

THE EQUITY.

VOL. VI.

SHAWVILLE, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., OCTOBER 18, 1888.

No. 19

Professional Cards.

H. T. HURDMAN,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE: FOREST HOUSE ERYSON.

H. GAUTHIER, M.D., Graduate of Victoria College, has established himself at Port Colborne and has his office in Morrison's Block.

MA'COLM MCLEOD, B.C. C.
ADVOCATE, &c., for Province of Quebec and Supreme and Exchequer Courts, Ottawa. Parliamentary Practitioner. Office—26 Wellington Street, Ottawa.

CRUICKSHANK & ELLIOT,
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c., 50 St. James St., Montreal.

HENRY AYLEN, LL.M.
BARRISTER & C., &c.,
ATLANTIC QUE.

W. H. KLOCK, M.D.,
C. M. MCGILL COLLEGE, L.R.C.P. & S. Edinburgh; L.F.P. & S. Glasgow. Office, 145 Albert St., Ottawa. Dr. Klock received special courses at London, Vienna and Berlin, on the diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat; also on the diseases of Women and Children, and is now prepared to treat them.

R. TAYLOR CLAUSON,
BARRISTER AT LAW, COLLECTOR OF QUEBEC AND OTTAWA. Office No. 154, Main Street, Hull, P. Q.

H. HOBBS,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
SHAWVILLE, P. Q.
Prepared to fill engagements in all parts of the county.

Hotels.

THE FOREST HOUSE—R. M. C. RITCHIE, Proprietor. Spacious Sample Rooms. Every attention paid to guests. First Class Tables.

THE BAY VIEW HOUSE, Campbell's Bay, Que., Wm. Kelly, Proprietor. Good accommodation; commodious sample rooms; No. 1 liquors in the bar.

DOMINION HOUSE.
BRYSON—D. SHEA, PROPRIETOR. Best accommodation for travellers. Good Liquors.
Jan. 19th, 1887.

PONTIAC HOUSE,
MAIN STREET, --- SHAWVILLE,
Chris. Caldwell, Proprietor.

THE above House having been fitted up in good style for an hotel is now open for the accommodation of the public. Guests will be accorded best attention, and the table will always be furnished with the choicest supplies, as also the bar. Excellent stables and store-rooms.
Sept. 5, 88.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,
MAIN ST., --- QUYON,
D. M. McLean, Proprietor.

This House is in every way furnished to afford excellent accommodation for the travelling public. Commercial men will find the Sample Rooms a most convenient place. The Bar is always supplied with the best brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars. Free Bus to and from all trains.
Billiard Room Attached.
Jan. 27, 87.

Business Cards.

JAMES HOPE & CO.,
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS, BOOKSELLERS, Bookbinders, Printers, &c. Depository of the Ottawa Auxiliary Bible Society. Ottawa, Ont.

JOHN MOONEY,
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Accounts collected and prompt returns guaranteed.

INSURANCE AGENCY.
J. H. BROMLEY, --- PEMBROKE O.
REPRESENTS the following Companies: Agricultural, Liverpool, London & Globe, Commercial Union, the North British and Mercantile and the British American. The business of the late C. A. Smith of Shawville and H. Heath of Quyon, transacted.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

MONEY TO LEND FOR ONE TO FIFTY YEARS.
Easy terms. Apply to S. A. MACKAY, B.C.L., Notary Public, Portage du Fort, Que., Agent for the Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien, Shawville visited the first Thursday of every month, and Quyon the 2nd Tuesday of each month.

ESTABLISHED 1874.
S. JARVIS, --- PHOTOGRAPHER,
141 SPARKS ST., OTTAWA.

Goldsmiths Hall.
FULL length Cabinet, \$20 per dozen. Copying old pictures done in the very best style. Note the address carefully.

Waltham Watches,
English Watches,
Elgin Watches,
Swiss Watches,
Diamonds,
Fine Jewelry,
Silver Ware.

The largest and most elegant stock in the Ottawa Valley.
W. J. DOUGLAS
MAIN STREET, --- PEMBROKE.

P. BRANKIN,
PRODUCE
Commission Merchant,
40 and 42 New By Ward, Market,
OTTAWA, ONT.

Dealer in Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Lard, Honey, etc., etc.
Goods received on consignment. Quotations given on enquiry.
Ottawa June 1, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Bourke, of Thorne, is visiting at Dr. Lyon's.

Mr. Thomas Sully, councillor, of South Ouslow was in this village Friday.

The revival services at Hodgins' school house are still progressing with increasing interest and success.

The Messrs. Elliott are excavating for a cellar under their large frame building occupied by Mr. George Hodgins and Mr. E. Holstein.

Miss Stratt, who was visiting friends in this vicinity last week, returned home on Saturday evening.

Mr. Jonathan Francis, the well-known lumberman, of Patzenham, died last week, aged 60 years.

The races at Portage du Fort were pronounced by our citizens who attended them as the best ever held there. In the second day's races Chesnut Hill swept all before him.

Two professional men, of Kingston, have been guilty of killing a dog with chloroform. The drug was administered for the purpose of severing the dog's caudal appendage.

We regret to learn through our cotem., the Pembroke Standard, of the death of Mr. John Ryan, Jr., of the Allumette Island, last week, at the age of 47 years.

In consequence of a very low figure being tendered for the works on the Galops Canal the government has, it is stated, decided upon calling for new tenders.

The town of Perth is to have another Reform newspaper, so says the Expositor. It is being started by Mr. John Poole, who recently retired from a partnership in the Courier.

Miss Williamson, evangelist, who has been laboring in the cause of christianity for some time past in Ouslow, went over to Renfrew on Saturday to continue the good work in that vicinity.

Mr. James Erophy conducted an enquiry meeting in the Church of England here on Sunday afternoon last. The meeting was fairly attended and considerable interest manifested in matters religious.

We were pleased to receive a call from Mr. J. O. Riviere, Secretary-Treasurer of South Ouslow, who happened to be in Shawville on business last Friday evening. This was his first visit to Shawville.

Three elections came off for the Legislature of Ontario on Thursday, namely, in Frontenac, East Northumberland and East Elgin. The first two named returned conservatives, Northumberland being a gain. Elgin remains Liberal.

Mr. Donald McLean, the popular proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Quyon, has further increased the accommodation in connection with his hotel by running a free bus to and from the station.

Thursday the 15th of November will be proclaimed a day of general thanksgiving, throughout the Dominion, to the Creator of all things, for the many blessings He has bestowed on mankind during the past year.

It has been decided by the congregation of St. Paul's Church here, to have the office heated this winter with hot air, to which end an order for a furnace has been given to a western Ontario firm.

We see by the last issue of our esteemed contemporary, 'The Arrow,' Burks Falls, Ont. that the plant of that office has been removed to more commodious quarters and that the smart little paper has entered upon its 15th year of publication.

Mr. James Reid, M.P., for Carleton, British Columbia, has been called to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Senator Neilson to the position of Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia. Mr. Reid has represented Carleton since 1881.

A very successful social was held at the residence of Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Radford, on Thursday evening last. The proceeds are to be applied to the funds of the Episcopalian Sunday school at that place, which is now in a well organized condition.

We are pleased to learn that the Rev. W. Newton, Methodist Minister of Otter Lake, is recovering from an attack of inflammation of the lungs. His many friends will be glad to see him at his work again. His ministrations are highly appreciated by his people.

The Methodist congregation of Smith's Church, Bristol, intend holding a tea-meeting on the evening of Friday the 19th inst. After the tea addresses and vocal and instrumental music. The usual fee will be charged. Proceeds to purchase stoves for the church. A good time may be expected.

Bricklayers are at work this week venerating Mr. Andrew Hodgins' residence. Another gang is running up the walls of Mr. Chris. Caldwell's sample room adjacent to the hotel. The brick addition to Mr. John Lester's dwelling house is well advanced toward completion and other buildings are under way.

Brain was responsible for another commotion last Friday when he had the audacity to enter Mr. William Dale's yard, which is only a stone's throw from the church. Chase was given by a few parties without firearms while word was despatched to the east end for assistance. Brain appeared a dog or two, ran under wagons, over fences and through gates, and finally made good his escape without getting a hair singed. One sport managed to draw a bead on him, but the bear, thanks to his not being very large, did not get hit.

John Mooney, Esq., clerk of the Circuit Court, Portage du Fort, passed through here on Monday evening, on his way home from Ottawa.

Mr. George Letts has arrived from Bryson with his engine and shingle making plant, and has set it up in the building recently used by Mr. E. Finnigan. He has already commenced to saw.

Mr. John A. Moorhead of Litchfield and Mr. Denis Mooney of Portage du Fort, we understand, will be sworn in, this week, bailiffs of Her Majesty's Superior Court for the District of Ottawa. These appointments we are sure will give general satisfaction.

Rev. W. J. Holland, of the Basilica, Ottawa, has been appointed parish priest of Canby, P. Q., succeeding Father Cole, who goes to Osgoode. We wish the rev. gentlemen, both of whom were natives of this county, success in their new fields of work.

A superstitious subscriber who found a spider just inside his paper, wants to know if it is considered a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was merely looking over the inside of the paper to see what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across the door and be free from disturbance.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, has been appointed Lecturer on Moral Philosophy, for the coming session, in Morin College, Que. The appointment is a good one, as Dr. Campbell was the gold medalist in Mental and Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, where he took a post graduate course after graduating in Queen's University, Kingston.

THE EQUITY commences this week to remind the village farmers that it has been accustomed to a sidewalk in front of its door; at present none exists. The reminder will be continued from week to week until steps are taken to have the planks put down. No pretexts will satisfy this institution. A sidewalk or ——— A street crossing would be in keeping with the march of civilization and a little levelling up where the Oriental-like sidewalks terminate would add much to the safety of pedestrians.

A fearful railway horror occurred on the Lehigh Valley railway, at a place called Mud River, in Pennsylvania. The accident was due to one section of a large excursion train running into another which was motionless on the track. Sixty persons were killed and a great many injured. The disaster is said to have been one of the worst on record. The train which caused the disaster was drawn by two engines, the driver of the foremost of which disregarded the signal to stop. The railway company suffer a loss of \$1,000,000.

Don't forget the editor when you have a news item. If your wife licks you, let us know about it, and we will see it right before the public. If you have company, tell us—if you are not ashamed of visitors. If a youngster arrives at your home, begging for rum, buy a quarter's worth of cigars and come round, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish you with a suitable name for him or her, as the circumstances will permit; and if you have a social gathering of a few of your friends, bring around a big cake, seven or eight pies and a ham.

The Arnprior Chronicle says Mr. A. T. Mohr of Galesita made a grand scoop of prizes at the Central Fair recently held at Ottawa. He exhibited six colts by "Bayonet," for which he received the following prizes:—1st, 2nd and 3rd for 3-year-old fillies; 1st and 2nd for 2-year-old fillies; 1st for 3-year-old gelding; and 1st for 2-year-old gelding. Also first prize for "Mambrino Mac." At the South Renfrew exhibition Bayonet took first prize, and his colts 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes for 3-year-old roadsters, and first and second for two-year-olds in the same class. Bayonet colts thus taking every prize shown for at Ottawa and Renfrew.

Shawville has excellent bus accommodation. A few weeks ago Mr. J. A. McGuire, of the "Russell House," purchased from the Ottawa hostelry of that name, a brand new and artistically painted conveyance which was only disposed of because too small for the business of that large hotel. Everyone considers Mac's new bus a great acquisition to the town. Now Mr. C. Caldwell, of the "Pontiac House," who is ever anxious to meet the requirements of his extending business has had built for him a very commodious and comfortably seated open bus, which will be in attendance at the station from this week.

Nearly Fatal.

While Mr. Samuel Bohn, wife and infant were dining last Wednesday, the horse became unmanageable, and ran away, precipitating the three occupants of the buggy, violently to the ground. Mrs. Bohn sustained serious injuries, from which she cannot recover for many weeks, while the little infant had three ribs broken and is not expected to recover. Mr. Bohn escaped without injury.

Shawville Academy.

The following students have received mention from the Department of Public Instruction in recognition of having successfully passed the June examinations of 1888:

| GRADE I. ACADEMY. | GRADE II. |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| W. Taylor, | MODEL SCHOOL. |
| E. Wilson, | Laura Hodgins, |
| M. Caldwell, | T. G. Armitage, |
| Nina Hodgins, | S. L. Dale, |
| Maid Finley, | Edna Wilson, |
| Mary Cowdy, | Sarah J. Dagg, |
| Joe. J. Wilson, | Eddie Lang, |
| Charl Hanna, | Herbert Knox. |
| Annie Leup, | |
| Emily Farrell, | |

The above passed in addition to three successful candidates for the higher examination for the degree of Associate in Arts, making in all twenty successful candidates out of twenty four presented. The academy now offers excellent advantages in collegiate, matriculation, preparatory and teachers' courses and has candidates preparing for all grades of diplomas issued by the Protestant division of Boards of Examiners in the Province of Quebec. Good and convenient board can be obtained at very moderate rates.

New Advertisements.

Our readers attention is directed to the following new advertisements this week:
J. A. McGuire—Hotel.
Walsh & Hobbs—Livery.
J. H. Shaw—Hardware, &c.
George Hodgins—Groceries.
McCredie & Sons—Shades and Doors, &c.
A. A. Wright & Co.—Hardware.
E. Holstein—Watches, &c.
Bryson, Graham & Co.—Bankrupt stock sale, Railways & Canals—Notice to Contractors.

Black River Notes.

Mrs. Robert Robinson, after a long spell of sickness died at her son's residence in Waltham, Oct. 2nd, 1888.

The farmers of Black River are busy ploughing. They intend having a good start for next spring.

Mr. Robert Campbell, of Waltham has lately been repairing his residence.

[We are indebted to "A reader" for the above notes. Hope to hear from same source more frequently. Ans. to query—School reports published free—this.]

Ploughing Match.

The annual ploughing match in connection with Agricultural Society No. 1, took place on Friday last on the farm of Mr. Henry B. Hodgins. The weather was all that could be desired, but competition was very slim, thereby rendering the match less interesting than on former occasions. For the special prize, which was an excellent iron plow, of superior manufacture presented to the Society by the local member, W. J. Poupore, Esq. there were only two entries, the successful competitor being Mr. Wm. A. Armstrong. In the iron plow competition J. H. Brownlee was the only contestant and consequently took first money, and a similar result in the any plow class, in which young Hodgins, son of Ed. Hodgins (9th) took the 1st place. The boy's class was the best contest of the lot and resulted with John Hodgins (son) 1 Wm. Brownlee (son) 2, Wm. Glenn (son) 3.

Interesting Addendum to an old Yarn.

Now that the hurry of harvest is over and people have time to reflect over such matters as may not have received their attention for some time past, we trust a good many who have occasion to do so will not neglect to make THE EQUITY the subject of their deliberations among other things. There are innumerable sums ranging from one dollar up to five owing this concern, and at no time since the beginning of our journalistic existence has the payment of these sums been in greater demand than at present. THE EQUITY finds it cannot run things advantageously without the aid of steam power, which very desirable acquisition it has decided upon procuring at the earliest date. This involves a considerable cash outlay, and cash we must have. If we are driven to the extreme of borrowing at a heavy rate of interest, delinquents may expect to hear from us through our solicitor to the tune of \$100 per annum for every year they are behind time. Patience has been supplanted by exasperation, and the atmosphere portends mischief. Beware lest prostration result in disaster.

Dear EQUITY:—Here goes for press or waste basket, as you see fit. I was glad to see you in your new quarters, where your accommodations and everything are so much better than they were. I trust that the change will add to the prosperity of Shawville, and add many shekels to your purse. In this last sentence I give the wish of many beside myself.

For many years a cry was made for a revision of the text of the Bible. The wish was granted. For 100 years the ablest scholars in England and the United States were engaged in the work of revision. No sooner was their work before the public than it was attacked by a few scholars who wanted to have the revision revised. Just so was it with the old commission of the peace.

For many years a cry was raised for a revision of the Commission. It was made, and although some of the names caused amusement, yet, as those persons were content with the original, I P. P. after their names, and never issued a legal paper (with one or two exceptions) no harm was done—the commission as it now stands, has worked and still works with little or no friction—the public needs are met and the public is satisfied. But change is in the air. We are threatened with a new commission. The reason is obvious. Some magistrates do their duty fearlessly, regardless of the powers behind the curtain. Well, judging the future by the past—if the thing be done, the result will be another long step towards the political millennium.

You EQUITY men are doubtless familiar with the career of the celebrated Wontor Von Twitter, but as many of your readers may not have heard of that great legal luminary, I will, for their benefit, give in few words, an account of two of his decisions. A merchant sued one of his debtors. Von Twitter handed his jackknife to a constable for a warrant and sent him for the debtor, who was soon brought. Von Twitter ordered each to produce his account books—this was done. He then after carefully examining and weighing the books found that bulk and weight were equal and balanced the accounts by dismissing the suit. The other case was this. A man hired a horse for a few hours to go to a certain place. When the time expired and the horse was not brought back, the owner became uneasy and started in pursuit, and overtook the man a number of miles beyond the place to which the man said he was going. The man who had hired the horse was taken before Von Twitter, who was much puzzled with the affair, reasoning that "The man did not steal the horse, for he hired him. He did not mean to return it for he was going on. What the devil shall I do?" A happy thought struck him. "It is man slaughter." The natural result was that law suits were unknown during the learned Wontor's term of office. There is good reason to think that a similar state of things will follow any change likely to be made. So note it! The end may be the sooner. More anon. I may sometimes hit hard, but I always KNOW ALL.

Campbell's Bay Brecoos.

Mr. J. McLean has moved his saw-mill to a point 200 yards further up the river, where, on account of increased facilities, he is doing even better work than before. He also operates a corn and provender grinder which fills a want long felt by the farming community. Last week a resident of a neighboring township, who had imbibed too freely, made a disgraceful exhibition of himself at this place. The man did not steal the horse, for he hired him. He did not mean to return it for he was going on. What the devil shall I do? A warrant has been issued for the arrest of J. Beauchamp, of Vinton, who it is said shot two horses owned by Jas. A. Kelly and F. Haerry. The horses had gained entrance to Beauchamp's field and were feasting upon his oats, when he shot and seriously injured both animals. While standing on a stone washing a bag in the Coulonge laee a man named Corviveau fell into the water and was drowned. Deceased was employed as cook in Mr. F. Murrain's shanty at that place. The body was re-

covered a few hours after the catastrophe.

While doing some household work, a married lady, who resides in this vicinity, discovered that her youngest child was missing. She and some of the neighbors searched the premises in vain and finally the party proceeded to search in the well with poles, believing that the child had stumbled into the well and had been drowned. The mother almost prostrate with grief suddenly recollecting that a short time previously she had put the child to bed. She found the lost darling peacefully sleeping where she had left him, all unconscious of the anxiety his supposed loss had occasioned.

Mr. David Lunan, with a gang of men left for the Medwaska on Tuesday last. Mr. P. Lunan starts for the same place to begin lumbering early this week.

Mr. F. Murrain expects to take out an unusually large number of logs on the Coulonge river this winter. He has had a party of log-makers at work since August; he also has two jobbers with large gangs of men at work now.

While dressing a slaughtered cow Mr. Wm. Clarke of Charles Station, found a piece of material stuck in vain for the lost article, never and anon exclaiming "oh, lord!"

An employee of the P. P. J. had a singular experience while duck-shooting in a small bay a short distance from this village. He was about to fire at a duck, when he saw a boat which was almost impassable owing to the heavy growth of weeds. He found the bay literally covered with swimming ducks which instead of flying away, swam against the boat with sufficient force to overturn it and throw him into the water. With little difficulty he recovered his gun and waded ashore pulling the overturned boat after him. On his advent he was about to right the boat when a noise in the interior of his craft attracted his attention and caused him to reach under the boat to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

Withdrawing his hand our hero brought forth a duck, wrung its neck and continued the operation until 137 ducks lay at his feet. It occurred that when the boat overturned it covered the ducks that were close around it. The hunter took as an estimate of the number of ducks that were in the bay when he entered, but we refrain from giving the figures lest we be thought guilty of exaggeration. U & I

Mr. Andrew Elliott, of Westmeath, third son of Mr. Hugh Elliott of this township, was married to-day (Thursday) to Miss Shields. We wish the happy couple lots of joy and happiness.

"Back Country Dots" are crowded out this week, and will be too old for next issue. We have, however, that this unavoidable occurrence will not detract from our interest in corresponding by sending us a budget whenever opportunity affords him the chance.

Patric Lodge of A. F. & M. held a regular meeting on Tuesday last, being the first for some time in the past. The occasion was distinguished by the presence of Mr. Wm. Bro. W. H. Garrison, D.P.M., who addressed the brethren at considerable length on the duties of Masons, directing his remarks particularly to lodge members. At the close of the meeting the brethren repaired to Bro. J. A. McGuire's hotel, where refreshments were partaken of.

Sad Drowning Accident.

Many of our readers will be shocked to learn of the accidental drowning of Mr. John To-m-sky, Secretary-Treasurer of the Town of Bristol. The accident occurred last Tuesday at Phillip's lake, in Thorne, whither the deceased accompanied by Mr. David Ballantine had gone trout fishing.

From particulars gleaned from the rescuing party, it seems Mr. Ballantine and his ill-fated companion were in a boat fishing about half a mile from shore, when the former in attempting to raise the anchor upset the boat, turning it bottom side up and precipitating both into the water. Both gentlemen clung to the boat and commenced shouting. On the lake shore is situated a mill, and the men working therein on hearing the shouts of distress hastened to the shore, to find that the only way to reach them was to construct a raft. This they proceeded to do with all haste, taking a couple of logs from an old bridge and nailing a few boards across them. This done they started for the rescue, but on reaching the boat found poor Mr. To-m-sky floating beside the boat, his head and feet beneath the water and his back above the surface. They then rescued Mr. Ballantine, fastened a line to the corpse and proceeded to shore. Mr. Ballantine, when taken out of the water was almost speechless from the chilling effect of the cold water, from which, up to the time of writing he had not recovered sufficiently to return home. The funeral of the late gentleman will take place to-day (Thursday) from his late residence at 2 o'clock, p.m., to the cemetery in Norway Bay.

Leda Lamontagne Acquitted.

The verdict in this case was given at nine o'clock on Tuesday night and resulted in the woman's acquittal. The court room was crowded to suffocation, and as the prisoner stepped from the bar she was immediately surrounded by a score of her friends eager to congratulate her upon her acquittal. She left town for her home on next morning's train, and Sherbrooke has probably seen the last of Leda Lamontagne. This is another failure of justice. There were on the jury men who can neither read or write and utterly destitute of ordinary intelligence. The Guardian adds if the jury system cannot be reformed, let it be abolished.

The Hereford Trouble.

We are glad to know that the trouble with the railroad laborers on the Hereford railway has come to an end and the troops have returned home. We understand that the Italians have agreed to the Company's offer to accept their pay for September in full of all demands and on the condition of their returning to work on the line. We suspect that the papers really made more of this trouble than was justifiable. As a matter of fact there has been no riot at all. The Star has been particularly hard on the Directors of the Company and have all along singled out our M. P. for special condemnation, while the truth is, Mr. Ives has all along been favorable to a settlement on the basis ultimately come to. The trouble about the matter was caused by the American Directors of the Company who represent the largest interest in the enterprise. One of the foremen tells us that the men have no feeling against either Mr. Ives or Mr. Sawyer, but are very bitter in their feelings towards the other directors; he says, moreover, that although the poor laborers will suffer considerably, the heaviest part of the loss falls upon the Storekeepers and other traders.—Guardian.

IN A COUNTRY OF ICE SEAS.

Huge Alpine Glaciers Seen and Heights Climbed.

BY "TRAVELLER"

I can never forget what I saw and enjoyed yesterday, for I was high up where the mountain tops are clad with everlasting snow, and grand glaciers lie stretched out in vales. We started—a party of four tourists, two guides, and a stout man to carry a bag of provisions—from the hotel at 3 A. M., and it was a glorious morning. Dewdrops lay frosted on grass and shrubbery, and the garden flowers were still sleeping. No dog barked, no cock crowed, no birds sang; all the feathery denizens of the air refuse to live in the atmosphere of the Upper Egeadine. We waded slowly and upward until by and by we were on a high summit, and there we saw that the dawn of another day was increasing in the Eastern sky. We stood and watched its coming. All at once a great bright band shot across the heavens the horizon blushed crimson, and purple glows danced along still higher summits, giving a rosy flash to all the mountains. Presently an enormous flaming ball appeared above the peaks; it hung in space for an instant, and then it grew so brilliant that I could no longer look. Rays, golden and grandly outlined, shot forth in every direction and lighted distant points as though they had been flaming arrows sent to blaze beacon fires. And as aurora spread her power over the mighty Alps I saw seas of ice glowing under this grand illumination. All the combined wealth of two hemispheres could not purchase the reproduction of such a scene of splendor, but all it cost was the sacrifice of a few hours of sleep and some leg weariness.

Now the scene was indeed a fine one, but there was no more time to lose in its enjoyment. The Diavolzza Glacier was still far off, and, moreover, we wanted to descend by that of the Piz Morteratsch, a march of seven or eight hours more before us, and so like poor Joe, we marched on again. The sun

ROSE HIGHER AND HIGHER,

so did the mountain path, and great beads of sweat were on my brow; yet there were snowbanks about us into which every now and then some one in the party sank to the voluble indignation of the older guide. We had a lady with us, a handsome stout-limbed person from Boston, who can beat most men at clambering Alps and who never once made any of the mistakes that the rest of us were constantly committing.

It was tireless work, but we enjoyed ourselves. Upward and upward we walked and climbed, and it seemed almost as if our task would never end, but at last we reached a crest where we were above the level of all the great glaciers that are grouped around the Bernina. Seen from below and at a distance a range of mountains belonging to the zone of perpetual snow presents the appearance of a tolerably straight and uniformly horizontal line. This, however, is an illusion, and when you enter any of the narrow passes that nature has left between the upper summits of these Alps you will see that there comes down from the highest plateau many gorges, and these are filled with congealed rivers that end in what are called glaciers, and which lie at the foot of upper peaks.

We were now arrived in the country of these ice seas. As far as my vision extended there was nothing in sight but ice and snow, and the snow was exceedingly white, I assure you. The driven snow you have in towns and plains is a decided brown compared with the dazzling snow we saw up there at the tops of Swiss mountains. For ever and forever this virgin gown lies on all the peaks, as it also covers the lower valleys in winter. It has the soft look of a dove's breast, it rests on rocks a tinge of beauty, and often it is very dangerous. It falls in soft, pure flakes, clings to all the rocks with charming tenacity, and spreads itself like a sheet of white satin over the upper vale. But the touch of a passing eagle's wing, the light weight of a chamois, or the careful step of an expert climber will detach it from its crest and send it down. Then it goes sliding, tumbling along, breaking and reforming as it falls, ever increasing in volume and velocity, and, pursuing its way, becomes

A DEVASTATING, TERRIBLE AVALANCHE that bends and breaks trees, gathers up earth and stones, and rolls into the Egeadine with an awful sound, spreading destruction and dismay in its path. They call this sort of thing *stabilawinen*, or dust avalanches, because they consist at the start of cold, dry, powdery snow only, and they are often far more powerful than a raging hurricane. But the avalanches usually seen lying in high Alpine valleys, covered with dust, earth, stones and great trunks of trees, are known as *grundlawinen* or compact avalanches.

It was a grand sight on which we gazed. Glaciers filled every valley and ravine, and the ice stood up in tall ramparts wherever the space was too narrow to hold its rigid waves. Glacier ice is snow that has for a considerable time been subjected to enormous pressure. If you squeeze a snowball in your hand until it is very hard it becomes icy. So in the Alps, the continual fall of snow is the pressure and the sun's heat the warmth which produces those seas of ice that are called glaciers. There are over 600 of them in Switzerland, and some are coeval with the glacial period of their continent, while others are now in process of formation. Winter is their season of rest, but with the Spring they resume their onward motion, due to the combined action of heat and gravitation. For in spite of their apparent immobility all Alpine glaciers do move constantly, although with different degrees of speed, and, like liquid streams, they carry with them debris of all sorts, but principally the stones that fall on their surface from the mountain's sides. The glacier, starting in its purity from some white un-sullied peak, loses before many years its spotless character. The Wintry frosts gathering into from bonds the streams that trickle down the mountain sides expand the water in freezing and shatter rocks with a force that the most solid cliffs cannot possibly resist. Thus broken fragments drop on to the once unspotted bosom of the ice seas and swell its burden with advancing years. The debris thus brought down from what are called moraines. Each glacier has a moraine on either side of it; its end is a terminal moraine, and when two glaciers unite their lateral moraines join and form a medial moraine. One of the largest medial moraines hereabout I saw as we came down

from this excursion. It is in the centre of the Morteratsch Glacier and is about 50 feet of more broad and perhaps 20 feet high in its centre.

Seen from where we stood it was all wonderful and very amazing. With its curlics of glittering ice and wrapped in a dazzling white cloak, the Bernina was a grand sight to look on, while around it were lower summits all of them snow capped and crowded. We were struck by the infinite whiteness of everything, and I have since learned that it is owing to the presence of glacier corn. There is on glacier clad mountains, a neve, or finely crystallized snow, which is never fully melted, and this is the pressure that

FORMS THE GLACIER ICE

Now, glacier ice is quite different to that which results from freezing water, and is found to consist of crystals varying in size from that of a hen's egg to a pin's head; these particles are known as granules or glacier corn, and in minute holes air is imprisoned. Where the air bubbles are absent the glacier has a bluish tint, and is no longer that pure white to which puzzles so many persons. With the oldest guide carefully leading the way we walked over the ice sea of Diavolzza. Before we had gone far on its level surface I saw boulders supported at some height on ice pedestals and I stopped to examine them. "Glacier tables," said the guide at the tail end of our procession, but his remark conveyed no useful information. I soon saw that they resulted from the presence of a block of stone. It had fallen on the sea, and had, so to speak, protected the ice directly beneath it from the heat of the sun. In consequence, while the glacier all round has been dissolving and sinking, the ice under these boulders has but slightly melted, and gradually a pillow is forming under each rock.

"But the boulder is not balanced evenly on the top," observed the Boston lady. It was explained to her that because the sun is able to reach these ice pedestals more freely on the south side than on the north the thing naturally inclines toward the south. As we walked along we noticed a line of sand covered mounds about four or five feet high and culminating in a sharp ridge. We scraped off a little of the sand and earth and found that a mound was composed of ice which looked quite black when it was uncovered. The reason for the existence of these cones was obvious. The ice protected by the sand had remained unmelted, and the wind had thinned the drifted heap into a pointed shape.

SUDDENLY WE HEARD A CRACKING

sound which was accompanied by a noise like that of a distant explosion, and the guide said this announced the formation of another crevasse. Presently the sound of falling water, which grew louder and louder as we approached, was heard, and soon we reached a point where a stream dropped down a shaft in the ice and was lost to sight. The guide called this deep hole a *moulin*, and he gently remarked that a false step in its directions would take a fellow down beyond all human aid. Agassiz and Tyndall both tried to ascertain the thickness of glaciers by taking soundings down these *moulins*. The former found no bottom at 800 feet on one sea and on another he estimated the thickness at 1,500 feet.

We talked low, we even whispered our thoughts, as we slowly proceeded. For we all knew that we were, so to speak, on the threshold of a world in the process of formation and over which countless centuries must pass before it will be ready to receive the first germs of life, animal or vegetable. Yes, what we were contemplating was once the aspect of this entire globe, a vast frozen solitude, waiting the sun's warm caresses to awaken it from a long, cold slumber. We crossed abysses by bridges that were almost as transparent as glass, jumped crevasses, wandered among great blocks that looked like the fallen fragments of some enormous ice palace. We searched for plants and insects. Wherever a little spot had been laid bare by the heat of the sun a sort of vegetation showed itself. In the midst of glacial snow we plucked flowers that were almost colorless, and which, the better to resist cold blasts, were growing in tufts close together. The rugged flanks of all the rocky tables were adorned with velvet-like lichens and mosses. Delicate arboreal plants overhung icy gulfs; we found spiders, and a couple of butterflies with carmine wings, fluttered about in a zone of eternal snow. From the sea we clambered up on a peak once more, and there, beyond it, at our feet was another glacier, that of Morteratsch a veritable congealed deluge, which fell I know not when into that valley which

THE AWFUL WRECK

of a cataclysm. Only a solitary huge rock, the Isola Persa, as it is called, escaped the general submersion and now stands up from the midst of this frozen sea with snow partially covering its lonely summit. In front of us were a large family of peaks: Piz Morteratsch, Piz Tschirva, the Cresta Aguz, Piz Zupo, Piz Pailu, Piz Cambrena, and dominating them all in pride and greatness, Piz Bernina, which has an altitude of 13,300 feet above the sea. The sea of ice which encircles it has a circuit of more than fifty miles, and its azure waves, piled up in defies or crowded into gorges, run down many steep inclines to the bottom valleys. In places they pass between two rocky points and springing upward, remain suspended over the abyss for a while. Then they break, their debris freeze into a solid mass and form a new glacier, which pursues its slow but sure onward march toward that point where the ice begins to melt and form the torrents that feed the great rivers of Central Europe. The Rhone, the Rhine, the Inn, and the Aar are among these which thus start from Alpine glaciers.

The snow was cleared away from a rock and we sat down to eat our luncheon. This refreshed we started for the lower world again. The guides unwound their rope, we tied ourselves together, and then descended steep and dangerous precipices. By and by we reached a gentle incline covered with snow and the guide halted us. Would we like some fun? he asked. We answered that we were game for anything, and we clustered around him. "Well, we will slide down this slope. There is no danger and if the lady is not afraid of her skirts—" "I am afraid of nothing," she interrupted. "Start as quickly as you please; I am ready." We all sat down on our great coats and wraps, the guides ahead and Mademoiselle between me and her father, he holding her by the legs and she holding mine. Then we started; the soft snow flew over us in a cloudy spray; we descended swiftly, and at the bottom of the slope we picked ourselves up, shook the snow out of our eyes, and all declared our-

selves delighted. A few minutes later we were down at the Morteratsch restaurant where we found a carriage in which we rode to Poutresima. To-day my legs are so stiff and sore I can hardly move them. Happily I do not want to do so; I can write as it is.

A Revival of Hinduism.

The revival of Hinduism is the theme of a letter from India to the *New York Independent* by Rev. John S. Chandler. Some time ago, he writes, a Hindu tract society was started to promulgate Hinduism, not only by tracts, but also by preaching to the people. They do not undertake to do this by argument and reason, but by appealing to the passions and superstitious prejudices of the people, and by violently attacking Christ and his followers and the Bible. This activity on their part is making itself felt in all parts of South India. In Madura at the recent car-drawing festival, when immense multitudes were gathered in that city, a Hindu preacher came down from Madras to oppose the Christians in every way. Under his lead, whenever the agents of the American board undertook to preach, the Hindus would hoot them down; boys selling Christian tracts and books would have dust thrown in their faces and their books snatched out of their hands, and any Christian was liable to be pelted with mud. The device of hiring men to come and declare that, having been Christians, they had been convinced by this Hindu preacher was also adopted. But the effect on the Christians, says Mr. Chandler, has been most wholesome. Their petty separations and divisions have been forgotten, and all have united in more determined efforts to preach Christ; indifferent and careless ones have shown a new zeal on behalf of their Saviour. Even the Roman Catholics came in a large company, and were eager to join with the Protestants and fight for them.—*Springfield Republican*

"Old Hutch."

Few business men in America—or in the whole world, for that matter—have been so much talked of since this time last week as B. P. Hutchinson, "the King of the What Pit." So a few words outlining his record are in order: He was born near Duncovers, Mass., in 1828, and spent his boyhood on a farm. In youth he went to Lynn, where he learned to make shoes, and subsequently he started a shoe factory. Failing in 1857 he went west. Milwaukee didn't suit him, so he settled in Chicago in 1859 and joined the Board of Trade, his membership costing him \$5. In a year or so he was worth \$150,000, and had paid every debt he owed in Lynn. He had two sons, Charles L., President of the Board of Trade, and Isaac, and was in the Century Club, an institution opposite the Board of Trade, founded and arranged by himself. He cares for nothing except business, and detests social frivolities. He is worth \$10,000,000, as some say. This, in brief, is the life history of one of the smartest Yankees on this rolling ball.

She was Sorry.

Emma (to her intended)—"Just think, Charlie, Judge Sandso proposed to me yesterday."
Charlie—"What did you say to him?"
"I told him I was very sorry, but that I was already engaged."

A Modest Request.

Mr. Henpeck (a very small man)—"What shall I get up on that chair for, Mirandy?"
Mrs. Henpeck (very large and masculine)—"Get up on that chair, you insignificant little whiff, so I can box your ears without having to stoop. Get up on that chair! Do you hear?"

Pans of water placed in fruit and berry patches will keep birds from eating the fruit. An English naturalist claims that the reason birds eat cherries and strawberries is because in the blazing heat they get dreadfully thirsty. If the birds can easily get at water they soon leave off taking the fruit.

Preacher (at Waifs' mission)—"Yes, my dear children, you little know of the blessed influences which now surround you. My son is here with me to-day, and I will ask him for a leaf from his own experience. Stand up, my son, and speak so all the children can hear you. How were you led to the Sabbath school?" Preacher's son (fiercely)—"By the ear."

Mrs. Simpkins—"Did you go to the grocer's to-day and pay that bill?" Mr. S.—"I started there, but concluded to put it off."
"You did! And yet you had the money in your pocket."
"My dear, didn't you ever go to a dentist to have a tooth pulled and turn back? And yet you had the tooth in your head. I don't see why a woman can't be consistent sometimes."

The annual report of one of the leading life insurance companies of Canada contains the noteworthy statement that during last year the company's receipts from investments above exceeded its payments in death claims by nearly \$40,000. The remarkable prosperity of this company is evidence that our people are availing themselves to a commendable extent of the benefits of life insurance, but it also shows that the old-line companies could afford to give their patrons these benefits at less cost than they are now doing.

Here is one little fact which will give the readers some faint conception of the immense burdens which are imposed upon the people of Europe, not to prosecute war abroad or repel invasions at home, but simply to prepare for the terrible struggle which is universally expected:—Switzerland has a population of about 3,000,000, and its total expenditure is \$10,000,000 per annum. This Lilliputian country, with a population less than a third greater than that of the province of Ontario, proposes to spend half of its whole year's income in purchasing improved rifles for the army!

Experimental firing with the new British military rifle at ranges beyond 2,000 yards is startling. The targets were small field fortifications ten yards long. The firing, volleys by about thirty men, was almost wholly from direction, sighting being impossible, owing to the hazy weather; yet the results were surprising. At 2,000 yards out of 370 shots, there were 159 hits; from 367 shots at 2,400 yards there were 96 hits, and from 629 shots at 2,800 yards there were 114 hits. Penetration at the extreme ranges has been doubted, but some bullets at 2,800 yards struck an iron target and were broken to pieces.

STRANGE SCENES IN JAPAN.

Yokohama the Most Unpleasant Place in That Old Country.

BY HENRY NORMAN.

Everybody's acquaintance with Japan begins at Yokohama, which is a pity. When one meets a strange man one desires to look at his face, not at his boots. Neither does a sane man begin his inspection of a mill by putting his finger between the millstones. Externally Yokohama is a pretty place. At night when the big steamer swings slowly up to her anchorage in the harbor and announces herself to the sleeping inhabitants by great blasts of her foghorn, to which a gun from the Englishman of war responds, as she brings the English mails, Yokohama is a double semicircle of bright lights and their reflection dancing in the dark water. In the morning, when a hundred sampans crowd about the ship, each easily propelled by its naked occupant with one huge scull over the stern, and with the sunrise an enormous coal barge comes alongside and a hundred nearly naked men and boys pass up the coal from hand to hand in what would seem at home bread-baskets. The scene is striking and picturesque. Yokohama is a long boulevard called the "Bun," bounded at each end by a josty pier called the "Hatoba," with a pleasant wooded hill to the left known as the "B off," dotted with white houses. The harbor or bay itself is a circle of water perhaps three miles wide—big enough at any rate to be so rough in windy weather that the ships have to get up steam and go to sea for safety.

To come now to "first impressions," there are of course two kinds of these. There are the mere sense-impressions, the things which strike the eye and ear as strange; and there are the "first impressions" which mean the conclusions springing to the mind when the externals are first understood. The former class of these "first impressions" generally attach themselves to very trivial matters, but they are often not the less entertaining for all that. The first thing, for instance, that I noticed in Japan was the enormous hats of the coolies, and next the ludicrous combinations of European and foreign dress worn by many young members of the middle class. A pot hat, a cotton wrapper or bathgown—the *yukata*—a pair of long stockings and boots—this was a common mixture, the wearer evidently and rightly thinking that he had adopted the best points of both systems. An hour after landing, too, a remark made to me by an educated Japanese gentleman on the Belgic, recurred to me. I had asked him if the coming constitution for Japan was likely to include trial by jury. "After you have seen Japan," he replied with a smile, "you won't ask that question." I mean by this that I was struck with the fact that the common people of Japan, courteous and clever and civilized as they are in many ways—the hewers of wood and drawers of water and pullers of jinrikishas, are upon a different plane from the common people at home. One might say that they live in two dimensions, whereas trial by jury, not in its origin, but in its significance to-day, is a three-dimensional idea. Moreover, the rulers of Japan see that trial by jury is often a failure or a farce with us, and they have no wish to educate the people up to it.

In Japan there are almost as many religious festivals as in Spain, and one of these—*matsuri* is their generic name—was being celebrated the other day in the Japanese town. I went to look for it with my detective camera, and when I met it I could hardly believe my eyes—it corresponded more to one's idea of New Guinea than of Japan. Upon an ordinary bullock cart a raised platform and scaffolding twenty feet high had been constructed, and bullock and all covered with paper decorations and green boughs and artificial flowers. In front a girl with a grotesque mask danced and postured, while half a dozen musicians twanged impossible instruments and kept up an incessant tattoo on drums. Children wild with delight crowded up among the performers and clung like flies all over the cart, and only that Providence which takes care of them, preserved them from making a juggernaut of it. On foot around the *bulbi*, as the whole structure is called, were twenty or thirty men, naked as to their legs, their faces chalked, with straw hats a yard wide, many-colored tunics, in which scarlet predominated, decked out with paper streamers and flowers enough to make a Sioux chief despair of himself, dancing along to a very rude chant and at every step banging upon the ground a long iron bar fitted with loose rings. The colors, the song, the dance, the music and the clanging iron formed together a spectacle as barbarous in taste as possible, something wholly different from what one had supposed the gentle culture of the Japanese to be. At the time I was greatly puzzled, but subsequently I learned that this *matsuri* is not so barbarous as it looks. I took it to be a serious religious ceremony. I found that it had just as much to do with religion as an Italian carnival has—that is, it was born of religious feeling and has entirely forgotten its ancestry. Buddhism, which is the religion of the common people, has always played to the gallery, so to speak, and the priests of it day make money out of the *matsuri*, partly in the shape of the coins which are thrown into the temple ponds and partly from their share of the subscriptions of the well-to-do people of the neighborhood, by whom the festival is supported. The affair is thus a Japanese carnival, where people drink sake and play the fool themselves or watch others doing so, exactly as at Nice or Venice.

THE CHARM OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

No account of the "first impressions," too, would be complete without an allusion to the grace and charm of the Japanese women. The first time one sees a couple of pretty and prettily dressed Japanese girls walking abroad under their huge variegated paper umbrellas, with their elaborately dressed black hair, their perfect tiny hands and feet, their large brown eyes—set obliquely if they are "beauties," with their delicate, soft-toned drapery garments, and the heavy flat silk *oni* twisted round and round their waists and ending in a colossal bow behind; with their funny motion on their clip-clapping pattens, half undulating run and half waddle, and their merry laughter and chatter—when one sees them for the first time, I say, one is usually delighted enough to follow them up and down for half an hour under a fine pretense of losing one's way or looking into the shops. At least I did, till I succeeded in getting a snap photograph of them.

NATIVE RELATIONS WITH ENGLISHMEN.

I have every reason to speak kindly of Yokohama, for everybody there received me with the utmost kindness, and the club is a

centre of the freest and pleasantest hospitality; but one cannot help noticing and regretting, when one returns to Yokohama after seeing something of Japan and Japanese home life, the complete absence of sympathy with, or even ordinary interest in their adopted country on the part of the Yokohama community. Do the foreign merchants make money in their own way? Then "all is right as right can be." Do they not? Then no words of contempt are too strong to express their feelings. A few days ago one of the oldest and best informed merchants there was telling me how the action of the Japanese Government on a certain point had prevented him from carrying through a profitable scheme. I said that from the Japanese point of view I could understand the Government's action. "Bah," he replied, turning on his heel, "I wish all the—were in—!" On board the Belgic were two Japanese, and an Englishman holding an important situation in one of the leading foreign firms of the whole East. "Where are those two niggers?" he asked in the smoking room one day, and when we expostulated, he replied: "When you've seen something of the East you'll know that everything that's not white there is nigger." And this, remember, was said by a half-educated man who was reading the trashiest of modern novels all day, about a Japanese gentleman who was a university graduate, speaking three languages, occupying an official position, and reading a big treatise on international law and Talleyrand's letters for his recreation!

DISHONEST MERCHANTS.

The Yokohama merchant does not enter into direct relation with his Japanese customers, there being always either a Japanese *hanto* or a Chinese *compradore* as go-between; while in all the banks the actual cash is counted in and out by a Chinese *shroff*. There is no social intercourse whatever between European and Japanese merchants. It is just a game of "catch who catch can," as the nonsense-tale goes, and if often "the gunpowder runs out at the heels of their boots" in consequence, that is only natural. The result of the system is that no first-rate Japanese merchant will attempt direct dealings in Yokohama, and that therefore Europeans have often been the victims of the duplicity or dishonesty of a lower class of native merchants. The game is an unequal one in this respect: If a European should cheat a Japanese he would lose caste among many of his fellows and the Japanese would combine against him; if a Japanese would cheat a European he would not lose caste among his fellow Yokohama Japanese, for they would hear only his own side of the story, and nothing could combine all the various interests of the European merchants. No doubt the foreign community has suffered a good deal in this way, and no doubt its commercial morals are quite equal to commercial morals in other parts of the world; but stories of the old-time treatment of Japanese by foreigners are still preserved in the local gossip, like the noxious insects of a bygone age, fixed in the amber of purer manners.

THE CLIMATE AFFECTS ONE'S TEMPER.

It is a curious fact, which everybody has told me and nobody has attempted to explain, that there is something in the climate of the life that plays havoc with a foreigner's nervous system, destroying first his temper, and in an alarming number of cases, his reason afterwards. One of my fellow passengers on the Belgic, returning to Yokohama, where he had lived many years, with his young bride, cut his throat at the Grand Hotel two days after landing; another old resident poisoned himself with laudanum the next week, and since then another, insanity having developed itself in him while in jail awaiting bondsmen for his keeping the peace, starved himself to death there. And two or three men have said to me half in joke and half in earnest that they felt the climate having its familiar effect upon them—that they were getting ill tempered and head-achy and generally "cranky." At any rate, the Yokohama community, whatever the reason may be, is not a happy one, in spite of its good-fellowship, its ready and delightful hospitality, its tennis its cricket, its dinner parties and its balls. Their relation with the people among whom they live is just what was prophesied thirty years ago for Japan by that unimpaired Mr. Laurence Oliphant, as the very probable consequence of that "behavior common, unhappily, to a certain class of our countrymen when brought into contact with semi-civilized races."

I am convinced that what is true of the past, will not be said of the Yokohama of the future. The whole of Japan is surely at last, after so many unfortunate and unjust delays, on the eve of being opened to the enterprise of the world. Then the foreigners here will cease to be a separate community engaged in dealing with a separate class. From a complete mingling a better mutual understanding will necessarily follow, and that curious distrust and dislike which each side seems determined to feel for the other at the point of contact of two races in a treaty port—just like the corrosion which occurs at the meeting point of the two carbon poles of the electric light—will disappear forever.

"George, Don't Be a Clam."

"Laura," exclaimed the youth, as he laid his arm timidly on the back of her chair, "now that you have promised to be mine it surely does not seem like asking too much if I—"

"Well, George?"

George took her hand in his, swallowed once or twice spasmodically and proceeded:

"As your affianced husband, Laura, whom you will some day promise in the sight of high heaven to love, honor and—er—cherish, you will not think me presuming, dear-est, I hope, if—"

"Well, George?"

"—If I venture to claim the privilege of a k—of a kiss!"

The lovely maiden laid her head trustingly on the young man's shoulder, a tender light shone in her dreamy eyes, and her rapturous breath swept the cheek of the rapturous lover as she softly murmured: "George, don't be a clam!"

A Single Trial

It is all that is needed to prove that Polson's Nerviline is the most rapid and certain remedy in the world for pain. It only costs 10 cents for a trial bottle. A single trial bottle will prove Nerviline to be equally efficacious as an external or internal remedy, and for pain of every description it has no equal. Try 10 cent sample bottle. Sold by druggists. Large bottles 25 cents. Avoid substitutes.

Let Canada Tremble.

In order that the jingoes on both sides of the border may blow off their superfluous steam, it is just as well, perhaps, that they should be allowed to discuss the subject of war between Canada and the United States after their own peculiar fashion. The *Chicago Tribune* does so in the following blood-curdling style:—

A despatch from Ottawa announces that the members of the Dominion Cabinet have been called to the Capital, owing to the receipt of a despatch from the British authorities in London asking for a report upon the condition of the volunteer militia force of Canada, and what military resistance can be made in case of war with Americans. Of all the acts of Lord Salisbury this is the most pitifully ridiculous. It is not a silly bluff, then it indicates the grossest ignorance on the part of the British Cabinet of the war-like power of the United States against any foe on this continent.

There are in this country, North and South, a round million of resolute, able-bodied, well-drilled and disciplined veterans yet in their forties who had more experience in arms when the war of the Rebellion closed than the soldiers who fought at Waterloo. A half million of these veterans could be mustered, armed, and marched into Canada in forty days after the declaration of war, and 100,000 of them in two weeks. Lord Salisbury seems to be oblivious of the fact that the United States is instantly ready to hurl upon twenty different points of invasion an army of seasoned veterans with more knowledge of the battlefield and actual field service than any existing army in the world; a half-million of tough, seasoned, experienced, and utterly fearless regulars, and behind them a half-million more of young fellows, part of whom have seen service in the various State militias, and who would be aching to follow the veterans across the borders.

In a healthy country like Canada and so near the base of supplies, the veterans could be relied upon at a few days' notice to muster into service, and they would literally swarm over the frontier from New Brunswick to the Pacific coast and seize everything before them. This element in the situation has evidently not been considered by the English Cabinet or it would hesitate before taking any steps which might irritate the American Republic or precipitate her resistance power against the handful of Canadian militia and a couple of British army corps.

There is no likelihood, bearing in mind her relations with France and Russia on the outside and with Ireland on the inside, that England would despatch even one army corps to be captured in Canada. Nor could she afford to run the risk of losing a lot of her ironclads by dynamite torpedoes in New York or Boston harbours, as this would place France on terms of dangerous equality with her. But it is none the less impolitic and still more absurd for her Cabinet to encourage the Canadians to increase their volunteer militia to fight this country, or to arouse in them the expectation that with British aid they could resist successfully the power of the United States. There is no danger that this country will ever attack Canada unless under strong provocation from the latter, and in that case the thousands of regulars on furlough would make as short work of Canada as a cat would of a mouse.

There are two ways in which Canada may protect herself from all possibility of a quarrel with this country about fish. One of these is by Commercial Union with the United States. The other is political union. If she is not yet ready for either, then her safety lies in not provoking the United States by unfair and unfriendly dealing, for when that provocation comes Uncle Sam will reach out and take her in, in order to insure quiet, and neither she nor her venerable old mother can prevent it.

The Milling Trust.

The railroads having driven out all the small mills, the millers in the larger cities have formed a trust and will proceed to tax every loaf of bread. The following are some of their regulations:—

1. Absolute submission to authority, of which the individual member is only an integral part. The power of the directors is made absolute. They are to fix prices, may order reduction in output or closing down of mill, contract with brokers to act for members of the Association. Credits are not to exceed thirty days; mills at points tributary to St. Louis, Detroit or Toledo shall not pay over the current prices for same grades of wheat or flour in those markets less two-thirds of the freight rate thereon. All sales of less than car lots must be 10 cents higher than current minimum prices.

Such a combination as this, affecting the bread of the people, should be punished by sending every member of it to the penitentiary. There was never a more diabolical conspiracy against a free people than the trust, and there is no relief from it except by swearing every candidate for congress to vote for its suppression by the most summary measures. Now is the time to swear them. If a politician has doubts about the constitutionality of sufficient remedies it is time to dig his political grave.

Jubilee Juggins.

"Jubilee Juggins," the young English plunger, whose real name is Benson, has reached the end of his money and is living now on an allowance of \$20 a week. He got rid of \$200,000 in two years. His horses are being sold, and one of them, Hazelmere, brought \$10,000 at Tattersall's a few days ago. Benson manages to look like a prosperous man, as the vast wardrobe that he purchased in his days of prosperity is still far from exhausted.

In Mr. Gladstone's Study.

Mr. Gladstone's study at Hawarden castle holds 15,000 volumes, which are ranged on shelves jutting out into the room. There is not a book that Mr. Gladstone cannot lay his hand upon the moment he wants it. There are three writing desks in this room, one of which is for the exclusive use of Mrs. Gladstone. The ex-premier breakfasts at 7 and dines at 8, breaking his fast by a light luncheon at 2 o'clock.

The significance of these figures need not be dwelt upon. Our North-West population is a source of strength to us. The people there are moved by like impulses, are stirred by the same inspirations as Canadians everywhere. The people of Minnesota, on the contrary, cannot be expected to feel the common thrill of national life until they become assimilated with the rest of the population of the United States; if indeed, they ever will assimilate.

How Storms are Made.

Our earth receives only a small fractional part of the sun's heat; but whatever that may be in a year, more or less than the average, the entire surface of years of our earth must feel and be subject to the effects. And one thing is certain, that a year or series of years of excessive sun heat will in evitable by year and seasons of excessive atmospheric disturbances, as increase of heat will produce excess of evaporation, excess of electric action, and necessarily excessive precipitation, and during a prevalence of this excessive sun heat, their must be, over limited areas, violent storms both summer and winter.

When very large areas of the atmosphere have been, by excessive heat, brought into an unequal state, as large areas of lower stratum of highly heated air and vapor, which is also intensely electric, the conditions to produce sandstorms, waterpouts, and colds, are fully ripe. The upper cool layer of the atmosphere cannot vibrate so evenly and quickly as to prevent vents in the form of funnels forming from the lower stratum to the higher stratum, and causes a rupture which takes place upward in a pipe form, just as water in a tank having a bottom means for discharge by a pipe, flows out with a whirling motion—in our northern atmosphere always in the direction of the hands of a clock, and so the heated, highly electric and excessively vapor-laden atmosphere breaks into the cold atmosphere above, when at the level of the "dew point" invisible vapor becomes visible, parting with its latent heat, which so rarifies the air as to force some of the condensed atmosphere in cloud, mounting thousands of feet above the condensing dew point, and into a region above the highest peaks of the highest mountains.

To feed this pipe, or, as in some cases, pipes, the lower stratum flows in from all sides to rotate and ascend with the intense velocity of steam power, sufficient to produce all the disastrous effects of the wildest tornado, there being almost a vacuum at the ground, or water line, as the phenomenon may be on the land or over the sea. On the land trees are twisted and uprooted, houses are unroofed, solids of various kinds are lifted from the earth, and human beings have been blown away like dead leaves. There are, also, records of railway wagons having been blown off the rails. In deserts, entire caravans have been buried beneath a mountain of blown sand—camels, horses and men; while in Egypt there are the ruins of cities, massive temples, and monuments deep buried in the adjoining desert sand. At sea, many a good ship, caught by a tornado, has been overwhelmed and sent to the bottom whole.

There are milder forms of the storm effects, producing on a warm summer day the cumulus clouds. Here the lower stratum of warm air is also flowing inward and rising upward beneath each cloud, condensing at the dew point, parting with latent heat, producing modified steam power, and so causing these summer clouds to enlarge upward, bulge and mount to sunshine like illuminated wool-pack mountains, but when seen in an evening western sky aptly described by Shakespeare.

Experiment Stations.

Here is a letter from a farmer who was requested to suggest work for the experiment stations. There are plenty more like him, and it is high time they studied out this question:—

"If they (the experiment stations), can tell us farmers how we can manage to pay the prices we do for fertilizers and labor, and our enormous taxes, and realize a decent living, such as merchants and manufacturers and professionals do, while selling our produce at the ruling prices, they will confer a great blessing. The profit on the farmer's labor doesn't find its way to his pocket. The ministers, doctors, lawyers, agents of all kinds, including tree-tramps, are clothed in 'purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day'; take their vacations in summer, going to the mountains or sea-side or indulging in a trip to Europe, and other luxuries and recreations to which farmers are strangers, and the money to pay for all this largely wrung from the products of the soil.

Verily I am convinced from experience and observation that all classes including the mechanics and day laborers to a large extent, live better, dress better and indulge in more luxuries, amusements and enjoyments than the average American farmer. Legislation is repeatedly invoked to relieve the working man, but the working farmer and producer has no burdens lifted from his shoulder. He must grub, dig and sweat, economize and save in order to pay his interest and the taxes that others impose on him. I tell you the *times* need reforming as the tariff, and I feel it sensibly as I read our tax bill. I can't suggest anything for the stations but to live on their salaries."

A Remarkable Shepherd Dog.

Near Salt Lake City, Utah, says an exchange, there lives a shepherd dog of extraordinary intelligence. It is the dog's duty to drive a cow to pasture on meadows along the river known as the Jordan. A lurcher for the dog is tied up in paper and fastened to his collar. He will drive the cow to where there is a good pasture, and on hot days will then lie down in the shadow she casts, moving along as the cow moves, and thus keeping constantly in the shade. He does not touch his lunch till noon, when he slips the collar from his head, tears off the paper and eats the food. He will then, with his paw, push the collar back over his head, and toward evening, will bring his charge home.

At Opelika a venerable colored man struck me for a quarter to "help repair our meeting-house from damage by de cyclone." "Where is the meeting house?" I asked. "Right ober yere about a mile." "You are the fifth person that has asked for money for that church within three hours. When was it damaged by a cyclone?" "A spell ago." "I rode by it yesterday and it appeared all right." "Yes, sah, it ar' all right, now." "We ar' expectin' another cyclone in de fall, sah, an' it's gwine ter be a huster an' blow de spire o' ar' off. Ize collectin' agin it, sah, so we kin make quick rep'ra."

Pursuit of Knowledge. Son and heir (whose enquiring turn of mind is occasionally a nuisance)—"I say, pa, what's a 'cabulary'?" Father—"A vocabulary, my boy—what'd you want to know that for?" Son—"Cause I heard 'ma say she'd no idea what a tremendous 'cabulary you'd got till you missed the train on Saturday!"

Battle Between Bulls.

There is a Lancaster in Kentucky, and from it some one writes to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:

Thomas S. Moore, of Garrard county, tells a graphic story of a desperate encounter that occurred on the crest of a knob in his neighborhood several days ago between a couple of enraged bulls, in which both were killed. In speaking of the incident, Mr. Moore said: Being interested in the study of geology, I happened to be on the knob at the time, and was started about four o'clock in the afternoon by a fearful bellowing. Looking some distance ahead I saw the animals advancing towards each other with their noses on the ground, turning this way and that and casting dust in to the air with their forefeet. When only a few yards apart they suddenly leaped to the attack with a frightful noise, and began to gore each other with hostile energy. Above the fierce and noisy tramping could be heard the grinding of their interlocked horns and the violent snorting of brutality. The bulls blew aside the dust and revealed the tiger-like character of the onset, as with widest limbs and tails curling in the air, they charged again and again stabbing with their pointed horns. Tiny streams of blood shot down their necks and sides, while their distended nostrils emitted a reddish foam. One of the bulls, following up a temporary advantage, plunged his horns into the chest of his antagonist, and with a quick upward jerk of the head, ripped open the flesh to a depth of several inches, while from this gaping wound jets of arterial blood began to spurt. In a towering passion, and with gleaming eyeballs, charging furiously upon his adversary, the wounded bull drove his horns into its abdomen, making a horrible opening, through which the entrails gushed. The impetuous and stormy nature of the contest had carried the combatants to the verge of the cliff, but each mortally wounded and weakening momentarily from continued profuse loss of blood, waged the battle with the fiendish desperation shown only in wounded animals.

It was evident, however, that a crisis was near at hand. The situation had resolved itself into the grim condition of the death struggle. With lowered heads they backed away a few yards, eager, defiant, implacable, and again collided with a force that seemed to split their very skulls. This terrific shock staggered the bull with the chest wound and forced his eyeballs from their sockets. He suddenly plunged forward to his knees on the brink of the precipice and remained in a quivering stupor, with his open mouth burrowing in the dust. The other, tottering and covered with blood, but still terrible in his weakness, charged heavily upon his kneeling and senseless foe, struck him in the flank with the force of a ponderous projectile and hurled him headlong over the precipice. The body executed a somersault in mid-air, fell with a noisy crash through the tree tops upon the rocks below, where it was subsequently preyed upon by vultures. The remaining bull seemed to realize in a stupid way the danger to which he himself was exposed. He drew back from the brink over which his hideous muzzle had been momentarily thrust, and, with his entrails trailing on the ground, staggered a little distance off, fell prone to the earth, rolled over on his side, shivered a moment and then lay still in the embrace of death. The battle lasted nearly an hour, and in point of sanguinary details and tragic horror has no parallel within the limits of my recollection.

The Power of Cheerfulness.

Give us, oh, give us the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will preserve longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in spheres. Wonderful is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

The Indian's Ethical Qualities.

The only results of Indian education I have actually witnessed are those which I have seen at Hampton, Va., and Carlisle, Pa. The Indian mind appears to be a slow moving mind. The Indian is less quick to imitate than the negro, but his ethical qualities appear to me to be higher than those of the negro. He has less imagination but a keener sense of honor and integrity. He is more honest, more truthful, more faithful, if he is fairly treated. There is some truth in the charges made against him of lying and stealing; but these vices are chiefly due to his ready adoption of the motto that "all is fair in war"; and his relations with the white races have been for years those of almost constant warfare.

He Had Been There Himself.

Police Judge—"William Hickaby, you are charged here with being drunk." "Correct, your Honor." "Have you any excuse?" "My wife sent me down town to match a ribbon."

His Valor Departed.

Smith (to Brown in a saloon)—"There are two police officers outside inquiring about you, old boy."

Brown (glaring towards the door)—"Show 'em in! Show 'em in! I ain't afraid to face all the policemen in er county." Smith—"But they are accompanied by your mother-in-law."

Brown (sinking into a chair)—"Stand by me, ole tel! Don' d'sert in fr'entime er danger, Smithy."

He Let the Horse Go.

Livery Stable Proprietor (to young man)—"What made the horse run away?" Young Man—"A cow jumped out of the bushes by the road and frightened him." Livery Stable Proprietor—"He's a small horse. Couldn't you hold him?" Young Man—"Yes, but I couldn't help him and the girl, too."

King Otto of Bavaria is sinking fast, his fits of insanity having become much more frequent.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A Paris firm has produced porous glass for window panes. The pores are too fine to admit a draught, but they assist in ventilation.

A high English authority, who attended the German manoeuvres, says that the thing that all others struck him as "the power of initiative which the subordinate ranks possess."

The £5,000,000 appropriated by Lord Ashbourne's bill for land purchases about exhausted. There is great interest in the approaching struggle, when more money will be demanded.

A girl in England, 13 years old, decieved a boy of 4 away from his home, and taking him to a cliff twenty-five feet high, pushed him over. She afterward confessed, and will be tried for murder.

The war wave has swept even Switzerland. Her military budget, which was eleven million francs ten years ago, is now over twenty millions, and an extra credit of twenty millions has just been demanded to rearm her infantry with the new small-bore repeating rifle.

A revolution is rumored in English landscape gardening. There is a movement to abolish the irregular features of casual lawns, flower beds, and shrubberies, and to establish the style of the old Italian and Dutch gardening with everything in straight lines, terraces, balustrades, and all.

The strike among the workmen on the Eiffel Tower is at an end, on the terms that wages will be increased by five centimes an hour, an increase occurring every month. When the season reduces the working day to nine hours carpenters will receive a further increase of five centimes. All those employed at the time of reaching the third platform will be paid fifty francs when the tower is finished. It is now 470 feet high.

The strike of the workmen on the Eiffel tower in Paris is naturally characterized by curious offers for settlement. As the work rises the men ask for more pay, 20 centimes an hour being the last addition demanded. Mr. Eiffel proposes that, since it takes twenty-five minutes to ascend to the top, an eating stand shall be established on the first story where meals can be bought at half price. This the workmen will not accept.

A retired Government clerk died in Vienna a few days ago, and bequeathed a considerable sum of money in these terms: "Up the second flight of stairs there lives at door No. 63 a widow who has two daughters. I leave the sum of 80,000 florins to the one who always nodded in such a friendly way when she met me." The two sisters fell out as to which of them the old gentleman had left the money. Legal proceedings are impending, but the lawyers are said to be inclined to a compromise by dividing the money.

Amsterdam claims to have become the chief European tobacco market on account of the fine quality of the Sumatra tobacco which is brought there. American cigar manufacturers are said to be specially eager to get this tobacco. Sumatra sent to Holland in 1887 138,000 bales, worth about \$13,000,000, of which \$5,800,000 worth was purchased by American buyers. The Dutch tobacco companies make enormous profits, the dividends of the Deli Company having been 109 per cent., and those of the Arendsburg Company 169 per cent. in a recent year.

Great excitement has been produced in Russia by the distribution in the German army of a dictionary in Polish and Russian. Various dialogues are also given, as this, for example: "Moujik, procure me on the spot 50 oxen, 50 carts, 200 loaves, 300 sacks of oats, 10 cart loads of hay, 100 trusses of straw, 100 sacks of corn, and 30 sacks of flour." This order is accompanied by certain paternal warnings—"If my orders are not executed immediately the whole village will be fired." If this is not good for a campaign in Russia it is good for nothing.

It is said that a treasure of over \$150,000 has been lying for seventy-six years a foot or two underground within a stone's throw of an important Russian highway near Biologsk, and a commission sent by the Czar has gone to dig it up. The story is that during the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow a detachment of his army having the chest in charge was closely pressed by the Cossacks that they buried the treasure in the place stated and attempted to escape without it, but were overtaken and killed, except one man named Jannich, who escaped, and when he died left written out for his family some memoirs, in which was included the story of the burial of the treasure. These memoirs were found by his grandson recently among a lot of old papers, and though his efforts the Russian Government was interested. If the treasure is found M. Jannich will be entitled to one-third of it.

The Letter Came Too Late.

A sad story is connected with the suicide of Mrs. Belle Johnson in San Francisco recently. It seems that several years ago her husband deserted her, and she heard nothing of him since. Her health failed her recently; she could not work, and believing she was a burden on her old mother, she took morphine. Her husband, who had gone to Batte City, Mont., learned of her bad luck recently, and on the very day she ended her life he repented of his desertion, and telegraphed her money to buy a railroad ticket and pay her expenses to return to him. The messenger boy arrived with the message only a few hours after the unfortunate woman had breathed her last.

Col. L. Fontaine of Canton, Miss., has trained a pair of pet bears so that he drives them double to a buggy. He occasionally appears on the streets with them, scaring the horses half out of their wits, and amusing the small boys greatly. The bears amble along at a pretty fair sort of a pace.

A colored woman in Florida, it is reported, was bitten by a ground rattlesnake, one of the most poisonous of the rattlesnake family, and was in tremendous agony. A so-called madstone was applied to the wound, after being plunged in hot vinegar, it adhered itself firmly to the wound, and it then fell off, and being placed in warm water, threw off a greasy fluid, grayish in color, with here and there a trace of green. It was again put upon the wound, and clung there about a minute. By this time the woman was asleep and apparently free from pain, and at last reports she was fast recovering from the effects of the bite.

About Stays.

At the meeting of the British Association lately held in Bath, England, there was quite a battle royal among the savants over the character and usefulness of stays. Professor Schaefer and Mr. T. G. Adams in a jointly prepared paper took the ground that "the modern corset is an unmitigated evil." Proper fitting stays, they affirmed, do not interfere with breathing, and when not tightly laced are of real service to the wearer. Tight-lacing was defined to comprise when the stays "interfere with the muscular freedom required in playing lawn tennis or in running up stairs." The two unfortunate men incurred a great deal of both masculine and feminine indignation. When the reading of the paper was finished quite a succession of medical men and ladies "went for" the offenders in the most lively fashion. One eminent doctor said that stays whether laced loosely or tightly were an evil and a curse.

Through their instrumentality the muscles of the back were withered and nothing but injury and disfigurement were the results. The whole thing was only evil and that continually. When the turn of the ladies came for criticism they were still more vehement. It was declared that such things did not only do physical but moral harm as well, while they were the cause of much of the ill health going among women. One lady, however, Miss Lydia Becker, took up the cudgels most vigorously for the much abused supports of the spinal column. She declared that she stood up for stays and tight lacing and held strongly that no woman could be said to be becomingly and carefully dressed who had not the inevitable corsets. In a fine burst of parting eloquence she advised all her sister women to stick to their stays. She said they improved the form, gave warmth and assistance, and that women's duty and privilege was to stick to them and triumph over the other sex. In spite of all the special pleading, however, the advocates of stays were left in a hopeless minority in that congregation of cultivated and experienced men and women. And it is a good sign that they were and shows how even in such regions common sense ideas are making their way. It is very likely that the corset will long maintain its place, but the tight-lacing and the wasp waists are already left to the inalienable possession of fools and feather birds.

General Gordon's Fate.

The fate of General Gordon created an unpleasant sensation all over the world, there having been a prevalent impression that the Gladstone Ministry had been very reluctant to send his relief. It will be interesting to note that a letter in the *St. James' Gazette* shows from the published memoirs of Mr. Forster that "Forster constantly urged the Ministry to fulfil the responsibilities they had incurred in the case of Gordon, and the resolve, tardily taken, to send the relief expedition to Khartoum, was largely due to the persistence with which Forster pressed them on the question." In one of his urgent appeals against further delay he said, "I believe everyone but the Prime Minister is already convinced of Gordon's danger, and I attribute his not being convinced to his wonderful power of persuasion. He can persuade most people of most things, and, above all, he can persuade himself of almost anything. When the expedition under Lord Wolseley at length started no one followed its advance with more anxiety than Mr. Forster, and when the fatal tidings came of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon the blow fell on him 'with all the weight of a great personal affliction.' 'I can think of nothing but Gordon and the Soulan,' he notes in his diary the day after he first heard the sad news."

Nothing Like It.

"Ah, my young friend," said the eminent prohibitionist, "what can be more delicious than clear, cold water in the early morning, fresh from the old oaken bucket? It makes life worth living?" "Yes," responded the young man, "water is a good thing. Are you in the milk business, sir?"

Descriptive. He—"Who is that pretty girl over there?" She—"Jessie Jones." "And who is she?" "My most intimate enemy."

"You informed the court, just now, that the defendant, Lofer, was very well off. The man is out of work, and he has no property, so how do you make him out to be well off?" asked the lawyer for the defense. "Why, 'is missis does the washing' for the orel and keeps 'im and the family, and 'is 'im in beer and 'bacoo, and if that ain't 'bein' well off I don't know wot is," observed the witness.

Probably the oldest pupil in any educational institution in the United States is Crazy Head, once chief of the Crow, now a scholar at the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He is over 60 years old, and was once a brave warrior and an able ruler. He is very anxious to learn the customs of civilization, and has been receiving instruction in blacksmithing. In the winter he will tackle his A B C's.

Large plaids are constantly appearing among the new woolen goods designed for the English costumes, such as are now made with deep plaid skirts and bodies of plain cloth of fine diagonal wool or India cashmere. There are dark blue fabrics, with terra-cotta bars, or those with Russian red lines four or five inches apart, with olive or yellow added to the pencilled lines. Dark riffs green wools are similarly plaided, and bronze-brown grounds have bars of chamois colour, with fine scarlet bars as an outline. Such plaids are also shown in velvet for combining with pilot cloth and lighter woollens, or else forming an entire skirt, over which a graceful second skirt is draped.

It seems likely that Tipoo Tib has broken faith with Stanley and Bartelott and may thus have been the cause of both of their deaths. The genuine facts of the case, however, are yet to be ascertained. From all accounts Bartelott was of an arrogant, overbearing disposition, who would have his own way at all hazards and was little careful how he treated his subordinates. It is very possible that he owes his death to this by having provoked by his brutal treatment some of his followers to shoot him. It is indispensable for any one who would be a leader to be an adept in the prosperous management of human nature. The sun is still much better than the hurricane in persuading the traveller to part with his cloak.

THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, OCTOBER 18th, 1888.

L'Union Libérale, of Quebec, praises Mr. Mercier for his wisdom in bowing to the constitution of Canada and accepting the Canadian jurisdiction as to judges. *L'Evenement*, of the same city, reminds its contemporary that Mr. Mercier and his friends made attempts at resistance and only submitted because they despaired of success in a conflict with the laws of the land. That is what laws are for—to restrain those who would invade the rights of others if not thus checked.

While Mr. Wiman has been pretending that Commercial Union is making great headway in the United States, Senator Sherman informs him that there is a poor prospect for anything of the kind, and Mr. Blaine distinctly states that if Canadians wish the use of United States markets they must become United States citizens. These are the two great leaders of the Republican party and the two ablest statesmen of the republic. The Democratic party's fiscal policy is embodied in the Mills Tariff Bill, now before Congress, which, if passed, would admit some Canadian products free, but so far from admitting all free, it keeps up a high duty on most of them. This bill, however, is blocked in the Senate and will be thrown out. And these are the very latest deliverances of both of the great political parties in that country.

Nicholas Flood Davin points Manitoba and the Northwest Territories to the west for a market for their farm products. He says that Manitoba looks not to the east but to the country beyond the Rockies for her natural market, because in the east she meets competing producers in the same line; and if Manitoba, which last year exported butter, cheese and eggs to the value of one-fourth that of her wheat export, expects such great things from her western business, to how much more should the Northwest look forward with a considerable advantage in distance and with an immense stretch of rich country capable in every way of producing everything that Manitoba produces! Then with wills of their own they could safely look to Japan as an excellent market for their flour. Japan must buy the low grades of flour in immense quantities and hitherto California has partially supplied this market, but the superior quality of Northwest flour and the cheapness with which wheat is grown should soon drive this competitor out of the field.

Ottawa as a Mining Centre.

The Mining Review looks into the future and sees the changes that a few years will make in the Ottawa district. The timber trade will naturally decline and the staid raftsmen will give place to the rugged miner. The Review tells us that the whole Laurentian range of mountains possesses mineral wealth of one kind or another, iron, plumbago, galena or lead, phosphate or apatite, asbestos and mica, all being found there. Few have suspected the untold value of the country in this part of our Dominion. There are plumbago mines at Buckingham which have been crippled by mismanagement but which gave a yield of mineral of such a pure quality that they will soon be worked again.

The iron deposits, which abound will prove as valuable in the near future as the gold-bearing quartz in the lands where the latter is worked. The iron of the district is known abroad for its excellent qualities, and compares with the finest Sheffield steel. One mine alone, in the townships of Templeton and Hull, is estimated by Professor Chapman to contain 6,300,000 tons, equal to a daily out-put of 100 tons of ore, or 60 tons of metal during a period of a century and a half. The iron deposits in Bristol are also now a centre of attraction, a number of capitalists having taken them in hand, and the only requisite to perfect a large iron trade are smelting works, which time will certainly bring about.

To the mining industry Ottawa must in future look for her trade. And to her mining industry Canada can confidently look for vast returns.

A PARTY OF ONE VOICE.

Mr. Robert White in his speech at the Junior Conservative banquet last Thursday night made one remark that emphasized in a very marked manner the breadth of the political platform on which the Conservative party stands when it appeals to the electorate. Referring to the differences in language and faith of the majority of the people in Montreal East and Cardwell, in both of which a contest was going on at the same moment, he was able to say that any speech delivered on behalf of the Conservative candidate in Montreal East, and that any argument advanced to favor the election of Mr. Lepine in Montreal East could have been equally well put forward in favor of his own candidature in Cardwell. The Conservative ranks contained men of all tongues, creeds and classes, but their party principles were one, and in advocating them they required to hide nothing in Ontario that they would do in Quebec, and what they said in Ontario could be repeated in Quebec without fear of damaging the success of their party candidates. That represents the true spirit of Canadian union; it had its exemplification at the gathering in question, where, under the auspices of an English organization there were almost as many speakers in the French as in the English tongue, whose voices were all alike raised in favor of the national unity and development of Canada and the advancement of their party cause in all parts of the Dominion. It is such union that has made the Conservative party strong in the past, and that will keep it strong in the future.

The Hon. James Patton, collector of Customs at Toronto died suddenly last Friday.

All traffic has been suspended on the Cornwall canal by the bursting of the embankment last Thursday. The several forwarding companies who use the canal will sustain heavy loss. It will take three weeks to repair the break.

Aylmer, 12th.—The Ottawa County protest case was continued before Judge Wurtelle to-day. The witnesses examined gave more damaging testimony against the respondent Rochon. Benjamin Read, secretary-treasurer of the Township of Aylmer, at which place through the non-attendance of any deputy returning officer, no poll was held, swore that over fifty voters' signed their names to a paper, which he produced as voters for Cormier had the poll been held.

James F. McAndrews, of Buckingham, admitted having been paid \$75 by St. Jean, of Montreal, for his personal work.

Educational.

The Educational Record containing the report of the results of examinations of the various Academies and Model schools held in June last throughout this Province has been issued. It affords us much pleasure to notice the following which will no doubt interest the school population of Pontiac: Danville, with 52 pupils, 23 (0); Ormstown, " 29 " 20,165; Portage du Fort " 26 " 19,703; Aylmer, " 33 " 19,290; Sutton, " 21 " 17,067; Mansonville, " 25 " 16,601; Cookshire, " 24 " 16,298; Clarendon, " 23 " 16,098.

It will be seen by the above that Portage du Fort Model school takes third place. Last year it took first place with 16,099 marks. This year 19,703 marks, a gain of 3,613, or about 22% advance, with five pupils less. Danville, with twice as many pupils, takes only 3,302 marks more than P. D. F., and Ormstown, with 3 pupils more, took only 462 marks more. Clarendon Model school ranks 8th and get a grant of \$125. Portage du Fort 3rd, grant \$150. Bryson M. S., with 13 pupils takes 3,144 marks, passes 2 pupils out of 13 and stands 31st on the list. Shawville Academy stands 12th in rank. We are especially proud to notice the high standing of the P. D. F. M. S., and congratulate upon the late headmaster, Mr. Truell, upon the result.

Bryson Bubbles.

But little worthy of note has occurred in our little town since last week. Bryson is progressing, but unfortunately it seems to be in the wrong direction. This week I have to chronicle the departure of another of our residents in the person of Mr. R. A. Coughlin, who has purchased the stock-in-trade of Mr. Bennett of Portage-du-Fort, and removed his shoemaking plant thither. His reason for removing is not very apparent as he always had an abundance of work on hand which when done gave satisfaction to his numerous patrons. I wish him success in his new field of labor.

Last week the Government surveyor located the road from the Bryson-Calumet bridge downward along the shore of the Calumet Island to the slides. This road is to be built by the Dominion Government to replace the old road which was submerged by the building of the dams at the Calumet and Roche Fenou.

The auction sale advertised to be held here on the 10th inst., was but poorly attended and bidding was slow. Mr. Muchmore, who attended in person, would not accept the highest bid made on any part of the property offered; consequently the result of the sale was nil.

On Thursday last Mr. A. D. Disher, manager of the Pêche woolen mills was here looking at the water-power afforded by the Calumet chutes, and interviewing our civic fathers with a view to ascertaining what inducements they might offer him to erect a woolen factory in our village. He found the proprietorship of said water-power in such a tangled condition, and the conditions of sale or rental so unsatisfactory that he abandoned all idea of taking any further steps in the matter. This is very much to be regretted, as this magnificent water privilege is totally unused, (Purvis' grist mill not having been run for the greater part of the summer), and what might be a means of attracting business to our village is handled in such a manner as to be detrimental, rather than beneficial, to the interests of the place.

On Friday morning last a raft of planks containing some 13,000 feet board measure, arrived here and was moored at R. McC. Ritchie's wharf. It came from Coulonge, the planks having been sawn by Messrs. J. & J. A. Proudfoot, and is intended to be used in the construction of the bridge which is being built at Portage du Fort, whither teams are at present engaged in hauling it.

On Friday a little nephew of Rev. Father Vincent's, named Alber: Sioui, while visiting at Mr. Michael Hughes' of Collifield, met with a painful accident. The little fellow, with others, was engaged in hauling a barrel of water, when the barrel upset, striking his leg in its descent. Dr. Hurdman found, on being summoned, that although the leg was severely contused no bones were broken; and I am happy to learn that the lad is getting along nicely.

Mr. W. H. Walsh, late occupant of the Clifton House is removing to his own residence on Main St., part of the said Hotel having been rented, by the committee appointed at last session of the council, as a registry office pro tem. The county records will be removed to their new quarters some time during the present week.

On Monday Mr. Wm. Lothian left for the Upper Ottawa to wind up the business of the Upper Ottawa Drive Association at Desjardins for the season the 'tail' of the drive having passed that point some days

since. Mr. Wm. McVeigh has discovered a promising lead of asbestos on his property here, and is having it followed up. That he may "strike it rich" is the worst wish entertained for him by
13th Oct. 1888. Scto.

Mr. Martin Grace, of Low township was on a visit home this week. He returned on Tuesday.

MARRIED.

On Monday, Oct. 15th, at the home of the bride's father, Noble Carruthers of Ottawa, to Emma M. Fairbairn, daughter of Wm. G. Fairbairn, Esq., of the township of Leslie, by the Rev. Wm. Barnett of Shawville, assisted by the Rev. W. Newton, of Otter Lake. Success attend the young and happy couple.

THE MARKETS.

The quotations from the undermentioned places are supplied to us every Monday by the merchants named:—

| Campbell's Bay. | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| CORRECTED BY S. McNALLY AND SONS. | |
| Hay per ton | \$10.00 to \$11.00 |
| Flour per barrel | 6.00 to 6.50 |
| Oats per bushel | 40 to 45 |
| Pease | 70 to 75 |
| Wheat | 1.00 to 1.10 |
| Rye | 0.90 to 0.99 |
| Potatoes per bushel | 0.00 to 0.35 |
| Butter per pound | 0.00 to 0.16 |
| Eggs per dozen | 4.00 to 4.50 |
| Hides per 100 lbs. | 2.50 to 3.00 |
| Wool per pound | 21 to 25 |

| Bryson. | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| CORRECTED BY E. R. D. LAFLURE. | |
| Hay per ton | \$10.00 to \$12.00 |
| Flour per barrel | 5.75 to 6.00 |
| Oats per bushel | 40 to 45 |
| Pease | 65 to 70 |
| Wheat | 1.25 to 0.90 |
| Rye | 0.90 to 0.99 |
| Potatoes per bag | 18 to 20 |
| Butter per pound | 0.00 to 0.16 |
| Eggs per dozen | 4.00 to 4.50 |
| Hides per 100 lbs. | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Wool per pound | 20 to 25 |

| Shawville. | |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| CORRECTED BY ROSS BROS. | |
| Flour per barrel | \$ 5.50 to 6.00 |
| Hay per ton | 12.00 to 14.00 |
| Oats per bushel | 35 to 40 |
| Pease | 65 to 70 |
| Wheat | 1.00 to 0.90 |
| Rye | 0.90 to 0.99 |
| Potatoes per bag | 18 to 20 |
| Butter per pound | 0.00 to 0.16 |
| Eggs per dozen | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Hides per 100 pounds | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Wool per pound | 20 to 25 |

| Portage du Fort. | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| CORRECTED BY REID BROS. | |
| Flour per barrel | \$ 6.00 to \$ 6.50 |
| Hay per ton | 12.00 to 13.00 |
| Oats per bushel | 35 to 40 |
| Pease | 65 to 70 |
| Wheat | 1.10 to 1.15 |
| Rye | 40 to 50 |
| Potatoes per bag | 15 to 16 |
| Butter per pound | 15 to 18 |
| Eggs per dozen | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Hides per 100 pounds | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Wool per pound | 20 to 25 |

| Ottawa. | |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Hay per ton | \$17.00 to 18.00 |
| Apples per barrel | 2.00 to 2.75 |
| Oats per bushel | 40 to 45 |
| Pease | 70 to 75 |
| Potatoes per bag | 60 to 65 |
| Butter per pound, in pairs | 22 to 23 |
| Butter per pound, in tubs | 19 to 21 |
| Butter per pound, in puns | 9 to 10 |
| Cheese per pound | 15 to 16 |
| Eggs per dozen | \$ 0.00 to 8.50 |
| Dressed Hogs per 100 pounds | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Beef | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Sheep, live weight | 3.50 to 4.00 |
| Hides per 100 pounds | 4.00 to 4.50 |

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS. GALOPE DIVISION.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Tuesday, the 20th day of October instant, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galope Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ready for examination at this office and at the Lock-keeper's house, Galope, on and after Tuesday, the 16th day of October instant, where forms of tender may be obtained by Contractors on personal application.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$5,000 must accompany the tender for the works.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

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

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 11th October, 1888.

A NEW

"FAD"

FOR RENNREW.

GOODS RETAILED

At Wholesale Prices!

\$20,000

Must be Sold in four Months.

A Rare Opportunity to get Goods Cheap

See new advertisement next week.

INGLIS MUST REALISE

ON HIS STOCK.

SEE THE BARGAINS OFFERED AT

The RED FLAG Store

RENNREW.



LIVERY STABLES,

SHAWVILLE, Que.

WALSH & HOBBS, Prop.

THE undersigned having a large supply of first class rigs and horses on hand are in a position to supply the public demand at any time during the day or night. Our rates will be found reasonable. The Commercial trade solicited. We make it a point to employ none but the best of drivers.

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—Tenders will be received until

Wednesday, 7th November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination at this office and at Sault Ste Marie on and after

Wednesday, 24th October next.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.
Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.

The Cheapest Grocery in Shawville

The following announcement is worthy of consideration:—The subscriber in returning thanks for the very liberal patronage that has been bestowed upon him since he commenced business begs to announce that he has received his

FALL STOCK OF GROCERIES,

which will be found SELECT in quality, complete in every line and at PRICES THAT CAN NOT BE TOUCHED.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

He also keeps as usual a selection of CLOTHS and FLANNELS and also YARN, For which wool will be taken in exchange.

All kinds of Farm Produce including Hides taken in exchange for GOODS.

Shawville, Oct. 16, 1888.

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY,

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

In returning thanks to the public generally for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon us, we would state that we have on hand a large stock of

SASHES, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, NEUL POSTS, BANNISTERS,

HAND RAILINGS, and everything required in WOOD FINISHING.

SCROLL SAWING IN EVERY VARIETY and DESIGN.

Lumber dressed at reasonable rates. All kinds of Custom Work Solicited.

NOTICE.

Sometime ago we added to our Factory a Patterson GRINDER for reducing oats to provender. This will be found a great convenience to the farming community.

Any quantity of grain ground on the shortest notice.

House Building a Specialty.

ROBT. MCCREDIE & SONS.

Shawville, Oct. 15, 1888. PROPRIETORS.

HARDWARE, GROCERIES, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY & GLASSWARE, PAINTS, OILS, &c.

I have now in stock a good line of Heavy Hardware, including;

Bar Iron and Steel, Horse Shoes, Nails, Rope, Chain, Axes, Saws, Building Felt, Glass, Paints, Oils, &c.

In Shelf Hardware I have a well assorted and attractive line of goods of superior quality.

REMEMBER.

My stock of Groceries, Boots and Shoes, etc., is complete as usual.

PRICES.

I have no goods to give away nor to sell at YOUR OWN PRICES but am prepared to sell all lines at lowest possible figures consistent with honest goods and fair dealing.

PLOWS, STOVES, COAL, SALT.

J. H. SHAW.

Shawville, Oct. 15th 1888.

RUSSELL HOUSE,

SHAWVILLE, QUE. J. A. MUIRE, PROPRIETOR

THE public will find this hotel the most perfect in accommodation in the county. The best advantages for the commercial trade. Free Buses to and from the station. Good table. The bar in connection supplied with the best liquors. Lively in connection.

FRED. J. PENFOLD,

Coaticook, Quebec, Canada, FINANCIAL AGENT.

Special attention given to mining properties, having unusual facilities for disposing of same if really good.

Shipper of Butter and Cheese to England. Liberal advances made thereon.

Sept. 5, 1888.

\$5.00

The above amount can be saved by every man who will purchase his Fall Suit or Overcoat at 169 and 271 Wellington St.

Remember we don't charge you for the privilege of walking on the street.

J. O'Reilly

269 and 271 Wellington Street,

OTTAWA.

HARDWARE.

Come right along, our stock of Hardware is complete for the fall trade and our goods are the best that can be had in the market.

Paints, Varnish, Putty,
Window Glass.

- A**
AUGERS.
AXE HANDLES.
AXES.
APPLE PEARERS.
- B**
BUTCHERS SAWS and KNIVES.
BARN DOOR HINGES.
BARN DOOR ROLLERS.
BABBIT METAL.
BIRD CAGES.
BUCK SAWS.
BENCH SCREWS.
BOARING MACHINES.
BARBED WIRE.
BUILDERS TOOLS.
BLASTING POWDER.
- BYAMS "COMMON SENSE" SASH
BALANCES.
THIS IS SOMETHING NEW.
SOMETHING CHEAP.
SOMETHING GOOD.
- C**
COW CHAINS.
COW BELLS.
COW TIES.
CATTLE LEADERS.
CROW BARS.
CORNICHE POLES.
CLOCKS.
CARPET SWEEPERS.
COPYING PRESSES.
COACH SCREWS.
CARRIAGE BOLTS.
COPPER RIVETS.
- D**
DOOR MATS.
DOOR KNOBS.
DOOR BELLS.
DOOR LOCKS.
DOOR HINGES.
DOG CHAINS.
DOG COLLARS.
DRAINING SPADES.

- E**
EVERYTHING YOU WANT BEGINNING WITH E and extending to
- P**
POCKET BOOKS.
PURSES.
POCKET KNIVES.
POST HOLE AUGERS.
PORTLAND CEMENT.
PLASTERERS TROWELS.
PAINT BRUSHES.
POWDER.
PRUNERS.
PUNCHERS.
- R**
RAZORS.
ROPES.
ROPE HALTERS.
RIFLES.
REVOLVERS.

Oils!
Oils!

Bolled Linseed Oil.
Raw " "
Pole Seal " "
Olive " "
Neats Foot " "
Castor " "

COAL OIL.

WHOLESALE

—AND—

RETAIL.

The balance, from R to Z, you can find by calling on

A. A. WRIGHT & CO., RENFREW.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.—All poisonous waste, and worn out matter ought to escape from the system through the secretions of the bowels, kidneys and skin. B. B. P. cleanses, opens and regulates these natural outlets for the removal of disease.

MRS. MARY THOMPSON, of Toronto, was afflicted with tapeworm, eight feet of which was removed by one bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

PROF. LOW'S MAGIC SULPHUR SOAP is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS are agreeable to take, and expel all kinds of worms from children or adults.

FOR RAGE—Three Ramb Lambs and an aged Ram—All good breed. Will be sold cheap. Apply to **ALEX ELLIOTT, Sr.**, Shawville, P. O.

NOTICE TO LADIES
Suffering from Female Weaknesses and WORM DISORDERS.

Orange Blossom—A Positive Cure.

I AM a living witness to the above. For stamp for postage I will send sample free and full printed instructions. I can faithfully and sincerely recommend it to cure any form of the above diseases and Piles. Mrs. M. R. ROBERTSON, Agent, Halsey's Station, Ont.

A. H. HORN,
Undertaker. Pembroke, Ont.
Coffins, Caskets, Metallic Cases,
Shrouds, Caps, Gloves, &c., &c.

TELEGRAPH and TELEPHONE
ORDERS attended to at ALL HOURS.



NEW—
MARBLE SHOP
AT
SHAWVILLE.

THE undersigned have opened a Marble Shop at Shawville (opposite McCuller's Hotel) where they are prepared to furnish

**Monuments,
Headstones,
Railings,
—AND ALL KINDS OF—
Cemetery Work**
At Reasonable Prices.

Farmers' Produce taken in Exchange.
SOMERVILLE & CO.,
SHAWVILLE, QUE.
Aug. 16, '88.

NATIONAL PILLS are a mild purgative, acting on the stomach, liver and bowels, removing all obstructions.

A SEVERE ATTACK.—Miss Bella Elliott, of Port Hope, Ont., writes:—"My brother and I were both taken ill with a severe attack of diarrhoea, having tried other remedies, we tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which gave immediate relief."

Constipation is nearly always induced by neglecting to keep the bowels regular, and is also a frequent sequel to dyspepsia or indigestion. Regulate the stomach and bowels by using Dr. Fowler's Bile Beans, which is certain to promptly relieve and ultimately cure the worst cases of constipation.

TRIED AND PROVED.—"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaint, and have proved it, after a fair trial, a sure cure, both in my own case and others of the family." Lauritta Wing, New Dundas, Waterloo county, Ont.

A TERRIBLE TEN YEARS.—Mrs. Thomas Acres, of Hurdley, Ont., suffered all the tortures of liver complaint for ten years. Four bottles of B. B. P. entirely cured her, making her like a new woman again, after other medicines had failed to relieve her.

A GOOD NEIGHBOR.—"Late last fall I was laid up in bed three days with a very severe attack of diarrhoea and vomiting. Nothing benefited me until my neighbor, Mrs. Dunning, recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and brought me a half bottle, which she had in her house. In three hours the vomiting was stopped, and I was able to get up by night. I would not now think of using any other medicine." Columbus Hopkins, Hamilton, Ont.

RETIRING NOTICE.
To my Friends and the Public Generally.

THE UNDERSIGNED having removed from Bristol to Quyon, and purchased the hotel and property of Mrs. A. Bolger and wishing to return his sincere thanks to the people of Bristol and surrounding vicinity for their past patronage while doing business in his former occupation, would most respectfully solicit a continuance of that esteemed patronage in his new business.

Visitors and Commercial men will find everything pertaining to the hotel and public at all times be accorded. The proprietor's great aim will be to make the UNION HOUSE second to no hotel in the county and every effort will be exerted for the comfort and entertainment of guests.

I remain, yours truly,
THOMAS LANG.
Quyon, August 17, 1888.

ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS.
MICHAEL HUGHES, Collingwood, Que.

WISHES to announce to his numerous customers and the public that he is now in receipt of the largest and best assortment of SPRING and SUMMER Goods ever before offered by him since his commencement in 1858, consisting of:

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods.
Ladies and Misses trimmed and untrimmed Hats,
Men's and Boy's Hats,
Groceries, Provisions,
Drugs, Oils, Patent Medicines,
Hardware, Tinware,
Crockery, Glassware,
Footwear, Leather,
Shoemakers Findings, Field & Garden Seeds,
Ploughs, Farm Implements,
Sawn Lumber, Window Sashes,
and several HORSES which he will sell at a small advance on cost for cash or exchange for farm produce and farm stock to suit purchasers.

He also offers for sale a lot of land, known as the Frances Baker Farm, rear half of No. 25, in the 3rd range of the township of Litchfield, 100 acres, 60 of which is cleared and in a good state of cultivation with buildings thereon erected. Hand made shingles for sale. Collingwood, May 25th, 1888.

CHEAP RATES
TO ALL POINTS IN
Manitoba & The North West.

Parties who intend emigrating to the North-West this spring, will save time, trouble and money by communicating with the undersigned.

Special Colonist Trains
will run for the accommodation of intending settlers. Dates of departure made known when arranged. Send for rates, pamphlets and full information to

JOHN A. MACDONALD,
C. P. E. TICKET AGENT, ARNPRIOR, ONT.

SUPPLY STORE!

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

POPK, FLOUR, \$1.10 per BN.,
GROCERIES, of all kinds,
TEA, at 20 cents per lb.,
Or, SIX POUNDS for \$1.00.

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
(A Good Suit for \$5.00.)
BOOTS, SHOES,
MOCCASINS
AND SHANTY SUPPLIES
of every kind.

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

DR. FOWLER'S
"EXT. OF"
"WILD"
STRAWBERRY
CURES
HOLERA
holera Morbus
OLIC
RAMPS
DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

TAILORING EMPORIUM.

My Stock has been purchased from the best manufacturers, is excellent in quality and comprises:

French, English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds.

Pantings in great Variety to choose from.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS,
In all lines always in Stock.

Tailoring done on the shortest notice. Prices Right. Call and see.

Portage du Fort, May 1, 1888.
G. A. BURROUGES.

CLARENDON ROLLER Mills.

This mill is now running steadily consequently there is no waiting for grists.

Highest Price Paid for Good Milling Wheat.

Flour and Feed constantly on hand.
James Wilson.
Clarendon, June 12th, 1888.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY;

OR, THE STORY OF A CRIME.

CHAPTER LX.

A little later on that eventful day, when I was most in need of all that your wisdom and kindness could do to guide me, came the telegram which announced that you were helpless under an attack of gout. As soon as I had in some degree overcome my disappointment, I remembered having told Eunece in my letter that I expected her kind old friend to come to us. With the telegram in my hand I knocked softly at Philip's door.

The voice that bade me come in was the gentle voice that I knew so well. Philip was sleeping. There, by his bedside, with his hand resting in her hair, was Eunece, so completely restored to her own sweet self that I could hardly believe in what I had seen, not an hour since. She talked of you, when I showed her your message, with affectionate interest and regret. Look back, my admirable friend, at what I have written on the two or three pages which precede this, and explain the astonishing contrast if you can.

I was left alone to watch by Philip, while Eunece went away to see her father. Soon afterwards, Maria took my place; I had been sent for to the next room to receive the doctor.

He looked careworn and grieved. I said I was afraid he had brought bad news with him.

"The worst possible news," he answered. "A terrible exposure threatens this family, and I am powerless to prevent it."

He then asked me to remember the day when I had been surprised by the singular questions which he had put to me, and when he had engaged to explain himself after he had made some enquiries. Why and how he had set those enquiries on foot was what he had now to tell. I will repeat what he said, in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them. While he was in attendance on Philip he had observed symptoms which made him suspect that digitalis had been given to the young man in doses often repeated. Cases of attempted poisoning by this medicine were so rare that he felt bound to put his suspicions to the test by going round among the chemist's shops—excepting, of course, the shop at which his own prescriptions were made up—and asking if they had lately dispensed any preparation of digitalis, ordered, perhaps in a larger quantity than usual. At the second shop he visited the chemist laughed. "Why, doctor," he said, "have you forgotten your own prescription?" After this the prescription was asked for and produced. It was on the paper used by the doctor—paper which had his address printed at the top, and a notice added, telling patients who came to consult him, for the second time to bring their prescriptions with them. Then there followed in writing: "Tincture of digitalis, one ounce," with his signature at the end, not badly imitated, but a forgery, nevertheless. The chemist noticed the effect which this discovery had produced on the doctor, and asked if that was his signature. He could hardly, as an honest man, have asserted that a forgery was a signature of his own writing. So he made the true reply and asked who had presented the prescription. The chemist called to his assistant to come forward. "Did you tell me that you knew by sight the young lady who brought this prescription?" The assistant admitted it. "Did you tell me she was Miss Helena Graedien?" "I did." "Are you sure of not having made any mistake?" "Quite sure." The chemist then said: "I myself supplied the tincture of digitalis, and the young lady paid for it and took it away with her. You have all the information that I can give you, sir, and I may now ask if you can throw any light on this." Our good friend thought of the poor minister, so sorely afflicted and of the famous name so sincerely respected in the town and in the country round, and said he could not undertake to give an immediate answer. The chemist was excessively angry. "You know as well as I do," he said, "that digitalis, given in certain doses, is a poison, and you cannot deny that I honestly believed myself to be dispensing your prescription. While you are hesitating to give me an answer my character may suffer; I may be suspected, myself. He ended in declaring he should consult his lawyer. The doctor went home and questioned his servant. The man remembered the day of Miss Helena's visit in the afternoon, and the intention that she expressed of waiting for his master's return. He had shown her into the parlor, which opened into the consulting room. No other visitor was in the house at the time or had arrived during the rest of the day. The doctor's own experience, when he got home, led him to conclude that Helena had gone into the consulting room. He had entered that room for the purpose of writing some prescriptions, and had found the leaves of paper that he used diminished in number. After what he had heard, and what he had discovered (to say nothing of what he suspected), it occurred to him to look along the shelves of his medical library. He found a volume, treating of poisons, with a slip of paper used between the leaves, the slip described at the place being digitalis, and the paper used being one of his own prescription papers. "If, as I fear, a legal investigation into Helena's conduct is a possible event," the doctor concluded, "there is the evidence that I shall be obliged to give when I am called as a witness."

It is my belief that I could have felt no greater dismay if the long arm of the law had laid its hold on me while he was speaking. I asked what was to be done.

"If she leaves the house at once," the doctor replied, "she may escape the infamy of being charged with an attempt at murder by poison, and in her absence I can answer for Philip's life. I don't urge you to warn her, because that might be a dangerous thing to do. It is for you to decide, as a member of the family, whether you will run the risk."

I tried to speak to him of Eunece and to tell him what I have already related to yourself. He was in no humor to listen to me. "Keep it for a fitter time," he answered, "and think of what I have just said to you." With that he left me, on his way to Philip's room.

Mental exertion was completely beyond me. Can you understand a poor, middle-aged spinster being frightened into doing a dangerous thing? That may seem to be nonsense. But if you ask why I took a

morsel of paper and wrote the warning which I was afraid to communicate by word of mouth, why I went up stairs with my knees knocking together and opened the door of Helena's room just wide enough to let my hand pass through, why I threw the paper in and banged the door to again and ran down stairs as I have never run since I was a little girl, I can only say in the way of explanation what I have said already; I was frightened into doing it.

What I have written thus far I shall send to you by to-night's post. The doctor came to me, after he had seen Philip and spoken with Eunece. He was in a hurry, as usual. "One of two things," he said, "either that girl is crazy or she is one in a thousand. I shall put off insisting on Philip's removal till to-morrow. A day's delay will tell me if Miss Eunece's sense and courage are to be trusted."

Having no doubt of her sense and courage myself, I was not surprised when those good qualities showed themselves on the doctor's departure.

While I remained at home on the watch, keeping the doors of both rooms locked, Eunece went out to get Philip's medicine. She came back, followed by a boy carrying a portable apparatus for cooking. "All that Philip wants, and all that we want," she explained, "we can provide for ourselves. Give me a morsel of paper to write on."

Unhooking the little pencil attached to her watch chain, she pushed and looked towards the door. "Somebody listening," she whispered. "Let them listen." She wrote a list of necessities, in the way of things to eat and things to drink, and asked me to go out and get them myself. "I don't doubt the servants," she said, "speaking distinctly enough to be heard outside, but I am afraid of what a poisoner's cunning and a poisoner's desperation may do, in a kitchen which is open to her." I went away on my errand, observing no listener on the outside, I need hardly say. On my return, I found the door of communication with Philip's room closed, but no longer locked. "We can now attend on him in turn," she said, "without opening either of the doors which lead into the hall. At night we can relieve each other, and each of us can get sleep as we want it in the large arm chair in the dining room. Philip must be safe under our charge, or the doctor will insist on taking him to the hospital. When we want Maria's help, from time to time, we can employ her under our own superintendence. Have you anything else, Selma, to suggest?"

There was nothing left to suggest. Young and inexperienced as she was, how (I asked) had she contrived to think of all this? She answered simply: "I'm sure I don't know; my thoughts came to me while I was looking at Philip."

Soon afterwards I found an opportunity of inquiring if Helena had left the house. She had just rung her bell, and Maria had found her quietly reading in her room. Hours afterwards, when I was on the watch at night, I heard Philip's door softly tried from the outside. Her dreadful purpose had not been given up, even yet.

It had been a disappointment to me to receive no answer to the telegram which I had sent to Mr. Dunboyne the elder. The next day's post brought the explanation in a letter to Philip from his father, directed to him at the hotel here. This showed that my telegram, giving my address at this house, had not been received. Mr. Dunboyne announced that he had returned to Ireland, finding the air of London unendurable after the sea breezes at home. If Philip had already married his father would leave him to a life of genteel poverty with Helena Graedien. If he had thought better of it his welcome was waiting for him.

Little did Mr. Dunboyne know what changes had taken place since he and his son had last met, and what hopes or right yet present itself of brighter days for poor Eunece! I thought of writing to him, but how would that crabbled old man receive a confidential letter from a lady who was a stranger?

My doubts were set at rest by Philip himself. He asked me to write a few lines in reply to his father declaring that his marriage with Helena was broken off—that he had not given up all hope of being permitted to offer the sincere expression of his penitence to Eunece—and that he would gladly claim his welcome as soon as he was well enough to undertake the journey to Ireland. When he had signed the letter I was so pleased that I made a smart remark. I said, "This is a treaty of peace between father and son."

When the doctor came on the same day and found an improvement in Philip's health he was satisfied. On the day after there was more improvement. He spoke kindly and even gratefully to Eunece. No more allusions to the hospital as a place of safety escaped him. He asked me cautiously for news of Helena. I could only tell him that she had gone out at her customary time and had returned at her customary time. He did not attempt to conceal that my reply had made him uneasy.

"Are you still afraid that a man, successful in poisoning Philip?" I asked.

"I am afraid of her cunning," he answered. "If she is charged with attempting to poison young Dunboyne, she has some system of defense, you may rely on it, for which we are not prepared. There, in my opinion, is the true reason for her extraordinary insensibility to her own danger."

Two more days passed and we were still safe under the protection of lock and key. On the evening of the second day (which was Monday) Maria came to me in great tribulation. On asking what was the matter I received a disquieting reply: "Miss Helena is tempting me. She is so miserable at being prevented from seeing Mr. Philip and helping to nurse him that she is quite distressing to see her. At the same time, miss, it's hard on a poor servant. She asks me to take the key secretly out of the door and lend it to her at night for a few minutes only. I'm really afraid I shall be led into doing it if she goes on persuading me much longer."

I commended Maria for feeling scruples which proved her to be the best of good girls, and promised to relieve her from all fear of future temptation. This was easily done. Eunece kept the key of Philip's door in her pocket, and I kept the key of the dining-room door in mine.

On the next day, a Tuesday in the week, an event took place which Eunece and I viewed with distrust. Early in the afternoon a young man called with a note for Helena. It was to be given to her immediately, and no answer was required.

Maria had just closed the house door, and was on her way up stairs with the letter, when she was called back by another ring at the bell. Our visitor was the doctor, coming to see Philip at the usual hour. He spoke to Maria in the hall.

"I think I see a note in your hand. Was it given to you by the young man who has just left the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"It he's your sweetheart, my dear, I have nothing more to say."

"Good gracious, doctor, how you do talk! I never saw the young man before in my life!"

"In that case, Maria, I will ask you to let me look at the address. Ah! Mischief!"

The moment I heard that I threw open the dining-room door. Curiosity is not easily satisfied. When it hears it wants to see; when it sees it wants to know. Every lady will agree with me in this observation.

"Pray come in," I said.

"One minute, Miss Jillgall. My girl, when you give Miss Helena that note try to get a sly look at it when she opens it, and come and tell me what you have seen." He joined me in the dining room and closed the door. "The other day," he went on, "when I told you what I had discovered in the chemist's shop, I think I mentioned a young man who was called to speak to a question of identity—an assistant who knew Miss Helena G. accedien by sight."

"Yes, yes!"

"That young man left the note which Maria has just taken up stairs."

"Who wrote it, doctor, and what did it say?"

"Questions naturally asked, Miss Jillgall—and not easily answered. Where is Eunece? Her quick wit might help us."

She had gone out to buy some fruit and flowers for Philip.

The doctor accepted his disappointment resignedly. "Let us try what we can do without her," he said. "That young man's master has been in consultation (you may remember why) with his lawyer, and Helena may be threatened by an investigation before the magistrates. If this wild guess of mine turns out to have hit the mark the poisoner up stairs has got a warning."

I asked if the chemist had written the note. Foolish enough of me when I came to think of it. The chemist would scarcely act a friendly part towards Helena when she was answerable for the awkward position in which he had placed himself. Perhaps the young man who had left the warning was also the writer of the warning. The doctor reminded me that he was all but a stranger to Helena. "We are not usually interested," he remarked, "in a person whom we only know by sight."

"Remember that he is a young man, I ventured to say. This was a strong hint, but the doctor failed to see it. He had evidently forgotten his own youth. I made an other attempt.

"And, vice versa Helena is," I continued, "we cannot deny that this disgrace to her sex is a handsome young lady."

He saw it at last. "Woman's wit!" he cried. "You have hit it, Miss Jillgall, the young fool is smitten with her and has given her a chance of making her escape."

"Do you think she will take the chance?"

"For all our sakes, I pray God she may, but I don't feel sure about it."

"Why?"

"In consequence what you and Eunece have done. You have shown your suspicion of her without an attempt to conceal it. If you had put her in prison you could not have more completely defeated an infernal design. Do you think she is likely to submit to that without an effort to be even with you?"

Just as he said those terrifying words Maria came back to us. He asked at once what had kept her so long up stairs.

"Please to let me tell it, sir," she answered. "In my own way. Miss Helena turned as pale as ashes when she opened the letter, and then she took a turn in the room, and then she looked at me with a smile—well, miss, I can only say that I felt that smile in the small of my back. I tried to get to the door. She stopped me. She says: 'Where's Miss Eunece?' I says: 'Gone out.' She says: 'Is there anybody in the drawing room?' I says: 'No, miss.' She says: 'Tell Miss Jillgall I want to speak to her and say I am waiting for the drawing room.' It's every word of it true! And if a poor servant may give an opinion, I don't like the look of it."

The doctor dismissed Maria. "Whatever it is," he said to me, "you must go and hear it."

I am not a courageous woman; I expressed myself as being willing to go to her if the doctor went with me. He said that was impossible; she would probably refuse to speak before any witnesses and certainly before him. But he promised to look after Philip in my absence, and to wait below if it really so happened that I wanted him. I need only ring the bell and he would come to me the moment he heard it. Such kindness as this roused my courage, I suppose. At any rate I went up stairs.

She broke out suddenly with what she had to say: "I won't allow this state of things to go on any longer. My horror of exposure which will disgrace the family has kept me silent, wrongly silent, so far. Philip's life is in danger. I am forgetting my duty to my affianced husband if I allow myself to be kept away from him any longer. Open those locked doors, I say, or you will both of you—you the accomplice, she the wretch who directs you—repent it to the end of your lives."

In my own mind I asked myself if she had gone mad. But I only answered: "I don't understand you."

She said again: "You are Eunece's accomplice."

"Accomplice in what?" I asked.

She turned her head slowly and faced me. I shrank from looking at her.

"All the circumstances prove it," she went on. "I have supplanted Eunece in Philip's affection. She was once engaged to marry him. I am engaged to marry him now. She is resolved that he shall never make me his wife. He will die if I delay any longer. He will die if I don't crush her, like the reptile she is. She comes here—and what does she do? Keeps him prisoner under her own superintendence. Who gets his medicine? She gets it. Who cooks his food? She

cooks it. The doors are locked. I might be a witness of what goes on, and I am kept out. The servants who ought to wait on him are kept out; she can do what she likes with him; she can do what she likes with his food; she is infuriated with him for deserting her and promising to marry me. Give him back to my care or, dreadful as it is to denounce my own sister, I shall claim protection from the magistrate."

I lost all fear of her; I stepped close up to the place at which she was standing; I cried out: "Of what, in God's name, do you accuse your sister?"

She answered: "I accuse her of poisoning Philip Dunboyne."

I ran out of the room; I rushed headlong down the stairs. The doctor heard me and came running into the hall. I caught hold of him like a mad woman. "Eunece! My breath was gone; I could only say 'Eunece!'"

He dragged me into the dining room. There was wine on the side-board which he ordered mediocally for Philip. He forced me to drink some of it. It ran through me like fire; it helped me to speak. "Now tell me," he said; "what has she done to Eunece?"

"She brings a horrible accusation against her," I answered.

"What is the accusation?"

He looked me through and through. "Take care!" he said. "No hysterics, no exaggeration. You may lead to dreadful consequences if you are not sure of yourself. If it's really true, say it again."

I said it again—quietly this time. These gentle, sweet-tempered men are dreadful when they are once roused. meant to have repeated to him what passed upstairs. There was a fury in his face that burned up the words on my lips. He snatched his hat off the hall table, "What are you going to do?" I asked, "My duty."

He was out of the house before I could speak to him again.

Emperor Frederick's Diary.

The published diary of Emperor Frederick may have very important and far-reaching effects. It may accomplish more than the writer ever dreamed of, more than he could have effected by a life and reign of many years. It appeals to the imagination. It is likely to go to the popular heart. It will draw the French to the memory of the man, but it will embitter them vastly toward his country and toward his son. It may very possibly precipitate the very thing he wished to prevent and bring on that very torrent of blood and tears which he would willingly have given his life to stay. Of course there are and there will be denials, accusations of forgery, and general denunciations of falsehood. But the fact that such a diary was actually prepared, is not likely to be called in question and if there are twelve copies of it in existence it is not likely that any misrepresentations or mutilations will long be permitted to remain uncorrected. Bismarck and his sympathizers will be bound to show what is the true if they persist in saying that what is published is the false, and if even the main scope of the document is found to be genuine what a ferment it will cause! Was there or was there not a proposal in 1871 to partition France? Was there or was there not a proposal to arrange for a united crusade against England? Any quantity of such questions will be asked, and answered how they may they can scarcely help creating confusion, suspicion and ill-feeling, unless it can be proved that the whole thing is a forgery from beginning to end, and even then the tracing of the suspicion may lead to the most awkward complications. In the meantime the Liberals of Germany may take the diary as their platform and may swear by Frederick as if he were the very John the Baptist of Germanic enfranchisement. It will have more effect upon them than even had Caesar's Testament upon the Roman *conculite*. It will find its way some how or other into every German home. It may be the rallying cry in a great war at once of opinion and blows. How the new "war chief" and his illustrious mother may henceforth stand to each other, may not easily be foreshadowed. It is very evident that the dowager Empress is too marked an individuality to allow herself to be effaced, and when mother and son have both pretty decided wills of their own, there may be fun before all the play is played out between them. It would be rather indecorous in these days for the mother to go to prison by order of her own boy. But such a thing is not impossible in the hurly-burly of conflicting interests and amid the embittered feelings which larger hostility may provoke. Decidedly the whole European horizon becomes equally and is threateningly overcast, and some comparatively insignificant occurrence may let loose the tempest and precipitate the long expected deluge.

Where She Had Him.

Wife—"The Bible says much in favor of women, John. I thought that the Israelites kept their women in the background, but if they did the Bible which is their history doesn't."

Husband—"Humph! The Israelites did well by keeping their women in the background; that's where women should be."

Wife—"But still the Bible says that—"

H.—"Oh, I know there are a few women mentioned in the Bible—there was Jezebel, she was a woman."

Wife—"Yes and there was Abah; he was a man. And there was—"

H.—"It is no use talking, Mary. The Bible is a history of men. Women are mentioned only incidentally, as they had influence on the actions of men. The book says very little about women compared to what it does about men."

Wife—"(miserably)—"You may be right after all, John, now when I come to think of it. There is one thing, at any rate, it says about men that it does not say about women."

H. (smiling)—"I thought you would come to your senses, Mary. What is it the book says about men that it doesn't say about women?"

Wife. (placidly)—"It says 'All men are liars.'"

Then the husband arose and put on his hat and went out to see what kind of a night it was.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Picking up a five cent piece lying on the acorn, the tuner said: "Here is something, too, I find as well as rats' nests and the work of children. To be sure money is not found frequently, especially in any considerable amount, but the finding of two fat pocketbooks and a ten dollar gold piece I will never forget. The gold had been placed in the piano for safe keeping by a young lady, and its hiding place forgotten, and my finding it, of course, made the owner happy. The bringing to light of one of the pocketbooks made me \$50 richer, that being a present from its loser. It had been missing for a year, and contained \$600. Detectives had been hunting for thieves who, it was supposed, had stolen the money. The discovery of the pocketbook brought back the recollection that it had been laid on the top lid of an upright piano, and that it had no doubt fallen in the inside, where I had found it."

"Instead of getting a reward I came near being arrested, and perhaps sentenced to a term of imprisonment for finding the purse." Its contents were over \$200, and like the other one, having been carelessly left on top of the instrument, it fell inside. Being missed while I was in the house, and the owner of the money a country justice, remembering where he had laid it, suspicion rested on me as the one who had taken it. When I remarked the mysterious actions of the justice, his wife and two daughters, he told me of his loss and what he suspected, and threatened my arrest unless the money was immediately produced. It was a bad predicament to be in, and what to do puzzled me. The finding of the other pocketbook flashed across my mind. I suggested a search in the interior of the piano, and there it was found to my joy. The old man took it without as much as saying "Thank you," and to this day I think he holds the opinion that I hid it away in the piano."

The Hudson Bay Railroad.

Though only a few miles of the Hudson Bay Railroad have yet been graded and the project is hardly beyond the stage of discussion, there is no doubt that the road will be attempted. The company has been skimming at Ottawa to secure more favorable concessions, though the Government has already offered 7,000,000 acres of land as a subsidy. The Dominion recently proposed some additional concessions provided the road be completed within a certain time, but the company asserted that a longer period was necessary to connect Winnipeg with Fort Churchill by a line 700 miles long, and there the matter rests for the present.

The friends of the enterprise seem to be greatly encouraged by the opinion of Commodore A. H. Markham, the well-known Arctic traveler, who accompanied the last Alert expedition through Hudson Strait in 1856. His own investigations and his study of the ice conditions in the strait for over a century, as shown in the records of the Hudson Bay Company, have fully convinced him that for properly constructed steamers navigation through Hudson Strait is feasible for between three and four months every summer. He advocates the building of the railroad to connect with a line of steamers designed to navigate amid heavy floating ice, and he estimates that a route to Liverpool would save the freight of the Canadian Northwest in freight charges about \$3 on all cattle exported, and sevenpence on every bushel of wheat shipped.

Sir Charles Tupper, in a recent speech before the Royal Geographical Society, asserted that the Canadian Pacific Railroad was not hostile to the proposed new route to England, partly because one railroad cannot possibly handle all the produce of this great northwestern granary when its resources are further developed, and partly because it owns 14,000,000 acres of wheat lands that will be greatly enhanced in value by additional transit facilities to Europe. He said he had no hesitation in asserting that the railroad would be built.

Our Consul at Winnipeg, Mr. Taylor, who has lived in the Canadian northwest for twenty years, and has an intimate knowledge of the country, recently expressed the opinion that of the remaining undeveloped wheat fields of North America three fourths lie north of the boundary line. When we consider that although this great northwestern region is still in the early stages of its development it produced last year 16,000,000 bushels of grain, we can appreciate the enormous advantage it would be to its farmers if even for only three or four months a year they could shorten their export route to Europe by over 4,000 miles as compared with more southerly outlets through this country. But will the scheme work?—New York Sun.

A Piano Tuner Talks.

"Look out for that rat!" was the exclamation of a piano tuner to a reporter, a few days ago as he stood watching him take a piano to pieces. The words had barely been said when a large, lean rat jumped out of the instrument and scampered across the room and out of an open door. While he was dexterously removing the rat's nest from inside the piano the reporter asked if rats were usually part and parcel of pianos. The tuner remarked that while probably two thirds of the instruments in residences were free from the rodents, the other third were infested with them, at least that had been his experience during twenty years of his life. Those in the country, especially in well-to-do farmers' houses, were generally infested by rats, and in dozens of cases fully half a bushel of small scraps of paper that had been discovered. The paper and the nest were not so bad, but rats very frequently did the instrument much damage. Rats play havoc with the felts in the action, and he had repaired pianos where the felts had all been eaten away. Occasionally a hungry rat is discovered that shows fight, and the wielding of a broomstick, with the accompanying screaming by the women folk, is necessary to get rid of the animal.

Children oftentimes cause pianos to get out of order, but while the trouble caused by them is usually quickly repaired there are times when they do more damage than rats. Left alone in the room with an open instrument the spirit of mischief comes over them, and a cane or a book is poked in under or among the strings. The owner returns to play on the piano, and then finds it at sixes and sevens. As everything was all right but a few minutes before the cause of the trouble cannot be understood, and then there is bluster about the house. Should the piano be a new one the maker is blamed, the instrument is condemned, and a sharp letter is forwarded to the seller. The repairer with fear and trembling hastens to the scene, the trouble is found, and after apologies, the whipping of the small boy who did the mischief, and the payment of the bill for repairs, the piano is left to its fate.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Twenty-one crocodiles, from five to six feet long, recently escaped into the river Elbe, at Hamburg, and none of them have been recaptured.

The Connecticut State prison at Westfield contains two wife murderers. One of them, Jake Brown, has been in the prison only a year, has gone crazy brooding over the crime.

S. F. Shaw of Dixon, Cal., lost his way when hunting for his cow, and was three days without food in a very rough country.

John Kaufman of Brazil, Ind., who died suddenly the other day, had a most curious mania for stealing women's shoes.

The youngest millionaire in Chicago is Cyrus H. McCormick, who is only 29 and is at the head of the extensive reaper manufactory founded by his father.

The "silent Von Molke" was at all silent at home. He is, on the contrary, a charming, lively and amiable companion.

It is related of Prince Bismarck that while inspecting the harvest work on his fields not long since two of the reaping women, following an old custom, seized him and bound him with bands made of straw.

The old tragedy of the bull and locomotive was enacted near St. John, N. B., the other day. A huge bull strayed on the Grand Southern Railway just as a locomotive drawing a picnic train appeared in sight.

There are on exhibition in the rooms of the State Mining Bureau at San Francisco four "dedicated human bodies" that were found by Signor S. Marchetti in a sealed cavern at an elevation of 4,000 feet on the eastern side of the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico.

At Vienna a short time ago it was estimated that the world's crop would be largely deficient, and now Beerbohm confirms the prediction by another estimate to the effect that the crop will be 164,800,000 bushels less than that of last year.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway Company announces a series of harvest excursions to points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, for which tickets will be sold, September 11th, September 25th, October 9th, and October 23rd.

Oh, Canada! The haddeek's feet are on thy shore, Canada, my Canada! The halibut is at the door, Canada, my Canada!

"Mamma, dear," said Janet, "at what time in the day was I born?" "At two o'clock in the morning," "And at what time was I born?" asked Jack.

MEN TALKED ABOUT.

P. T. Barnum has decided to convert his handsome residence, "Waldemere," into a seminary for young ladies.

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My love was like a lily fair, Low drooping in the salty air, My heart was rent with grief and I loved her well.

It is predicted that Montana will produce gold, silver and copper this year to the value of \$40,000,000.

The Apex Refining Company has recently been chartered at Buffalo, N. Y., with a capital of \$250,000.

The only reliable cure for catarth is Dr. Sage's Catarth Remedy.

Agents: UNEMPLOYED! We handle only standard specialties, of which no other firm has a right to sell in Canada.

Toronto Business College—Book-keeping, Arithmetic and Practical Business.

Canadian Business University, Public Library Building, Toronto.

H. Williams & Co., Slaters & Roofers, Manufacturers and Dealers in Roofing Felt.

Artificial Limbs, For circulars, address J. DOAN & CO., Toronto, Ont.

Sunday School Libraries, Schools desiring to replenish their stock should send for our Catalogues of S. S. Library and Prize Books.

The Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company of Canada, Consulting Engineers and Solicitors of Patents.

Merchants, Butchers, and Traders generally, We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up CALFSKINS.

Self-threading Needles, Novelty Out! Instantly threaded without passing thread through the eye.

H. P. Davies, Successor to CHAS. ROBINSON & CO RUDGE & COLUMBIA BICYCLES.

Second Hand Machines at Reduced Prices, 22 Church St., Toronto.

Bronchitis Cured, After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

The Winter after the great fire in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every Winter South.

Harvest Excursion to Minnesota, Dakota and Montana, First class accommodation. Tickets good for 30 days.

Opposition is what we want, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

Admiral Krantz, the French Minister of Marine, declares he will not agree to additional reductions in the naval budget.

PAIN'S CELESTINE COMPOUND ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON THE NERVES, THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS. Why Are We Sick? Because we allow the nerves to remain weakened and irritated, and these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

Safes! FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF, and Vault Doors, kept constantly in stock. A number of Second-hand Safes at low prices. J. & T. TAYLOR, Toronto Safe Works.

Leather Belting, BEST VALUE IN THE DOMINION. F. E. DIXON & CO, MAKERS, 70 KING ST. E., TORONTO. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

Stained Glass, FOR CHURCHES, DWELLINGS, AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS. M'CAUSLAND & SON, 74 King St. W., Toronto.

Loan & Savings Company, INCORPORATED 1855. Head Office: Toronto St., Toronto. Subscribed Capital, \$4,500,000. Paid Up Capital, 2,500,000. Total Assets, 10,000,000.

Now that the Cool Autumn Days Have come, every one feels the want of a WARMING, INVIGORATING BEVERAGE, and this want is fully supplied by JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

There are many imitations of "Peerless" Machine Oil, but none equal it in lubricating properties. FARMERS, MILLERS, etc., find none equal to the GENUINE Peerless made by SAMUEL ROGERS & CO., TORONTO.

Confederation Life Association, Capital and Funds now over \$3,000,000. HEAD OFFICE, 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, On a Home Company, Established October, 1871.

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Young Men SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse of over work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. LUBON'S Treatise on the Diseases of Men.

Toronto College of Music and Organ School, Thorough instruction in every branch of Music, Vocal, Instrumental and Theoretical, by exceptionally well qualified teachers.

THE TORONTO SILVER PLATE CO, Manufacturers of the High Grade of SILVER-PLATED WARES. TRADE MARK.

LADIES' Dress and Mantle Cutting by this new and improved TAILORS' SQUARE. Satisfaction guaranteed to teach ladies the full art of cutting all garments worn by dress and children.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships, Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland.

Nervous Debility, DR. GRAY'S Specific has been used for the last fifteen years, with great success, in the treatment of nervous debility, and all diseases arising from excesses, over-worked brain, loss of vitality, ringing in the ears, palpitation, etc.

1000 PRESENTS, TO FIRST APPLYING, WHILE THEY LAST. We will send by mail an appropriate gift to each maiden, wife, mother or cook—one to a family—who will try the BREADMAKER'S BAKING POWDER.

Now that the Cool Autumn Days Have come, every one feels the want of a WARMING, INVIGORATING BEVERAGE, and this want is fully supplied by JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

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Pyke's Shirts

ARE THE BEST. TRY THEM.
99 SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA, ONT.

American :: Market.

10,000 POUNDS OF
GOOD BUTTER Wanted.

ANY QUANTITY
**GRAIN,
HAY, Etc.**

After considering carefully, in the interest of farmers, we have completed arrangements with an American firm, in Boston, to furnish them, if possible, with 5,000 or 10,000 pounds of Good Butter, etc. We are thus prepared to pay high prices for good articles, and also to give extra bargains in all lines of goods. Do not delay, but rush at this great opportunity.

Remember, this is the first time in the history of Shawville anything of the kind has been given, and we expect you will embrace the opportunity.

Ross Bros., Shawville.

JAMES HODGINS & SON.

Tweeds. Tweeds. Tweeds.

We have on hand a large and well-assorted Stock of
WORSTEDS, SUITINGS and CANADIAN Tweeds,
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

OUR
Tailoring Department

is in full blast and we are prepared to turn out work in the best style and on short notice.

All work we guarantee a perfect fit. **PRICES RIGHT.**

A LARGE LOT OF READY-MADE OVERCOATS
FOR SALE CHEAP.

James Hodgins & Son.

THE ARGYLE HOUSE:- AYLMER, P. Q.

THE DWELLING HOUSE OF Dr. J. H. I. which has been renovated and refitted and opened out as a comfortable Resort and Boarding House, where the travelling public will find the best accommodation and attention. Mrs. GEORGE AYLMER, late of the "Boqueron," Ottawa, has the management.
Aylmer, July 12, 1887.

Ottawa - Hotel, Portage du Fort, Q.

The undersigned having leased the above hotel for a term of years, would invite to the public that he is prepared to offer the most complete accommodation to the travelling public. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and the table will be found second to none in the county. Special inducements to the commercial trade.
THOMAS SOMERVILLE.
14-y.
Sept. 11, 1888.

Farm for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale Lot 25, in the 5th range of the Township of Clarendon, containing 200 acres and situated one half mile from Clarke's Station on the P. & O. Railway. There are about seventy-five acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The premises are well watered and a good house, barns and stable are erected thereon. The inducements are for further particulars apply to the owner.
GEO. H. KEMP.
Clarendon, Aug. 25, 1887.

Another Chance

—FOR—

BARGAINS!

Bryson, Graham & Co. have bought the Stock of A. Lefebvre, 273 and 275 Wellington Street, at 50c. on the \$. The Stock has been removed to their stores on Sparks street where the sale has commenced.

BRYSON, GRAHAM & CO.
148, 150, 152 & 154 SPARKS STREET, Ottawa.

FALL GOODS!

**510 1/2 Sussex St.,
OTTAWA, ONT.**

The Popular Tailoring and Clothing Emporium.

**ALL LINES FULL IN
ENGLISH, SCOTCH, FRENCH AND CANADIAN
CLOTHS.**

READY-MADE CLOTHING. GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING.
Suits from \$6.00 upwards. A Large and Varied Stock.

Suits made on shortest notice and sent to any address.

J. M. QUINN.

S. McNALLY & SONS, OF CAMPBELL'S BAY,

Having made sundry improvements in their premises recently, are in a position to deal with customers on the most satisfactory terms.

In Dry Goods

Will be found a full assortment. All lines carefully selected.

In Groceries

The stock is complete, the articles are No. 1 and prices away down.

In Hardware

An extensive variety of articles including harvesting implements.

In Patent Medicines

All the standard and new preparations including Peaine's Celery Compound.

Boots and Shoes.

Boots and Shoes.

Eddy's Superior Paper Tubs and Pails.

If Customers do not see what they require they are requested to ask for it.

All kinds of Farmers' Produce, Live Stock, &c., traded in.

S. McNALLY & SONS,
CAMPBELL'S BAY and CALUMET ISLAND.

July 12, 1888.

1872. . . ESTABLISHED . . . 1872.

THOMAS MORAN,

MERCHANT:-:-TAILOR,

COBB STREET, BRYSON, P. Q.

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

—A GREAT VARIETY OF—

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

Good Suits from Ten Dollars and upwards!

THOMAS MORAN.

Bryson, June, 1888