bag he had threshed to the grist mill, ground it and took the flour to the house when his wife went to work and made biscuits from some of it and had them on the table one hour from the time the mill began to work.

HANLAN TO THE FORE.—In conversation with a reporter concerning Courtney's alleged fast row against time Hanlan said: "You can state that I will, within three weeks notice, wager $5,000 that I can beat his alleged record of 19 25. I will then row Courtney the next day and will bet $5,000 that I can beat him, and I will bet $5,000 that I win both bets. There is $15,000 for any man who thinks Courtney's chances are any better than they have been."

NOT APPRECIATED.—The *Times* says: The revivalist whose eloquence carried away Almonte open air audiences some two months ago has degenerated sadly. Last Friday night he opened out a five-cent stereoscopic show at Robertson's corner, but it was evident that his oratory had lost its charms, for during a two-hour harangue he failed to take in even a nickel and finally left in disgust, with the remark that if the people were unable to appreciate his show that he was very sorry for them.

QUICK TIME.—Mr. Sanford Fleming, made the quickest trip on record by the overland route for Montreal to Victoria, Vancouver Island. Mr. Fleming left Montreal on the 11th of August and proceeded to Lake Superior. Leaving Prince Arthur's Landing on the 17th, he travelled on the Canadian Pacific to the end of the track. He then sailed up the Bow River to Calgary, and made direct for the Kicking Horse Pass, 130 miles from the former place. Mr. Fleming next proceeded on horseback and otherwise to the Pacific, reaching Vancouver on the 27th of Sept. He thus made the overland journey in 46 days.

PERSONAL.—We had the pleasure of a call last Monday from Mr. John Owens of Grace's Point Argenteuil, and Mr. R. R. Ross, of Little Rideau. These gentlemen hold the offices of Land Appraisers for the Government, and visited this section of the country for the purpose of valuating and settling for the lands along the Calumet chenail which have been submerged in consequence of the construction of dams at the head of Calumet Falls and across the head of the Rocher Fendu Channel. We understand most of the claims have have been settled; there are, however, some tracts of land, which have to be surveyed, before it is possible to arrive at the valuation.

BURNED.—An old saying is that in order to find out what is going on around home, it is necessary to go away from it. The following is from the Pembroke *Observer*:—"The barn of Mr. Patrick McCullough, of North Clarendon, was burned to the ground on Monday morning last about nine o'clock. The loss will be heavy as the barn contained all the crop grown on the farm the past season. Mr. McCullough, who is unmarried, does not reside on the farm permanently, and had been last on the place the previous Friday. How the fire originated is a mystery. There are hints of incendiarism, but this could hardly have been possible, as the owner of the burned property is highly respectable and quite popular in the neighborhood."

A HOAX.—In our local columns last week an item appeared relative to a young man's experience with thieves, as told by himself. It subsequently leaked out that there was no truth whatever in the statement—a mere fabrication, which in justice to the community where the supposed incident is said to have taken place, we deem it our duty to make known. Our readers, we hope, will be charitable enough to look upon the matter as a joke perpetrated by the young man, perhaps, with the intention of having a "sell on the boys"; but we would advise that individual when drawing on his imagination again for assistance in detailing the accomplishment of heroic deeds, to be wary, in case the same should come to reporter's ears, especially at this season of the year when local news is so scarce. We wish to add that the gent alluded to is not the proprietor of the Bryson tin shop.

IMPROVEMENTS.—A number of our villagers are busily engaged making improvements on their buildings this fall in order to be ready for the cold weather. Messrs T. & W. H. Clarke are fitting up their foundary very comfortably by laying new floors in their work and paint shops. Mr. T. Moran is having the addition which he added to his tailoring establishment recently, underpinned and bricked on the inside. Capt. O. Blondin is erecting a large kitchen in rear of his dwelling house.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Thomas Stitt received serious injuries in the head last Tuesday evening by being thrown from a waggon. It appears she was driving with a young man named Somerville from Litchfield, and was in the act of getting out at her own door, when the horses made a sudden start forward, causing the lady to fall backwards on the hard road, striking her head with such violence that it rendered her insensible. Dr. Rouleau was summoned as soon as possible. Mrs. Stitt's injuries are so severe that it will be some time before she recovers.

OTTAWA MARKETS.—Ottawa papers of Monday last say there is very little change in the prices at that city. Meat is coming in better than for some time past. On Saturday a fair trade was done in live stock, but nothing but grass fed as yet comes in; all sold by head and not by weight. There was a fair quantity of hay in but no change can be made in its price. The demand for poultry was active, in fact more so than the supply, which is now increasing. All eggs on hand were quickly snapped up. The butter market was good and considerable packages changed hands. Pork shews no change and packers are as yet doing nothing. What comes in only goes for private consumption. Potatoes are plentiful but still stiffening in price. In grain nothing of any consequence is being done except in oats, which moved of slowly at 42 cents per bushel.

COULONGE NOTES.—The Government appraisers have been busy in this neighborhood during the past week, estimating the amount of damage done to low lying lands, through the building of the Calumet and Rocher Fendu dams. They have *lots of fun* splashing through marshes, with the water above their knees, and more especially so on nice frosty mornings. Major Perry takes the water like a duck in making his measurements.

The Coulonge Brass Band have secured the services of Professor James Fraser, who led them at the Chapeau Exhibition.

The Rev. Robert Acton preached in the Presbyterian Church here, on Monday evening last.

Mr. H. N. Osborne's horse ran away with him, on the back road near this village, on Monday evening, and pitched Mr. Osborne out of the buggy but luckily he was not seriously injured.

Threshing mills may be heard humming away in different directions, and grain will soon commence to pour in to the village stores. Oats have been scarce here so far, owing to so few having threshed. They now bring thirty cents per bushel; pease sixty; rye fifty, and buchwheat 40 cents.

A good many beef cattle are changing hands about here.

Some of our Farmers have commenced fall ploughing.

WATCHMAN.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT ON THE C.P.R.—As the train for Mattawa was approaching Deux Riviere last Monday evening the 8th inst at about 9:30, and when about two miles east of Deux Rivieres, running at a rapid rate on the down grade, the front axle of the baggage car broke down, and after bumping over the ties for a short distance the baggage car broke loose from the train and fell down the embankment, about six feet, followed by the second and the first-class passenger cars nearly filled with passengers, probably two hundred in all. The first class car took fire, and it was, with the second-class car, totally consumed. A number are injured, some severely, but none dangerously, the worst being a boy named Levi Cartley. Among the others are Thomas Shaw, Pakenham, laborer, contusion of right shoulder and cut on head; Wm. Featherstone, Fitzroy Harbour, face burned; W. J. Barnhart, commercial traveller, Montreal, hands and legs burned; Henry Price, Clayton, laborer, face badly cut; T. Carabine, Pakenham, laborer, injury to the spinal column; Hector McLean, lumber merchant, Eardley, collar bone broken and head cut. Several are injured internally and a number are more or less bruised. By the exertions of the train hands and passengers the burning baggage car was extinguished. Engines from Mattawa and Pembroke went to the relief.

BRYSON SCHOOL HONOR ROLL FOR SEPTEMBER.—I Class, Part 1st.—Reading,—Bertha McCuaig, 1st; Lizzie Barsalou, 2nd; George Letts, 3rd.

Spelling,—Bertha McCuaig, 1st; Lizzie Barsalou, 2nd; John McCoshen, 3rd.

I Class, Part 2nd.—Reading,—Willie Ringland, 1st; Annie Stevenson, 2nd; John Ringland, 3rd.

Spelling,—John Ringland, 1st; Eliza Ardill, 2nd; Willie Ringland, 3rd.

Arithmetic,—Hattie Somerville, 1st; John Ringland, 2nd; Willie Ringland, 3rd.

II Class.—Reading,—Archie McVeigh, 1st; Madge Roney, 2nd; Emma Blondin, 3rd.

Spelling,—Archie McVeigh, 1st; Madge Roney, 2nd; Eliza LeRoy, 3rd.

Arithmetic,—Katie Richard, 1st; Tina Merleau, 2nd; Emma Blondin, 3rd.

III Class, Junior Division.—Reading,—Wallace Porteous, 1st; Mary Shea 2nd; Robert McCuaig, 3rd.

Spelling,—Wallace Porteous, 1st; Cecilia Migneault, 2nd; Mildred Rimer, 3rd.

Arithmetic,—Mary Shea, 1st; Robert McCuaig, 2nd; Cecilia Migneault, 3rd.

III Class, Senior Division.—Reading,—Fannie Somerville, 1st; Mary Pattison, 2nd; Walter Stitt, 3rd.

Spelling,—Wm. Letts, 1st; Martha Letts, 2nd; Fannie Somerville, 3rd.

Arithmetic,—Wm. Letts, 1st; Mary Pattison, 2nd; Richard Ardill and Walter Stitt (equal).

IV Class.—Reading,—Alice Bolam, 1st; W. L. LeRoy, 2nd; R. McDonald, 3rd.

Spelling,—Alice Bolam, 1st; Dora Porteous, 2nd; Wm. L. LeRoy, 3rd.

Arithmetic,—Alice Bolam, 1st; Henry Bolam, 2nd; Wm. L. LeRoy, 3.

Eng. Grammar and Composition,—Alice Bolam, 1st; Wm. L. LeRoy, 2nd; Aggie Ringland, 3rd.

Geography,—Wm. L. LeRoy, 1st; Aggie Ringland 2nd; Alice Bolam, 3rd.

History,—Wm. L. LeRoy, 1st; Aggie Ringland, 2nd; Dora Porteous, 3rd.

V Class, Reading,—Lizzie O'Meara, 1st; Carrie McDonald, 2nd; Cornelius McCagg, 3rd.

Spelling,—Lizzie O'Meara, Maggie O'Meara, Alice Porteous, (equal) 1st; Edith, 2nd; Carrie McDonald, Wm. O'Meara, (equal.) 3rd.

Arithmetic—Edith Porteous, 1st; Alice Porteous, 2nd; Lizzie O'Meara, 3rd.

Eng. Grammar and Composition,—Lizzie O'Meara, 1st; Edith Porteous, 2nd; Alice Porteous, 3rd.

Geography,—Alice Porteous, 1st; Carrie McDonald, 2nd; Lizzie O'Meara, 3rd.

History,—Lizzie O'Meara, 1st; Alice Porteous, 2nd; Carrie McDonald, 3rd.

Algebra,—Carrie McDonald, 1st; Lizzie O'Meara, 2nd; Maggie Shea, 3.

J. RINGLAND, Teacher.
M. RINGLAND, Asst.

Sketches by our Reporter.

CHAPEAU EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of the County of Pontiac Agricultural Society No. 2 was held last Wednesday, and notwithstanding that it rained nearly all day, people to the number of about 1,500 were in attendance. The entries were much in excess of last year, but in consequence of the threatening appearace of the weather in the morning many things were left at home, thereby very much retarding the success of the exhibition, which, under more favourable circumstances would have been a perfect success. We deem it unnecessary to enlarge on the exhibits as a full report of the prizes awarded will appear in our next issue, except to say a word or two on a few of special importance. In the horse's department we noticed a beautiful span of black carriage horses, owned by Mr. Fletcher Warren, of Allumette Island which are second to none in the County, also a very superior mare owned by W. J. Poupore, M. P. P., whose mile record we understand is less than three minutes. Who says Pontiac has not fast horses The show of mares and foals was exceptionally good in both classes. Cattle and sheep were hardly up to the average, although very good considering the day. In the horticultural department there was a very creditable display. In the dairy department the butter, bread, etc, etc, was exceptionally good, a few tubs of the former having a very inviting appearance. In the ladies' department the display of fancy articles, although not very large was very creditable. In the poultry department were exhibited some very fair turkeys and geese.

Somerville Bros., of Pembroke, who by the way are steadily and favorably coming into prominence for turning out everything they undertake in very superior manner, had on the grounds a very neat and substantially got up double and single buggies for which they received special mention. The side hill plough, manufactured by Messrs. T. & W. H Clarke of this village attracted unusual attention and was the subject of comment and admiration by all who saw it. The Messrs. Clark Bros., not being within the territory could not enter for competition, but received the special mention of the directors. The Pembroke and Coulonge bands rendered some very choice and spirited selections of music throughout the day and added much to the amusement of young folks. Quite a number of people were over from Pembroke, amongst whom we noticed Thos. Murray, M.P.P., Andrew White, Esq., John Copeland, Esq. John McKay, Esq., Christopher O'Kelly and others. On account of the rain there was no speaking, the worthy president and directors deeming it advisable in the interests of the health and comfort of the people—who listened to the reading of the prizes awarded by Mr. Bessette—to forgo any agricultural discussion which may have been expected. In the evening the young folks repaired to Mr. Maloney's hall, where, to the sweet and joyful music of the violin, were lost in the busy maze of the festive dance, until the "wee sma' hours of the morning! The directors we understannd, have in view the building of an agricultural hall and also levelling and otherwise beautifying the grounds, before the next annual exhibition. The exhibion on the whole, was a success, the system and good management which were quite noticable, speaks volumes for the efficiency and ability of its officers. The ploughing match took place on Mr. Dunn's farm last Saturday, the names of the successful competitors of which will appear in our next issue. Thus terminated the sixth annual exhibition.

PEMBROKE EXHIBITION.

The exhibition under the auspices of the Pembroke Stafford and Alice Agrieultural Society, was held at Pembroke last Thursday and Friday. The show of cattle and implements was very fine. Audrew White, Esq., had a bull calf on exhibition which weighed 1,025 pounds, and a three year old bull weighing 2,100. These animals are said to be the finest in the Ottawa Valley. In the agricultural hall Mr. S. E. Mitchel had a very fine display of organs, jewellery, etc., which added much to the appearance of the exhibits. Mr. Fletcher Warren of Allumette Island carried off first prize in class II, for driving horses, and also first prize against all comers at the Beachburg exhibition. Mr. R. D. Featherstone of Fitzroy Harbor was on the ground with one of his celebrated twine-binding harvesters. The attendance at the exhibition, considering the locality in which it was held, was small, but this was mainly due to unfavorable weather.

CHICHESTER.

The ploughing matches in connection with the County of Pontiac Agricultural Society No. 2, came off successfully last Saturday. In the afternoon a large crowd of people from Sheen, Waltham, Allumette Island and Chapeau, numbering at least 300, assembled at Chichester, to witness an afternoon's horse racing. The first was a plug race for a small purse for which there were three entries, Joseph Potvin winning first money and Thomas Berrigan, 2nd. In another similar race Michand took first, Potvin coming in second. Now came the race of the day, between blood horses, for which only two entries were made, viz., by Potvin and Meehan. In the first heat Potvin's mare baulked, which allowed Meehan's beast to skim over the course with ease. In the second heat a similar incident occurred, which of course resulted in Meehan winning the race very easily. After this a purse of fifteen dollars was raised in order to let Potvin have another chance to try his mare against Meehan's, a great many being of opinion that the former owned the fastest beast of the two, and that if a proper start was made she would win. The result, however, was almost the same, the only difference being that Potvin's mare kept the course, but was decidedly too slow for the other. Quite a lot of enthusiasm prevailed, and lively betting was indulged in. Quite a number of ladies were present, who seemed to enjoy the sport equally with the men. Good order was observed throughout the day.

MATTAWA.

That something more than usual was on the *tapis* was evident by the crowd of people, who, in direct opposition to Horace Greeley's advice, were going east on Thursday evening last at Mattawa. Having ascertained that we had a sufficiency of the needful to carry us through, we hastily struck out in the direction of Main street, and shortly found ourselves in front of the Methodist church, the doors of which when opened disclosed to us a most inviting aspect. Seated at a long table we beheld an eager and appreciative assembly, where old and young vied with each other in doing justice to a spread of good things which would have warmed the heart of an epicure. Yielding to the pressing invitations of a number of charming lady waiters, we lost no time in devoting our best energies to make this part of the programme a success, feeling much elated to think that such a favorable opportunity of displaying how amply kind Nature had provided us with faculties sufficient unto an emergency such as this, and the ease and dexterity with which we were capable of disposing of the work assigned to us. As we are inclined to be bashful, our attention became more firmly riveted on the materialistic objects which were heaped in profusion on the table, than on the celestial sprites who floated around it; but it was evident, even to us, that the little winged god, who is said to laugh at lock-smiths, was busy at work. Having giving place with a sigh of satisfaction to some less forward individuals, our attention was drawn to another part of the building where another table stood, on which was displayed a large and varied collection of articles, useful and ornamental, presided over by Mrs. D. B. Warren and Miss Earl, who proved that they understood their business thoroughly. Quick sales and cash on delivery was the order of the evening with them. [We wish to note here that the prices realized for ladies' aprons and things, convinced us that our present income would quite debar us from participating in the matrimonial boom.] The entire stock-in-trade having been disposed of, Mr. Frank Cochrane was voted into the chair, and the literary and musical part of the programme commenced. The first feature was an opening chorus, "I'm a Rolling," which was very nicely rendered by the choir. Next came a song, "The Midship Mite," by Mr. Selwood, who responded to a most decided *encore.* "The Weary Gleaner," by the choir, was also very well executed, after which a short address was delivered by Rev. Mr. McKechnie. A song by Miss Hurdman, "Darby and Joan," received a hearty encore, which was responded to in her usual affable manner. "The Gospel Train," by the choir, was really good, and duly appreciated. "The Sweet By and Bye," by the little folk, and "Katie's Letter," by Mr. Selwood followed. After votes of thanks had been tendered to the ladies of the congregation, the members of the choir, and the chairman, the proceedings were brought to a close by the audience singing the national anthem.

The proceeds which amounted to some $90, we understand are to be applied in payment of the organ.

It might not be amiss to suggest to the gallery gods that had their applause been somewhat less boisterous, it would have been just as effective, and possible better appreciated. 'Nuff Ced.

Here and There.

Potatoe digging is still being vigorously carried on.

Pembroke needs a street crossing at the west end of the bridge.

Best American Coal Oil for sale at E. B. D. Lafleur's.

Mr. Ritchie raised a large log stable on his premises this week.

The people who were hurt at the Mattawa accident are all doing well.

Very heavy white frosts on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings of this week.

James McCool, Esq., of Fort William is adding a large wood shed to his premises.

So far few partridge have come into the Ottawa market, and hunters say they are scarce.

The recent heavy rains have made country roads very bad. A bridge over the Little Allumette creek, in the township of Waltham, we are told has fallen down from the effects.

Rev. Mr. Scott, of Bristol, preached in the Presbyterian Church here last Sunday.

Four loads of shantymen drove through here on Saturday evening en route for the woods.

Heavy rain fell in this section on Wednesday and Saturday last. Lots of mud in consequence.

Two hundred and thirty-seven men left Ottawa last Friday for the winter's work in the shanties.

The bridge at Chapeau has been very nicely repaired. Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick was the contractor.

Partridge are said to be plentiful this season. In travelling along bush roads they are seen in abundance.

I will pay 75 cents on account, or highest cash price for pease delivered at Haley's station. E. B. D. LAFLEUR.

The tail of the Upper Ottawa Improvement Company's drive was swept into the Schneaux boom on Monday last.

The Ottawa Pork packers wonder where they are going to get their season's supply. Prices are too high to suit their pockets.

The fatted calf is now giving way to the fatted turkey, and the innocent bird wonders why it is being fatted. Christmas will tell.

Mr. John McCauchon starts a number of men from here on Monday next to commence operations on his Black River limits.

Peter White, Esq., M.P., and Thomas Murray, Esq., M.P.P., gave short addresses at the close of the P. S. & A. agricultural exhibition.

We have received a very neat colored poster from the *Observer* office announcing the Pembroke fall races which take place to-day and to-morrow.

It is expected that the new Des Joachims bridge will be completed by the first of April. The contractors are Messrs. Starrs and O'Hanly, of Ottawa.

An Aylmer woman hit a man with an egg because he kissed his hand at her. Served him right. Next time he'll know enough to kiss the woman.

Our far-famed hunter Mr. Walter Worril, accompanied by Mr. E. Ricard, left here on Monday morning last for a week's campaign at the lakes in Leslie.

The question of erecting a monument to the memory of the late Canon Johnston is mooted among leading residents of Hull. No doubt the idea will be carried out.

The hum of the threshing mill is heard throughout the county; but the principal trouble with the farmer is that there are not machines enough to do the work.

The *Citizen* says it is estimated at the present time that there are over 3,000 hands engaged up the river, and that for the season's cut double that number will be wanted.

"I'll give $1,000 for a drink!" were the last words uttered by a man named A. Bonner who died from drink at Westport lately. Here is a whole temperance sermon in itself.

Mr. Tim Sullivan while driving home with his lady from the Chichester races last Saturday had his buggy upset by another vehicle which ran into it. Fortunately neither parties were seriously injured.

Hanlan does not like to be doing nothing, and as he cannot get up a straight match, he offers to row a one mile race on six consecutive days with different oarsmen each day, the stakes to be $1,000 each race.

The Philharmonic Society of Pembroke will hold a series of concerts during the coming winter. There is some very superior musical talent in this sprightly little town, and this society is calculated to bring it to the front.

Saturday's Official Gazette contained the appointment of C. B. Rouleau, late Stipendiary Magistrate for Ottawa District, to the position of Stipendiary Magistrate for the Northwest Territory, vice Matthew Ryan.

A very large quilting bee was held in Chichester not long ago, at which thirty-six women were present. Some stony-hearted bachelors of our acquaintance will no doubt say that this accounts for the recent bad weather.

Chichester is to have more horse-racing on Saturday next. Previous to last Saturday this township succeeded in carrying off all the prizes for some time past, but on this occasion the tables were turned, and Sheen won all the races but one.

The gate receipts at the South Lanark Agricultural Society's exhibition amounted to $309.75, showing an attendance of over 3,000 people. The show was an improvement on those of former years.

While Baker and Farron were playing in Brockville last week, just before the curtain rose a man named Samuel Morey dropped dead in the Opera House. Ten minutes afterward the audience were enjoying the comicalities of the actors.

The rate of assessment for the village of Arnprior for the year 1883 is as follows: County rate, 2 mills; village rate, 3 mills; High School rate, 2½ mills; debentures, 3½ mills; Public School rate, 4¼ mills; Separate School rates, 7½ mills.

Agents of the Gatineau Valley Railroad are busy in Ottawa and vicinity serving notices for the purpose of expropriating the right of way for their line. Expropriation is not to be wondered at, seeing the fabulous prices asked by some of the land-owners for very small patches of their property.

The lacrosse match which was played at Pembroke last Thursday was won in three straight games by the "Lansdownes" of Bristol. The base ball match resulted in a draw. The Bristol boys are stout, hardy, active fellows, and it takes a pretty able team to march around them.

The Allumette Island people complain very much at the way the ferry between Pembroke and Desjardin's wharf is managed. The service on exhibition day was very annoying, people having to wait hours and hours before they could cross. The Government should put this business into other and more competent hands.

Peter White, Esq., M.P., of Pembroke; Hector McLean, Esq., of Eardley, and Robert Wilson, Esq., formerly a resident of this village, were on the train when the accident occurred at Deux Rivieres last Monday week. They describe the scene as terrible, and the escape from death miraculous. Behind Mr. White was sitting a lady with an infant four months old, both of whom escaped without a scratch or bruise. How some one was not killed seems indeed a mystery.

As the Vice-Regal party were about to leave Ottawa, last Monday, they were accosted with many cordial greetings from the crowd of spectators, and many hands were extended to them. Just outside the waiting room door, as the Princess was on her way to the car, one stalwart chap thrust his arm between the line of red coats, and she cordially shook his hand as he wished her a pleasant journey. He turned with a pleased look to the crowd and ejaculated: "Thunder and she shook hands with me!" and he looked as if no higher honor could have been conferred upon him.

The Scaffold.

MAN MEETS HIS DEATH WITH REMARKABLE COOLNESS.

L'Orignal, 12th.—A gloom to-day pervades the whole community. All nature seemed to be in the same mood; everybody appeared housed up and no one dared to break upon the stillness of day. Every heart seemed awed, every soul was timid, and every step seemed faltering except that of Mann, who was ushered into an eternity that he little dreamt of. With a braveness that ordinary mortals little dreamed of, he approached his doom, and as he stood face to face with his fellow-men, feeling that he had made his peace with God, he wore that cheerful smile, that sincere bearing of the penitent that has betokened one who has repented himself with the powers that be.

Shortly before eight o'clock the courtyard was crowded with citizens who from a morbid curiosity were drawn together to witness the execution. The

SOLEMN PROCESSION

passed through the courtyard and ascended the scaffold, the sheriff leading and the officers following. Reaching the platform, prayer for the dying was offered up by the Rev. Mr. Philips: "Sovereign Lord, our Lord Almighty, who willest that all men should be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth, who desirest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should be converted and live, we pray and beseech thee loose the soul of this thy servant from every bond and free it from every curse, for thou art he that loosest the fettered and raiseth up the crushed. O, thou hope of the hopeless, command, therefore, O, Lord, that the soul of thy servant be released in peace and go to rest in thine eternal tabernacle with all thy saints through thy holy and life-giving spirit. Thou art one God, blessed for evermore. Amen."

THE EXECUTION.

Mann stepped upon the trap-door firmly and evinced a deep interest in the fastening of the straps around his legs and arms. No black cap was drawn over his head in the excitement, but before the reading of the last prayer the light was forever shut out from his view by the suddeness of the executioner's work. There was not an instant's delay, and less than nine and a half minutes passed between the time the doomed man took his first step upon the gallows stairs and that in which his body was thrown downward by the drop. The drop fell with a dull, deadly sound, and the light body of the murderer brought the rope to a strong tension. The first thrill of a shudder had not run through the more sensitive of the spectators when the body was seen spinning at th end of the rope

ALMOST HEADLESS

The blood forced upward by the arterial movement spurted fountain-like upward from one to two feet, and he gradually died away. Not the slightest agony was evinced, so perfect were the arrangements made. After nine minutes, death was pronounced by Drs. Ewing and Magnault. A post mortem was subsequently held, and the evidence went to show that the neck was dislocated and the condition of the brain was abnormal. The brain was forwarded to Dr. Osler, of Toronto, for examination. The common hangman that is dead was particularly proud of having invented what he called "the long drop." The law provides merely that a man shall be hung by the neck till he is dead, and the details of the execution are left to the discretion of the officials in immediate charge.

O'Donnell's Trial.

A POSTPONEMENT TO AWAIT EVIDENCE PROBABLE.

London, 15th—The Recorder of the Central Criminal Court to-day in charging the Grand Jury in regard to O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey, said: The prosecution claims the prisoner committed a deliberate murder of the worst kind, because Carey had aided the law, was under the protection of the Crown, and was killed out of revenge. The Recorder said it would be the duty of the jury to return a true bill against O'Donnell.

The Grand Jury will not return an indictment against O'Donnell until Wednesday. Gen. Pryor accompanied the counsel to court to-day. It was arranged that a motion to postpone the trial would be heard on Wednesday after the indictment was presented.

The witnesses for O'Donnell at Cape town leave immediately for England. The trial will open on Thursday. It is thought the Government will not seriously oppose a postponement.

A Costly Blaze.

THE NEW C. P. R. ROUNDHOUSE AT RAT PORTAGE BURNED.

Winnipeg, October 15.—A telegram received from Rat Portage, Ont., announces that yesterday the new roundhouse of the Canadian Pacific Railway at that point was totally destroyed by fire at 5 o'clock in the morning. Several men were at work in the building at the time, but were powerless to arrest the flames, which at first broke out on the ground floor adjoining the pit. The fire spread with lightning rapidity, owing to the oil droppings on the floor. Two new passenger engines [valued at $30,000], a freight locomotive (valued at $10,000) and other rolling stock were so badly damaged that they will aggregate the total loss at $100,000. The building was only insured in three companies, for a sum not stated.

Mica.

The production of mica promises to become one of Canada's important mining industries. During the past few months much attention has been given by explorers to searching for this mineral, and innumerable deposits have been discovered; many of these have proved to be valueless, some on account of its not appearing in paying quantities, and others owing to the inferior quality of the mineral. Some valuable veins have however been found, carrying cristals from which large sheets of clear white mica can be seen. One such vein occurs in the county of Ottawa, and, although the work of developing it has not been started, the surface indications are such as to allow of no reasonable doubt as to the quantity of marketable mica that can be mined. The specimens sent to this office with a description of the geological formation and diagram of the vein lead to the belief that this property is one of great value. Another vein, though occurring in a different formation, is now being opened at a point on the Upper Ottawa, and the mica is above the average in point of size and clearness. The vein, which is well defined between granite walls, is of fair width at the surface, and extends for several hundred feet in length. What little work has been on the vein goes to show that the cristals increase in size and are more compact below the surface, while the sheets become almost free from discoloration. But little more work on this property will be necessary to establish its value, and mica mining, once successfully begun, will rapidly become an industry in the district of as great importance as the mining of any other mineral.—*Canadian Mining Review.*

Spanish Cabinet.

Madrid, 13th.—It is stated the following cabinet has been formed by Posado Herrera, President of the Council: Ruiz Gomez, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Gallostra, Minister of Finance; Marrett, Minister of the Interior; Lenares Rivas, Minister of Justice: Sandoal, Minister of Commerce; Lopez Dominiquez, Minister of War; Valcarcel, Minister of Marine; Suarezinolan, Minister of Colonies.

France and Tonquin.

Hong Kong, 14th.—Placards were posted on the Island of Hawailin treating the mandarins and foreigners with death. Naval protection is necessary. There has been serious rioting at Foo Chow. The renewal of the disturbance was prevented by the French Consul.

Hong Kong, 14th.—Civil Commissioner Harmand is much distressed on account of the present condition of affairs. He says that France has failed to act with due energy when she had the opportunity, and he believes the immensity of the present task is the natural result of her action. The Franco-Chinese merchants assert that France has only two courses to fall back on the Bouree treaty or prepare to march on Pekin. The riot at Foo Chow was caused by the French Consul objecting to the burial of a Chinaman who died from cholera in the ground adjoining foreign concession. The temper of the Chinese at all treaty ports is dangerous.

Roasted Alive.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FEATFUL DEATH.

A Napanee report says; On Tuesday last a little girl, 8 years of age, daughter of Mr. Seth Thompson, of Camden, Kent Co., met with a fatal accident of a most terrible nature. About 4 p.m. her mother was preparing a chicken for supper, and going out for a couple of pails of water, left directions for the child to light the fire and put on the kettle. Nothing is known how the accident occurred, but as the mother was returning, to her horror, she observed the little girl running towards the barn, her person wrapt in flames from her burning clothes. Her aunt, who lives near, also saw the girl at the same moment, and called to her to come that way. Mother and aunt met the child, and while the former threw the water over her, the other smothered the flames with her dress. The child's clothes were completely destroyed below the waist, and above that hung only in charred shreds. The flesh on the lower limbs and body was literary roasted, and holes were burned in the shoulders and arms, but her head escaped almost without injury. The skin pealed from the body in large patches where she stood when the flames were put out. The girl remained conscious for a short time, but was unable to explain how the accident happened; she suffered little pain until the following afternoon, after which her agonies were terrible to behold, until death relieved her sufferings about ten p.m. on Wednesday.

The Wisconsin Cyclone.

Lacrosse, Wis., Oct. 11.—A cyclone struck Arcadia on Monday night. The air was so charged with electricity that lights could not be made to burn. People rushed to the cellars in the darkness to avoid danger. The atmosphere was of a reddish green color, with a strong sulphuric odor. The deafening roar of the tornado was indescribable; barns and outbuildings were lifted from their foundations and torn to fragments; trees bricks and stones filled the air, and in some instances were driven clean through the sides of buildings. Some orchards were destroyed and a good many horses and cattle were killed. State Senator Comstock's sorghum mill is wrecked. All the injured persons may probably recover.

The Brandon *Blade* is the latest addition to Manitoba newspapers. Its political position is put in a nutshell: "It is sufficient to say that it sincerely believes in the Conservative Government of Sir John Macdonald as the wisest and best for Canada that can be obtained. That Government has been liberal, progressive and enlightened, and so long as it continues to be so, it must receive the support of the country."

THE MARKETS.

BRYSON, Sept. 18.

Eggs per doz.,	00 @	16
Butter, per lb.	17 @	18
Oats, per bush.	30 @	35
Pease, per bush.,	60 @	65
Potatoes per bush.,	35 @	00
Flour, per bbl.,	5.25 @	5.50
Pork, fresh, per lb.,	10 @	12

NOTICE.

The Board of Catholic Examiners for the County of Pontiac, sitting at Portage du Fort, will meet on TUESDAY, the SIXTH day of NOVEMBER, next, in the Town Hall, for the examination of Teachers. All applications, together with the necessary certificates should be in the hands of the Secretary at least fifteen days before that date.

JOHN COYNE,
Secretary B. C. E.

Portage du Fort, Oct. 9, 1883. 2i

HARNESS!
HARNESS!
HARNESS!

:o:

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

REPLETE

STOCK

—OF—

HARNESS

AND EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A

FIRRT-CLASS COUNTRY SHOP,

Which he intends to sell at

Reasonable Rates.

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

JAMES HYNES.

Bryson, Sept. 6th 1883.

Solitude.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth
But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn to go,
They want full measure of all your pleasure
But they do not need your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad and you loose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast and your halls are crowded;
Fast and the world goes by,
Succeed and give and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you to die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lovely train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

What Troubles the Girls.

My heart's in a flutter,
I scarcely can utter
A word, I'm so strongly excited;
For the fashions are in,
And I'm sure it's a sin
To see how my wardrobe is blighted.

I haven't a dress
That isn't a mess
Of tatters and tears and stains;
My feathers are wilted
Like some I have jilted
When the mitten they got for their pains.

And isn't it curious,
Our doctor is furious—
He vows I must have rest and peace.
And still it is droll,
My heart is yet whole,
Though my number of lovers increase.

Now, ma, I protest,
I cannot well rest
Till the 'Novelties' I have seen all—
So shopping we'll go,
I'm longing to know
What I shall be wearing this fall.

Words of Wisdom.

When you travel from vice to virtue you travel on a corduroy road and get many a bump; but when you go from virtue to vice it is just as easy as it is to slide down a hill.

At night we cannot tell whether the river is shallow or deep; so neither can we judge of a silent or secret man. To know him we must have light, else be unable to sound him.

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of their covering.

In weak minds no medium can be maintained. Where hope holds her domination, she is too buoyant to be accompanied by her anchor, and between her and despair there are no gradations.

Praise not people in their face, to the end that they may pay thee in the same coin. This is a thin cobweb that it may with little difficulty be seen through; 'tis rarely strong to catch flies of any magnitude.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent upon the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

Those things which we neither desire nor hate, we are said to contemn: contempt being nothing else but an immobility, or contumacy of the heart in resisting the action of certain things; and proceeding from the heart is already moved otherwise, by other more potent objects; or from want of experience of them.

WIT.

"Please give me a revised edition of this leather bound stuff," said a hotel boarder as he passed the raw stake back to the cook.

"He was the most perfect gentleman I ever saw," said a Kentuckian of Henry Clay. "When you went to see him, he handed you the whiskey bottle and then turned his back."

A new editor who had written his first article on wit, explained to the managing editor, who called him up to rebuke him, that the article was all right as a pun-ishment for some persons.

A French doctor has written a book on "diseases of memory." A large book could be written on the same subject, with a profusion of illustrations from the lives of politicians before and after they go into office.

"So Jack has strained himself training for the double scull race?" said an Ottawa boy to his chum on the float. "Yes, Jack was never very strong." "And now" chimbed in the first speaker, "he's rowbust."

"Why do they cry so much, pa?" asked a certain editor's little boy at a concert, referring to the performers on the stage. "Because they see so many dead-heads in the audience," scowling at the rival editor in the next row.

Base-ball fashions for 1884: Fingers will be covered with cotton cloth, cut *a la mode*, and held in place by splints; eye-patches will be dark blue in color, and without fringe; bandages will be cut bias; and courtplaster will be worn on all occasions.

The Duke and the Dude.

The following story is told of an English nobleman, recently deceased:—"The Duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he had on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside of the ducal florin. This was too much for his Grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His Grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the snob. Out came a third florin to swell the Duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly toward his rival as if he would say: 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate, and quietly swept the remaining six into his pocket.—*Family Herald.*

He Admires Etiquette.

"I'm going to give you a good thrashing," said a young married man to another.

"What for?"

"Because you smiled at my wife as she passed along here to-day."

"Well, your wife smiled at me first."

"Did she? Oh, that alters the case. Of course it was etiquette on your part to return the smile, and you being a much larger man than I thought you was, I am glad you have acquainted me with all the facts of the case. I am a great admirer of etiquette. Come and have something.'

Dirt-Eaters on the Amazon.

"You say they are dirt-eaters?"

"Yes sir, and I mean it in its literal sense. You know the French traveller Macoris, who explored the sources of the river Amazon, found a tribe of Indians so infernally lazy, that having eaten up all the four-footed animals in their reach, including parrots and monkeys, snakes and creeping things, were reduced to living solely on bugs and insects. These Ottomacs are fully as bad. They live upon mud-balls when the water is high and fishing ceases. It is a sort of unctuous clay of a peculiar kind, which they find upon the banks of streams. It is soft to the touch, like putty. In its natural state it is of a yellowish grey color but when hardened before the fire it assumes a tinge of red, owing to the oxide of iron that it contains."

"Is it nourishing?"

"Not in the least. It merely fills up—produces a satiety and satisfies the pang of hunger. I have been told by chemists and medical men who have analyzed the balls into which they roll it to store away that it contained nothing nourishing, simply silex and alumina, with three or four per cent of lime. They call these balls poya, and store them up into little pyramids, just as cannon balls are piled in a fort. Each ball is three or four inches in diameter. When hungry they take a ball and soften it by wetting it, and eat about a pound per day. There is something in the dirt eating habit that produces a sort of craving for for it. I do not think that the habit is confined exclusively to Ottomacs, but believe that it is generally known among the Indians of the tropics. I have heard of a poor class of whites living in North Carolina who, when pressed by hunger, eat the mud daubings that hide the chinks in their cabins.

The end of the World.

The end of the world is confidently predicted by devout Moslems to be approaching with the close of the Mahomedan thirteenth century on Nov. 8th. Tradition declares that in the present month during the Ramadan feast, the sun shall rise in the West, the day of forgiveness and mercy shall cease, and that of retribution begin. Thus a proclamation has been issued from Mecca warning all true believers to prepare for the coming day, which the Times of India tells us, has been widely circulated, and has created a great impression. A fanatical pilgrim to to the prophet's tomb at Medina Mohammed Selab, declares that Mohammed appeared to him in a dream last March, and warned him of the approaching end. There are twenty-five signs to be fulfilled before the great day, and the Mohammedans say they have already recognized some of these, the closing signs being the coming of Iman Mahdi, the director with his troops bearing black ensigns, and a mighty wind shall sweep away all the souls of those who have but a grain of faith in their hearts. After the Madhi's reign the trumphet will sound two blasts, the dead shall rise and the judgment shall be in.

A Modern Glimpse of the Dark Ages.

In discussing the Modern science it is perhaps well to be reminded of some of the horrors of the pre-scientific age. This is afforded by the extraordinary trial of certain Hungarian Jews, charged with murdering a Christian girl, so as to mingle her blood with the flour to be converted into passover bread. In this case the story was told on his own father by a Jewish lad, who swore positively that he saw his relatives murder the girl in the synagogue, and drain her blood into vessels to take to their homes. Credence was given of this terrible accusation by the whole Christian population, and a number of innocent Jews were at one time in peril of loosing their lives through the malice of a half-witted child. Of course the story was finally disproved, and the lad himself confessed his infamy. Ths blood thirsty ferocity and credulity which the trial revealed on the part of a modern and a nominally Christian community was simply amazing. This belief in a periodical sacrifice of a Christian child by Jews, in order to mix the blood with the flower of the unleavened bread, can be traced back to the fifth century. We could give a page of incidents in which the Jews in the middle ages were plundered and murdered, because of the repeated revivals of this superstitious illusion. In 1255, in Lincoln, England, ninety-two of the richest Jews were arrested, their property confiscated, and no less than eighteen of them were hung, because a Christian boy was found floating in the river near a Jewish residence. At last accounts the Jews were again being persecuted in Hungary, Poland, and Russia by the envenomed and superstitious peasantry.

Fall Ploughing.

Fall ploughing should be done early, and as often as possible. Wheat and rye stubble should be ploughed without delay if they have not been seeded, because the covering of it under four or five inches of soil will destroy the immature Hessian flies. But it must be done at once, or the flies will escape from their hiding-places and spread abroad to infest the newly sown grain. The stirring of the soil starts myriads of weeds into growth, which will soon cover the ground, and may be destroyed with the greatest ease by a good harrowing. More can be done in this way than by any other work. Besides, this fall cultivation of the land prevents many weeds from seeding and scattering their thousands of seeds broadcast to make several years' weeding in the future. Another advantage of fall ploughing is that the soil is greatly benefited by its exposure to the air and the sun's heat and if left to fallow by the winter's cold.

A Maryland maiden wears colored glasses when her beau calls to see her, because he complains that the brightness of her eyes embarrass him.

What a beautiful sight to see a 250-pound woman, with a back as broad as a canal boat, bearing about a nine ounce parasol to protect her from the sun.

Somebody put a small mud turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in a bed at a New Jersey hotel, and the stranger who was assigned to that room, upon retiring, caught sight of it. He at once resumed his clothes, remarking: "I expected to have a pretty lively night of it, but if they're as big as that I don't propose to get in with 'em."

There will be room in Heaven.

She was a little old woman very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, of his intellect, and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the poor old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church, and took a seat. The three ladies who were there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile as she said gently:

"Oh I am quite comfortable here, quite comfortable."

"But you are not wanted here said the sexton pompously; "come with me my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"No room?" said the old woman looking at her sunked proportions, and then at the fine ladies. "Why I'm not crowded a bit. "I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to day, because——"

But here the secton took her by the arm and shook her roughly, in a polite underhand way, and then she took the hint.

Her faded eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered; but, he rose meekly and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies who were spreading their rich dresses over the place she had left vacant, she said gently:

"I hope my dears, there will be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sexton to the rear of the church, where in the last pew, she was seated between a thread bare girl and a shabby old gentleman.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew she had first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. —— preach for? She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"These people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely! There's Dr. —— coming out of the vestry. Is he not grand."

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding looking man, and as the organ voluntary stopped and he looked over the great crowd of worshippers gathered in the vast church he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk and beckoned to the sexton, who mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church, to return with the old woman, when he placed her in the front pew of all its other occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a feeling of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon which struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as she passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," answered the functionary in an injured tone.

"How few remember that while "man looketh on outward appearances the Lord looketh on the heart."

How to Propose.

St. Louis Letter: "How shall a man propose in order to be successful in his suit," repeated one of the most intelligent society ladies, whose silver locks only served to enhance the beauty of her still youthful face. "In my opinion, though all men know well enough how to make love, there is not one in a thousand who knows how to propose. My husband spent six months protesting and convincing me of his love, of which, by the way, I was well aware from the first, "Will you marry me?" he finally one day said to me, in a disheartened way; 'You are like all the rest, a perfect enigma. I have spent months trying to win you, and I do not know that I have made any impression upon you, you are as hard to unravel as the scarf you wear around your throat.' 'This,' I exclaimed, in the most innocent way, 'why, 'tis no difficult task to unravel it if you only get hold of the right string.' He saw the point, took hold of the right string, and——" "His arm took the place of the scarf?" "Well neither have ever regretted it"

A bright eyed girl, who is a skillful angler for hearts, thinks a young man to be successful should propose after a very acquaintance, take the girl by storm, as it were, while she is pleased with a new beau, and before she has time to tire of of him; then follow the proposal up with a vigorous courtship, lots of flowers and bon-bons, drives, theatre, parties, etc., and, if she consents, insist upon a short engagement by all means. Another well known blonde beauty, who has created sad havoc and had much experience in this line, says the only successful way is to propose when least expected. Allow no time for consideration, and then insist that the acceptance must be now or never. She feels sure that is the only way that she will ever be captured, but she thinks very few men are bold enough to try that game. A handsome young widow, well known in the social circles, who is not so rich as she was, says that the only successful way to win her is to offer a fine house, horse and carriage, with plenty of money to keep them up.

A dark-eyed girl, with a tangle of soft brown hair shading her brow, says: "If a man is desperately in love with a girl and persists in his efforts to win her, he is sure to win his suit. Widowers understand this point, and know how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful." She knows one case where a widower went in and hung up his hat, announcing his intention of remaining until he was accepted, and the girl had to marry him to get rid of him. A widower beau makes her nervous about the result.

One sweet, dreamy-eyed girl, who is just on the threshold of society, says: Love-making must be so sweet that she would wish her lover to be a long time making the approaches, and she would not shorten the delights of an engagement; if they tire of each other it would be better before than after marriage. She is not particular as to his style, but he must be tall and handsome, and sing and dance well, and, above all, he must know how to make love." The girl's name must be kept secret.

A married lady in whose household the little god of love certainly makes his abode says the only successful proposition of which she knows anything was made without a word being spoken: 'John and I sat looking into the fire for a long time without saying anything, when all at once he put his arm arm around me, drew me to him and kissed me. When father came in a moment later, he said, 'Major, I am going to steal your daughter."

"The quickest courtship on record," said one old resident, "was that of Mr. Nick McDowell who, driving along the street in his buggy one day, saw a beautiful girl standing at the window. He immediately stopped and hitched his horse, rang the bell, inquired the lady's name, was ushered into the parlor, announced his own name, said he was pleased with her appearance and wished to marry her at once. Nothing but the knowledge that she was actually in the presence of the celebrated physician kept her from fainting. To her plea of 'surprise at this unexpected announcement,' he only replied, 'Now or never.' When she asked to 'take a week to consider,' he said, 'I am going down town to attend a critical case, and have no time to spare right now.'

'Give me a day, then.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do. When I am through with this professional visit, I will drive around and get a preacher. If you've made up your mind to marry me by that time, all right," and he left her breathless and unable to articulate another word. When he returned they were quietly married. "No cards."

The Last of the Alligators.

A recent letter from Jacksonville, Fla., contains the following:—"Dropping in a store to-day where Florida curiosities are sold, I asked the proprietor about alligators. He had about 100 little fellows from 10 to 20 inches long, active and vicious as any one might desire, which he was willing to dispose of at a good round price to those who care to take them, with the positive certainty that they will live but a very short time after being carried away. He said that alligators were already becoming scarce, and that their extinction was now only a question of time. It was not so much the adults that were killed by tourists and home people, as it was the destruction of the eggs and the capture of the young. The eggs are taken in large numbers before maturity, blown out, and then sold as curiosities. Formerly, he said, you could get all the alligators you wanted in the immediate vicinity of Jacksonville, but every year they had to be looked for further and further in the interior. He said there was a great deal of lying about alligators, and he then went on to tell some alligators stories himself. It was all humbug about the hide of the alligators being so tough; he had frequently blown the whole top of an alligator's head off with a shot gun. He warmed up with his recital, pulled out of a drawer a pistol a little longer than his finger, of the most ancient construction, and apparently incapable of sending a ball through pasteboard, and said:—'Why I have killed a twenty-foot alligator with this.' He said he was devoted to alligator steaks cut from the tail; that they were whiter and more tender than a chicken; that whenever he and his wife wished to particularly honor a guest they served up alligator steaks, and he believed in a very short time hotels would all have alligator steak regularly on their bill of fare. When aroused or angry, alligators gave out a murk-like smell and sink in the water of the marshes, where you could not see them. In wading around you are apt to tread on them, as he had done often, but he he had no trouble in jumping off. Once he fell astride of an old patriarch, who commenced snapping his jaws and beating with his tail, but he gave one leap and landed at a safe distance. He said it was a great mistake to suppose that alligators had so much strength in their jaws, or that their teeth were so terrible. They grew new teeth every year, and did not bite very hard. Altogether, according to this Floridian, the alligator is rather a good fellow to meet in a dark night, and it is a pity they are going out of existence."

The pen is mightier than the sword but it can never hope to compete with the toy pistol.

The tobacconist clerk had brought in the wooden Indian, but the tobacconist didn't know it, and being in a hurry to shut up he rushed out to get it. A gentleman was standing in the place usually occupied by the Indian, and the tobacconist had grabbed him, lugged him into the store, and was just pushing him into a closet when he discovered his mistake. It took him twenty minutes to apologize and explain to the excited citizen, who thought it was an attempt to kidnap him, and even then he wasn't quite reconciled to being mistaken for a wooden Indian, and told the tobacconist he must be a frighttul ass, and they did not part friends. The tobacconist did the best thing he could under the circumstances—give his clerk a fearful jawing and kicked the Indian.

PROSPECTUS.

Government of Canada Loan for $4,000,000, 4 per cent. Currency Bonds.

THE Minister of Finance for the Dominion of Canada is authorized to receive tenders for a loan of $4,000,000 currency bonds, bearing interest from the 1st November, 1883, at the rate of 4 per centum per annum, payable half yearly on the 1st May and 1st November of each year, at his office in the Finance Department, Ottawa.

This loan is issued under the authority of an Act of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada, passed during their last Session, [46th Victoria, cap. 2, sec. 4.]

The object of the loan is partly to provide for the payment of debts maturing or redeemable in the course of the current fiscal year, and partly for expenditure on public works.

The principal of the loan now offered is to be repaid at Ottawa in twenty years.

Subscribers will receive bonds to bearer, which at any future time may be converted into registered stock.

The subscription list will be opened on Wednesday the 17th day of October next, and will be closed on Saturday, the 20th day of October next, at 4 o'clock p. m. and tenders in the accompanying form, marked on the outside "Tenders for Debentures," will be received at the Finance Department, Ottawa, up to and including the latter date, at the hour mentioned.

Tenders must be made for not less than $1,000 and in multiplies of $1,000.

The allotment of the loan will be made as soon as possible after the close of the subscription list, the amounts alloted will be papable on the 1st day of November next, and Bonds will be issued shortly after that date.

Copies of this prospectus and forms of tender can be obtained from the undersigned, from the several Assistant Receivers General at Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Saint John, Winnipeg and Victoria, and from the Dominion Auditor at Charlottetown.

J. M. COURTNEY,
Deputy Minister of Finance.

Finance Department, Ottawa,
September 21st, 1883.

FORM OF TENDER FOR BONDS.

TENDER.

Government of Canada Loan for $4,000,000 4 per cent. Currency Bonds.

Amount tendered for $.....Rate.....per cent

SIR,—

hereby tender for the sum of $.....nominal capital in the above mentioned issue in bonds to bearer, at the price of per cent, and engaged to accept the said sum, or any portion thereof which may be allotted to , and to pay therefor at the said price and in conformity with the terms of your prospectus of the 21st of September, 1883.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

TO THE HONORABLE
THE MINISTER OF FINANCE,
OTTAWA.

Teachers Wanted.

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

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

August 9t h 1883. tf.

STRAYED.

TO THE PREMISES OF THE UNDERSIGNED two weeks ago, a young dog.

The owner can have the same by paying for this notice and taking him away.

HENRY EADES.

Clarendon, September 20th, 1883.

CAUTION.

I HEREBY CAUTION ANY PERSON FROM GIVING credit to **LOUIS BERARD** in my name, as I will not be responsible for the same, as he has left my premises.

A. R. M. BERARD.

Calumet Island, September the 24th, 1883.

For Sale.

A splendid Iron Mine near the projected line of the Pontiac Pacific Junction Railway, in the Township of Bristol. Will be sold cheap. Apply to

JOHN BELL.

Bristol, Aug. 23, 1883.

NOTICE.

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

W. L. GRAY.

Chapeau, Sept. 13.

NOTICE.

At a meeting of School Commissioners for the Municipality of Bristol, held in the Town Hall on the 3rd of September, 1883, it was moved by Com. Graham, seconded by Com. Morrison:

RESOLVED, That Gage's series of Readers, Kirkland & Scott and Hamblin Smith's Arithmetic, Bell's Elocution, Morrison's Grammar, Canadian English Speller, Spencerian system of Writing, Swinton's Composition, Lovell's Geographies, Collier's British History, Miles' Canadian Histories, Todhunter's Algebra, Euclid, Chambers' Practical Mathematics, French's Study of Words, Payson, Dunton and Scribner's Book-keeping, Nelson or Johnson's Maps, and Abbott's Art of Teaching, be the adapted School Books in this Municipality; that the list be published one month in THE EQUITY, and that a copy of the paper be sent to each of the teachers.

JOHN RAMSAY, Sec-Treas. RICHARD CAMPBELL, Chairman.

Bristol, Sept. 13, 1883. 4w

STILL INCREASING

Owing to the good satisfaction given by the proprietors of the

BRYSON FOUNDRY,

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

STEEL PLOUGHS

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

STUMPING MACHINES! THE BEST YET

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

As usual they are prepared to furnish nearly every description of

Plough-Points, Road-Scrapers, Coolers, &c. &c.

ALL KINDS OF CASTING & TURNING DONE TO ORDER

T. & W. H. CLARKE.

Bryson, June 7, 1883.

1872. - - ESTABLISHED - - 1872.

THOMAS MORAN,

MERCHANT-::-TAILOR,

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

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

—A GREAT VARIETY OF—

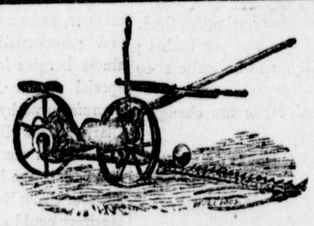
TWEEDS, ETOFFS, &c. &c.,

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

☞ **Good Suits from Ten Dollars and upwards!** ☜

THOMAS MORAN.

Bryson, June 7, 1883. tf



AGRICULTURAL DEPOT!

MAIN STREET - - - BRYSON, QUE

The Farmers are respectfully requested to come and inspect the following AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS:

STEEL PLOUGHS,
STEEL HARROWS,
ACME HARROWS,
REAPERS,
MOWERS,
PULVERIZERS,
and HORSE RAKES.

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

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

W. G. LEROY

AGENT FOR FROST & WOOD

W. J. LOUGH'S TINWARE

Manufacturing Emporium

Is now in full blast, and while he would thank his numerous friends for past patronage, he would intimate that his shop is now replete with every description of Tinware.

Every article in the shape of tinware required by a farmer can be found in his shop.

CREAMERY CANS,

made on the latest improved principles, for sale at $9.00 a piece.

Sheep Pelts & Calf Skins.

A large number of SHEEP PELTS and CALF SKINS wanted for which the highest price will be paid in either Cash or Trade.

Eggs taken in exchange for tinware.

All orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended

GOOD WORK GUARANTEED.

W. J. LOUGH.

THE EQUITY

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE PARTY,

Is Supplied with the latest and most fashionable designs in Printing Material,

and its Proprietors are in a postion to print, with neatness and dispatch, all descriptions of Job Work from the

Large POSTER Down to the Smallest CARD.

Bill Heads,
Letter Heads,
Letter Circulars,
Statements,
Hand Bills,
Law Forms,
Business Cards,
&c. &c.

All orders by mail will receive our prompt attention. Particular care will be taken in the printing of pamphlets, &c. to have them free of mistakes and printed in a plain, readable type. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Subscription price one dollar per year in advance.

McWilliams' Stage Line

—CONNECTS REGULARLY AT—

Healeys with the Canada Pacific trains going East and West.

People travelling from Portage Du Fort to Bristol, Bryson or Aylmer, will find it convenient to stop at the

OTTAWA HOUSE,

as Wyman's Stage leaves this Hotel every morning (Sundays excepted).

THE STAGE LINE going NORTH,

—FOR—

Bryson, Fort Coulonge and intermediate points,

also leaves the OTTAWA HOUSE every morning (except Sunday).

Orders by telegram or letter for special stage to meet C.P.R. trains, at Healeys, will receive prompt attention.

T. McWILLIAMS.

Portage Du Fort June 7, 1883.