

THE EQUITY.

VOL. XII, No. 23.

SHAWVILLE, CO. OF PONTIAC, P. Q., THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1894.

Subscription: One Dollar a Year in advance.

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Do you want anything very bad? If you do you can get it at Leeder's Sale for about Half Price.

Leeder of Quyon.

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NOTARY PUBLIC. Clerk of the Magistrate's Court at Shawville. Agent for the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadian. Money to lend on easy terms. Will be in Shawville from Monday till Friday of each month. Will visit Quyon the second Tuesday of each month.

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ADVOCATE,

BRYSON, Q.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO COLLECTIONS. Visits Quyon on second and last Wednesday of every month.

Dr. W. C. McGuire,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

Graduate of McGill University Montreal.

Office: - - 88 Lyon St., Ottawa.

Will visit Shawville on the first and third Wednesday of every month.

UNION HOUSE,

THOMAS LANG, Proprietor. Hotel is situated on Corner of Main and Clarendon Streets, Quyon. The public will find this house fully up to the requirements regarding accommodation and comfort. Table and bar well supplied. Buss meets all trains.

ST LAWRENCE HALL.

D. McLEAN, Proprietor, Main St. Quyon, Que. This house is in every way furnished to afford excellent accommodation for the travelling public. Commercial men will find the sample rooms second to none on the road. The Bar is always supplied with the best brands of Liquors, Wines, and Cigars. Good Livery in Connection.

GRAND CENTRAL HOUSE,

E. P. Turpin, - - Prop.,

BRYSON, Q.

THIS hotel has been recently opened for the public accommodation, and has been equipped in first class style with all necessary requirements. Bar furnished with choice liquors and cigars. First class table, good yard and stable, and large commodious Sample Rooms. Hair Dressing Parlor in building.

PONTIAC HOUSE,

Shawville, Que.

THIS HOUSE, which opened on the 15th of September, is first-class in every respect, being roomy, neat, comfortable and equipped with every necessary convenience. Commercial men will find the accommodations for their business all that can be desired. Guests treated with courtesy and civility. Bar supplied with only best brands of liquors and cigars. Good Livery, and free bus to and from all trains.

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Business COLLEGE,

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Our rooms are commodious, beautifully lighted and thoroughly heated and ventilated.

A thoroughly practical course with a full staff of expert teachers makes the O. B. C. the most popular business training school in Eastern Ontario.

Teachers fitted for positions in business offices or for teaching in Business Colleges.

No loafers allowed on the premises. Send for catalogue. Address JOHN SMITH, Principal, 152 Bank St. Ottawa, Canada.

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BAILIFF OF THE SUPERIOR COURT Shawville, Que., respectfully solicits engagements for any business in connection with all Courts in the County. Collections made and prompt returns assured.

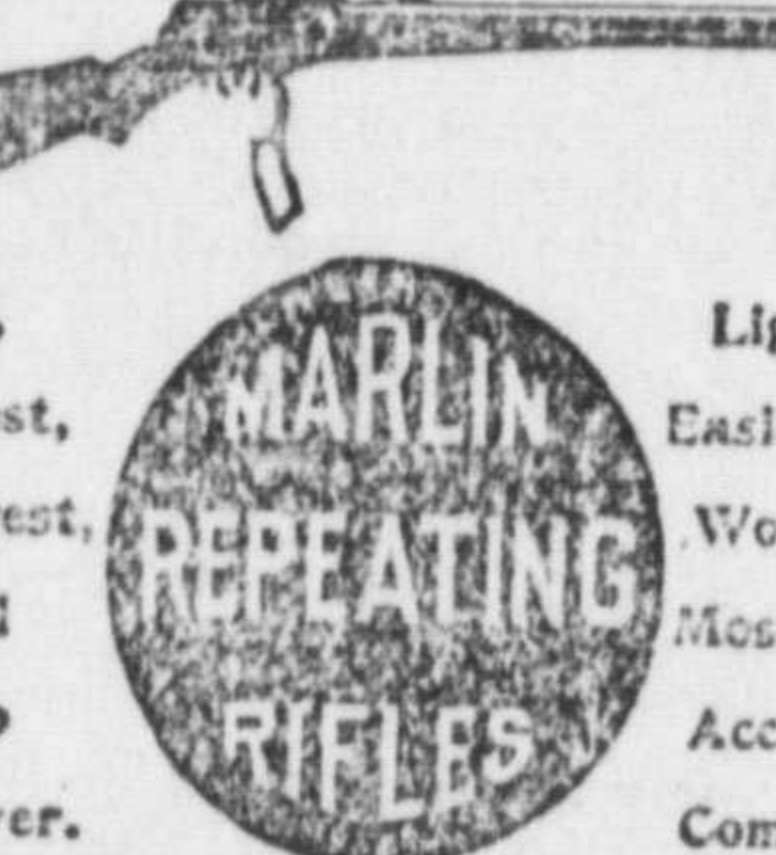
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DR. DANIEL McPHEE, Resident Dentist, Arnprior, graduate of Toronto College of Dental Surgeons. Twenty years experience. Formerly associated with Dr. Palmer of New York City, also with Dr. C. A. Mondet, of Paris, France. Nitrous oxide gas, Cocaine and Freezing Gas and Electric Vibrator, for painless extractions. Full expenses allowed to patients from a distance having dental operations.

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All business entrusted to him will receive immediate attention.

 Safest, Simplest, Strongest, Solid, Top Receiver. Lightest, Easiest Working, Most Accurate, Compact, Most Modern and progressive. For catalogue or information write to THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

T. Lindsay & Co's Adv't.

263, 263 1/2, 265; 267; 269; 271; 273 and 275 Wellington Street. And 52 and 52 1/2 Kent St., Ottawa.

A WEEK of CARNIVAL

As there seems to be some doubt about having a winter carnival we are going to have one on our own account.

An important purchase last week in Toronto at 40 cents on the \$ enables us to fairly revel in inducements. So commencing on WEDNESDAY THE 7TH, the scramble for prizes will commence.

These prizes consist of

HATS, CAPS, OVERCOATS, CLOTHING, Etc.

FURS.—Ladies' Gauntlets, Caps and Muffs. Gentleman's Gauntlets and Caps in prime Persian Lamb.

ROBES.—Large Black and Grey Goat for \$5.50 and \$6, worth full \$10 to \$12. First class quality.

COATS.—Genuine Raccoon Coats for \$16 well worth \$40.

Will be cleared out at half their value and less. Anybody wanting to give a handsome Christmas present, or buy for immediate wear, will be able to realize for a comparative trifling. Guaranteed as represented.

HATS. 1,400 dozens—Bought at forced sale. All present season shapes, warranted fine fur felt, hard and soft, black and colored, all sizes, stylish, suitable for all ages and faces. They will go for a more acknowledgment on their real value. In accordance with the common practice which has made our store the cheapest and most enterprising in Ottawa we will quit them in short order.

ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, CLOTHING.—What do you say to \$9 Ulsters for \$4.95, or a fine black Overcoat at \$8 for \$4.95. Can you match our boys Suits at \$2.25, our Men's \$3.75 or our pants at 90c and 11c? Not in Ottawa by a good fourth. The clothing trade has been flaring off for the past three years despite all efforts to keep it away—and why? Simply because we give the best value, our materials, cut and finish are a long way ahead. We beat 'em all and the people know it.

This is the program. There will be a carnival sure, such a giving away (almost) of goods that those who don't get to our store early enough will be sorry.

T. Lindsay & Co.

265, 267, 269, 271, 173 AND 275

WELLINGTON St., OTTAWA.

P.S.—Mail orders promptly attended to.

Local and General.

Cash paid at Quyon station for grain, pork and all produce.

Over-coats, light and heavy, and gents' suits at cost for one month. H. Hobbs.

A new Presbyterian church at Lochwinnoch, Co. of Renfrew, was dedicated on Sunday last.

Ferguson and Davis have purchased the Quyon grain shed and have established a cash market.

The new Methodist church at Arnprior, is completed and will be dedicated on Thanksgiving day.

H. Hobbs, auctioneer and real estate agent, Shawville, Que. Sales effected on most equitable and satisfactory terms.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Methodist church will be held on Sunday, November 25th inst.

Farmers will get ready cash by taking their grain and pork to Quyon station. Ferguson & Davis are prepared to buy it all.

Mr. H. Hobbs, harness-maker, of this town has secured a large contract for harness from the lumber firm of Fraser and Bryson.

Henry Kruger, a German farmer in the Edmonston district, has beaten all agricultural records by growing two hundred and seven bushels of oats on one acre of land.

The Shawville Marble and Granite Works, Alex. McDonald, proprietor, turns out a superior class of work in Monuments, Headstones, etc. Prices reasonable.

Mr. E. Graham, secretary-treasurer of ag. society No. 1, will be in Shawville on Wednesday the 21st, to pay prize money. Parties concerned will please keep the date in mind.

On Tuesday of last week, James Crumie, of Arnprior, a confirmed rheumatic inflicted wounds upon himself with a carving knife, the severity of which caused his death some hours later.

The Woman's Auxiliary will meet at the Parsonage on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 27, to make up its missionary parcels. Will contributors kindly bring in their gifts for that purpose on or before that day?

The Lodge of Good Templars at Elliott's school house (No. 5, Clarendon) is reported to be in a flourishing condition. The membership now numbers sixty and five applications are to be considered next night of meeting.

Mrs. A. Dahms, wife of the P. M., of Thorne Centre, sent us last week a bunch of blueberry shrubs in full bloom. This very rare phenomenon clearly demonstrates the exceptional mildness and warmth we Canadians have experienced during the past month.

Mr. J. Knox conducted the service in the Methodist church on Sunday morning and at Ebenezer in the afternoon. Mr. Sam'l McDowell taking the appointment at Yarm in the evening. These gentlemen are filling the appointments in the absence of Rev. G. Crabbe.

Several of our subscribers have written us complaining of not having received any paper week before last, (Nov. 1st). By referring to previous issue they will learn that we took our annual holiday during the week in question, which accounts for the non-appearance of THE EQUITY.

EARLEY.—On Friday the 9th inst. the members of St. Luke's church Sunday school, both teachers and scholars spent a very enjoyable evening at the house of Mrs. Wm. Milks who so very kindly provided supper for all. It is only right to say here that Mrs. Milks has always taken a deep interest in the working of the Sunday school as well as other organizations in the community. The incumbent as well as all connected with the school are deeply indebted to her and take this means to extend to her their hearty thanks.

Dunraven Notes.

Nov 12.—As we have heard nothing from Dunraven for so long, I will try and send a few items.

Threshing mills are still the order of the day.

Times are pretty dull around here, as some of the boys have gone to the shanty and others are so delicate they cannot leave the warm stove in the evenings.

Mr. John Ostrom, from the bush, spent Sunday at home.

Mr. J. Ritchie, Cobden, was around here buying lambs last week.

As I was travelling north the other day from Dunraven, I heard the tinkle of a sheep bell and having lost some sheep, I thought perhaps some one had put a bell on them. After jumping the fence, I found to my astonishment the bell was in the school. You will understand I am not accustomed to Canadian habits.

The Patrons of Industry held a meeting here on Thursday night.

If the Editor publishes these you will probably hear again from Mosas.

Farmers in the neighborhood of Quyon will no doubt be much benefited by the opening of a cash market for pork and grain at the station by Messrs. Ferguson & Davis.

Ferguson & Davis have purchased the Quyon grain shed and have established a cash market.

Forty men for Gillies Bros. Shanties were forwarded from here by Mr. C. Caldwell on Tuesday.

Men's, boy's and youth's overcoats in melton freize and worsted cloths at popular prices at G. Fred Hodgins'.

Mr. R. McC. Ritchie, collector of Provincial Revenue was in town on Tuesday last in connection with the business of his office.

S. S. Convention Meeting.

There was a very representative attendance at the S. S. Institute Meeting in connection with the Rural Deanery of Clarendon, held in this village on Thursday last. Several clergymen and layworkers being present. The proceedings opened with a communion service in St. Paul's Church at 9.30, a.m., after which the assemblage adjourned to the Court room where the business of the session was taken up. The program laid out for the day was as follows:—

MORNING SESSION.

I. Reading of Minutes.

Superintendents of Sunday Schools are requested to bring written or verbal reports of their Schools.

II. The principle of S. S. work; Training God's Children to be soldiers in a Conflict and Citizens in a Kingdom.—Rev. W. E. Caneen, Mr. Geo. E. Brownlee.

III. The S. S. Teacher's Preparation for the Work generally and for the class.—Rev. E. P. Judge, Rev. A. Elliott.

IV. On the Study of Church History.—Ven. Archdeacon Naylor.

Question Box.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

I. Question Box Answers.

II. Sunday School Missionary Work.—Rev. W. A. Fyles, Rev. J. M. Coffin.

III. What are the "Other Things which a Christian Ought to know and believe," and How to Teach Them. Address and discussion.

IV. Infant Class Lesson.—Rev. H. Plaisted.

V. Senior Class Lesson.—Mrs. H. Plaisted.

VI. Senior Class Work.—Making of Maps, Plans, Outlines of Lessons, &c. Discussion. Question Box Answers.

Evening 7.30.

A short service in St. Paul's Church.

I. The Relation of the Sunday School to the Public School.—Rev. J. L. Flanagan.

The Sunday School Teacher's Wages.—Rev. H. Plaisted.

Ferguson & Davis are paying cash for all kinds of grain and pork.

When selling your butter, pork or grain for either cash or trade, try G. Fred Hodgins, when you can rely on always getting highest prices.

Portage du Fort Notes.

Notwithstanding the depression in business, our enterprising townsman, Mr. P. Coyne has shown that he is not to be put down by any "dull times," by having the front of his store and dwelling torn down and rebuilt with stone and brick; also, has had two handsome plate glass windows put in, which gives to his store quite a citified look, besides adding to the appearance of the town.

Mr. James Charmichael has been here for some time superintending the repairing of their old home, as the family intend to return shortly and inhabit it. We are glad to welcome back old friends.

Our city fathers have been up and doing. "Result?" The sidewalks have received a much needed repairing.

Hallowe'en passed off rather quietly here. The gate of the public school evidently "thinking to change its ways," marched over and amalgamated with the Methodist church; otherwise, there was an omission of the usual depredations.

There are no cases of diphtheria here at present.

Messrs. Reid, Thompson, Cameron and Brabazon, have returned from a fishing expedition at Shaw's Lake. They report poor success owing to the rainy weather.

Dr. Lachapelle has returned from a hunting and fishing tour at Pogg Lake on the Bonnechere. He reports trout as being very plentiful; some of his party landed a beauty that weighed 34 1/2 lbs. The Dr. was successful in bringing down two deer, besides bagging a quantity of smaller game.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. H. White has returned from Eganville, where she was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Gaudry.

Miss Conrath, of Germany, is visiting at the Rev. H. Plaisted's.

Mr. G. O'Brien, of Almonte, was in town last week.

Miss Bailey was the guest of Mr. Wm. Beckett, while in town.

Mr. T. McDermott, of Michigan, is here at present, and the indications are that he will not return as he came.

Mr. A. Leeder was in town lately.

Capt. Draper, of the Str. Pembroke, passed through here on his way to Bristol.

Mr. R. McC. Ritchie, of Bryson, was here on Tuesday.

Mr. Thos. Thacker, V. S. of Renfrew, and wife, were in town on Thursday.

Miss Maggie Thompson has gone to Ottawa to visit at Mr. E. Matthewman's O'Connor St.

Miss Jennie Beckett has gone to Almonte to visit friends.

Ready money for your pork and grain, by taking it to Ferguson & Davis, Quyon station.

REID BROS., Arnprior, Adv't.

Quality - and - Prices

SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

You can in-vest-igate at once

our

New and Elegant

Fall and Winter Lines.

Men's and Boys' Overcoats made to our special orders now in stock, at prices too numerous to mention here but every one to go at a bargain.

Avoid chills and prevent colds by purchasing your Hosiery and Underwear now, we have the lines that will secure for Ladies or Gents warmth and durability.

It is said that women jump at conclusions, while men limp towards them, but we notice that it don't take the women long to decide on the merits of our White and Gray Blankets at the prices we are offering them for this season.

Our prices are always Rock Bottom and our qualities are always the best that the markets afford for the money.

REID BROS.

THE ARCADE.

ARNPRIOR.

Long and short beef moccasins, also moose moccasins and mitts of all descriptions at G. FRED HODGINS.

The long felt want of a cash market for grain and pork is now being supplied by Ferguson & Davis, at Quyon.

Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers is the best, handiest, safest, surest, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented. It is the gentleman's favorite.

LOST.—On Wednesday the 7th inst., somewhere along the Pickanock Road, between Johnston's Lake and Shawville, a common bag containing a pair of grey blankets, some clothing and other effects. The party who found the same will be rewarded by leaving it at this office; or information regarding it will be thankfully received through the mail. J. A. COWAN.

A night school was opened on Monday evening of this week, in the Academy for the benefit of those who are not in a position to attend day school. The school will be held three nights a week, viz., Monday, Wednesday and Fridays, and will commence at 8 o'clock. The school will be in charge of Mr. R. J. Hanrahan, B.A., who is also principal of the academy. This is a move in the right direction and which should be taken advantage of.

A grand entertainment will be given in schoolhouse, No. 5, (Elliott's) Clarendon, on Friday evening November the 30th. The program, which is a select one, (to be given by the members of the I.O.G.T.) consists of songs, speeches, music, recitations, dialogues, etc. Admission 15 cents, or 25 cents a couple. All are invited to attend. Gentlemen, come and bring your ladies. More fun to the square inch than anything else ever given in the County. Doors open 7.30. Concert commences at 8 o'clock p.m.

His Character &c.

A Subscriber requests us to publish the following rather peculiar communication: To the Editor of THE EQUITY.

Dear Sir.—The description and character of Mr. J. D. of S. Onslow:—

Mrs. J. C. wished me to enquire, which I did, and found him perfect in every respect. He is an honest, upright and industrious young man, as what the people know of him around here. Hoping this will prove satisfactory, and thanking you for the above space,

I am, yours truly,

Otter Lake, Nov. 6. FAIR PLAY.

Boots and shoes, Gents furnishings cheap at Hobbs'.

If you have pork or grain to sell take it to Ferguson & Davis, cash buyers, at Quyon station.

The Ghosts.

O the ghosts, the ghosts that haunt me,
In this lone home of ours
When the busy day is ended
And the shade of evening lowers,
And I sit within the gloaming
To dream of olden days
When this one hour was sacred
To "mother's" thoughts and ways.

There's the ghost of brave endeavor,
With "mother's" cheering word,
When the shadows seemed the darkest
And the tempest crash was heard,
And the ghost of hope that vanished
When her voice was stilled for aye,
And all my dreams and visions
In deathly stupor lay.

There are ghosts of tender touches
When pain its mastery claimed,
And a vision of a presence
Its magic yet unnamed,
There are wreaths of power and beauty,
Of duty sternly sweet,
That smiled beside my mother
As the plowshares scarred her feet.

O, the ghosts of love and patience
With eye and lips like hers,
That I try to grasp and prison
When my heart with mem'ry stirs;
Sweet ghosts of life and living,
Of courage heaven born,
And faith that rose triumphant
Above all human scorn!

And ghosts of happy meetings
Of the table's loaded cheer,
Of the plenty once abounding
When the harvest closed the year;
And "the children" wandered homeward
To bask in "mother's" smile,
Till earthly shadows lifted
And gave us Heaven a while.

O, ghosts, ye ghosts that haunt me,
O, weaken me no more!
But give me strength for doing
From all your bustling store,
And when ye gather round me
And my heart with mem'ry stirs,
Lift up your heads to strengthen
With eyes and smiles like hers!

FOUND AT LAST.

Agnes Harding had already bitterly paid for having married against the will of her family. As soon as her husband found that his wife could get no money from her parents, he returned to his old habits of dissipation, until they were reduced to the direst poverty.

For more than a week now she knew that he had been dodging the police for some crime, the magnitude of which she could not conjecture.

She had saved a diamond ring which her father had given her, and concealed it from her husband. Now she must dispose of it to procure food for herself and child. Then when strength returned she would leave her husband forever. Through a kind neighbor she realized \$90 on the ring. The transaction had just been made when George came in.

"Agnes, I met a man this morning who is very anxious to obtain an infant about the age of this one," said the hardened man, pointing to the sleeping cherub, "and I invited him here to see ours. Now behave yourself. I'm going to ask him up."

"George, what do you mean? My baby! Sell my baby! Oh, God, no!"

But the villain was out of the reach of pleading, and returned in a moment, accompanied by a fine-looking young man, and the two commenced an examination of the infant.

"Sir, I cannot allow my baby to leave me. Do not think of such a thing!" almost shrieked the distracted woman.

"Take no notice of her," said George. "She's," as I told you "hopelessly insane, and if I can find any one ready to do the right thing for the baby, I shall be glad to dispose of it."

"George! George! for the love of God, did you never love me? Think, George, think, it is our baby. Mamma's little darling shall never leave her!" and Agnes tried to take the child from the arms of its inhuman parent.

"Don't mind her," she heard him whisper. "That's the way she raves most of the time. Just as quick as I find a home for the child, I am off for California."

With a look of compassion on his fine face, the gentleman surveyed her for a moment, said something in a low tone, and then left the room.

When Harding returned he found his wife in a deathly faint, from which he made no attempt to rouse her, but, seizing an old shawl from the foot of the bed, wrapped it round the babe and hurriedly left the house.

For two or three hours Agnes continued in this dreadful state, hovering as it were, between life and death. The kind neighbor came in with a nicely-prepared supper, and immediately set to work to restore her.

After a little, consciousness dawned, and the extent of her loss almost overwhelmed her. Long she listened for her husband's step, hoping to gain some hint from which she could discover the whereabouts of her darling; but day after day elapsed, and he came not, and an impression deepened into conviction that he had abandoned her entirely.

Strange as it may appear, in the midst of her great affliction, health returned rapidly. The emaciated cheeks were soon plump and rosy again, and, but for the morbid expression of her beautiful eyes, an observer would scarcely believe that an affliction so desolating had swept over her.

Now for a position. What could she do? Teach music. But that idea was soon abandoned; the market was flooded with professors. Obtain copying—easier said than done. After a diligent trial that was given up also. Embroidery, that she attempted, and after working like a slave for a week, found that she had earned the paltry sum of one dollar and seventy-five cents. That would never do. She advertised in one or two of the dailies for her infant, but could get no response. Finances were running short. Where should she

turn? She remembered that she had achieved quite a reputation in private theatricals, and being perfectly familiar with the standard dramas, determined to apply to some manager, stand the test of an examination and see what that would bring.

With wildly beating heart and flushed cheeks she was shown into the room where the pompous manager of one of our uptown establishments sat in dressing-gown and slippers, apparently very much absorbed with the morning paper, and our heroine gazed at him a full moment before he condescended to notice her.

"Ah! excuse me, madam!" as the grace and loveliness of the visitor burst upon him. "I was so much interested in this article that I quite forgot I was honored by a lady caller. Is there anything I can do for you madam?"

Agnes explained her errand. "Your face, figure, voice and pronunciation are in your favor, madam, I assure you; but have you the necessary talent for delineating character? If you can prove to me that you have, I shall be very glad of your services. Now, to-night we play the 'School for Scandal.' Our Lady Teazle is not reliable, on account of illness, and if you could take that character we should be delighted."

"There will be no doubt in regard to it, sir. I am perfectly familiar with the part."

"Let me hear you read it, if you please."

Agnes unfalteringly read the selection. "Remain to rehearsal, madam. I believe you will do."

And so it proved. No fault could be found, and the manager had sense enough to know that he had received a prize. That evening Agnes, under as stage name, was called before the curtain at the conclusion of each act, showered with bouquets and literally overwhelmed with enthusiastic admiration. She rose in the profession rapidly, and her intimate friends—although not a few were convinced that their favorite was the former Agnes Sheldon—received no look of recognition; and the women who, abused and dishonored, robbed of her darling, penniless and forsaken—who had attempted in so many different ways to earn a livelihood, now found her appropriate sphere, and in one year's time occupied a fine suite of rooms at one of the best hotels and was surrounded by luxury. Not only did she deny herself to all visitors, but went for the carriage to her room closely veiled, and always dined in her own apartments.

Among the ladies at the hotel to whom Agnes felt herself especially attracted was a young married woman, about her own age, who occupied apartments contiguous to hers. In passing through the hall she often saw her bending fondly over a baby, sometimes soothing it to sleep with a joyous melody; sometimes there was a plainness about the music which touched the heart of Agnes—but the babe? She had never allowed her eyes to rest upon an infant since her own cruel loss.

One morning Agnes, who had been engaged with her costume in the calculation of certain dresses for a new play, with her long, lustrous hair floating around her, stood for a moment at the door of her room, giving the last order.

On a lounge near the open door of the opposite room lay the little one which had several times before attracted the longing mother's attention. A certain something in expression or style of features struck Agnes strangely, and for a moment she almost ceased to breathe. Then, without a word, "By your leave" or "Excuse me," she entered the room and approached the couch. The gentleman and lady drew back, the latter with a look of pain on her sweet features. For a moment Agnes stood entranced; then, with a glorious smile she turned to the wonder-struck couple and in a moment recognized the gentleman who, a year previous, had entered her miserable dwelling.

"You remember me, sir, I see. I am the mother of that babe, and now I claim her. I should have recognized my darling, had I not remembered you, on account of the mark on her right arm. We will share her together," she continued, noticing how deeply her words affected the young wife. "But she is mine—bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh. Oh, God, make me thankful for this last most unexpected kindness."

Mrs. Winthrop arose, took the babe from its couch, and, imprinting a kiss on her velvet cheek, laid her, still sleeping, in her new-found mother's arms.

They are still the warmest friends, and little Blanche divides her time between her real and adopted mother.

We should be happy to inform our readers that the miserable cause of all this wretchedness had died and left Agnes free to choose a companion and home, but no such tidings have ever been received, and now, devoted to her daughter and her profession, Mrs.—is still the bright and shining light of the theatrical world.

People Who Don't Use Matches.

It is rather surprising to learn that in these days of cheap matches and magazine rifles there is still a very extensive trade in gun and other flints done between this country and others, says an English paper.

At Brandon, a village on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, the proper kinds of flint are extensively found, and the whole of the villagers almost subsist by the preparation of tinder-box and gun flints. It may here be said that nearly all travellers to remote regions carry a tinder-box and flints, for these are more reliable than matches, especially in damp regions, and there is no expedition fitted out from England which does not take out a supply of flints.

But the greater part of the Brandon flints go to the rural regions of Spain and Italy where the tinder-box is still in full use, and the gun flints go in large quantities to Morocco, to various wild parts of Africa and to islands in the Pacific, traders finding a ready market for them. The village is a flourishing one, and the flint workers carry on their business in little sheds adjacent to their houses.

John and Alexander Tyler, of Northport, Ala., had a dispute about some real estate, and fought a duel. John received three bullets, and died instantly, and the other was also thought to be fatally wounded. John's two little sons witnessed the duel from a buggy.

Household.

What Puzzles the Baby.

I don't see why my folks should think I oughtn't to play with a bottle of ink! For it is so black, and it is so wet. And so nice on my face and my fingers to get! And it gurgles and trickles so merrily down. On mamma's new carpet, and on my white gown.

O there's nothing so pretty to play with, I think, As a nice little, black little bottle, of ink. I don't see why they think I care For a doll with no eyes nor a wisp of hair! This old rag doll any blows will stand. From a kick of my foot to a slap of my hand; But I tell you what, I just adore To bang Miss Ada upon the floor.

To punch her eyes out, to pull her curls, To swing her around till her poor head whirls! Bah! they must be brought to think I care For an old rag doll with no eyes nor hair! I don't see how they think I know How a dog should bark, and a cock should crow. How to mew like a cat, how to moo like a cow.

How to dance a jig, how to make a bow; How papa sneezes, how grandpa walks. How Bobby whistles, how aunt Sue talks. O, I am so tired with the changes they call. That I don't think I know anything at all. I don't see why a baby should be So petted and coddled and bothered, like me. If I want to laugh, they make me cry; If I want to play, I must "go by-bye"; And they think I'm horrid if I don't do Exactly as every one wants me to. They kiss me and toss me and roll me about Till I don't see why I am not worn out! And if my life always must be so forlorn. I don't see why I ever was born!

Bed Dressing.

A bed should be tempting and inviting. Even during the day, when it is not, of course, in use, it ought to suggest rest and welcome repose. Hard, wooden-looking, lace-covered bolsters, which seem to forbid any approach, certainly do not contribute to that end, and lace too splendid to be handled is hardly a covering which seems suggestive of a delicious morning nap. On the other hand, slovenliness is a most detestable thing. The perfect bed is dainty, is quiet, is tempting, is suggestive of pillows that yield to the tired head and of repose for wearied nerves. Ever in its day dress it never fails to be restful. Its cover is spotless, its slips are of the daintiest.

In a young girl's room, completed not long since, the spread is of finest mull dotted here and there with tiny rosebuds. It is finished with a full frill, and with it are used pillow slips of sheer linen lawn, embroidered with flowers like those of the mull and drawn over pale pink silk. The whole outfit cost very little money, but is simply delightful and has just that air of dainty perfection which belongs to the perfect bed. Another spread is of fine madras muslin, cream colored, with a figure in warm reds and browns, and is also finished with a frill. The bolster is round, but not hard, and the spread, which is of extra length, is pulled up over it as well as the bed proper. The effect is most charming, and as the cover is only laid lightly over the whole the bed seems always invitingly ready for use.

Pure white is used by many women, and just now is urged by some authorities, but unless for summer or in the lightest colored rooms it seems cold and unsatisfactory. The old fashioned Marseilles or pique cover is very far from desirable, and the lighter, daintier fabrics require such frequent change as to make them more costly than silk. White is good only when it is absolutely pure. Anything approaching a condition of soil entirely spoils its effect.

Useful Recipes.

Boiled Cauliflower.—Wash and trim and lay in weak salt and water to draw out any insects that may have found refuge within it; then put in a bag made of mosquito net and into boiling, well salted water. Let boil an hour; drain it, keeping it hot and whole; pour over it a drawn butter sauce and send to the table, where it should be cut up with a silver knife.

Cauliflower in Cream.—Prepare as above, but only boil half an hour. Drain off the water and simmer half an hour longer in one pint each of milk and hot water, with two teaspoonsful of salt. Take it up tenderly with a skimmer and serve with a cream sauce made as follows: Put a pint of cream in a double boiler and let it just come to a boil. Have ready a tablespoonful of flour in which you have put salt and white pepper to taste. Reserve enough of the cream (a little over half a cupful) to mix this smooth, then stir into the boiling cream. Let it boil two or three minutes and serve with the cauliflower. This is a nice sauce for nearly every kind of vegetable and also for fish.

Escalloped Cauliflower.—Cook as directed for boiled cauliflower. Let drain and break the "flowers" apart. Have ready a pint of cream sauce made as above, and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese for each cauliflower. Put a layer of the cauliflower in a baking dish; dip over it sufficient sauce to moisten it; sprinkle with grated cheese and a pinch of cracker crumbs; then another layer of cauliflower, sauce, etc., till the dish is full; cover with a layer of cracker crumbs and cheese, dotting with bits of butter. Bake half an hour.

Baked Cauliflower.—Take any cold remnants of boiled cauliflower, with whatever cream sauce may be left. Chop the vegetable, stir into it the sauce and two or three beaten eggs, according to quantity; put in a baking dish, cover the top with bread-crumbs, dot with bits of butter and bake brown.

Pickled Cauliflower.—Cut up two cauliflowers; add a pint of pickling onions and three red peppers. In water sufficient to cover these dissolve half a pint of salt. Let stand over night. Heat two quarts of vinegar with four tablespoonfuls of mustard seed and a half cup of brown sugar. Drain the vegetables and cook them in this fifteen minutes.

Buttered Apples.—Pare and core six nice apples and place them whole in a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of an egg;

put a teaspoonful of sugar in each of the holes where the cores were and stick a clove in each apple; stew very gently, covering the saucepan that they may cook tender by the steam; turn them occasionally, and when very tender lay them on a glass dish containing a half inch layer of apple marmalade; put a cube of red currant jelly on the top of each, dust with sugar and cinnamon and serve very cold.

Compote.—This is much superior to apple sauce. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of sugar and a pint of water in a granite preserving pan, add the thin yellow rind and juice of two lemons; boil until the scum rises, remove it and add six apples pared, cored and quartered. Simmer until the apples are clear without breaking them if possible. It will take about 20 minutes.

Frosted Apples.—Simmer a dozen apples with their skins on in water containing a small piece of alum. Put them over in cold water and when the skins will pull off with the fingers remove them and dip the apples in melted butter; sprinkle thickly with coarse granulated sugar and bake in a slow oven. If carefully done they will sparkle as if frosted. Pile in a pyramid and pass whipped cream with them.

TWO CLEVER YOUNG RUNAWAYS.

Justin Huntly McCarthy and Cissy Loftus. Who Eloped From London.

Justin Huntly McCarthy, son of the Irish nationalist leader, arrived in this country a few days ago with his bride, Cissy Loftus, who has for some time been a popular music hall singer in London. The couple ran away to Edinburgh last August and were united in wedlock by a civil ceremony. As both were Catholics, a religious ceremony was later performed. The couple returned to London almost immediately, their arrival causing a sensation in the British capital. Young McCarthy, who has been engaged in newspaper work since his boyhood, is a clever writer, his best work perhaps being



CISSY LOFTUS.

J. H. MCCARTHY.

a play entitled "The Candidate." He is master of several languages; and has been engaged by Augustin Daly as translator and adapter. Cissy Loftus, who was christened Marie Cecilia Loftus, is the daughter of an English music hall singer. She was educated in a Lancashire convent, and, it is said, was not allowed to visit a theater until she was 15 years of age. Her talents, however, were cultivated, and when a manager saw her imitations, which sometimes surpass the original, she was at once engaged. Success was almost instantaneous, and she became the rage in London. She is a woman of average height, with regular features and an attractive manner. Her conversation is pleasing, and she speaks with an accent which will enrapture the Anglomaniacs.

LIVE UNDER STRICT DISCIPLINE.

German Princes Held to the Closest Accountability for All Their Actions.

Poultney Bigelow, who probably knows more than any other writer about the private life of the German royal family, has been telling some interesting things concerning the education of the German princes. In the first place he assures us that the discipline laid down for the emperor's sons is far stricter than that to which most boys are subjected. The Prince of Germany, who in the natural course of things will some day rule a nation and have money enough to do what he pleases, does not have an easy time of it by any means. He is obliged to rise about daybreak, and when many a young American is still in bed he is being instructed in horsemanship. His breakfast hour is 8 o'clock, and after he has eaten that meal his tutors take him in hand and keep him busy with the study of the languages, arithmetic and geography until his dinner is ready at noon. A German prince becomes a soldier when he is 10 years old, and after that he must take regular military exercise in addition to his work at school. He has no time to be loitering around the town and engaging in dissipation, because he is held to strict account as an officer of his regiment, and his rank does not shield him from the articles of war. A prince must do his work just as thoroughly as a private. Strange as it may seem, a German prince has no money to spend. An allowance is made for his schooling, board and lodging, but he himself cannot draw a check nor can he indorse paper to be discounted. In fact, it may be said that the successor to the throne is in many matters a minor until he begins to rule.

Fright and Disease.

"Speaking of people frightening themselves into a belief that they are sick," said a young doctor the other day, "I saw a case where a man was frightened into getting well. One day a call came for the ambulance, and when the wagon returned it brought a man who was supposed to be dying of an attack of heart failure. We laid him carefully on the operating table, and after a minute diagnosis the surgeon in charge concluded that it was only hysteria. There was nothing we could do for the man, and he seemed to be unconscious, but the surgeon turned to one of the assistants and, asking for a knife, said he would cut down to the heart and see what the trouble was. The effect was like magic. The patient gave one leap from the table and started for the door. We stopped him and asked what was the matter. 'Nothing,' said he; 'I'm all right; let me out of here, quick.' We let him out, and he never came back again."

Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the membranes of the bread-fruit tree.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

Some Items of Interest to the Business Men.

The national debt of Great Britain is now £664,163,141. In 1880 it was £738,591,605.

The net exports of gold at New York are the heaviest in years. Since the first of the year the net exports aggregate \$66,274,000, as compared with \$12,751,000 the same period in 1893, \$51,519,000 in 1892, and \$52,367,000 in 1891.

The Exports of wheat from the United States and Canada this week were 3,353,000 bushels as compared with 3,192,000 bushels last week and 3,327,000 bushels the corresponding week last year.

The imports of cheese into the United Kingdom during the first nine months of the year were as follows:—

	1894.	1893.	1892.
Holland . . . Cwts	216,355	200,462	199,091
France . . .	38,052	43,984	32,135
Canada . . .	687,574	585,207	655,317
United States	581,820	577,712	667,393
Other countries	84,052	51,118	46,280

Wheat at Ontario points is undergoing no change. There is a small business to miles at 49 to 50c. for red and white. Stocks of spring wheat are unusually small, the crop of 1894 being the smallest for a great many years, and holders consequently look for better prices. The decline in hogs has been followed by lower prices for cured meats. Mess pork is 50c. to \$1 lower than a week ago.

The eight Ontario counties in which the largest amount is registered in the form of chattel mortgages are: York, \$1,553,000; Grey, \$518,000; Simcoe, \$415,000; Carleton, \$387,000; Algoma, \$358,000; Kent, \$330,000; Prescott and Russell, \$320,000; Wentworth the same. The county with the lowest indebtedness in this form is Haliburton with but \$13,000. Thunder Bay & Haldimand coming next with \$26,000 and \$55,000 respectively. The reason that Algoma figures so large is that there are several large chattel mortgages given by lumbering firms that aggregate seven eighths of the above amount.

SHOT FATHER AND MOTHER.

HORRIBLE DEED OF A BOY IN BUFFALO.

A Crazy Son Kills Both His Parents Out of Bed and Deliberately Shoots Both—The Mother Dies Instantly and the Father Cannot Recover—The Murderer Soon Captured.

A despatch from Buffalo says:—At No. 658 Fulton street in a little one-story frame house lives John Gipp. That house was the scene of a terrible tragedy at about 1.30 o'clock Friday morning. The family consisted of John Gipp, his wife and four children, three boys and one girl. The 20-year-old boy, William, is employed by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, and works nights. About 1.30 o'clock he returned home from his work and found his mother up and dressed. At that time the neighbors heard the report of a pistol shot and many of them hastened to the scene of the shooting. It seems that as soon as William entered the house, and without any immediate provocation, he pulled a revolver and aimed it directly at his mother. He fired twice, and one bullet struck her in the head, while the other took effect in her body. She screamed and fell to the floor, dying almost instantly.

The report of the shot and the scream of the woman aroused the family. The father was the first to appear on the scene, and the son fired twice at him, one bullet striking him at the corner of the right eye, near the nose, and the other taking effect in the right breast. A neighbor heard the shooting, and ran with all speed to the Gipp house. He seized William and grappled with him, but the murderer succeeded in flinging off his captor and rushed out of doors and over the back fence.

The murderer was arrested at Brockton in the afternoon, and taken to Dunkirk, where he is held for the arrival of Buffalo officers. The ante-mortem statement of his father, taken by the coroner, gives no reason for the young man's awful crime, and the cause is a mystery, and must remain so unless the murderer himself decides to explain it.

HUNGARY'S THOUSANDTH YEAR.

Great Preparations Being Made for a Millennial Celebration.

The Hungarians are making preparations on a grand scale for a millennial exhibition and the government addressed a prayer to the emperor that he might lend them all the historic relics in his possession which have any connection with Hungarian history. The emperor granted the request and a number of Hungarian historians and antiquarians have come to Vienna to study the imperial collections and make a list of the objects in question. They have selected a great number, which represent a value of 2,000,000 florins—if the value of unique historical relics can be expressed in figures. Among these objects are copies of the portraits in relief of King Matthias, Corvinus and Queen Beatrix, a bronze bust of Mary, Queen of Hungary; bronze reliefs of Adrien Fries, illustrating the Hungarian wars; the remnants of the crown of King Andreas and the imperial globe, dating from the fourteenth century; the double cross that belonged to Lewis the Great, with relics of Christ's cross; a map of Hungary engraved in a metal plate, a nautilus-shaped cup, with the arms of the Bathyanis. It is easy to imagine what efforts will be made in Hungary to prevent these objects from returning to Vienna when once they have been in the Hungarian capital; and if they are left there surely Prague would ask for all that referred to Bohemia in the imperial collections, and Cracow for all that referred to Poland.

THE FARM.

Remodeling an Old-Fashioned Barn.

There are hundreds of old-fashioned barns to be seen about the country similar to that shown in the sketches, the cattle arranged

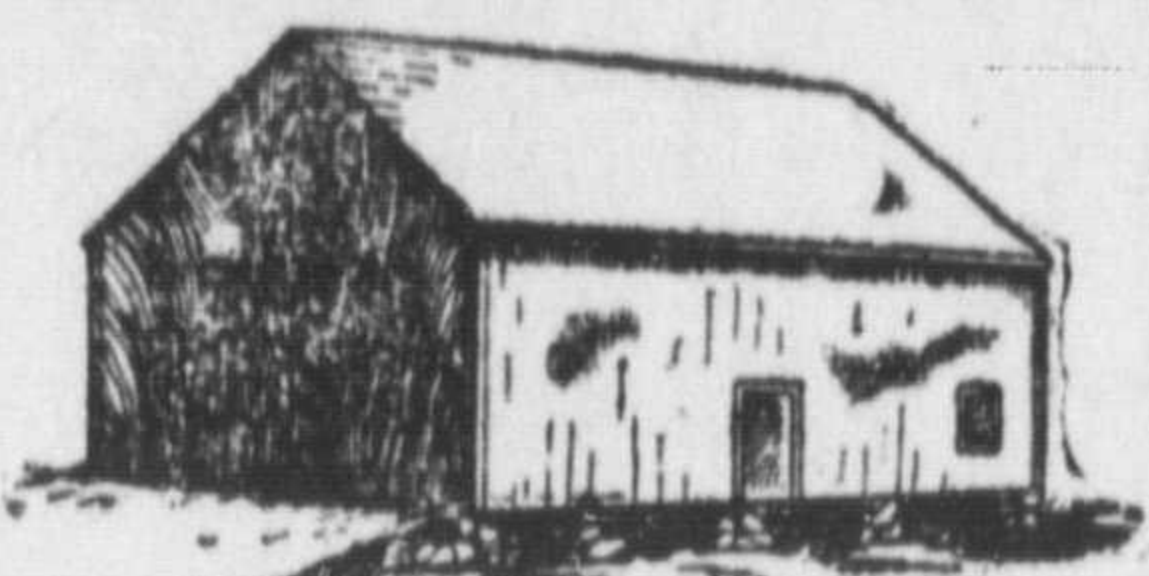


FIG. 1. VIEW OF OLD BARN.

across one end, the driving floor across the middle of the barn, and the bay in the other end—an arrangement that gives very poor and very small accommodations. Such barns are frequently situated upon sloping ground, and for this reason are raised upon stone piers at one side, being left open to the cold winds of winter beneath the floor. It is quite a simple and inexpensive matter to enlarge and remodel such a barn, and at the same time provide a cellar that will be a

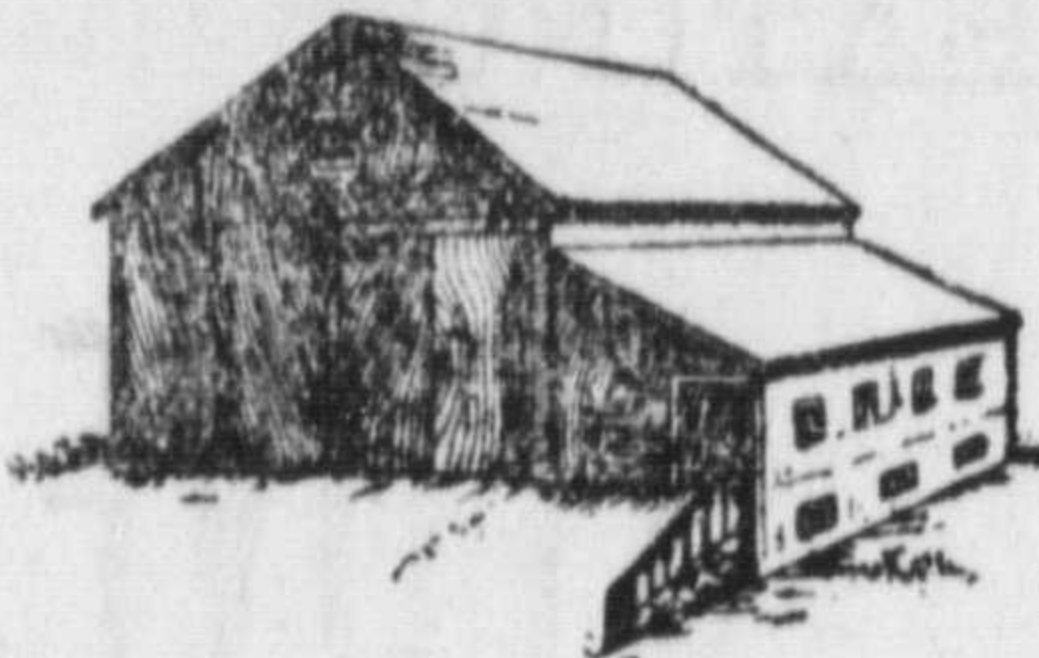


FIG. 2. VIEW OF ENLARGED BARN.

valuable addition. Let a lean-to be built upon one side, with its outer wall extending to the ground. The cattle ties can then be arranged lengthwise of the barn, and the manure dropped down into the cellar daily. Room is also provided for a silo—which can extend from the ground up—calf pens, a driving floor, and a bay for hay. If the

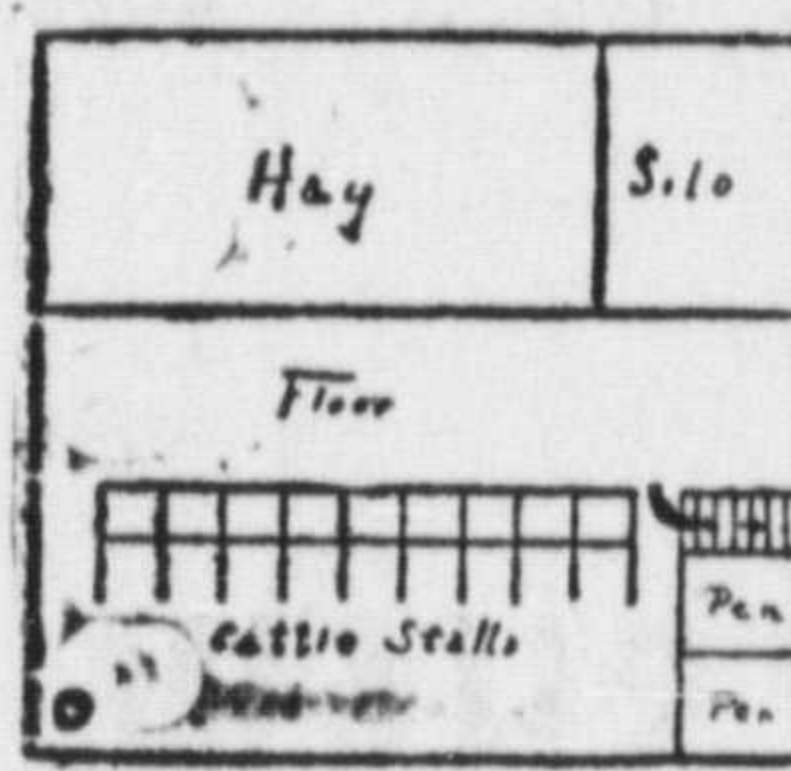
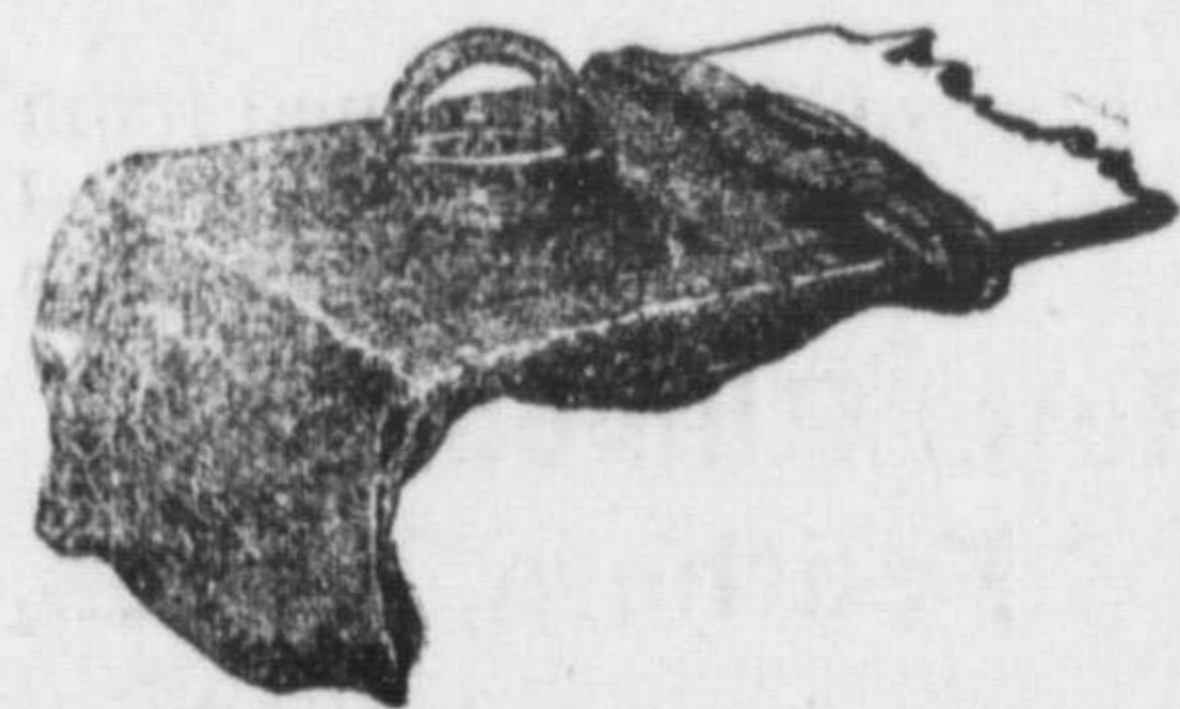


FIG. 3. GROUND PLAN OF ENLARGED BARN.

cellar were dry, hogs could well be kept upon the manure stored there. [Our illustration Fig. 1 shows a perspective view of the old barn, Fig. 2 of the improved barn, and in Fig. 3 is seen the ground plan.]

Mending Grain Sacks.

Mending the holes in grain sacks is a task that the farmer's wife dislikes, hence the holes gnawed by mice and rats are often stopped with a corn cob, or the sacks are thrown away. But here is a plan that proves to be what every farmer needs. The articles needed for mending grain sacks are: An old sack that may be cut up for pieces; a batter made of flour and cold water; a hot flat iron and an ironing board to fit inside the sacks. Place the board as shown in the illustration in a sack with the hole to be mended on the upper side. Trim away the ravelled edges with the shears or a sharp knife. Cut out a



MENDING A GRAIN SACK.

patch having at least an inch margin larger than the hole. On this margin apply a coat of the flour paste, place the patch in position and press it thoroughly with the hot flat iron. The batter penetrates both patch and sack and firmly unites them. Pieces of denim, ducking or other stout material may be used where bagging is not available, the process is so rapid that a hundred sacks may soon be repaired. Carpets may be neatly mended in the same manner without removing them from the floor.

Harvesting and Storing Roots.

The first thing to be done in the harvesting and storing of roots is to cut off their tops with a sharp hoe, while the roots are yet in the ground pulling the tops from two rows into one. To pull the roots take a plough—one with an old mold board with the upper half broken off is the best—plough them out, throwing the rows together into the space not occupied by the tops. The few roots that are wholly covered with the soil may be thrown out with a fork. In gathering the roots use no baskets, but throw them directly into the wagon, cautioning the loaders to take one root in each hand, knock them together to jar off the soil. The load is driven directly to the cellar, where a chute has been constructed about the length of the wagon box and leading to the cellar. The advantage of the chute consists in two or three men being able to work at the same time without being in each other's way. The chute should be constructed with a slatted bottom, so that all the loose dirt will drop to the ground. This freeing of the roots from earth is an important factor in their keeping, as they will certainly decay if much earth and litter is left adhering. To further aid in the cleansing process, a dry time should be selected for the work.

The general rule is to harvest the roots first week in November, though circumstances might make a difference of a week in the time. It is considered unwise to leave them out longer if the weather permits the work. For convenience in feeding and to keep a comparatively high temperature, the bin is placed in the centre of the

adment of a large barn. The sides are made by boarding up the studding on the inside next the roots with cheap, rough lumber. The outside is covered first with building paper and then with matched hemlock boards. In very cold seasons, a covering of straw will prevent the roots from becoming frosted. Two or three ventilating tubes should be placed among the roots. These are cheaply made by nailing four six-inch boards together, forming a tube, boring auger holes in the four sides at frequent intervals. Stored in this manner roots may be perfectly preserved until the middle of May.

LIFE BECAME A BURDEN.

THE WONDERFUL NARRATIVE OF A PATIENT SUFFERER.

The After Effects of La Grippe Developed into Inflammation of the Lungs and Chronic Bronchitis—After Four Years of Suffering Health is Almost Miraculously Restored.

From Le Monde, Montreal.

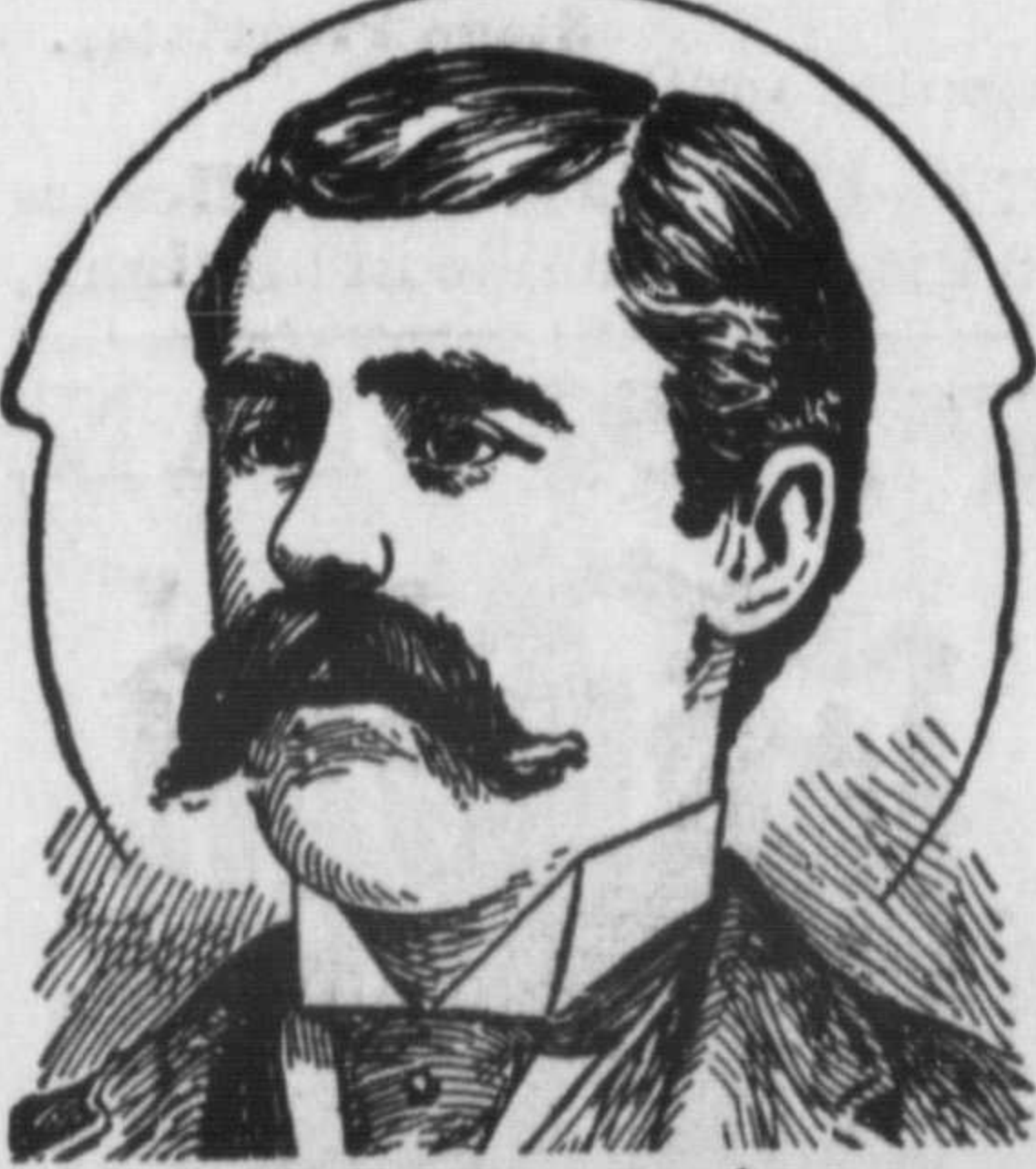
Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 405 Montcalm Street, Montreal, has passed through an experience which is worthy of a wide spread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. Up to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since, notwithstanding all her care to avoid it, she has been afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, which would bring her to the very verge of death. This was followed by bronchitis for the rest of the year. Her bronchial tubes were affected to such an extent that it was with difficulty she could breathe, and a draught of outside air would make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said Mrs. Cloutier to the reporter, "a constant rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my affairs or to my house, and had it not been for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. I had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt that they must contain the truth, for if they were unfounded none would dare to give the names and addresses of the persons said to be cured in the public manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have received from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cured I may tell you that on the first occasion of my going out after my recovery I walked for two miles on an up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or the least pant for breath, and since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at that period in former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not think it possible for me to say too much in favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of which in other cases as well as mine has proved invaluable."

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for 6 boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Broken in Health

That Tired Feeling, Constipation and Pain in the Back

Appetite and Health Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Mr. Chas. Steele
St. Catherine's, Ont.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"For a number of years I have been troubled with a general tired feeling, shortness of breath, pain in the back, and constipation. I could get only little rest at night on account of the pain and had no appetite whatever. I was that tired in my limbs that I gave out before half the day was gone. I tried a great number of medicines but did not get any permanent relief from any

source until, upon recommendation of a friend, I purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which made me feel better at once. I have continued its use, having taken three bottles, and

I feel like a new man.

I have a good appetite, feel as strong as ever I did, and enjoy perfect rest at night. I have much pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHARLES STEELE, with Eric Prentiss Co., St. Catherine's, Ontario.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

ANOTHER MURDER.

Whiskey Smugglers on the Pacific Coast Believed to be Responsible.

A despatch from Vancouver, B.C., says—Violent deaths continue with alarming regularity in northern waters, British Columbia. B.C. Benson, Rancher is the last victim. He was found on Saturday in an open boat, near Band Island, 100 miles from Vancouver, with his head smashed in. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of murder, and appealed to the authorities to put on more police patrol boats to protect the alarmed settlers. A few days ago Mr. Benson was well and cheerful. It is alleged he came across a gang of whiskey smugglers, who killed him. These smugglers lift the coast, stealing liquor from large warehouses in Vancouver, and selling it to Indians. When the Indians are mad drunk they incite them to robbery and sometimes murder. It is thought drunken Indians were incited to kill Mr. Benson, white whiskey smugglers being the instigators. The authorities have been repeatedly appealed to by settlers to give them more adequate police protection. They now talk of organizing a vigilance committee and wiping out the whiskey smuggling murderers of the northern coast.

Winter Storage.

A correspondent asks for more information regarding the storage of vegetables. The most important thing is to store all roots in cool places, and to insure them from injury by frost, or sudden changes of temperature. It is not so much the freezing of vegetables that causes decay, as the sudden change of temperature. Dampness affects vegetables and fruits, and nearly every variety will keep in much better condition if kept in a very dry place. Cellars are not always dry, and for vegetables are not the best store-houses. Such articles as turnips, carrots, beets, and parsnips, can be stored under mounds outside, but they become sealed up with frost, and are not always convenient for use. It has been found that when all imperfect or injured roots are discarded, and those that are sound are packed in bins with dry, clean dirt, or sand used for filling the interstices between them, allowing a layer of dirt and a layer of roots, they will keep in a good condition in a cool place in a dry location, and potatoes have been brought out in prime condition when so kept. Apples should not have the slightest bruise or blemish, and if wrapped in tissue paper and then nicely packed in barrels or boxes, or even placed on shelves, they will keep a long time.

Get Rid of Neuralgia.

There is no use in fooling with neuralgia. It is a disease that gives way only to the most powerful remedies. No remedy yet discovered has given the grand results that invariably attends the employment of Polson's Nerviline. Nerviline is a positive specific for all nerve pains, and ought to be kept on hand in every family. Sold everywhere 25 cents a bottle.

Big crabs are found in India. Some of them measure two feet in length.



CANADA PERMANENT Loan and Savings Company.

Office—Toronto St., Toronto.
Subscribed Capital.....\$ 5,000,000
Paid up Capital.....2,000,000
Reserved Funds.....1,500,000
Total Assets.....12,000,000

The enlarged capital and resources of this Company, together with the increased facilities now has for supplying land owners with cheap money, enable the Directors to meet with promptness all requirements for loans upon satisfactory real estate security. Application may be made to the Company's local Appraisers, or to...

J. HERBERT MASON,
Managing Director.

MUSIC !

Every Music Teacher in Canada should know where they can get their Music cheapest. Write us for Catalogues; also sample copy of the CANADIAN MUSICIAN, a live monthly journal with \$1.00 worth of music in each issue. \$3 to \$5 per day made by canvassers. See premium list. We carry everything in the Music line. WHALEY, ROYCE & CO 158 YONGE ST. TORONTO, J.M.



The Reason.

Jones—I wonder why poets wear their hair long! Brown—Didn't you ever have your hair cut? "Yes, of course. What's that got to do with it?" "Lots. Didn't you have to pay for it?"

Look Out

for breakers ahead when pimples, boils, carbuncles and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Carbuncles and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula in every shape, and all blood-taints, if it fails to cure, you have your money back. And that makes it the cheapest blood-purifier sold.

People who live beyond their means, and are very tardy in paying their debts, have been black-listed in Vienna by a daring publisher. A book containing their names has met with a big sale.

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere.

To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a kettle of cold water, gradually heat it till it boils and then let it as gradually cool.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

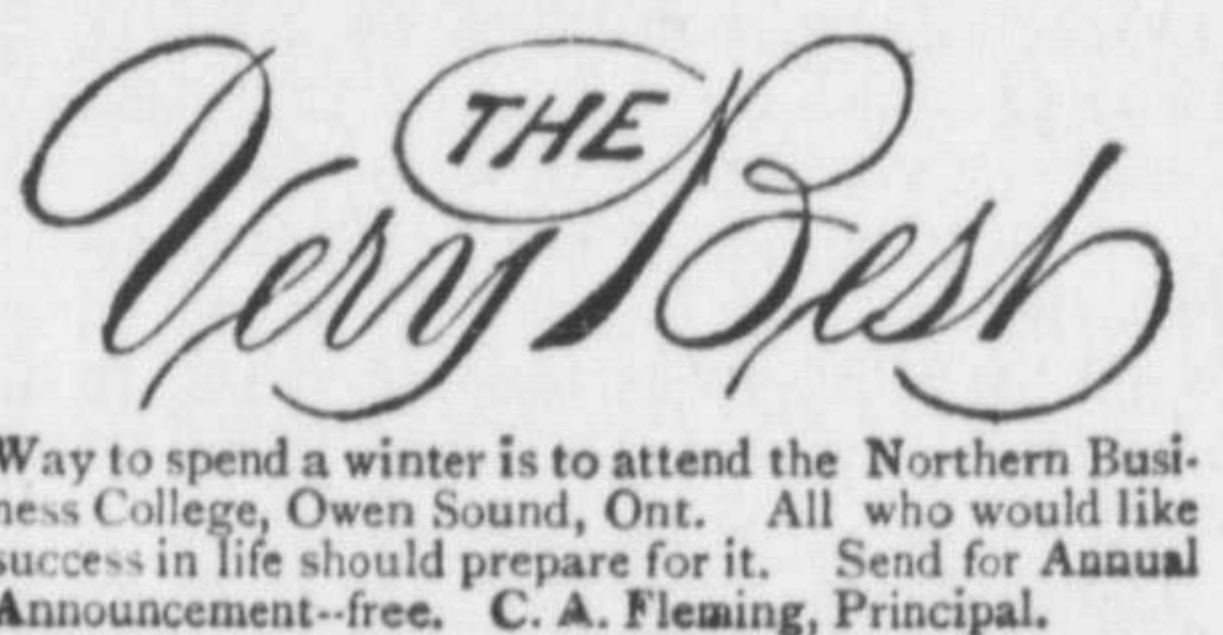
A house well built of first-class brick will outlast one constructed of granite.

In a recent address, President Eliot, of Harvard, advised students to thus apportion their day: Study, ten hours sleep, eight; exercise, two; social duties, one; and meals, three hours.

A. P. 736.

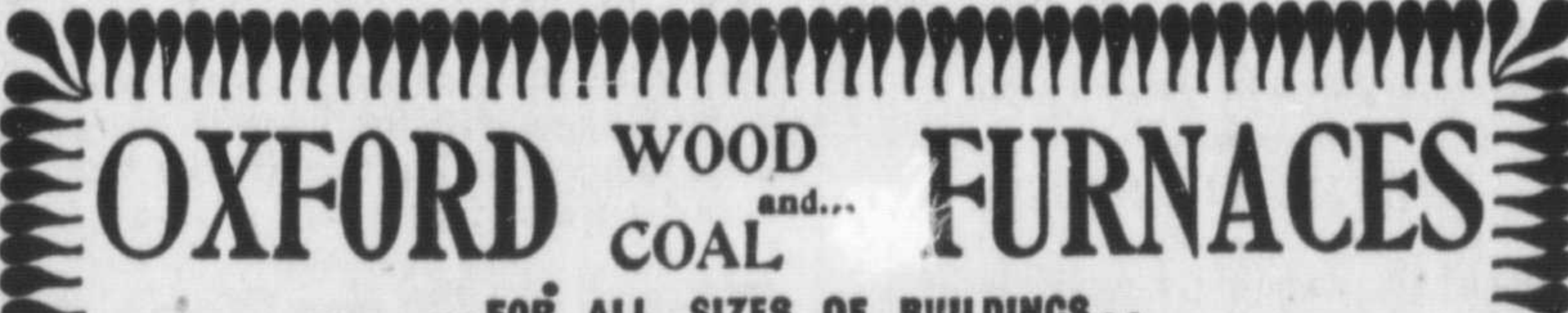


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GRANBY RUBBERS

Better this season than ever. Everybody wants them. Every dealer sells them. They wear like Iron.



Full Guaranteed Capacity: Send for... CATALOGUE and TESTIMONIAL BOOK. ...Manufactured by... The GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY Ltd., TORONTO.

"HITS."

OLD, CHRONIC PAINS SUCCUMB TO ST. JACOBS OIL IT HITS THE SPOT AND CURES.

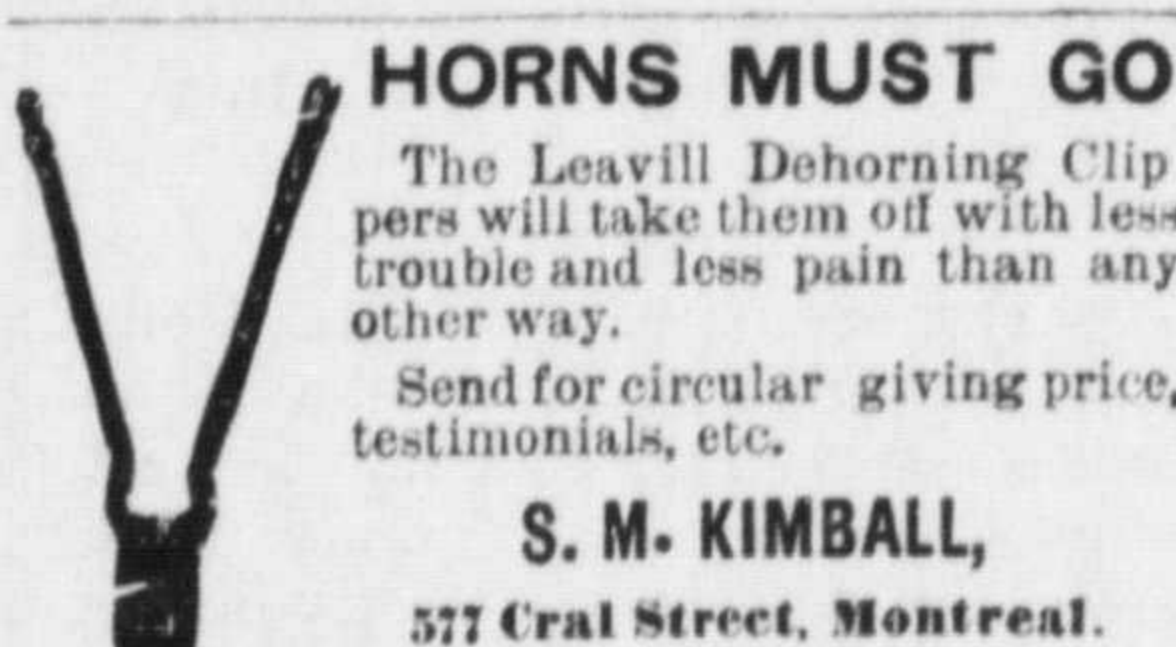
For 20 Years

the formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. No secret about it. This is one of its strongest endorsements. But the strongest endorsement possible is in the vital strength it gives.

Scott's Emulsion

nourishes. It does more for weak Babies and Growing Children than any other kind of nourishment. It strengthens Weak Mothers and restores health to all suffering from Emaciation and General Debility. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Blood Diseases and Loss of Flesh.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists 50c & \$1.



MARLIN Model 1891

22 calibre uses 22 short, 22 long, and 22 long rifle cartridges. Only repeater made for long rifle 22. .22 REPEATING 32 The 32 calibre rifle uses the 32 short and long rifle fire, and 32 short and long Colt's center fire. Write for catalogues to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Buhr Stone Chopper

Grinds everything, even to the finest seeds. Stones last a lifetime.

Iron plates, chilled 1-16, are not in it with French Buhr Stones, 6 inches thick. Chilled Clear Through. Easy to run, simple, durable, fast—Write us.

Waterous, BRANTFORD, CANADA

Champion of Canada...

I have been drinking St. Leon Mineral Water regularly for four years, and consider it the very best thing to drink while in general training. It is an excellent regulator, having completely cured me of constipation and kidney trouble.

W. H. HASKETT, 385 Manning Ave., Champion Pedestrian of Canada. St. Leon Mineral Water Co'y, Ltd. Head Office—King St. W., Toronto. Druggists, Grocers and Hotels.



SHAWVILLE, NOV. 15, 1894.

CHANGING.

HOW MUCH IT COSTS.

War in the East.

Information for the Public.

Tinware, Stove Pipes, &c
—o—
STOVES. STOVES.



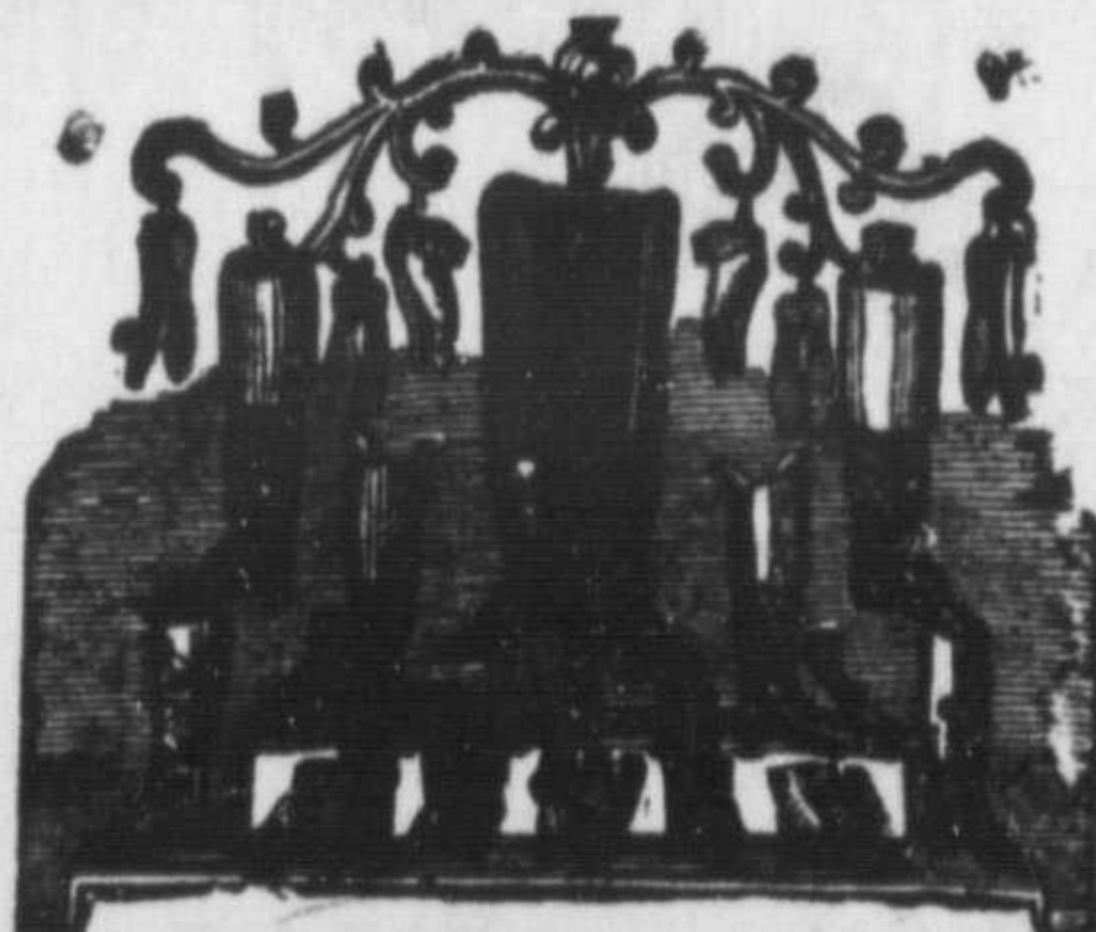
G. E. WAINMAN

CLOTHING

FURS! FURS!

G. Fred Hodgins.

P. NOLAN,



A Call Solicited.
March 17, 1894.

OR—

STOVE.

J. H. SHAW.

Every Lady
Should be Interested
In Millinery.

In fact everything comprised in the millinery line, which for beauty, texture, and enduring quality cannot be equalled.

A hat from my shop retains its style and beauty.

**Call and Inspect stock, No
trouble to show goods.**

Mrs. McKenzie, Shawville.
OPPOSITE PONTIAC HOUSE.

P. S.—Grand Display and Fall
Opening on Oct. 3.

TWEEDS!

**Suitings,
Pantings,
Overcoatings.**

TAILOR SHOP

has been opened in Campbell's Bay, where a first class workman will be constantly on hand to receive orders First class fit and finish guaranteed.

Jno. Macfarlane,
Campbell's Bay.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—We do not necessarily endorse nor hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Editor of EQUITY.

Sir,—In your last issue Rustic asserts that I treated him as I treated Father Chiniquy, "left the topic of discussion to abuse the man." Now for facts—Mr. Chiniquy wrote a work, "Fifty years in the church of Rome," and put it on the market; like every other emanation of the Press whether a translation of the Bible, a Royal proclamation, a Papal Encyclical, a Treatise on Philosophy or the Child's Primer, from that moment it became liable to the scathing ordeal of the critic's pen. Says Byron "I love the freedom of the Press and Quill." So do I, and accordingly I exercised my right—a right indefeasible to every British subject—to give expression to my views on certain passages in it, and I have yet to learn, even if, by so doing, I did expose insolent falsehood, and fraudulent misquotation of scripture, that the act was incompatible with the command to "let brotherly love continue." I admit too, having said that I fancied (thought it probable) that Mr. C. gave the lecture he thought best calculated to interest the majority of his audience—in short that would pay best. I may be mistaken, but such was my opinion, to which I have a right. Further, I confess that I said that the English church, if there were no worse breakers ahead of her than the strictures of that old vet (the reader can supply the prefix to suit himself) she'll get into port all right. In all this I defy "Rustic" to show that I am not well within the lines of legitimate criticism, and I stand by every word I have written. His unhappy unscrupulousness of assertion again crops out, forcing him to charge me with *odium theologum*, while the patent facts of the case absolutely disprove it. As he says I wrote in defence of Romanism it could not have appeared in that direction, and certainly not towards my own church, there was no discussion or question of any religious belief or doctrine, and admitting for a moment—merely for the sake of argument—that I dislike Mr. Chiniquy, how does it appear that the feeling has a theological tinge? Might it not exist on other grounds—say a lack—or if you like—a fancied lack of veracity in his writings? I submit, then, that no case lies against me for exhibition of *odium theologum*, and that the charge is false as I believe the author of it was aware when he made it. As to the charge of leaving "the topic of discussion to abuse the man," I can offer no defence, I neither know what the topic was, nor when I entered upon it, nor when I left it, it is a point upon which I wish very much a ray of light would be thrown.

As it would redound to Rustic's credit to make good his promise to apologize and make honorable retraction, I shall endeavor to supply the condition he requires—proof—not mere assertion—that he has misinterpreted my letter and the opportunity to do so with a clear conscience, that I have the pleasure to provide for him, I invite him to accept. In his letter of the 18th ult. he says "one is a little surprised to find an Anglican engaged in the defence of Romanism. He makes a pretty good case for the countries to which the famous Bull was sent but a very bad one for the church of Rome." He then goes on to enlarge and descant on the good case for the enemies of the Bull—France and Portugal, that threatened to meet it with the headsman's axe. He finds it a "terribly monstrous and awfully antichristian" instrument, &c. But—"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

In the last EQUITY we read—"I meant that his article"—that which made out the good case for the enemies of the Bull, and therefore, of necessity a strong case against its anathemas "seems to be intended as an apology, extenuation, and palliation, for the anathemas of the church of Rome. The leading feature of his letter was the allegory concerning the Bull and if not meant by him as a palliation, extenuation or apology"—For What? For the anathemas of course—"it is hard to discover what it did mean." But it was this "apology" for the Bull in your issue of 13th September that furnished the good case in favor of his enemies. Now it is impossible that the same document, except it was self contradictory, could justify resistance to the Bull and justify its anathemas, the attempt to justify one, must mean virtual condemnation of the other; but the letter is not self contradictory, yet Rustic gives it two interpretations, one opposed to and contradicting the other; one interpretation therefore is wrong, and I call upon him to retract and apologize for it, taking occasion to remind him at the same time that if he cancels the interpretation that makes out the good case, he should retract the conclusions it led to, viz., that the Bull is a terrible monster and awfully antichristian.

Apologizing for the length of this communication,

I am Sir,
Obediently yours,
ANGELICAN.

P. S. Will "Rustic" please say where he finds the proof offered for misinterpretation defective, if he does not see fit to apologize?

SHAWVILLE
Hair Dressing Parlor
SILAS YOUNG - PROP.

Hair-cutting, Shaving, Shampooing done in first-class style.
A CALL SOLICITED.

Shop next door to Turner's
Shears and Scissors sharpened at reasonable prices by means of a new patent machine which does the work perfectly.
Dec 15, 1892.



W. H. Ward.

Almost a Hopeless Case.

A Terrible Cough. No Rest Night nor Day. Given up by Doctors.

A LIFE SAVED

BY TAKING

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors, after working over me to the best of their ability, pronounced my case hopeless, and said they could do no more for me. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I began to take, and very soon I was greatly relieved. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I firmly believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 8 Quimby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
HIGHEST AWARDS AT WORLD'S FAIR.

Ayer's Pills the Best Family Physic.

Re. the Estate of LATE F. D. ASTLEY, M. D.

ALL persons indebted by note or account to the above estate are hereby notified to pay the same forthwith to the undersigned, or legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.
W. H. MEREDITH.
Quyon, Sept. 29, 1894.

JOHN BECKITT, JR.,

MANUFACTURES

SLEIGHS, CUTTERS,

OR ANYTHING IN THAT LINE
THAT WILL COMPARE
WITH THE
PRODUCT OF ANY
SHOP IN THE COUNTY.

ORDER YOUR WINTER RIG-OUT
FROM HIM.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

JOHN BECKITT, JR.,
SHAWVILLE

BUSINESS CHANGE.

The subscriber begs to intimate to the people of Shawville and surrounding country that he has acquired the Blacksmithing Business and stand of Mr. John Lester, Main street, Shawville, and is now prepared to execute all work in the

General Blacksmithing

line with which he may be favored.

Good Workmanship and Best Satisfaction guaranteed.

Carriage and Sleighmaking and Repairing
in connection; also an

-UNDERTAKING-

branch, thoroughly equipped
in every detail.

A. SMILEY.

Shawville, Nov. 12, 1894.

1894.

PONTIAC --WOOLLEN-- MILLS

Have commenced operations for the season after having been thoroughly overhauled and re-fitted.

Parties requiring CARDING & SPINNING

may rely on having it

Skillfully Executed
and at

REASONABLE PRICES.

IN STOCK.

A Choice and Extensive
Line of

Seasonable Tweeds.

which will well repay
inspection.

— ALSO —

Flannels, Blankets,
Shawls, &c.

Wool taken in Exchange for
Goods.

A. HODGINS,

May 1, 1894.

ORDER YOUR CLOTHES

Wm. O. BERGGREN'S
SHAWVILLE, QUE.

He makes a good substantial Job, and guarantees a fit every time.

Shop.—Opposite James Hodgins' residence,
February 8th, 1894.

DOCTOR ROOTS RED REGULATORS, OR PINK PELLETS

MEN suffer from want of Power, Despondency, Impotency, Loss of Memory, Pain in the Back, Irritable in temper, Indecision and loss of Moral Control, Indigestion, Constipation and many other symptoms arising from indiscreet habits. They should take these Pills.

WOMEN Thousands of the fair sex are to-day wrecks in health and beauty because they neglect that upon which their health and charms of beauty depend. They should take these Pills, as they cure all Suppressions and Irregularities; they enrich the Blood, give Vigor of Health, elastic step and rosy cheeks.

BOYS In these days when the sin of evil habits are so prevalent, when thousands of young men are wrecked by the bad habits of self-abuse, Tobacco, Tea and Spirits, these Pills are a sure prevention and should be used in all cases.

GIRLS should take no other pills. They remove irregularities caused by cold or otherwise, restoring health and complexion.

May be had of all medicine dealers or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing,
JOHN T. WAIT, Proprietor, Annapolis.

1894.

Shawville Produce Quotations.

Oats.....	27 to 29
Peas.....	48 50
Rye.....	38 40
Eggs.....	12 13
Wool.....	18 20
Lard.....	9 00
Butter.....	15 17
Wheat, (standard) at mill.....	65 00
Buckwheat.....	38 40
Pork per cwt.....	\$5.25 5.50
Hay per ton.....	7.50 8.00
Calfskins.....	25 to 30

Bricks for Sale,

— A T —

D. Kennedy's Clarendon.
MOREHEAD, P. O.

Season of 1894. ROSS POINT FERRY.

The Shortest and Cheapest
Route to Annapolis

Communication is now open between Ross Point, in the township of Bristol, Quebec, and the northern terminus of the 14th Concession of the township of McEab, Ontario.

The scow has been thoroughly overhauled and is in better running order than ever before. We have also spent \$50 in repairing the road to the ferry, which is now in first class condition.

Crossing at any hour of the day from 8 a. m. till 6 p. m. Market days (Tuesdays and Saturdays) from 6 a. m. till 6 p. m.

Excellent accommodation for the conveyance of hay, lumber, farm machinery, grain and other farm products, etc.

THE TARIFF:

For a 2 horse cart or conveyance and driver each way, including horses, 50 cents, for ditto returning same day, 75cts.

For a one horse cart or conveyance and driver each way, including horse, 40cts. returning same day, 60cts.

For one horse each way, 25 cents.
For each additional horse the property of same party, 15c.

For each head of horned cattle each way, 25 cents. For each additional head the property of same person, 15c.

For each head of swine or sheep, 10 cents. For each additional head the property of same party 5c.

For each passenger, 10 cents.
The public will be duly notified of any change in the above arrangements.

Good arrangements to Load and Unload.

Jas. M. Greenshields,
MANAGER.

—{ FURS -- FURS }—

IN ENDLESS VARIETY AT

Wm. Wilson's, Shawville.

Now is the time to invest in a good warm Coat or Cap.

Come early and get your pick of a complete stock.

Full Lines in
Dry Goods & Clothing.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Nails
and Shelf Hardware.

Stock of other Staple Goods Complete.

Prices at Zero Point.

Wm. WILSON.

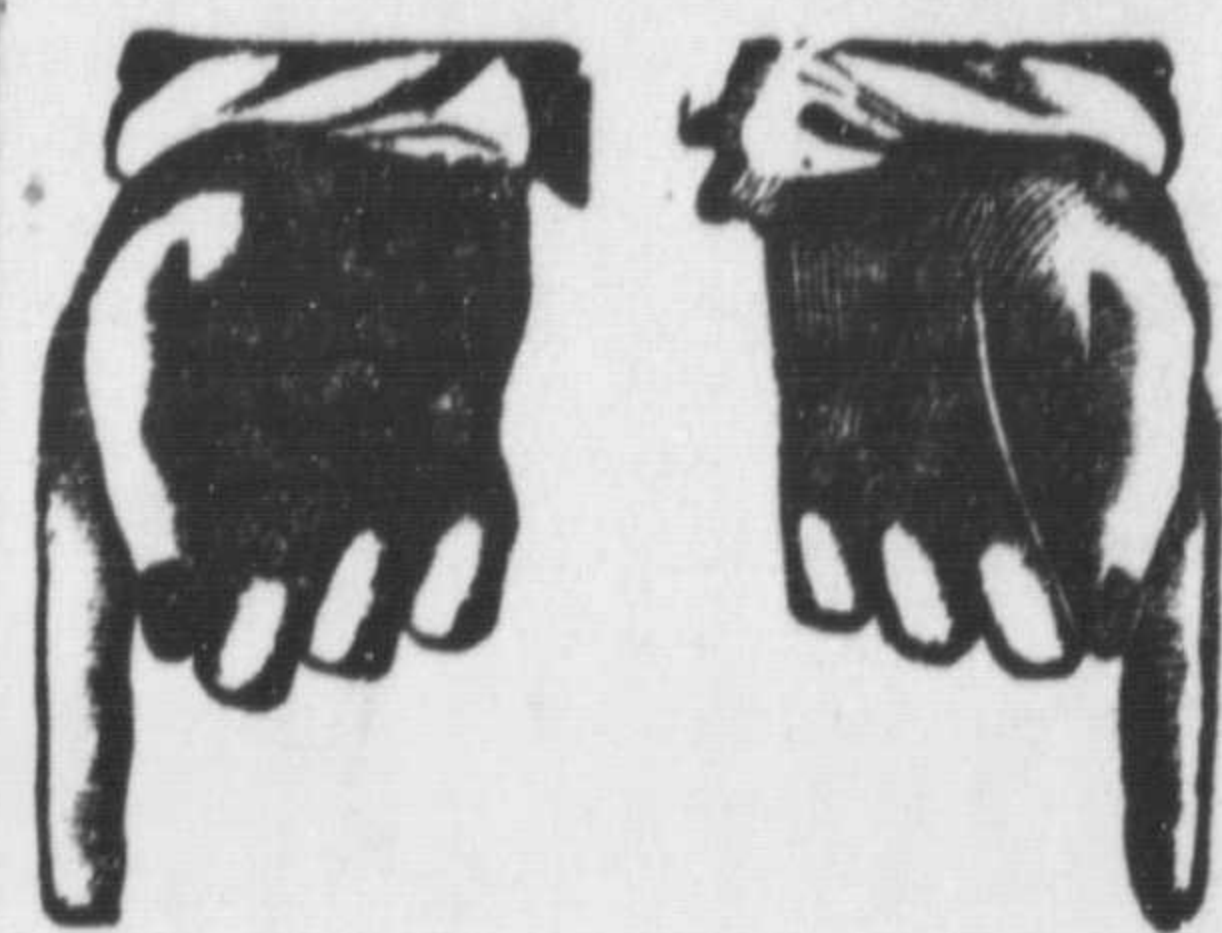
A. J. JACKSON,
SHAWVILLE, Q.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
GILDER, GLAZIER, DECORATOR, &c.

All orders promptly attended to and estimates furnished.

The subscriber having started business in Shawville, begs to announce that he is prepared to execute all orders for work in any of the above lines, in first class style.

Orders from all parts of the county promptly attended to.



YOU ALWAYS PAY

For what you get, but
do you always get what
you pay for?

You don't get what you pay
for if you get inferior goods
at regular prices.

You don't get what you pay
for if you pay for a quality you
don't receive.

You don't get what you pay
for if you pay an extravagant
price.

Whose fault is it if you
don't get what you pay
for?

It's Your own Fault.

Because you can always get
your money back to the last
cent by trading with me.

Because I guarantee the
best for the money.

Because I guarantee the
most for the money.

Every one of these facts go
to show that you ought to

TRADE WITH

H. S. DOWD,

Remember that you can get
a square deal for a round dollar.

Remember that you can
get a high grade for a low
figure,

Remember that you pay for
what you get and get what
you pay for at

H. S. DOWD'S,
Quyon, Que.

FRANCE MAY FIGHT SOON.

PROBABILITY THAT WAR WILL BE DECLARED ON MADAGASCAR.

Queen Ranavalona III. is as vain as a Peacock and has married her Prime Minister, a Shrewd Old Gent of Seventy Years.

In perhaps less than a week it will be decided whether or not France will begin another colonial war. They have scarcely had time to enjoy the overthrow of the doughty Behanzin and his fierce amazons before being confronted by the dusky Queen Ranavalona III. of Madagascar. She is furious at the treatment she claims to have received at the hands of the French, and refuses to recognize their authority. On the other hand, the representatives of the French government on the island claim that the queen is not on speaking terms with truth and that she is being used as a tool by influential traders to disrupt the relations with France. She has the reputation of being a weak and treacherous sort of person and the French have about made up their minds to call her to time in a way that she may remember. To compel peace Le Myre de Vilers has been sent to Madagascar bearing the ultimatum of his government. He is due there in a few days, when he will take immediate action. His first move, according to French sources of information, will be to blockade the island with the vessels at his command and by the capture of a few harbor towns compel peace with the government of Tananarivo.

A letter to the Temps from Madagascar says that the situation becomes daily worse and worse, so that it only needs a spark to cause an explosion which might cost the life of all the Europeans on the island. The Hovas are feverishly arming themselves. They are fortifying Manja Kadria Pombana, which commands Tananarivo. Guns and ammunition are being sent all



THE QUEEN'S GUARD MADAGASCAR.

over the island, and the Hovas are exciting the population to pillage and the assassination of foreigners. Not a day goes by without a Frenchman being either insulted or attacked. Only recently bricks were thrown from the windows of the Princess Ramadrindrazana at a company of interpreters at the French residency at Antananarivo. A long list of similar outrages are reported to the home office. Frequent incendiary fires occur, and to make matters still worse an epidemic of smallpox is now raging at Nossi-Bé.

REFUSED TO VISIT THE QUEEN.

Prince Henry of Orleans recently passed through Madagascar. Though invited he declined to pay his respects to the queen and her prime minister, preferring, in the present state of political relations, to show his contempt for them. This wounded the intense conceit of the queen to the quick and she is said to have been beyond herself with rage at the insult, vowing that she would have revenge at any cost.

Queen Ranavalona III., who is at present a very conspicuous figure in this imbroglio, is not a very interesting person. She is but 36 years of age, without any mental or physical attractions. She is, however, inordinately vain, and her favors are shown in proportion to the amount of flattery her subjects can beguile her with. As an evidence of the high opinion she holds of her beauty it may be mentioned that she caused her portrait to be painted by a French artist. He

QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR unfortunately painted her as an average-looking, overdressed negress. The picture was refused and not accepted till the artist had made her sable-hued majesty appear as a light brunette whom no one would suspect of having more than a trace of Ethiopian blood in her veins. In reality the festive queen is as black as a full-blooded negress can possibly be. She has all her dresses made in Paris, and delights to array herself in the loudest of loud colors. Scarlet robes, light blue, rose, yellow and bright green, not to forget white satin gowns, are her favorite shades. She is a great coquette, and thinks herself quite irresistible.

She is married to her prime minister, the famous Roinclaisirouane, a man over 70 years old and who has served as minister since 1864. This man is, say the French, at the bottom of all this trouble. He is described as a consummate diplomatist—a little old man whom neither time nor hard work has bent. His movements are agile and his eye gleams with penetrating intelligence. He makes all possible efforts to avoid strangers and when he has to meet any foreign diplomats he easily baffles them with his shrewdness, so that it is impossible for them to make anything out of him.

YANKEE ENGLISH.

An English Writer Deals With Some of Its Curiosities.

"I am free, white, twenty-one, and I speak United States," is, according to a writer in The Saturday Review, London, the modern Declaration of Independence of every native adult American citizen. We get considerable information out of this article. Take the following as a sample: "The American language used to be English, of course—English pure and simple, but it has prospered on its own account, like other things American, and now the English language is being Americanized, like the English nobility, and its vivacity is considerably benefited by the process."

The trouble is that the meaning of many words have been modified and altered so that they are quite unintelligible to the Englishman. Here are some examples: "If a Londoner is fortunate enough to cross the Atlantic, and be introduced to a sky which has not been discolored by smoke, a sun which has not been dimmed by fog, an atmosphere which the powers have not forgotten to dry, and is as stimulating as champagne, but is unfortunately enough to have to buy a frock-coat—a most expensive article—or to order one—as a rule, quite a different matter—hemust call it a 'Prince Albert.'"

"If he wants a billycock hat, he will never get it if he asks for it by that name; he must request the shopman to bring him a 'Derby.' Should the coverings of his feet be worn out and he orders a new pair of boots, he will be given Wellingtons, which are boots in the 'American' language; if he wants English boots he must ask for 'shoes' while if he likes to show pretty socks and wears Oxford shoes, he must call for 'ties,' or 'low cuts,' and 'slippers' if he needs pumps. He will find, too, that he does not buy articles in a shop, but at a 'store' and he will be sent to its different departments by a 'floor-walker,' not a shop-walker. Should he unfortunately happen to get ill, let him boldly declare that he 'feels sick,' entirely heedless of what he would be understood to mean at home, or it will be taken that he is nauseated, for the words sick and ill mean just the reverse of what they signify in London; and if his doctor gives him a prescription, let him not ask to be directed to a chemist, or he will be sent off to a manufacturer of chemicals, if anyone knows the address of such a firm, but let him seek for a 'pharmacy' or 'drug-store.'"

"In its pronunciation United States is a law unto itself, and if the aforesaid Londoner gets 'busted,' or wants employment as a clerk, let him not call himself a 'clark,' or people will open their eyes at his peculiar occupation. Above all, let him avoid, as he would the plague, the nasal twang which passes current for the American accent on the London stage, unless he hankers after being mistaken for a denizen of 'wild and woolly West,' or as hailing from Oshkosh or Kalamazoo, both of which places, in spite of a popular belief to the contrary, will be found on the map of the country over which the Stars and Stripes float and the bald-headed Eagle screams."

"United States is to some extent an 'inflected' language, and the intonation of a word gives it its peculiar meaning, just as happens in that most soul-wearying of all tongues to the student—the Chinese. If any one doubts this, let him listen to two people manipulate that most distinctively American word 'right' in a conversation of this kind:

"How do I get to—?"

"Go right along, and take the first turning on the right, and you are right there."

"Right?"

"Right!"

"Right."

"The first meaning of the first two rights is obvious enough. The third is the equivalent of 'at once.' The interrogative right asks, 'Are you sure that it is correct?' and the exclamatory one replies as plainly as possible 'Quite correct,' while the other goes away with a nod, for his 'Right' means 'Thank you, I'm off.'"

THE CZAR'S MODE OF LIFE.

He Would Be Well and Strong But for the Strain on His Nerves.

The Czar is suffering from one of the most painful illnesses known. Kidney or nephritic colics are so excruciating that, apart from the other dangers attaching to them, there is always a chance of the brain being affected, says a London paper, through the intensity of the agony. This in the Czar's case is particularly to be feared, because of his bulkiness, the torpid life he has led for so many years, and his excess of muscle. The extreme pain of these colics has caused the Czar to have fits, hence the rumors of apoplexy, which rumors, by the way, are very likely true after all. For the past two years his pasty face and great bulk have shown his friends very plainly that there was something very serious the matter with him and this disease—whatever it was—could, as all his friends told him, only be aggravated by the extraordinary life he led, and which, notwithstanding their entreaties, he would not alter.

Let our readers picture to themselves a man of herculean build and muscle, but as nervous as a "subject" at the Saltpetriere Hospital in Paris, who is as bulky as Lord Salisbury, who never takes any exercise, and who absorbs vast quantities of that horrible Russian mead, kvass, and then let them ask themselves if it is surprising that such an individual should develop congestional troubles. As a matter of fact, the Emperor has never been the same man since the railway accident at Borki, but as for that, neither has the poor Czarina ever been the same woman.

Then, again, the Czar's great muscular power has been taking hardly any exercise and being troubled with a morbidly sensitive conscience, he has got into a most deplorable and alarming condition.

Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania's little daughter, born last week, makes Queen Victoria's nineteenth great-grandchild, as the Crown Princess is the daughter of Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

ABOUT PRICES.

What Various Articles Cost in the Long Centuries Ago.

Leases in 1480 was \$14 per ton.
Raper in 1431 was 25c a quire.
In the tenth century razors cost 30c.
In 1307 a horseshoe in England cost 14c.
Charlemagne paid \$7 for a pair of shoes.
In Athens, A. D. 71, oysters sold for 30c.
Julius Caesar's everyday tunic cost 24c.
A bed in a Greek inn in A. D. 327 cost 4c.

In 1375 salt cost, in France, \$2.50 a bushel.
A Greek hat in the time of Pericles cost 10c.

In Venice, in 1274, a pig brought 2 shillings.
In 1312 English linen was worth 16c a yard.

The first hand fire-arms cost about \$30 each.

The coronation robes of Napoleon cost \$4,000.

Ink, in the days of Louis IX., cost 40c a quart.

In Rome, B. C. 6, roses were a cent a dozen.

In 1236 a hen was bought in Paris for 1 penny.

In 1499 candles sold in Amsterdam for 6c a pound.

In 1564 a pair of shoes made in England cost 20c.

In 1617 a cannon was made at Paris that cost \$742.

In 1302 a sheep sold in France for \$1; a pig for \$2.

In 1376 eggs sold in Barcelona for 36c a hundred.

In 1542 a tanned cowhide in England cost 9 shillings.

In 1594 gunpowder sold for \$14 per hundredweight.

In India a native may board comfortably for 6c a day.

In 1361 apples in Germany were worth \$1 a thousand.

A hunting horn cost in Spain in 1527 a little over 75c.

Mary, Queen of Scots, once paid \$2,000 for a dress.

In Corinth, A. D. 201, twenty figs were sold for 2c.

Catherine de Medici paid about \$2 for a pair of gloves.

Mme. de Pompadour once paid \$1.2 for an ounce of rouge.

Constantine the Great had a sword made to order for \$80.

The mosaic on one Pompeii floor is known to have cost \$72.

Goosequills for pens sold in London in 1542 at 20c a thousand.

In Corinth, about the time of Christ, twenty figs brought 2c.

Blubber, the fat of sea animals, costs 10c a pound in Lapland.

In 1542 Italian oranges were sold in Rome for 20c a thousand.

In 1420 a milch cow sold in England for \$5; an ox for \$10.

The robes worn by Louis XIV. on state occasions cost \$19,000.

"Poor Richard's Almanac" commanded at the last sale \$18.

A bed, supper and breakfast in Paris in 1452 cost about 50c.

Henry VIII. paid the equivalent of \$1 in our money for a dog.

The price of a wine jug or demijohn was fixed by Nero at 7c.

In 1274 a well-written Bible was sold for 50 marks, about \$170.

A house of ten rooms in Pompeii cost the builder nearly \$5,000.

Poppaea, Nero's wife, paid 4c a quart for asses' milk to bathe in.

A Roman military saddle cost \$8; a whip, 24c, a bridle cost \$1.60.

A Mazarin Bible, printed in 1455, sold a few years ago for \$2,500.

The fur-trimmed cloak worn by Cromwell as Lord Protector cost \$70.

The boar's head used in a Cambridge college in 1579 cost 10 shillings.

Among the bills of Marie Antoinette is one of \$300 for a pair of garters.

During the reign of Nerva a fee of 4c was demanded at the bath.

Common knives for belt and table use cost 40c apiece at Florence in 1600.

In China ordinary day board can be had, for a Chinaman, at about 3c.

Doves for sacrifice in the temple at Jerusalem cost from 5c to 10c each.

Essex, the favorite of Elizabeth, had a set of shirts which cost \$50 apiece.

Bread in Pompeii cost 1½c a loaf. The loaves weighed about 6 ounces.

In the year 1400 English horses, suitable for cavalry, brought \$10 apiece.

Chestnuts were sold on the streets of ancient Rome at twenty for 1c.

A long Greek lance, such as the men of the phalanx carried, cost about \$1.50.

In 1780 apples sold in Massachusetts for 20c a bushel; in 1870 they were \$1.

A pair of boots, reaching half way to the knee, were sold in Pompeii for \$2.

While Richard I. was on the throne, common horses were sold for \$10 each.

During the reign of Vitellius, lions from Africa were worth nearly \$100 each.

Pigs' feet sold in Rome in the fourth century at the rate of twenty for 4c.

Lord Bacon paid \$3 7s for his Judge's wig. The box was extra. It cost a shilling.

A house of four rooms rented in Pompeii for \$3 a month; a single room cost \$3.

The price of a wife in Zululand twenty years ago was six cows with their calves.

A gentleman's hat in the time of Charles I. cost \$1.50, and the plumes cost \$1 more.

In 1620 silk stockings sold in Paris for \$6 They were long, reaching above the knee.

The price of a day's board in Athens, B. C. 400, was 4c, or about \$1.20 a month.

The genuine Damascus blades, that could be bent into a circle, cost from \$500 to \$1,000.

Account books, such as were used by merchants in the days of Pericles, cost 18c

THE FRONTIER PARSON.

It is a Rough-and-Ready Kind of Religion That He Dispenses.

Often these minute men must build their houses and live in such a rough society that wife and children must stay behind for some years. One minute man built a little hut whose roof was shingled with oyster cans. His room was so small that he could pour out his coffee at the table and without getting up turn his flapjacks on the stove. A travelling missionary visiting him asked him where he slept. He opened a little trap door in the ceiling and as the good woman peered in she said:

"Why, you can't stand up in that place!"

"Bless your soul, madam," he exclaimed, "a home missionary doesn't sleep standing up."

Strapping a bundle of books on his shoulders this minute man starts out on a mule trail. If he meets the train he must step off and climb back. He reaches the distant camp and finds the boys by the dozen gambling in an immense saloon. He steps up to the bar and requests the liberty of singing a few hymns. The man answers surlily:

"You ken if ye like, but the boys won't stand it."

The next minute a rich baritone begins, "What a friend we have in Jesus," and twenty heads are lifted. He then says:

"Boys, take a hand, here are some books," and in less than ten minutes he has a male choir of many voices. One says, "Pard, sing number so and so,"—and another, "Sing number so and so." By this time the saloon-keeper is growling; but it is no use, the minister has the boys, and starts his work.

In some camps a very different reception awaits him, as, for instance, the following: At his appearance a wild-looking Buffalo Bill type of man greeted him with an oath and a pistol levelled at him.

"Don't yer know thar's no luck in camp with a preacher? We are going to kill ye."

"Don't you know," said the minute man, "a minister can draw a bead as quick as any man?" The boys gave a loud laugh, for they love grit, and the rough slunk away. But a harder trial followed.

"Glad to see ye, pard, but ye'll have to set 'em up 'fore ye commence—rule of the camp, ye know"—but before our man could frame an answer the hardest drinker in the crowd said:

"Boys, he is the first minister as has had the sand to come up here, and I'll stand treat for him."

A Prince's Monument Stolen.

The monument sent out by Queen Victoria to Zululand as a token of her sympathy with the bereaved mother of the late Prince Louis Napoleon has been stolen. A reward of £50 has been offered. The monument took the form of a memorial cross of plain marble, and was erected on the exact spot upon which the Prince fell when surprised and attacked by a party of Zulus who had been lying in ambush. The memorial bore the following inscription: "This cross is erected by Queen Victoria in affectionate remembrance of Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Imperial, to mark the spot where he, while assisting in a reconnaissance with the British troops, on the 1st of June, 1879, was attacked by a party of Zulus, and fell with face to the foe." It was surrounded by a dwarf wall of rough stones, which also enclosed the graves of the two troopers who were killed at the same time as the Prince. Shrubs and violets (the Napoleonic emblem) were planted about the place, which thus became a kind of miniature cemetery. It is interesting to recall that after the erection of the cross the Zulu chief, Geboodo, and the chief men of his tribe, to which the party who attacked the Prince, belonged, assembled at the place, and, standing with their right hands uplifted, solemnly declared that the memorial and the graves should never be desecrated. The stealing of the cross is, therefore, all the more remarkable, especially as the Zulus entertain a deeply-felt superstition regarding the spirits of the dead.

Feminine Logic.



Mrs. Robbins—"That is a nice piece of goods. How much did you pay for it?"

Mrs. Higbee—"A dollar a yard. They had some for ninety-nine cents, but the price showed it was of an inferior quality."

Last of a Famous Tree.

A patriarchal lime tree, known as the Domlind or cathedral tree, has just fallen at Brunswick. It was 86 feet high, and its girth was 19 feet. It was unique in that there is an undoubted mention of it in a pamphlet written in 1492, in which it is recorded that in 1473 summer came so early that "the lime tree of Brunswick" was in leaf by Easter Day. Even then the tree was famous for the size of its leaves. The Duke of Cumberland possesses a vase made from a piece of wood from this "Heinrich's linde."

Her Hand.

How soft and white, her lily hand,
A fairy's, thought I, maybe.
But gracious! in the later years,
How strong it spanked the baby.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered From Various Points From the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Walkerton curlers have organized. Typhoid fever is still raging in Winnipeg.

Partlo's mill, Dorchester, is being rebuilt.

In Canada 1,500 shoemakers are out of work.

Mrs. John Reid, Woodstock, is dead, aged 74.

Stratford paid \$400 for compulsory vaccination.

There is a boom in Revelstoke, B. C., property.

Deer-hunting parties are unusually numerous this year.

Vancouver has organized an association foot ball club.

It is proposed to abandon the cottage hospitals at Ottawa.

A collection of 200 coins was sold in Orillia last week for \$15.

The societies of Huron College, London, have re-organized.

Brantford hospital has 40 cases, 23 of which are typhoid fever.

Wyebridge has a new public hall with a lock-up in the basement.

Kingston has already three or four mayoralty candidates in the field.

It is reported that Parkhill is in the throes of a terrible sectarian strife.

Sarnia boasts of its Hotel Forthorn, a fine structure put up this year.

A marvellous body of copper has been discovered in British Columbia.

An Indian found with whiskey in his possession is fined \$25 at Victoria, B. C.

The Woodstock Amateur Operatic Company has re-organized for the winter.

Prof. Wiggins, the weather prophet, contemplates removing to the United States.

The Manitoulin Teachers' Convention held its annual meeting this year at Gore Bay.

Rev. Canon Davis, of South London, has left the stage and returned to the platform.

A young girl in London who had been vaccinated died shortly afterwards of lock-jaw.

The Horticultural Association of St. John, N. B., proposes giving that city a public park.

It has been decided to manufacture bicycles at the new Kingston Vehicle Co.'s works.

W. A. Muldrew has left the Orillia High school to become headmaster of that at Gravenhurst.

One firm in Southwestern Manitoba has this season shipped \$70,000 worth of cattle to England.

The Patrons' store at Stratfordville was broken into last night and robbed of \$18 in cash.

The Grand Trunk railroad last week carried through the tunnel 6,068 tons of through freight eastward.

William Harrington, an eight-year-old boy, stole a horse and wagon from Weldon a short time ago.

Queen Square Methodist church, St. John, N. B., celebrated its hundred and third anniversary Sunday.

John, Miller of Brook, shot a 250 pound bear last week while it was quietly feeding upon apples in his orchard.

Since the 1st of September it is reported that over thirty buildings have been destroyed by lightning in Ontario.

During September 1,145 tons of ore, of the value of \$202,825, were shipped from the mines in South Kootenay.

Mr. Dadds, accountant at the Traders Bank, Guelph, has been promoted to be manager at the Drayton branch.

Mr. Wm. Foster, of Elderslie, is the only one left of a party of pioneers who took up land there on October 2nd, 1853.

The members of the Sarnia Bicycle Club entertained Angus McLeod, Sarnia's champion bicyclist, at a supper recently.

Ernest Johnston was convicted of burglary at Stratford, and was sentenced to two years in the Kingston penitentiary.

Billy McGuin, jr., of Orillia who is about nine months old, won the first prize at the Orillia show for the best baby shown.

Rev. D. M. Gordon of St. Andrews church, Halifax, has been appointed to the staff of Pine Hill theological college, Halifax.

The value of the exports to the United States from the Vancouver district for the quarter to September 30th, is \$31, 600.

Geo. Whitton, Orillia, has a first prize calf that goes through exercises like a show horse and shows considerable gymnastic skill.

It is estimated that \$85,000 worth of fur was purchased for cash or trade by Edmonton firms and fur buyers during the past year.

Adam Chadwick, until a year or two ago a well known resident of Woodstock, died at Trout Lake, Muskoka, in the 75th year of his age.

Vancouver has decided to build its own electric light plant and a by-law to raise \$100,000 for the purpose has been voted by the people.

Rev. James E. Graham, English church minister, was found dead in his bed at the residence of Mr. Chas. Liddell, Brooke, Ont., last Sunday.

Rev. W. Hibbert Binney, rector of Northwich, England, who was on Wednesday unanimously elected Bishop of New Westminster, has declined the honor.

Mr. L. L. Gallagher, of Kingston, secretary of the Frontenac Cheese Board, estimates that the factories represented by the 42 members made 4,500,000 pounds of cheese during the season. This, at 10c per pound, an average price, would mean \$450,000, or, after deducting the cost of making at 1½c per pound, left \$365,000 to go to the farmers, pockets.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAISY'S HONEY-MOON DIARY.

How strange life is! The change that has come into my life came so suddenly that I fancied I should never be accustomed to the new state of things; yet after a little more than a month I feel as if Uncle Ambrose had lived with us for years, and as if I had always been one of a united family of four instead of the other half of my mother's soul.

In my thoughts of her I have always called her what Horace called Virgil—*Anima dimidium mea*.

Have I lost her now that she is Ambrose Arden's wife, or rather how much of her love and sweet companionship have I lost?

Naturally there is a loss. I cannot be to her quite what I was before she gave herself to a husband who worships her, who seems jealous of every thought and every emotion she gives to anyone but himself. We can no longer live like Hermia and Helena, before Puck set them by the ears. We are no longer more like sisters than mother and daughter as people used to say we were in the old days which begin to look so far away. No, it must be owned there is a loss, and a loss that I shall feel all my life; but it is not so great a loss as to make me unhappy; for I know my mother loves me as fondly as ever, and that she would not part with me for anything in the world. I know that Uncle Ambrose thoroughly deserves her love, and that he is doing his utmost to win it. I know that to me he is a good and true friend, and that I am never tired of his society. I know that the atmosphere of love in which I have lived all my life has lost none of its warmth and brightness. I know I am a girl in a thousand for good fortune, and that I ought to be very grateful to Providence for all my blessings.

As I have failed in all my attempts to write a novel, I mean to make this journal the book of my life, and to put all my thoughts and all my fancies into it. I shall describe things as vividly as ever I can; so that when I am an old woman I can look back upon the history of my life, and find my youth still fresh and bright in these pages.

Let me record the great event which has made so marked a change in my mother's life—her second marriage. It is a very curious sensation for a girl to stand by and see her mother married. It seemed to me always as if time had gone backward, and mother was a girl again standing on the threshold of life.

Uncle Ambrose was a most devoted lover, and would hardly let my mother out of his sight during their very short courtship. When mother accepted him I knew that a short engagement was very far from her thoughts. Gratitude prevailed with her, and rather than lose so valued a friend she consented to take him as a husband; but when she gave that consent last July she certainly had no idea of marrying him early in September.

However, those serious and placid people are much more persistent than impetuous characters, like my beloved father, for instance; and Uncle Ambrose contrived to talk my dear mother into an almost immediate marriage. Of course there was not the least reason why they should delay their wedding; for as both are rich there could be no question of ways and means; and as neither of them is young, it might be a pity to lose time. Nor is mother the kind of person to waste six months upon the preparation of a trousseau. She is always charmingly dressed, though it is only within the last year or two that she has consented to wear anything but black; and her wardrobe was full of beautiful things—so it would be idle vanity to wait for a heap of new clothes to be made, and during that delay to lose the beauty of the autumn for the honeymoon tour.

It was decided at the very first discussion of the honeymoon that I was to travel with them after the first week, which they were to spend very quietly together at Folkestone, just to get used to the idea of being all in all to each other. A great many places were proposed and discussed, and finally it was settled that we should spend the autumn in Switzerland, and go on to Italy in the beginning of the winter.

Where do you think we are going to spend the winter, dear diary? In what particular city among all the cities of the world is our home to be? It is like a dream. I turn giddy at the very thought of it. We are to winter in Venice. We are to live within a stone's-throw of the Doge's Palace and the Lion's Mouth. I am to see the Bridge of Sighs so often, going backward and forward in my gondola, that I shall get to think no more of it than I do of Damford Lock. Yes, it is enough to turn any girl giddy.

I want to preserve all the details of that wonderful day—my mother's wedding-day. It was a perfect morning—as lovely a day as there has been all through the summer, which ought to have been over but which was just then in its prime, for that first week of September was hotter and brighter than July. The dear old church, and the grave-yard where father lies, and the village, and the river were basking in a faint haze of heat, which hung over all things like a bridal veil. Mother and I drove to church together, she very pale, and with a distressed look about her beautiful mouth, which made me feel sorry I had not begged and prayed her not to marry again; for I felt that her heart was with her first love, lying in his grave under the willow, and not with the man who was so soon to be called her husband.

She looked lovely, in spite of her marble whiteness—lovely but not like a bride. Her soft fawn-colored silk gown harmonized with her rich brown hair, and became her admirably. So did the little fawn-

colored bonnet with a bunch of corn flowers. She was dressed for a journey to Folkestone, where they were to arrive in time for dinner. There were no wedding guests, except Aunt Emily and her husband, my cousins, the Reardon girls, the rector and his wife, and good old Mr. Millidew, my father's lawyer. I carried mother's sunshade, and I was to hold her gloves while she was being married.

Everything has been kept so quiet, thanks to the rector, that very few people in the neighborhood knew that mother and Mr. Arden were going to be married, and only about half a dozen knew that this was their wedding day. So the church was almost empty. There were no school-children to strew flowers. There was nothing in their pathway as they left the church but the sunshine, and the shadows of the old yew branches that lay darkly across the path. I think I like that utter simplicity better than what people call a picturesque wedding. There was just one thing out of the common in the whole ceremony. We have a fine old organ at Lamford, an organ built in the reign of George the Second, but we have a very poor organist. Great therefore was my amazement to hear a Gloria of Mozart's played by a master-hand, as we walked up the nave; and when mother and her new husband came out of the vestry, arm in arm, the same master-hand attacked the opening chords of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" with a power that must have startled and thrilled everybody in the church as it startled and thrilled me.

"Whoever that was, it wasn't Mr. Parkins," I said to Cyril, as he handed me into the second carriage—Mr. and Mrs. Arden—oh, how strange it seems to write it! having gone away in the first.

"It was not Mr. Parkins, it was Mr. Daventry, the organist of New, an old friend of my father's."

"What brought him to Lamford?" "Friendship. My father asked him to give us a touch of his quality upon this particular day. He knows your mother is *fonatic per la musica*, and he wanted to please her."

"I call that a very delicate attention," said I delighted.

"Do you, child?" exclaimed Cyril, in a scornful way.

"Perhaps you don't know that if it would please your mother for him to cut his heart out, he would pay her that delicate attention just as willingly as this."

"You are not jealous, are you, Cyril?" "We had the carriage to ourselves by an accident. Beatrice was to have gone with us, but had arrived at the church in a state of bewilderment, and had gone into the landau with Aunt Emily, Mrs. Reardon, and my cousin Flora, who grumbled all the rest of the day at having her frock crushed by over-crowding."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Cyril; "no, I am not jealous, and I admire my new mother"—how ready he was with that sacred name—"almost as much as my father does. But I can't help pitying any man as deep in love as my father. It is a spectacle of human weakness which, being human, one must pity and deplore, lest the same thing should happen to one's self."

"I hope they will both be happy," said I. "I adore my mother, and I love Uncle Ambrose; but I would rather have gone on caring for him in the old quiet way, and have kept my mother all to myself."

"Eccelestical puss," said Cyril. "Do you know, Daisy, that you have the egotistical nose—not a bad nose, in its way, but speaking volumes for the character of the nose. A pert nose—straight and delicate in line, but with just that upward tilt which means vanity and self-consciousness."

"I suppose now you are a kind of brother you are going to be rude to me," said I.

"Decidedly. I mean to take every fraternal privilege," answered he.

And then, without a word of warning, he kissed me.

I was desperately angry.

"That is a fraternal privilege which you will please to forego in the future," I said.

"I adopted your father for my uncle when you were a small school-boy, but I never adopted you. And in our enlightened age no one supposes that you are any more my brother because your father has married my mother than you were yesterday when they were only engaged."

"But just now you said I was your brother. What an inconsistent girl you are."

"I said a kind of brother."

"Not the real thing. Very well Daisy, I hope you will never want to put me upon the fraternal level. I assure you that I don't admire it."

This was so rude on his part that I lost my temper altogether.

"You are a Smug," I said.

I trembled when I had uttered that awful word, expecting that he would want to annihilate me, but he only laughed, which was worse.

"I am getting behind the scenes," he said; "and my first discovery is a vixen in the family."

We were at home by this time, and went into luncheon.

It was not a very gay feast, though Uncle Ambrose looked intensely happy. I had been surprised by his appearance as he stood beside my mother at the altar.

He had been gradually changing for the better in his looks and bearing ever since he was engaged, but on his wedding-day the transformation seemed to have completed itself. He who used to stoop now carried himself with an erect and noble air. His clear blue eyes seemed to have more color in them; and, oh! there was such a look of happiness in every line of his face.

Then as for his clothes, he who used to wear a coat that was almost disgracefully shabby was now dressed to perfection, in a style that was neither too young nor too old. I really felt proud of Uncle Ambrose as I watched him leave the church with my mother on his arm, and later, when we were all clustered at the gate to see them start for their honeymoon. And then, as he bid me goodbye, I could but think of that other parting seven years ago—the parting which meant forever.

The carriage drove away, with one of my shoes flying after it, thrown by Cyril, who has a great reputation for throwing the hammer, and who threw my poor little brogue slipper so as to lodge between the carriage and the lamp, like a decoration. I had to hop back to the hall, which seemed

so ridiculous that, while I was ready to cry at parting with my mother, the absurdity of the thing made me laugh instead, and then three minutes afterward, the laughter and tears got mixed and I was sobbing hysterically on Cyril's shoulder.

Aunt Emily took me away from him, and scolded me for being so foolish as to make such a fuss about such a brief parting.

"You will see your mother again in a week, you silly child," she said. "One would think she was going to Australia. Why, my girls and I are sometimes parted for six or eight weeks at a time."

"But they are used to it," I answered; as indeed they are, poor things, and have been from their infancy. "It's different with mother and me. We have never lived apart."

I ran upstairs as soon as I could slip away from the family party, and had a comfortable cry in my own room, while Flora and Dora played tennis with Cyril and Beatrice. They were all very noisy, so I suppose they were enjoying themselves. Even though I was so miserable I couldn't help noticing the difference between Beatrice's country noise and Flo and Dora's London noise. My cousins are what people call stylish girls, and have a dashing off-hand way of talking and doing everything. Beatrice, on the other hand, has a kind of lumbering vivacity, which I hope it is not ill-natured to compare with a brewer's horse in high spirits.

Aunt Emily and the cousins were installed at River Lawn for a week, and at the end of that week aunt was to take me to Folkestone to join mother and her new husband, and from Folkestone we were to start for Switzerland.

Oh, how I counted the hours in that week, and how it seemed to me as if those seven days and nights would never come to an end! How I sickened of tennis and boating, and of all the things which amused my cousins! How I sickened even of Cyril, who used to come across from the cottage at all hours, and who devoted himself to Flora and Dora, and was very kind in asking me to join in their boating excursions up or down the river! They used to start soon after breakfast with a well-filled picnic basket, and land at any spot they fancied, and eat their lunch in some picturesque corner, and they came to afternoon tea unburned to a degree that horrified Aunt Emily.

"Are you aware that your complexions will never recover from such treatment as this?" she asked them, solemnly.

Cyril was to start on his travels on the same day I set out upon mine. He was going to the Norwegian fjords to fish for salmon. I can not under understand the rage some people have for chilly, half-civilized countries, when there are all the glories and grandeur of the south waiting to be looked at. Imagine any body preferring Norway to Venice! Cyril does. Venice is so *tride*, he said. And then he promised me that if I were a very good little girl, and sent him a nice long gossiping letter every week, he would join us at Venice for a week or so, just to see if I were dying of too much Paul Veronese.

"You will be dosed with that fellow and his school," he said; "made to look up at ceilings till your eyes and your neck ache. If people would only let one alone in foreign cities, traveling would not be half such a trial as it is; but there is always the intelligent companion, bent upon improving one's mind."

Cyril had grown *blase* from having been allowed to go wherever he chose. He has seen all that is best worth seeing in Europe, and a sunny corner of Africa into the bargain. He has traveled all through Greece, and thinks no more of Marathon than I do of Maidenhead. I sometimes think it has been a disadvantage for him to have had so much money, that he would be ever so much nicer if Uncle Ambrose had never come into his fortune. He is kind and generous, and high-spirited; but he values himself just a little too much; and he seems to think the world is hardly good enough for him to live in.

Mother was at the station to meet me, when the train went slowly over the house-tops in Folkestone. How young and handsome she looked in her dark-brown tailor-made gown and neat brown hat! and what a moment of bliss it was for me when she clasped my hands and gave me one discreet little kiss!

"Are you happy, mother, and are you still fond of me?" I asked in a breath.

"Yes, to both foolish questions. See, Daisy, have you not a word for—"

She stopped embarrassed, looking at her husband, who came up at this moment, after having sent off his servant to help my maid with the luggage.

"Yes, I have plenty of words for Uncle Ambrose," I said, giving him both my hands. "Gracious! what a grand person you have grown and ever so many years younger! I think you must have concocted one of those wonderful philtres that I have read about in Horace."

"Yes, Daisy, I have drunk of a philter; but not one of those nasty mixtures which wicked witches brew. My philter has been happiness."

"I really half suspect you are a second Doctor Faustus, and that you have made a bargain with the fiend," said I.

"If I had, Daisy, I don't think my consciousness of the compact would prevent my being happy," he answered, smiling at me.

We went straight from the station to the boat, only a few yards, and then we sailed across a summery sea, and then came a long, hot journey—for though we had left cool weather in England, there was a sultry atmosphere on the other side of the Channel.

We were in Paris in time for an eight-o'clock dinner, and I sat between mother and Uncle Ambrose in one of the prettiest private sitting-rooms in the Continental Hotel, with open windows facing the big lamp square, and the fountains and statues, and the Champs Elysees, in a glittering haze of summer mist mixed with lamp-light, and over all the great purple sky flashing with stars so brilliant and so large that they seemed hanging just above our heads.

They both seemed glad to have me with them. They both seemed fond of me. After dinner Uncle Ambrose took me for a walk, and showed me Paris by lamp-light, while mother sat and rested, and read the last new book he had bought for her at the station. There never was a happier girl than I was that balmy September night, hanging on to Uncle Ambrose's arm and devouring Paris with my eyes. We walked as far as Notre Dame, and stood in the quiet, open space, looking up at the great

darky towers, so grand, so old, so rich in saintly and historical images.

He told me all about the building of that mighty cathedral, and how it had slowly risen from its foundations, and grown and ripened into beauty, like a great oak in the heart of the forest, almost as gradually, almost as quietly. And then we looked at the river, and then we walked slowly back to the hotel.

I felt so happy when I went in; but one look at my mother's face, as she sat staring straight before her in the lamp-light, dashed all my happiness.

"Clara!" cried Uncle Ambrose. "What is the matter?"

She pointed to the novel she had been reading, which lay open on the table.

"How could you choose such a book as that for me?" she asked, reproachfully.

"I chose the book because it had made a great success in Paris. See, ninety-ninth thousand! Isn't that a guarantee that the story is worth reading?"

"It is a revolting story—the story of a murder—in a low lodging-house in the city—a murder that was never avenged."

"Don't you like murder stories?" I asked. "I enjoy a murder if it is a really good one—a mysterious murder, which keeps the reader wondering all through the book."

"Never talk in that strain, Daisy, unless you want to disgust me," answered mother, more sternly than I ever remembered her to have spoken to me in her life. "Do you think a crime which desolates a home and wrecks a life—or many lives—is a thing to be talked of in that spirit?"

"Oh, but poets and dramatists would be poor creatures unless they were able to describe great criminals. Look at Macbeth, for instance. Some critics call Macbeth the finest of all Shakespeare's plays, and I really think it is my first favorite among them all."

"Stop, Daisy," said Uncle Ambrose, with his hand upon my shoulder. "Don't you see that your mother is tired and nervous. It is past eleven, and we are to do a great deal of sight-seeing to-morrow. You had better bid us good-night."

I kissed the poor pale face, which had changed so sadly since dinner-time, and went off to my room, where my maid was waiting for me.

I had shared mother's maid until now, but now I have the undivided service of my good nurse Broomfield, a buxom person of eight-and-thirty, who has been gradually educating herself into a lady's-maid, and who has nothing to do except look after my wardrobe, and brush my hair, and walk out with me sometimes, when I cannot have my mother's company.

My head was a little troubled as I laid on my strange pillow, troubled about my mother's trouble, which seemed more than the occasion accounted for. If I had known then what I know now I should have understood the look of horror in her eyes as she lifted them to her husband's face while she pointed to the open book.

Oh, what a blessing it was not to know! and how I wish Providence had suffered me to remain in happy ignorance, as my mother wished! But there are always officious people in the world to take things out of the hands of Providence; or, at least, it seems so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HERE'S A GOOD STORY.

How a Young Englishman Caused a Flutter in Upper Ten Circles.

The people of the pretty town of Ridgewood, N.J., for the past two months have been having a better time gossiping than they have had for the better part of a decade, and all on account of a young Englishman named John West, who, after being hostler at the Herbert house for two years, announced that he had fallen heir to a fortune of \$125,000, and that he was going to stay in Ridgewood and invest it in real estate.

The 403 of the place felt themselves in a pretty pickle when this announcement was made. What were they to do? Could they receive with open arms a youth who for two years had cleaned horses at the inn? Yet the fact remained that he had \$125,000 in cash, and, apparently to prove that he had, he proceeded to buy a \$1,400 tandem team and let a contract for a \$15,000 house, to be built on one of the most fashionable streets. But to counteract that again it was rumored that he was engaged to one of the waitresses of the hotel, and was going to marry her. Mr. West was found at the Herbert house, where he was waiting for his coachman to bring around a new horse he had bought, and which he was going to try.

"I don't know what all this fuss is about," he said to a reporter. "There is not anything wonderful about my getting \$125,000, for I have always known that I was to get it, you know, and I am going to have more when my father dies. I did not have to work as a hostler, you know."

"What made you leave England and become one?" he was asked.

"Well, you know, my father, David West, is a rich man, who lives in Newmarket, Eng. He is a retired captain of the British navy. Now I have a friend named Arthur Donnelly, son of Sir Peter Donnelly, an Irish baronet. Well, now, you know, one day we had a little quarrel, and he fell to geying me, and said I could not earn my own living. That made me hot, and I waged him £100 that I could earn my own living with my hands, and he took me up. You know people look at things differently in the old country from what they do here, so without letting my people know I sailed on the Campania on her second trip, and landed in New York in June, 1892, with \$330 in my pocket. I had a friend there, and through him came down to Ridgewood within a month after landing and went to work for Mr. Estis the well-driller. After working a month at that I found I was not strong enough, and so I came to work for Mr. Herbert as hostler. You know," he added "I was considered the best amateur rider in Newmarket. My father wrote to me to go home, though he did not know what kind of work I was doing, but I knew what a geying I'd get, and liked the country, and stayed, for I knew it would be only a short time before I'd get this money."

PRAYER VERSUS BEAR.

"UNCLE JOHNNY" HAS AN ADVENTURE THAT TEACHES A LESSON.

Pursued By an Angry Bear He Prayed to the Lord For Deliverance and His Prayer Was Heard, His Deliverance Came in a Most Original Manner.

You are allers axin' me 'bout my huntin' adventures," said "Uncle Johnny" Bloomfield, the most famous hunter of Eastern Kentucky, who was in Toronto the other day. Uncle Johnny pushed back a sweaty mop of white hair from his forehead, unsipped a gill of tobacco juice, wheeled suddenly, facing the writer, and eagerly asked: "Did I ever tell ye 'bout my leetle trouble with that 'ar b'ar 'bout two months ago? Never? Waal, here goes: I live, ye know, on a Backlick creek. Across the ridge west, 'bout two miles, is the head o' Injin creek. Four o' my boys wuz over thar gittin' out stave timber. I started over one afternoon with my rifle ter take 'em some eatables. I hed jist toiled up the mountain an' hed topped the ridge when I hearn er cracklin' sound at the side of the little path, erbout ten steps to the right.

"I instantly dropped the grub and put my rifle to my shoulder—a natural habit with me—an' lookin' in the direcshun uv the sound, thar stood er big b'ar. He wuz half raised on his hine feet.

I PULLED DOWN ON HIM,

but my 75-year-old eyes ain't so good az they wuz fifty years ago, an' when 'Old Betsy' cracked no b'ar fell. I'd plugged him in the shoulder, though, which only made him mad enough ter want ter eat me. He made er bulge in my direcshun, an' I dropped 'Old Betsy' an' started off through the low, thick brush as fast as my ole legs would let me.

"Right arter me cum that insulted b'ar—kerlump, kerthrash, kerthrash, ker-



THERE MR. BEAR WUZ.

flump! I wuz az good az runnin' az him—him bein' crippled—but I'd knowed his wind wud reach er heap furder nor mine. Ef ther Lord didn't hep me out I wuz b'ar grub pryin' soon, an' I'd knowed it. So I sot inter prayin'—dependin' on thar an' legs ter save me.

"Pra'r is the stuff, my son; don't never go back on pra'r. Ef it hadn't er bin for that stout prayin' 'Uncle Johnny' woudn't be tellin' you this tale now.

"Waal, I kep er runnin' and Mr. B'ar kep er runnin', too. Finally, er head uv me I seed er big chestnut log about six feet through. 'Now,' I thought, 'Lord, ef ye're goin' ter hep me out enny hit's got ter be done right thar.' On, on, I run,

AN' ON, ON THE B'AR CUM.

"At last I reached the log. A friendly limb stuck out from its side, about half way from ground ter top. Hit seemed ter reach fer me like a helpin' hand. I grabbed it az I would the hand of savin' grace. It furnished the answer to my pra'r. By its aid I hopped to the top of the log an' then fell—rollin' onto the other side like a bag o' taters.

"The b'ar cum instantly on. He give er grand spring an' weat clear over the log an' lit right down between two little hickery trees that growd from the same stump! Oh, praise the Lord! Thar Mr. B'ar wuz wedged right in between them hickeries so fast that he cudn't git his breth. He wagged both ends uv himself to an' fro, like er fan a-movin', but he wuz thar. Lord, how I did laugh! The boys hearn me nearly a mile away. 'Quickly I jist

PULLED MY OLE BUTCHER KNIFE

from my belt an' socked it clear ter the handle in Mr. B'ar jist behind the left shoulder. He instantly dropped down his ole head an' shet his eyes in er everlastin' sleep. Oh, my son, let this be er lesson to yer. Thar, ye see, what pra'r done. Thar pra'r led me to that log right fern'er them ar saplin's. Thar pra'r put that limb out like a helpin' hand. Thar pra'r carried the b'ar cver between the saplin's an' saved Uncle Johnny. Never neglect pra'r, my son; pra'r's the stuff."

"A Good Deal Better Off."



Examinations for Journalists.

A society called the Institute of Journalists is being organized in England for the purpose of raising the standard of admission to their profession. The plan is to have two sets of examinations, one for pupil associates or apprentices, and the other for members. For the first class the examination includes English history and literature, arithmetic and geography, composition, skill in condensing and "general knowledge." The candidate for the advanced degree is examined in these subjects and also political and general history, natural science or mathematics, political economy, the law of newspaper libel and copyright, verbatim reporting, descriptive writing and the conduct of legal and public business.

Rheumatism and catarrh, caused by impoverished blood, cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

If your hair is thinning and fading, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It restores color and vitality.

The Manitoba School case will again come before the Privy Council shortly. Mr. Ewart, solicitor for the Catholics, leaves for England in a few days.

The pulp mill at Buckingham, Que., was totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning last. The fire throws about 20 hands out of employment.

The Sudbury Journal say that judging from the demand for good bushmen for the shanties now being formed on the several limits in that vicinity, there will be a large quantity of saw logs cut during the coming winter, the wages run from \$22 to \$24 just now, but most of the men were engaged at from \$16 to \$18 in the early part of the season.

The Ottawa Street Railway company is making a new issue of stock to the extent of \$187,700, which will bring its total capital stock up to \$813,300. The new issue is offered to present stockholders at par in the ratio of three shares of new stock to every holder of ten shares, and so on in proportion. The object of the new issue is to pay off floating indebtedness and provide for extending the road next year. The stock has so far paid 8 per cent., and is quoted at over 150, and the earnings have so steadily increased that there is very little doubt that it will continue to pay 8 per cent. on the enlarged capital. President McRae, in a published interview, says: "When our floating liabilities are wiped out the company will be in a position that no other company in America that I know of is in. That is every dollar's worth of the road will be owned by the stock holders, and free of all bonds. Ottawa's road will be solely in the hands of Ottawa men."

Largest stock of boots and shoes in the town, very cheap. Moccasins, overshoes and rubbers to beat the band. H. HOBBS

Honor Roll.

SCHOOL NO. 3. CLARENDON.

Highest marks—T. Smart, 2295.
Class V.—T. Smart.
Class IV.—R. Cartman, 1; H. McPherson, 2; D. Cox, 3.
Class IV. sen.—E. Smart, 1; M. Creek, 2; C. Stark, 3.
Class III.—J. Medcof, 1; A. Fulford, 2; W. Fulford, 3.
Class III. sen.—E. Fulford, 1; B. Quinn, 2; H. Elliott, 3.
Class II.—M. Dagg.
Primer II.—G. Smart, 1; L. Quinn, 2; G. Johnston, 3.
Good Conduct—J. Medcof.
E. L. MCJANET, Teacher.
Oct. 30., '94.

G. Fred Hodgins has received a large stock of chopping axes, cross cut and buck saws; all first quality and at low prices.

Minutes School Commissioners Clarendon.

Town Hall, Shawville, 8th Oct., 1894.
Board of School Commissioners met this day. Members present, Wm. B. Hodgins, chairman; Wm. Elliott, Jas. C. Armstrong, Jas. Hart and Jas. Wilson.
Minutes of last meeting read.

Moved by J. C. Armstrong sec. by J. Hart that the minutes of last meeting as now read be and are hereby confirmed.—Carried.

Meeting adjourned till one of the clock p.m. of next Saturday. Saturday came, no business, adjourned to 31st of Oct. inst., and met, the members present, W. B. Hodgins, chairman, comm's Jas. Hart, Wm. Elliott, no business. Next meeting called for one of the clock p.m. of the 7th day of November 1894. Board met this day. Members present, W. B. Hodgins, chairman, comm's Jas. Hart, Jas. Armstrong, Wm. Elliott and Jas. Wilson.

Moved by Jas. Hart sec. by Wm. Elliott that the twelve schools in this municipality be left as they are for this year, and that the fees levied at forty cents per month subject to revision be collected from each school district according to the requirements of the respective schools, but not less than ten cents per month in any case.—Carried.

Mov. by Jas. Armstrong, sec. by Wm. Elliott that the tender of A. W. Chamberlain, to build the shed at school house, No. 7, be and is hereby accepted, on condition that he will use good seasoned lumber for the clapping. The tender is \$58.00.—Carried.

Mov. by Jas. Wilson sec. by W. Elliott that the Sec. Treas. will advertise in THE EQUITY and ADVANCE newspapers, that tenders will be received by the School Board up until one of the clock p.m. of Saturday the first day of December 1894, for the fire wood that may be required at the respective twelve schools in the municipality, that is, dry pine and hardwood; hardwood to consist of birch, beech and maple. The tenders to state the respective prices at the respective schools.—Car.

Mov. by Jas. Wilson sec. by Jas. Hart, that one half of one cent in the dollar of every dollar on the valuation Roll of School District No. 1, be and is hereby levied to meet the payment of borrowed money now due, and the same as hereby levied.—Car.

It has been moved and seconded that no school tax or fees be collected from school No. 14, for this present year until further notice.

At this juncture the Board adjourned.
Copy.

H. MATHERSON,
Sec. Treas.

A "Necktie social" will take place in the town hall, Eardley, on Thursday evening, Nov. 22nd. Proceeds in behalf of St. Augustine's church of that place.

Snow to the depth of five inches—the first of the season—fell here on Saturday.

The rumor is again current that Sir John Thompson will shortly be appointed to the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council, and speculation is rife as to who will become premier of Canada in that event. The names of Hon. John Haggart and Hon. McKenzie Bowell are mentioned in that connection.

Mr. H. B. Spencer, assistant superintendent of the Canadian Pacific Railway (eastern division), says that excellent progress is being made on the construction of the new branch line being built from Mattawa to Kippewa lake, a distance of about seventy-five miles. It is in the main designed as a colonization road, and will no doubt open up the country around lakes Temiscamingue and Kippewa. Over twenty-five miles of the road have been completed and passenger trains are now operating regularly on this line. The remainder of the road, about fifty miles, will, it is said be ready by Christmas. At any rate the company proposes working as late as possible to complete the line.

To the Lumber Woods.

AN IDYLL FOR AXEMEN.

They are flocking to the lumber woods
The hardy ones and strong,
To fell the mighty forest trees,
And spend the winter long.
And round the fire at evening
You'll hear some songster wall,
"Come all ye jolly lumbermen
And hark on to my tale."

They'll eat plumduff and pork and beans,
And splendid home-made bread;
On pot pie mashed potato soup,
On Pancakes they'll be fed.
And then their songster he will sing,
With countenance elate,
"Come all ye jolly lumbermen,
A tale I will relate."

And then their best musician
Will fetch his concertina,
And grind out "Maggie Murphy's Home"
And mayhap "Nora Crenea."
And then the cry, "A song, a song!"
He singeth with much pride,
"Come all ye gal—lamb lumbermen
And sit down by my side."

Sometimes they have a little dance.
Dull night they thus break here.
Or else they pass an hour away
In harmless games of euchre.
And then they cry, "A song, a song!"
The songster answers free,
"Oh, rise up Willyum R!—I—lee
And come along with me!"

And then they seek their bunks to sleep
Pleased tho' they wearied all;
They never budge until they hear
The hearty foreman's call.
He shouts while searching round his bunk
To and his other sock.
"Come all ye jolly lumbermen,
It's half-past four o'clock!"
THE KHAN.

Stray Cattle

Strayed onto the premises of the undersigned on about the first of May last, a white steer and a red and white yr old heifer. Owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

THOMAS HODGINS,
Quyon, P. O. Que.

Nov., 10 '94.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature at its next session by John Bryson, of Fort Coulonge, lumberer, James B. Klock and Robert A. Klock, both of Klock's Mills in the Province of Ontario, lumberers, James T. McDougall, of Klock's Mills aforesaid, Agent, and John Malcolm McDougall, of the City of Hull, Advocate, for an act to incorporate them and others as the "Quinze Electric Company" with power to construct, build, equip and operate works for generating, and producing electricity for light, heat and power; to distribute, sell and lease the same; and to construct, build, equip and operate and have electric railways and tramways in the County of Pontiac, and particularly to and from all points in to and from the Townships of Giguere and Duhamel in said County of Pontiac, and in to and from all points in the territory organized and unorganized forming part of unceded lands of the Crown in the vicinity of Quinze Rapids, and above, below and alongside the same on both sides of the River Ottawa at such points as are within the Province of Quebec; to build bridges thereon; to acquire, construct and operate electric light and water works in said county and at said points; and to do all such things as may be necessary or incidental to any of the said objects. The Capital of said Company to be \$50,000, with power to increase same.

J. M. McDUGALL,
Att'y for Applicants.
Hull, Nov. 6th, 1894.

BUY

Winter Peerless & Zero Amber Machine :- Oils,

The best in the World for Fall & Winter use.
SOLD WHOLESALE ONLY BY
THE SAMUEL ROGERS' OIL CO., OTTAWA.

R. MCCREDIE & SON,
SHAWVILLE, QUE.,

Builders and Contractors,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Sashes, Doors, Mouldings, Blinds, etc., Planing and Turning Done.

Rough and Dressed lumber on Hand.

Orders by Mail Promptly Attended To.

Overdue accounts must be settled during November. H. Hobbs.

Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the province of Quebec, at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company to construct, maintain and operate a railway, either standard gauge or narrow gauge, from some point at or near Fries Bay on Lake Temiscamingue, to some point at or near Longue Pointe on Quinze Lake, in the county of Pontiac, together with all the usual powers rights and privileges.

A. FERGUSON,
Solicitor for the applicants.
Dated, 18th. September, 1894.

Avis.

AVIS est par le présent donné qu'une demande sera faite à la législature de la province de Québec, à sa prochaine session, pour obtenir un acte d'incorporation afin de construire, maintenir et mettre en opération un chemin de fer, soit de largeur étalon ou standard étroite, d'un point de ou près de la Baie des Fritres sur le Lac Temiscamingue, à un point de ou près de la Longue Pointe sur la Lac Quinze, dans le comté de Pontiac ensemble avec tous les pouvoirs, droits et privilèges ordinaires.

A. FERGUSON,
Soliciteurs des requérants
Daté, 18 septembre 1894.

Good News.

The undersigned has on hand,
as usual,
a choice and fresh stock of
Groceries, Confectionery,
Canned Goods, Germ
Meal, Rolled Oats,
Cornmeal, &c.,
—which he is now selling at—
THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Choice Family Flour

IN STOCK.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR BRAN AND SHORTS.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND FELTS.

GEO. HODGINS, JR.

Fresh Oysters.

Shawville, Nov. 12, 1894.

WINTER IS COMING!

The undersigned has on hand
a well-selected stock of
Shirts, Underclothing,
Mitts, Socks, Moccasins,
Flannelettes, &c., &c.,
also a stock of
GENERAL DRY GOODS,
AND GROCERIES.

A Call Solicited.

MRS. PRITCHARD,

BILLERICA.

P. S.—AXES AND CROSS-CUT SAWS.

JUST RECEIVED!

from Montreal

A CONSIGNMENT OF

NEW CLOTHS

—COMPRISING—

Suitings, Pantings, &c.,

Also a Variety of Samples
of the

LATEST PATTERNS IN TWEEDS.

BARGAINS IN PANTS!

PANTS WORTH \$3.50 SELLING FOR: \$3.00
PANTS " 4.50 " " 4.00

W.H. McLACHLIN, TAILOR,

Armstrong's Building, Main St.,
SHAWVILLE, P. Q.

Seasonable Hints.

I beg to call your attention
to the fact that I have on
hand a large and excellent
stock of

Fall and winter Overcoats,

Ladies' Capes, Muffs &

Storm Collars.

Astrachan Jackets,

Coon Coats and

Goat Robes,

Cook and Box Stoves.

A few only, which will be sold off
very cheap.

Your account must be settled by the
first of November without fail.

J. R. HORNER.

Shawville, Oct. 16, '94.

NEAT, NOBBY, FASHIONABLE,
DESCRIBES THE WAY

TAILORING

—IS DONE AT—

J. E. Burrough's & Co, Shawville.

Leave your order with us, and you will
be satisfied that this is the solid truth,

Try Our Waterproofing Process.

One of the latest and most useful inventions out. Parties who have tried it are well satisfied with results.

Aerated Waters.

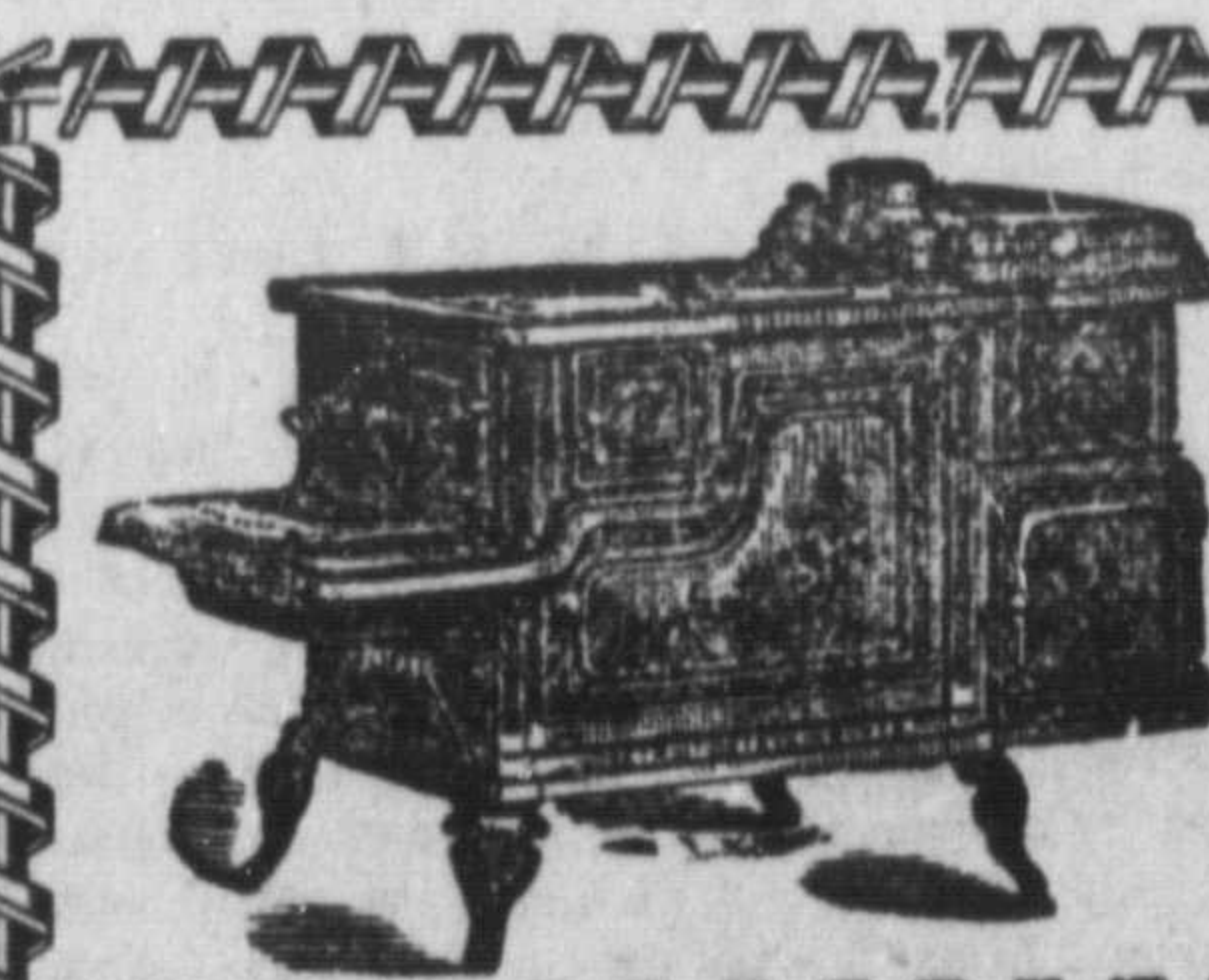
We manufacture all kinds of Aerated Waters, such as Ginger Ale, Lemon Soda, Cream Soda, Plain Soda, Birch Beer, etc. Orders by mail promptly attended to

J. E. BURROUGH & CO., - - SHAWVILLE.

.. QUYON ..

Stove & Hardware
DEPOT.

GEO. T. MOHR, Prop,



—A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF—

Stoves, pipes, x-cut saws, ALL kinds of shelf & heavy hardware,

—ALSO A FULL STOCK OF FIRST CLASS—

Deerskin Mitts and Moccasins.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES AND FELTS.

Parties indebted to me are requested to call and settle
their accounts, in settlement of which all kinds of Farmers Produce will be taken.

GEO. T. MOHR, PROPRIETOR.