

THE EQUITY.

VOL. VI.

BRYSON, COUNTY OF PONTIAC, QUE., JULY 12, 1888.

No. 5

Professional Cards.

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

H. GAUTHIER, M.D., Graduate of Victoria College, has established himself at Fort Coulonge and has his office in Morissette's Hotel.

MALCOLM McLEOD, B.A., Advocate, &c., for Province of Quebec and Supreme and Exchequer Courts, Ottawa. Parliamentary Practice. Office—86 Wellington Street Ottawa.

CRUICKSHANK & ELLIOT,
ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, &c., 90 St. James St., Montreal.

HENRY AYLEN, LL.M.
BARRISTER & C., &c.,
AYLMER - - - - 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.

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BARRISTER OF SUPERIOR COURT, Collector for Quebec and Ontario. Office No. 134, Main Street, Hull, P. Q.

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Billiard Room Attached.
Jan. 27, '87.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT. Accounts collected and prompt returns guaranteed.
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Ottawa June 1, 1888.

LOCAL NEWS.

Some farmers commenced cutting their hay on Monday. The crop is exceptionally light this season.

Mr. P. McCabe, the well-known miller, has leased the Grand Marais mill from Dr. Purvis.

The berry crop this year will be very slim, the drought having played havoc with it.

A circus is billed for Shawville on the 12th of July. It is just fourteen years since an enterprise of this kind invaded Pontiac.

We notice the Quinn boys—John and Dan—of Vinton, took a fair share of prizes for athletic sports at the Renfrew celebration on the 2nd inst.

A piece of bark is on exhibition at the C. P. R. office, Ottawa, from a California tree said to be 500 feet high, 150 feet in circumference and 45 feet in diameter.

Mrs. John Murphy, relict of the late John Murphy, (at one time jailor of Aylmer) and mother of Capt. John L. Murphy, died at Montreal on Monday of last week, aged 82 years.

A large cow moose with calf following was seen on the bank of the river a few miles above here last week. She took the water on the opposite side some distance above and swam down to Grand Rocher.

A number of Canadian settlers in Dakota have purchased farms in Southern Manitoba. High taxes, exorbitant railway freights and cyclones have driven them to the prairie province.

We note with pleasure the marriage of Mr. W. J. Johnston, of Arnprior, to Miss Carrie Colburn of Manlin, N. Y. The happy event took place at the bride's parental home on the 28th ultimo.

Mr. Jas. Hartney, late of Arnprior, has beaten the Aetna Insurance Co. again. The latter made a motion to have the judgment given by Judge Rose in Hartney's favor set aside, but failed, and had to pay costs.

The P. D. Fort people believe firmly that they will get their projected branch railway. In the list of the subsidies granted by the Quebec government to railways published in another column, the P. D. Fort and Bristol line does not appear.

The drought has very much retarded the growth of spring crops. It is now certain that hay in this county will be very light and in most places not more than half what it was last year. Even on low lands growth has been almost entirely suspended.

Mr. John and G. H. Brabazon left for the North-West on Thursday last, where they go to perform a survey some distance west of Calgary. Mr. Wm. Somerville and Mr. T. McTiernan accompanied them as part of the staff which will be completed when they reach Calgary.

Isidore Carriere, a man who is charged with committing a murderous assault on a neighbour in Marchand Township, 135 miles north of Hull, has been arrested and conveyed to Aylmer. He was arrested 90 miles north of Marchand, and the expense of bringing him to Aylmer has been \$114.

One Doyle of Admaston, near Renfrew, is in jail awaiting the outcome of a murderous assault made on a neighbor, Mrs. McIntyre, with whom he had an altercation over an obstruction on a disputed roadway. Doyle hammered the woman over the head with a hardwood club, and she is not expected to recover.

Mr. William Wallace deposited a charge of buckshot in the body of a large bear on Thursday last, as the animal was standing on the railway track, a short distance from the big cut. His bearship escaped capture. Bears have been seen frequently in the locality mentioned during the present summer.

The general impression is that the crops in this section will be very poor. The drought has been so intense and protracted that there seems little hope of their recuperating now, even should a season of wet weather set in. Farmers are talking of attaching bags to their reaping machines in which to catch the products of their fields, as binding will be out of the question.

Just after the first heat in the free for all at Lansdowne park, Ottawa, on the 2nd inst., an accident occurred which it seems almost miraculous did not result in great loss of life. A portion of the grand stand, on which there were about 300 people, fell, and men, women and children were buried in the heap of ruins. Although a large number received slight injuries, only two or three are seriously injured and none fatally.

A melancholy drowning accident occurred at Peche, on the Gatineau River, on Monday, by which Miss Annie Stewart, aged 19, daughter of Mr. Thos. Stewart, of the firm of Messrs. Stewart & Fleck, of Ottawa, lost her life. It seems that deceased, with some friends, were spending the day at a picnic in the neighborhood of Peche, and during the afternoon Miss Stewart went for a canoe ride with a young man named Harry Cooch, an Ottawa letter carrier. While passing through an eddy the canoe capsized, and Miss Stewart disappeared before she could be rescued by Mr. Cooch. The sad accident has cast a gloom over the large circle of friends of Miss Stewart who was a general favorite.

The ratepayers of Arnprior rejected the by-law to raise \$12,000 for the erection of a new town hall.

Fires are said to be raging on several of the limits in the Upper Ottawa region. The Gilmour limits in the rear of this county are also said to be suffering from the same destructive agency.

The ladies' "leap year privilege" took its origin in the following manner:—By an ancient Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed about 1228, it was ordained that "during the reign of her blessed Majesty—Margaret—every maiden lady of both high and low degree shall have liberty to speak to the man she likes. If he refuses to take her to be his wife, he shall be mulct the sum of £100 or less, as his estate may be, except and always if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to another woman, then he shall be free."

That is to Be.

The citizens of Portage du Fort have taken preliminaries to hold a demonstration on Thursday the 26th of this month. A committee has been appointed and a good programme of sports has been drafted for the occasion. An advertisement giving particulars of the proposed event will be found in another column of this issue, and the public may keep its eye open for posters in a day or two.

A Fine Raft.

Messrs. Hale & Booth's raft, manufactured on the Amable du Fond, arrived here early on Friday morning, and was safely over the slides by noon the following day. The raft contains 99 cribs of white pine, of exceptionally good quality, being large and well-made. Forty per cent of the raft is board timber, of 81 feet average; the remainder—60 per cent.—gives an average of 66.09 feet, or an average all round of 72 feet. Competent judges say this raft is the finest that has gone down the Ottawa for twenty years past. Mr. Thomas Hale has charge.

A Terrible Tragedy.

Richmond, Que., July 4.—A thrill of horror was felt in this community this morning at the report that a foul murder had been committed in the usually quiet village of Danville. The body of Miss Lilly Powell, daughter of the Rev. F. Powell, of this place was found last evening in a pond at Danville and there was unmistakable evidence of a murder having been committed. It appears from the evidence adduced at the inquest that the young girl was living at a farm house about three miles from the village and was returning from the Salvation army meeting on Monday evening alone and at a late hour and was murdered and her body thrown into the pond. No trace of the perpetrator of the terrible crime has yet been found. The affair following so closely upon the fatal runaway at Danville has cast a deep gloom over the entire community.

Perished in the Flames.

The frame house of George Dobbs, located seven miles from Sault Ste. Marie on the Canadian side of the river, was burned early on Friday morning last. George Dobbs, aged 72; David Merrifield, 21; Alice Thomson, 9, and another child perished in the flames. The fire started from a snudge, and when discovered by Mrs. Dobbs, who is 70 years old, was beyond control. Mr. Dobbs quickly awoke her husband and Mr. Merrifield and descended to the lower floor. While groping about in the stifling smoke she stumbled and fell through a trap-door into the cellar; and from there made her escape to the open air. The two men, unable to find any means of exit, fell back into the flames and were consumed. The children were asleep in another part of the house and were suffocated. The woman, who had no time to put on any clothing, lay exposed to the chilly air till morning, when her cries attracted the attention of a neighbor. There is little hope for her recovery.

How Celluloid is Made.

Most celluloid is made in France, and this is the process of manufacture: A roll of paper is slowly unwound, and the same is saturated with a mixture of five parts of sulphuric acid, which falls upon the paper in a fine spray. This changes the cellulose of the paper into proxyline (gun cotton). The excess of the acid having been expelled by pressure, the paper is washed with plenty of water until all traces of acid have been removed. It is then reduced to pulp and passes on to the bleaching trough. It is the gun cotton that gives it explosive nature. Most of the water having been got rid of by means of a strainer, the pulp is mixed with from twenty to forty per cent. of its weight of camphor, and the moisture thoroughly triturated under mill stones. The necessary coloring having been added in the form of powder, a second mixture and grinding follows. The pulp is spread out in thin slabs which are squeezed in a hydraulic press until they are as dry as chips. Then they are rolled in heating rollers and come out in elastic sheets. They are from that point worked up into every conceivable form. You get celluloid cuffs, collars, hair-pins, shirt fronts, cravats, penholders, brushes and combs, ink stands, jewelry and everything else almost that you can imagine.

A Bryson Boy's Success.

We observe with much pleasure that at the recent closing exercises of the Detroit College, Mr. Thomas M. McVeigh,—whose educational advancement we have noted from time to time—has graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Mr. McVeigh delivered a brilliant oration on the occasion, the subject being "True Greatness." Among other marks of distinction he merited the gold medal for the best historical essay.

Coulonge Notes.

Mrs. John Bryson and Miss Bella Bryson left for Caledonia Springs on Saturday. Mrs. A. Colton and her daughter left for the same popular resort on Monday.

The stone work of Hon. George Bryson's new residence is completed. Mr. John Fumerton has gone to Caledonia for a short time where he will be engaged in connection with the lumber business.

Miss White, who has been visiting here for some time past, left for her home in Montreal on Tuesday.

Mr. Brady, of Eardley, has purchased the property lately occupied by Mr. E. Davis, where he purposes running a livery business.

A new wire fence has taken the place of the old wooden one enclosing the R. C. church.

The Hamilton Limits.

One of the largest limit sales ever held in Ottawa took place at the Russell house last Friday when the Hamilton estate was offered. The property consisted of a mill at Hawkesbury, limits on the Gatineau and tributaries and the Demoine and tributaries, farms at Hawkesbury and on the Gatineau. About two hundred lumber kings were present and aggregate wealth was estimated at from \$80,000,000 to \$100,000,000. The first lot was the Gatineau limits, 934 square miles, which were bought by W. C. Edwards for \$128,000, and for a limit about fifth, \$2,000, the worth of plant and supplies to be taken at a valuation. The second lot, 751 square miles on the Dumoine, after a very lively bidding, was knocked down to H. K. Egan for \$396,000, exclusive of plant and supplies, worth about \$30,000, to be taken at valuation. No bid was made for the Hawkesbury mill and all the other property was withdrawn on account of the low prices offered. The Dumoine limit is said to have been bought by Mr. Egan for a syndicate composed of himself, Hiram Robinson, Robert Blackburn and W. R. Thistle.

Personal.

Mr. P. G. Nash, of Ottawa, spent a day or two with his friends in Bryson this week.

Mr. G. A. Burroughs, and his sister-in-law, Miss Keyes, were in the village on Tuesday last.

Messrs. Donald McLeod and John McMullin were away last week visiting their relatives in Glengary. Mr. Charlton, an official of the Provincial Government, whose business is to supervise the expenditure of colonization moneys, and discharge the duties of chief forest ranger, was in Pontiac this week. On Sunday last he was the guest of Mr. Wm. Clarke, C. L. A.

Mr. James Russell passed through here on Monday morning on his way from the Lawn mine where operations for the present have been suspended. The men and plant from the silver mine are to be transferred to the iron mine in Bristol recently purchased by Mr. Russell. A quantity of silver ore for assaying purposes has been shipped.

A party consisting of Miss White, of Montreal, Miss Maggie Bryson, of Fort Coulonge, Miss Emma Clarke, of Clarke's Station, Dr. Hurdman of Bryson, and others, visited the Calumet on Friday afternoon to watch the timber running the slides and rapids and to view the beautiful scenery surrounding this portion of the Ottawa. The afternoon was very hot, but the ladies felt fully recompensed for any inconvenience they suffered from this source by the magnificent sights—nature's handiwork in diversified form—which they saw.

Railway Subsidies.

Quebec, 6th.—The Government resolution to grant one-third of the cost of survey for the Quebec bridge across the St. Lawrence passed at midnight in the Legislative Assembly provided said surveys do not exceed \$30,000. All other railway grants as proposed passed also, viz:—

- To the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, \$10,000 and 30,000 acres land.
- To the Montreal and Chaplain Junction Railway, \$150,000.
- To the Beauharnois Junction Railway, \$55,000 and 50,000 acres.
- To the Montreal and Lake Maskinonge Railway, \$5,000 per mile and 5,000 acres.
- To the Pontiac and Pacific Railway, \$6,000 per mile. To the Montreal and Western Railway additional of \$1,000 and 1,000 acres for 30 miles, and \$5,000 acres for a further forty miles.
- To the Great Eastern Railway, \$4,000 per mile.
- To the Montreal and Sorel Railway, \$2,500 per mile.
- To the Great Northern Railway, \$4,000 acres per mile.
- To the Three Rivers and Northwestern

Railway, 10,000 acres per mile.

To the United Counties Railway, 5,000 acres per mile.

To the Quebec and Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway, an additional sum of \$4,000 per mile.

To the Ottawa and Gatineau Valley Railway, \$5,161 per mile.

To the Temiscouata Railway 10,000 acres additional to frontier of New Brunswick.

To the Vaudreuil and Prescott Railway 10,000 acres per mile.

To the Hereford Railway 4,000 acres.

To the Long Sault and Lake Temiscamingue \$3,200 per mile.

To the Baie des Chaleurs Railway a certain grant.

POLITICAL AND OTHER NOTES.

The death is announced of Mr. Wilmot, M. P. P., for Frontenac, and Mr. Bloudeau, ex-M. P. P. for Kamouraska.

Hon. Dr. Lavallee has been acquitted of the charge made against him of having aided one Manseau in obtaining Government money under false pretences.

It is now said that Mr. John Haggard, M. P. for South Lanark is to be the next Post-master General. The rumor, however, has not as yet been authenticated by Government newspapers.

"Boston" O'Brien, at one time a runner of some repute, and an individual well-known to the police of Ottawa, was shot in Dakota recently while attempting to rob a German.

In June 1,881 immigrants settled in Manitoba and the North-West, being the largest number in June for many years. The weather continues propitious and the crops are growing wonderfully.

Montreal, 8th.—A sad fatality occurred in Montreal last evening. Four Jesuit Fathers were enjoying a sail on the river and when near Victoria Bridge the boat upset. The Rev. Father Dagu was drowned, but the others were saved. The affair has cast quite a gloom over the priests and students in St. Mary's College here.

The Democrats have made a discovery which is calculated to have much influence on the result of the Presidential election. They find that Harrison's name spelled backwards makes "No, sirrah!" and this is supposed to be conclusive as to the answer to the Republican candidate's appeal to the people of the United States.

Rev. Father Turgeon, superior of the Jesuits, has left for Rome to receive from the Pope necessary instructions as to the disposition of the \$400,000 voted by the Legislature for the settlement of the Jesuit estates question. It is supposed that the visit to Europe of Mgr. Paquette, who sailed recently by the steamship Oregon, is also in connection with this matter.

Mr. Champagne, of the law firm of Rochon & Champagne of Hull, says the Gilmour-Paradis case, which was expected to come before the Privy Council about the end of June, has been postponed and the 10th of August is now named as the date for the hearing of the case. Mr. Rochon will go to England as counsel for Rev. Father Paradis. It is not definitely known yet whether any of the witnesses in connection with the case will be taken to England.

Ten supporters of Mr. Greenway's Government were elected by acclamation at the nominations held throughout the Province of Manitoba on Wednesday last. Their names are,—Greenway, Mountain; Martin, Portage la Prairie; Meikle, Birtle; Young, Killarney; Gilley, Cartier; Winram, Manitoba; Coleough, St. Andrews; Martin, Morris; Lawrence, Morden; Roblin, Dufferin. Smith, an Independent was elected for Springfield. There will be contests in the remaining constituencies.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State, after visiting Sherbrooke, leaves for Boston. He takes the steamer for Yarmouth, N. S., where he begins his tour of the Lower Provinces. The places he will visit include Digby, Annapolis, and Halifax, besides points in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. He will be accompanied by Dr. Montague, M. P. for Haldimand; G. A. Nantel, M. P. P., Faucher De St. Maurice, M. P. P. and L. H. Tache, his private secretary.

The next election will see a new generation of voters in Canada. Then, for the first time, the young men born under the flag of the united Dominion will exercise the franchise. There will be a large body of them—over 71,000 male children are born annually—and as the twenty-one years of the Dominion's life extends the control of the electorate will pass more and more into their hands. Accustomed to look upon the federation as a whole as their country, they will be largely free from the narrow, sectional prejudices that have in the past done so much to retard a union of sentiment among the people. They will fill the ranks of the Canadian militia look, to Canadian interests as their chief concern, regard the Canadian Parliament as the greatest avenue for their political ambition, and learn to discuss public questions as they will affect seven—and ultimately ten—provinces instead of one. The party that recognizes these facts and shapes its policy to gain the confidence of these new voters will have a mighty advantage in the struggles for power that the future will see.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY;

OR, THE STORY OF A CRIME.

CHAPTER XXXI.
EUNICE'S DIARY.

My restless nights are passed in Selina's room.

Her bed remains near the window. My bed has been placed opposite, near the door. Our night light is hidden in a corner, so that the faint glow of it is all that we see. What trifles these are to write about! But they mix themselves up with what I am determined to set down in my journal, and then to close the book for good and all.

I had not disturbed my little friend's enviable repose, either when I left our bed-chamber or when I returned to it. The night was quiet and the stars were out. Nothing moved but the throbbing at my temples. The lights and shadows in our half-darkened room, which at other times suggest strange resemblances to my fancy, failed to disturb me now. I was in a darkness of my own making, having bound a handkerchief, cooled with water, over my hot eyes. There was nothing to interfere with the soothing influence of the dose that I had taken, if my father's medicine would only help me.

I began badly. The clock in the hall struck the quarter past the hour, the half past, the three-quarters past, the new hour. Time was awake—and I was awake with Time.

It was such a trial to my patience that I thought of going back to my father's room and taking a second dose of medicine, no matter what the risk might be. On attempting to get up I became aware of a change in me. There was a dull sensation in my limbs which seemed to bind them on the bed. It was the strangest feeling. My will said, Get up—and my heavy limbs said, No.

I lay quite still, thinking desperate thoughts and getting nearer and nearer to the end that I had been dreading for so many days past. Having been as well educated as most girls, my lessons in history had made me acquainted with assassination and murder. Horrors which I had recoiled from reading in past happy days now returned to my memory, and this time they interested instead of revolting me. I counted the three first ways of killing as I happened to remember them, in my books of instruction—a way by stabbing, a way by poison, a way in a bed by suffocation with a pillow. On that dreadful night I never once called to mind what I find myself remembering now—the harmless past time when our friends used to say: "Eunice is a good girl; we are all fond of Eunice." Shall I ever be the same loveable creature again?

While I lay thinking a strange thing happened. Philip, who had haunted me for days and nights together, vanished out of my thoughts. My memory of the love which had begun so brightly and had ended so miserably became a blank. Nothing was left but my own horrid visions of vengeance and death.

For awhile the strokes of the clock still reached my ears; but it was an effort to count them; I ended in letting them pass unheeded. Soon afterwards the round of my thoughts began to circle slowly and more slowly. The strokes of the clock died out. The round of my thoughts stopped.

All this time my eyes were still covered by the handkerchief which I had laid over them.

The darkness began to weigh on my spirits and to fill me with distrust. I found myself suspecting that there was some change—perhaps an unearthly change—passing over the room. To remain blindfolded any longer was more than I could endure. I lifted my hand—without being conscious of the heavy sensation which some time before had laid my limbs helpless on the bed—I lifted my hand and drew the handkerchief away from my eyes.

The faint glow of the night light was extinguished.

But the room was not quite dark. There was a ghastly light trembling over it, like nothing that I had ever seen by day; like nothing that I have ever seen by night. I dimly discerned Selina's bed, and the frame of the window and the curtains on either side of it—but not the stairlight and not the shadowy tops of the trees in the garden.

The light grew fainter and fainter; the objects in the room faded slowly away. Darkness came.

It may be a saying hard to believe—but when I declare that I was not frightened I am telling the truth. Whether the room was lit by awful light or sunk in awful dark, I was equally absorbed in the expectation of what might happen next. I listened calmly for what I might hear; I waited calmly for what I might feel.

A touch came first. I felt it creeping on my face—like a little fluttering breeze. The sensation pleased me for a while. Soon it grew colder, and colder, and colder, till it froze me.

"Oh, no more!" I cried out. "You are killing me with an icy death!"

The dead cold touches lingered a moment longer—and left me.

The first sound came.

It was the sound of a whisper on my pillow, close to my ear. My strange insensibility to fear remained undisturbed. The whisper was welcome; it kept me company in the dark room. It said to me: "Do you know who I am?"

I answered: "No."

It said: "Who have you been thinking of this evening?"

I answered: "My mother."

The whisper said: "I am your mother."

"Oh, mother, command the light to come back! Show yourself to me."

"No."

"Why not?"

"My face was hidden when I passed from life to death. My face no mortal creature may see."

"Oh, mother, touch me! Kiss me!"

"No."

"Why not?"

"My touch is poison. My kiss is death."

The sense of fear began to come to me now. I moved my head away on the pillow. The whisper followed my movement.

"Leave me," I said. "You are an evil spirit."

The whisper answered: "I am your mother."

"You come to tempt me."

"I come to harden your heart. Daughter of mine, whose blood is cool; daughter of

mine who tamely submits—you have loved. Is it true?"

"It is true."

"A woman has lured him away to herself. A woman has had no mercy on you or on him. Is it true?"

"It is true."

"If she lives what crime towards you will she commit next?"

"If she lives she will marry him."

"Will you let her live?"

"Never!"

"Have I hardened your heart against her?"

"Yes."

"Will you kill her?"

"Show me how."

There was a sudden silence. I was still left in the darkness, feeling nothing, hearing nothing. Even the consciousness that I was lying on my bed deserted me. I had no idea that I was in the bedroom; I had no knowledge of where I was.

The ghastly light that I had seen already dawned on me once more. I was no longer in my bed, no longer in my room, no longer in the house. Without wonder, without even a feeling of surprise, I looked round. The place was familiar to me. I was alone in the museum of our town.

The light flowed along in front of me. I followed, from room to room in the museum, where the light led.

First, through the picture gallery, hung with the works of modern masters. Then through the rooms filled with specimens of stuffed animals. The lion and the tiger, the vulture of the Alps and the great albatross, looked like living creatures threatening me, in the supernatural light. I entered the third room, devoted to the exhibition of ancient armor and the weapons of all nations. Here the light rose higher, and, leaving me in darkness where I stood, showed a collection of swords, daggers and knives arranged on the wall in imitation of the form of a star.

The whisper sounded again close to my ear. It echoed my own thought when I had called to mind the ways of killing which history had taught me. It said, "Kill her with a knife."

No. My heart failed me when I thought of the blood. I hid the dreadful weapons from my view. I cried out: "Let me go! let me go!"

Again I was lost in darkness. Again I had no knowledge in me of where I was. Again, after an interval, the light showed me the new place in which I stood.

I was alone in the burial ground of our parish church. The light led me on, among the graves, to the lonely corner in which the great yew tree stood; and, rising higher revealed the solemn foliage, brightened by the fatal red fruit which hides in itself the seeds of death.

The whisper tempted me again. It followed again the train of my thought. It said: "Kill her by poison."

No. Revenge by poison steals its way to the end. The base deceitfulness of Helena's crime against me seemed to call for a day of reckoning that hid itself under no disguise. I raised my cry to be delivered from the sight of the deadly tree. The changes which I have tried to describe followed once more the confession of what I felt; the darkness was dispelled for the third time.

I was standing in Helena's room, looking at her as she lay asleep in her bed.

She was quite still now; but she must have been restless at some earlier time. The bed-clothes were disordered, her head had sunk so low that the pillow rose high and vacant above her. There, colored by a tender blush of sleep, was the face whose beauty put my poor face to shame. There was the sister who had committed the worst of murders—the wretch who had killed in me all that made life worth having. While that thought was in my mind I heard the whisper again. "Kill her openly," the tempting mother said. "Kill her daringly. Faint heart, do you still want courage? Rouse your spirit; look! see yourself in the act!"

The temptation took a form which now tried me for the first time.

As if a mirror had reflected the scene I saw myself standing by the bedside with the pillow that was to smother the sleeper in my hands. I heard the whispering voice telling me how to speak the words that warned and condemned her: "Wake! you who have taken him from me! Wake! and meet your doom."

I saw her start up in the bed. The sudden movement disordered the nightdress over her bosom, and showed the miniature portrait of a man hung round her neck.

The man was Philip. The likeness was looking at me.

So dear, so lovely, so true, those eyes that had once been the light of my heart mourned for me and judged me now. They saw the guilty thoughts that polluted me; they brought me to my knees, imploring him to help me back to my better self: "One last mercy, dear, to comfort me under the loss of you. Let the love that was once my life be my good angel still. Save me, Philip, even though you forsake me—save me from myself!"

There was a sudden cry.

The agony of it pierced my brain—drove away the ghastly light—silenced the tempting whispers. I came to myself.—I saw—and not in a dream.

Helena had started up in her bed. That cry of terror, at the sight of me in her room at night, had burst from her lips. The miniature of Philip hung round her neck a visible reality. Though my head was dizzy, though my heart was sinking, I had not lost my senses yet. All that the night lamp could show me I still saw, and I heard the sound faintly when the door of the bedchamber was opened. Alarmed by that piercing cry my father came hurrying into the room.

Not a word passed between us three. The whispers that I had heard were wicked; the thoughts that had been in my mind were vile. Had they left some poison in the air of the room which killed the words on our lips?

My father looked at Helena. With a trembling hand she pointed to me. He put his arm round me and held me up. I remember his leading me away—and I remember nothing more.

My last words are written. I look up this journal of misery—never I hope and pray, to open it again.

SECOND PERIOD—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EVENTS IN THE FAMILY, RELATED BY THE GOVERNOR.

In the year 1870 I found myself compelled to submit to the demands of two hard task-masters. Advancing age and failing health reminded the Governor of the Prison of his duty to his successor in one unanswerable word—Resign.

Having nothing else to complain of, I complained of my health and consulted a doctor. That sagacious man hit on the right way of getting rid of me—he recommended traveling.

This was unexpected advice. After some hesitation I accepted it reluctantly.

The instincts of age recoil from making new acquaintances, contemplating new places, adopting new habits. Besides, I hate railway travelling. However, I contrived to get as far as Italy and stopped to rest at Florence. Here I found pictures by the old masters that I could honestly admire and an excellent friend and colleague of former days, once chaplain to the prison, now clergyman in charge of the English. We met in the gallery of the Pitti Palace and he recognized me immediately. I was pleased to find that the lapse of years had made so little difference in my personal appearance.

The traveler who advances as far as Florence and does not go on to Rome must be regardless indeed of the opinions of his friends. Let me not attempt to conceal it—I am that insensible traveler. Over and over again I said to myself: "Rome must be done," and over and over again I put off doing it. To own the truth, the fascinations of Florence, aided by the society of my friend, laid so strong a hold on me that I believe I should have ended my days in the delightful Italian city but for the dangerous illness of one of my sons. This misfortune hurried me back to England in dread, every step of the way, of finding that I had arrived too late. The journey (thank God) proved to have been taken without need. My son was no longer in danger when I reached London in the year 1875.

At that date I was near enough to the customary limit of human life to feel the necessity of rest and quiet. In other words, my days of travel had come to an end.

Having established myself in my own country. I did not forget to let old friends know where they might find me. Among those to whom I wrote was another colleague of past years, who still held his medical appointment in the prison. When I received the doctor's reply it inclosed a letter directed to me at my old quarters in the Governor's rooms. Who could possibly have sent a letter to an address which I had left five years since? My correspondent proved to be no less a person than the Wesleyan minister—the friend whom I had estranged from me by the tone in which I had written to him on the long-past occasion of his wife's death.

It was a distressing letter to read. I beg permission to give only a substance of it in this place.

Entreating me, with touching expressions of humility and sorrow, to forgive his long silence, the writer appealed to my friendly remembrance of him. He was in sore need of counsel, under serious difficulties, and I was the only person to whom he could apply for help. In the disordered state of his health at that time he ventured to hope that I would let him have the happiness of seeing me as speedily as possible. He concluded with this extraordinary postscript:

When you see my daughters say nothing to either of them which relates in any way to the subject of their ages. You shall hear why when we meet.

The reading of this letter naturally reminded me of the claims which my friend's noble conduct had established on my admiration and respect at the past time when we met in the prison. I could not hesitate to grant his request—strangely as it was expressed and doubtful as the prospect appeared to be of answering the expectations which he had founded on the renewal of our intercourse. Answering his letter by telegraph, I promised to be with him on the next day.

On arriving at the station I found that I was the only traveler by a first-class carriage who left the train. A young lady, remarkable by her good looks and good dressing, seemed to have noticed this trifling circumstance. She approached me with a ready smile. "I believe I am speaking to my father's friend," she said; "my name is Helena Gracedieu."

Here was one of the minister's two "daughters," and that one of the two—as I discovered the moment I shook hands with her—who was my friend's own child. Miss Helena recalled to me her mother's face, infinitely improved by youth and health and by a natural beauty which that cruel and deceitful woman could never have possessed. The slanting forehead and the shifting, flashing eyes that I recollected in the parent were reproduced (slightly reproduced, I ought to say) in the child. As for the other features, I had never seen a more beautiful nose and mouth or a more delicately shaped outline than was presented by the lower part of the face. But Miss Helena somehow failed to charm me. I doubt if I should have fallen in love with her even in the days when I was a foolish young man.

The first question that I put, as we drove from the station to the house, related naturally to her father.

"He is very ill," she began; "I am afraid you must prepare yourself to see a sad change. Nerves. The mischief first showed itself, the doctor tells us, in derangement of his nervous system. He has been, I regret to tell you, obstinate in refusing to give up his preaching and pastoral work. He ought to have tried rest at the seaside. Things have gone on from bad to worse. Last Sunday, at the beginning of his sermon, he broke down. Very, very sad, is it not? The doctor says that precious time has been lost and he must make up his mind to resign the ministry. He won't hear of it. You are his old friend. Please try to persuade him."

Fluently spoken; the words well chosen; the melodious voice reminding me of the late Mrs. Gracedieu's advantages in that respect; little sighs judiciously thrown in here and there, just at the right places; everything, let me own, that could present a dutiful daughter as a pattern of propriety, and nothing, let me add, that could produce an impression on my insensible temperament. If I had not been too discreet to rush at a hasty conclusion I might have been inclined to say, her mother's child, every inch of her.

The interest which I was still able to feel in my friend's domestic affairs centered, it is hardly necessary to say, in the daughter whom he had adopted.

In her infancy I had seen the child and liked her; I was the one person living (since the death of Mrs. Gracedieu) who knew how the minister had concealed the secret of her parentage, and I wanted to discover if the hereditary taint had begun to show itself in the innocent offspring of the murderer. Just as I was considering how I might harmlessly speak of Miss Helena's "sister" Miss Helena herself introduced the subject.

"May I ask," she resumed, "if you were disappointed when you found nobody but me to meet you at the station?"

Here was an opportunity of paying her a compliment, if I had been a younger man, or if she had produced a favourable impression on me. As it was, I hit—if I may praise myself—on an ingenious compromise.

"What excuse could I have," I asked, "for feeling disappointed?"

"Well, I hear you are an official personage—I ought to say perhaps, a retired official personage. We might have received you more respectfully if both my father's daughters had been present at the station. It's not my fault that my sister was not with me."

The tone in which she said this strengthened my prejudice against her. It told me that the two girls were living together on no very friendly terms; and it suggested—justly or unjustly I could not then decide—that Miss Helena was to blame.

"Perhaps your sister is ill?" I said.

"My sister is away from home."

"Surely, Miss Helena, that is a good reason for her not coming to meet me?"

"I beg your pardon—it is a bad reason. She has been sent away for the recovery of her health—and the loss of her health is entirely her own fault."

What did this matter to me? I decided on dropping the subject. My memory reverted, however, to past occasions of which the loss of my health had been entirely my own fault. There was something in these personal recollections which encouraged my perverse tendency to sympathize with a young lady to whom I had not yet been introduced. The young lady's sister appeared to be discouraged by my silence. She said: "I hope you don't think the worse of me for what I have just mentioned?"

"Certainly not."

"Perhaps you fail to see any need for my speaking for my sister at all? Will you kindly listen if I try to explain myself?"

"With pleasure."

"Thank you," she said. "The fact is, my father (I can't imagine why) wishes you to see my sister as well as me. He has written to the farmhouse at which she is now staying to tell her to come home tomorrow. It is possible—if your kindness offers me an opportunity—that I may ask to be guided by your experience in a little matter which interests me. My sister is rash and reckless, and has a terrible temper. I should be very sorry indeed if you were induced to form an unfavorable opinion of me from anything you might notice if you see us together. You understand me, I hope."

"I quite understand you."

To set me against her sister in her own private interests—there, as I felt sure, was the motive under which she was acting. As hard as her mother, as selfish as her mother, and, judging from those two bad qualities, probably as cruel as her mother. That was how I understood Miss Helena Gracedieu when our carriage drew up at her father's house.

A middle-aged lady was on the doorstep when we arrived, just ringing the bell. She looked round at us both, being evidently as complete a stranger to my fair companion as she was to me. When the servant opened the door she said:

"Is Miss Jillgall at home?"

At the sound of that odd name Miss Helena tossed her head disdainfully. She took no sort of notice of the stranger lady who was at the door of her father's house. This young person's contempt for Miss Jillgall appeared to extend to Miss Jillgall's friends.

In the meantime the servant's answer was: "Not at home."

The middle-aged lady said: "Do you expect her back soon?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I will call again later in the day."

"What name, if you please?"

The lady stole another look at me before she replied.

"Never mind the name," she said, and walked away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Deep Soil for Strawberries.

Strawberries will send their roots from twenty to thirty inches into the ground, if it is made very rich and well worked to that depth. Mulching with rotted forest leaves saves all necessity for watering, and with the ground prepared and fertilized in this manner the plants will be sure to produce larger, more and better colored berries. This is not guess work, but the teaching of practice and experience.

Takes His Wife Fishing.

Chicago Herald: The announcement that the President and his wife will go off for a few days' fishing in July of itself alone disproves the silly stories told by Preacher Pendleton. What woman can preserve the taciturnity necessary to successful fishing? Evidently the President thinks more of his wife than of his luck with the rod, and that, as every one knows, is saying quite enough for him.

Somewhat Ambiguous.

Dean Burgon, of Chichester, was recently speaking on the nature of man as distinguished from the lower orders of creation. "Man," he remarked, "is a progressive being; the others are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Always and everywhere it is the same creature, and you never saw and never will see a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment!"

It was in a Boston private school of fashionable reputation, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination. "How is law made?" said the instructor. "Oh," said a tailor-made dame, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it, and then the President has to veto it!"

TEMPERANCE.

SAY NO.

Dare to say "No" when you're tempted to drink, Pause for a moment, my brave boy, and think, For the wrecks upon life's ocean tossed, For answering "Yes" without counting the cost.

Think of the mother who bore you in pain, Think of the tears that will fall like rain; Think of the heart, and how cruel the blow, Think of her love, and at once answer "No."

Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl, Think of the danger to body and soul, Think of sad lives once as pure as the snow; Look at them now, and at once answer "No."

Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath, Think of its end, and the terrible death, Think of the homes that now, shadowed with woe, Might have been heaven, had the answer been "No."

Think of the lone graves, both unwept and unknown, Hiding fond hopes that were fair as your own. Think of proud forms, now forever laid low, That might still be here had they learned to say "No."

Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl, Driving to ruin both body and soul. Think of all this as life's journey you go, And when you're assailed by the tempter, say "No."

HOW MEN DRINK FARMS.

The *Plowman* in a characteristic way, tells how men "drink farms." "My homeless friends with a chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have for years longed for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get money enough together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good, improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating for convenience sake, the lands at \$43.56 per acre, you will see that brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now drink the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call on five of your friends and have them help gulp down that five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there's dirt in it—one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt worth \$43.56 per acre."

The Yale faculty have just passed a law forbidding absolutely the use of intoxicating liquor in any of the society organizations of the students.

Ex Governor Berry, of New Hampshire, who is now in his ninety-second year, organized the first Temperance society in that State at Hebron, sixty-two years ago.

An Irish priest was addressing his flock on the dangers of intemperance, and concluded his harangue with these words:—"Drink, my children, makes you beat your wives, starve your families, and shoot your landlords—aye, and miss them, too."

The Churches are for temperance. Some of the annual gatherings have spoken in favour of prohibition, and others have declared for more stringent licensing laws. But all—the Roman Catholics, through the pulpit, and the

IN A WILD GARDEN AT SHIRAZ.

BY TRAVELLER.

Shiraz is thoroughly Persian. No European innovations are to be found in the city where sleep the two great poets of Persia, Hafiz and Saadi. In summer, Shiraz is hot, and those who can do it, pass the very hot weather in a garden. It was the writer's good fortune to be on friendly terms with a Persian grandee who was the happy possessor of one of the largest, shadiest, and most retired of the gardens of Shiraz. No Persian will refuse the hospitality of his garden to any decent person; practically, any man's garden is open to all the world, save when the owner, his wives, or his friend are enjoying their *dolce far niente* there. Fortunately, the proprietor of the Resht-i-Beheht (Envy of Heaven) also had a magnificent garden attached to his town mansion for use; this enabled the writer to pass the dog days in that earthly paradise.

About a mile from the walls of Shiraz, just across the empty river-bed—for in most summers the Shiraz river runs dry, the waters being drawn off for irrigation—lies the garden of the Resht-i-Beheht. The three large rooms have been carpeted. Fly-blinds have been

HUNG OVER THE DOORS

and window-holes, for the building is a mere summer-house. The tiles have been swept and sprinkled. The servants have pitched a little tent for themselves. The cook has constructed a series of furnaces in the open air. The little brick bound stream running in front of the three rooms gurgles merrily. The great brick *sarku*, or raised platform, has a carpet spread on it; and a lounge-chair, or a mattress with big Persian pillows, is placed there to invite repose. All is shade here. The trees are so planted that one *sarku* is overshadowed till afternoon; the other, two hundred yards off, till sunset.

By the side of each broad path is running water. But there are no "rows of stately lilies," no "winding walks where roses grow," no occasional hedge of moss-roses, thousands of tufts of the double and single narcissus—these are all the flowers, save the wild ones. The rest is a sort of jungle of fruit and forest trees, with a dense growth of underwood and grass. By the sides of the many streams the foliage is thick and lush. The place swarms, literally swarms with nightingales. A nightingale is a very poetical bird; but even nightingales fall when in thousands and when their song disturbs one's slumbers. They are very busy about midnight; but just an hour before dawn

THE MUSIC IS DEAFENING

and sleep impossible. Nature's alarm is, however, a blessing, for what more enjoyable than the early stroll in the cool garden by the bubbling waters. No one here save ourselves, our servants, and the gardener and his boy. No one will call save on urgent business, for it is understood that a man goes to a garden for privacy, to take his holiday, to recuperate. The dogs having fraternized with the gardener's watchdog are turned loose for a run, and hunt the small birds in the brushwood. A hubble-bubble and a cup of coffee—the former smoked sitting on a stump beside the running-waters in the cool shade—are very grateful in the early morning. Still more so is the bath in the icy-cold tank which has been duly cleared out for our use. Then perhaps a book for an hour. Soon the sun rises; soon we feel its heat, and retire to underground nooks to avoid it. But the Persian sun is not to be denied; we are driven into the building, as the heat becomes stronger and the flies get active. The hum of insects becomes loud. But indoors all is cool, all is quiet. We have come to be lazy; we are so. No blush suffices our cheeks when we find that we have slept and that it is nearly noon. We have come to avoid the sun; we succeed in doing so, for we breakfast, still in the shade, in the portico. Again a lounge under the trees and by the brooklets. Somehow or other, we get through the afternoon. Have we slept? Possibly. At five, however, the Russian *samovar* is brought with many fruits, and we partake of tea in tiny cups, and the everlasting but grateful hubble-bubble.

Now is time for very intimate friends to call. We sternly deny ourselves to importunate on business. Are we not *en retraite*? Are we not in the garden? The sun will be down in half an hour. It is cool; the pleasant wind which is always felt towards evening in Shiraz has commenced to blow. The horses are brought. We enjoy a two hours' ride; a smart canter through

THE GARDENS OF MESHEH VERDI,

or across the sandy plains of Jaffirabad. Or we, too, make our calls on other sojourners in the gardens. But we avoid the town, the hot, dusty town. If we must go, we do, much against the grain, hurriedly returning to our wild garden. Offener than not we visit other gardens, empty as a rule; several about on our own Resht-i-Beheht. Perhaps we find them tenanted; we attempt to discreetly retire; by no means is this allowed. "Bismillah! you must take one cup of tea and eat a pomegranate;" or whatever the garden is famed for, for each of the gardens has its speciality. There is no intrusion in the matter. The people are summering, and honestly glad to see us. They will surely return this chance visit, and we shall regard them in the same way, and be as unreflectedly glad to see and chat with them.

Our particular garden is celebrated for a white apple which has an unmistakable flavour of rose-water. But it is also the shadiest garden near Shiraz, and the coolest. We are quite sure. Have we not lived in them all, and do not we come to this particular garden every year? That is proof enough at all events for us.

It is getting dark; but the moon is rising, the glorious Persian moon. As we return to our garden we see lights in nearly every neighboring one. On the *sarku* in front of our living rooms is set the table with all its civilized appliances; the wine is in snow, for, in Shiraz, snow is the luxury of even the poorest, ice being rare and dear; but there is always plenty of the pure snow to be got from the crevices of the neighboring mountains. Dinner is served, the regular English dinner, perhaps with a native dish or two—the smoking *pillau* with its fowl larded to rags, or a *hiccimah* of partridge, or of lamb (we get lamb twice a year in lucky Shiraz).

Dinner is over; we sit on our *sarku*, the moon peeping through the trees and lighting the place up. The dogs are chained up as sentinels around the building. The gardener's pet bear descends the tree to which he is chained, as soon as the dogs are secured; he

DISCREETLY RETIRES TO THE BRANCHES

when his enemies are loose. We provide Bruin with a meal of boiled rice. From the servants' quarters resound the melancholy love-ditties of Iran, our literary cook improvising scandalous local songs, which are received with much mirth. Gradually, as the servants lapse into silence, we retire to the roof where our bedding is prepared. "Tweet, tweet, tweet, bubble, bubble, bubble"—a nightingale. The noise is repeated with variations; but we are not romantic. We are tired; we have dined; we turn over, and our roof being free from mosquitoes, we drop off.

"Hoi, hoi—thieves, thieves!" Bang goes a gun from the servants' quarters; there is much running about, much barking of dogs. In the morning nothing is missing. There is no sign of the robber; he probably was but a visionary one. As before, an hour before dawn the concert of birds becomes deafening. We pop on an Afghan *poosheen*, a long sleeved robe of sheepskin, fur inside, for it is slightly chilly. Again we pester aimlessly about the wild garden. Another day, which will be passed much as its predecessor, has commenced.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Interview With a Gentleman Just Returned from the Isthmus.

Mr. Crawford Douglas, brother of Captain John T. Douglas, arrived in the city on Wednesday and is staying at the Queen's. Mr. Douglas has been in Panama since 1865. On his arrival there he became engaged in railway enterprises, then embarked in journalism, and since the beginning of the construction of the marvellous works of the French Panama Canal Company, he has been connected with the American Contracting and Dredging Company, which is doing the most important work on the Atlantic side of the canal. Mr. Douglas speaks fluently of this huge undertaking, which, he says, will be completed in less than five years.

The scheme of an inter-oceanic canal has long been a subject of discussion, and assumed practical shape at the International Congress held in Paris in 1875. M. De Lesseps took the work up, founded the Panama Company, raised the necessary capital and, after an infinite number of engineering details were decided, commenced the work in 1883. The canal begins at the Bay of Lemon, near Colon, on the Atlantic shore, and runs to Boca, or the mouth of the Rio Grande, in the Bay of Panama, on the Pacific. In length it is about forty-six miles and when completed will have capacity to transport the largest tonnage afloat, being thirty-five feet in depth. It is being constructed in five sections by six companies, viz., the American Contracting and Dredging Company, Vignaud, Barband, Blancheuil & Co.; Societe des Travaux, Publique de Paris; Antioque Soudereger & Co.; and M. Eiffel constructs the locks. The difficulties in the construction of the canal occur mainly in dealing with the River Chagres, which is subject to high floods that would destroy the canal works, and in cutting through the ranges of hills, a portion of the Cordilleras that rise towards the Pacific side of Central and South America, constituting the back bone of the continent, and in some parts of the isthmus rise to a mountainous elevation. The greatest height in the Saddle-back pass of these hills, between the valley of the Rio Grande and that of the Obispo, a highland tributary of the Chagres River, is 360 feet above the sea level at Culebra, about fifteen miles from the Atlantic coast, while the height at Emperador, a short distance east, is 200 feet.

M. De Lesseps decided at first to cut the canal to tide level, and with that intention commenced excavations at five different points. The scheme was generally opposed, and was not considered feasible, inasmuch as it would take a longer time to complete the work, as to do so about 95,000,000 cubic yards of earth would have to be removed. But the plan has since been changed, and a system of locks will be constructed. These locks—eight in number—will be immense in size. In length, including approaches, gates, etc., they will be 240 metres, and the length inside the gates will be 197 metres. The width of the gate will be 18.60 metres, the depth at the top will be 10 metres and at the bottom 21 metres. The immense gates will be constructed to run aside instead of opening, and the locks will be emptied and filled by subterranean tubes ingeniously contrived.

The greatest excavations are at Culebra, which are being performed by an Anglo-Dutch firm named Artigue Soudereger & Co. The cutting in this section is 390 feet deep and a mile and a quarter long and 1,000 feet wide, and two other cuttings at Obispo and Emperador are not a great deal less. The machinery used in excavating is principally French, Belgian and American, and consists of great steam dredges, compressed air perforators, hydraulic machinery, steam shovels and derricks. The steam dredges are capable of removing six hundred tons of earth per day.

Mr. Douglas says that over ten thousand men are now employed on the work, and that up to the present \$200,000,000 has been spent for construction, etc. It will, he estimates, take \$120,000,000 more to complete the work.

With reference to the price paid for labor on the canal, Mr. Douglas says that machinists secure \$6 per day; carpenters, \$5; mechanics, from \$4 to \$6; laborers, from \$1.50 to \$2; and engineers on dredges, \$150 per month. Laborers' board is cheap, and mechanics can get respectable board for \$35 a month.

Many Canadians hold prominent positions on the works. The president of the American Contracting and Dredging Co., which Mr. Douglas is now engaged, is a Canadian—N. B. Slaven, formerly of Orillia. His brother, Mr. M. A. Slaven, who died last year, was the managing director of the same company. He was one of the greatest mechanics in that country and his improvement and development of dredging machinery has brought those used now in Panama to be the finest afloat.

Speaking of the climate of Panama, Mr. Douglas says that Canadians can stand it much better than Europeans. It is dry since the marshes have been drained and malaria does not exist to so great an extent as formerly. The heat is seldom over 80° in the shade, and it is an exceptional occurrence to see the thermometer up to 90°.

Mr. Douglas will remain in the city for a short time visiting his friends.

Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change.—(Charles Dickens.)

A NATION IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

Japan is Advised to Adopt Christianity—Various Advocates of that Idea.

A movement, supported by some very prominent men, is on foot to give an impetus to the spread of Christianity by laying stress on the secondary benefits its acceptance insures. Those connected with the movement say that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but advise that it should be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. Mr. Fukuzawa, a well known writer, urges this course, although he says he takes no personal interest whatever in religion, and knows nothing of the teaching of Christianity; but he sees that it is the creed of the most highly civilized nations. To him religion is only a garment, to be put on or taken off at pleasure; but he thinks it prudent that Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbors, with whom she desires to stand well.

Prof. Toyama of the Imperial University has published a work to support this view. He holds that Chinese ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics, and that the benefits to be derived from the introduction of Christianity are—(1) the improvement of music; (2) union of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious cooperation and (3) the furnishing a medium of intercourse between men and women.

Mr. Kato, the late president of the Imperial University, who says that religion is not needed for the educated, and confesses his dislike to all religions equally, urges the introduction of religious teaching into the Government schools, on the ground that the unlearned in Japan have had their faith in old moral standards shaken, and that there is now a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses.

Among the replies to this is one by Mr. Sugiura, a diligent student of Western philosophy for many years. He speaks of the specially marked lack of religious feeling and sentiment in his countrymen; the Japanese, he says, have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible that they should ever become a religious people. The youth of Japan, he argues, being free from the thralldom of creeds, and free to act according to reason, arose far in advance of Europeans; and instead of talking about adopting a foreign religion, Japanese should go abroad and preach their religion of reason to foreign countries. Other writers urge the same views. To Japan, in an emphatically agnostic mood, came Western science with all its marvelous revelations and attractions. At the shrine of that science she is worshipping now.—(From the Japan Weekly Mail.)

An Unexplored Corner in Brazil.

It is astonishing to learn that, within 250 miles of the fair city of Rio Janeiro, with its fine buildings and its railways radiating in many directions, there exist hundreds of hundreds of cannibals. They frequent the valley of the Rio Doce and the adjacent territory, and in spite of missionary and trader still wander about in garbless simplicity. This we learn from a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society by Mr. John Stearns, who, in 1885, undertook a journey of exploration through this region. It does not appear that the propensity to cannibalism is very strong at present, for Mr. Stearns passed a month among a branch of the Botocudos and he saw nothing of it. These people seem to be as little hampered by conventionalism as any in the world. They go stark naked, they sleep when they like, hunt, fish, sing, and dance just when they feel inclined, and eat when they can. They are allowed to have as many wives as they choose, but like more civilized people, one wife and family is generally as many as a man can keep. They have no religious ceremonies or sacrifices, and the only time that the supernatural comes home to them is during a thunderstorm, when the bravest throw firebrands into the air to appease the wrath of the Great Spirit. The valley of the Rio Doce lies just above Santa Cruz, and appears to have been almost entirely neglected by settlers. This is to be accounted for by the fact that the river is entirely useless for navigation on account of the great number of rapids and falls in it, and that the country is one dense forest in which fierce Indians used to range. Of late years the extermination of game has greatly reduced the strength of some of the tribes, and there now seems not to be any great danger to be feared from them, although it is certain that settlers would have to defend themselves against occasional raids, and sometimes to execute reprisals. The chief product of the country is timber, particularly rosewood, which is of considerable value. Mr. Stearns spent eight months in his trip, and thoroughly explored the river with some of its tributaries, and his observations he has compiled a map which adds greatly to our knowledge of this region. He undertook the work entirely at his own expense, and merely from the love of exploration.

A Picturesque Politician.

Among the visitors in Chicago at present is Col. J. M. Norton, of Texas. He is about seventy years of age and his white hair falls in curls half-way down his back. His white beard reaches below his waist. In 1845 Henry Clay was a candidate for President, and Col. Norton registered a vow that he would not cut his hair or shave his beard until Clay entered the White House. He has religiously kept his vow and now presents a most picturesque appearance. He says, however, if Mr. Cleveland is re-elected he will have his hair cut and his beard removed.

His Lung Trouble.

Brown—You don't look well lately, Robinson.—Robinson—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.—Brown—Nonsense; your lungs are all right!—Robinson—Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

One great reason why the work of reformation goes on so slowly is because we all begin on our neighbors and never reach ourselves.

The brain of an elephant is somewhat larger than that of a man, but the trunk of an elephant is considerably smaller than that of a woman.

Gentleman—“And so you are a newspaper man now, Uncle Raustus?” Uncle Raustus—“Yes, sah; I's de editor ob de job department. I carries in coal, scrubs de flo', washes de widens an' all sech editin' as dat, sah.”

Two of a Kind.

A man strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said:

“Dogs are not admitted.”

“That's not my dog,” replied the visitor.

“But he follows you.”

“Well, so do you.”

The sexton growled and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

Lieutenant-Governor Schultz.

That Doctor Schultz should become Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba will seem to many people like a good ending to a sort of romance. Doctor Schultz was one of the most prominent characters in the drama of the first Riel Rebellion, and was, perhaps, more hated by Riel than was any other of those who opposed his designs. He is of Danish descent, being the son of the late William Schultz, of Amherstburg, in Ontario, where he was born on the first day of January, 1840. He graduated in arts at Oberlin College, Ohio, and in medicine at Victoria University, Cobourg. After graduating he went to Winnipeg, or, as it was then called, Fort Garry, where he carried on mercantile pursuits in addition to practicing his profession. In 1868 he married Miss Agnes Campbell Farquharson, of Georgetown, Ontario. Doctor Schultz was an ardent Canadian, and when Canada bought the North-West Territories from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1869 he greatly rejoiced. In that year, when Riel opposed the transfer to Canada of the Territories and formed his Provisional Government, Doctor Schultz, like other Canadian residents in the North-West, was very indignant. Having by force of character acquired prominence and influence in the North-West, Doctor Schultz became at once a natural leader of the Canadian party which opposed Riel. With Sir Donald Smith and many others Doctor Schultz was imprisoned by the half-breed leader in 1869 then released for a short time, and again imprisoned early in 1870. Doctor Schultz was confined in a room by himself, and it was feared that it was the intention of Riel to put him to death. He determined to escape, and in this he was aided by his noble and devoted wife who had managed to keep up communication with the prisoners from without the walls of Fort Garry. She made preparations outside the fort, and Dr. Schultz, with a gimlet and knife managed to open the windows of his prison house, let himself down by strips cut from a buffalo robe, and under cover of a blizzard scaled the walls of the fort. Outside were the horse and cutter arranged for by his wife, and a few hours later he had reached the Scotch settlement of Kildonan and was in safety. All through the subsequent troubles Doctor Schultz took a leading part, but he was hampered by Riel's evident determination to destroy his life on the first opportunity. At last, after the murder of Scott, in order to secure his own safety, he walked on snowshoes in the middle of winter from Fort Garry to Duluth, about five hundred miles. Had he not possessed a magnificent physique such a feat would have been impossible. He was appointed a member of the council for the North West Territories in 1872. In 1871 he was returned by Lisgar to the Dominion Parliament, and was re-elected at succeeding general elections. In 1882 he was appointed a Senator. He had been prominently connected with many railway and land company corporations, and with North-West affairs generally.

He Wanted it a Little Stronger.

He was an old-timer. He had commenced in early youth at hard cider, and had graduated in the liquids up to straight alcohol. He was in town this week, went into a drug store and picked up a bottle and poured out a full glassful of something and swallowed it down, thinking it was spiritus frumenti. The druggist, noticing him with the empty glass in hand, rushed back, exclaiming: “My God, man, you have drunk aqua fortis!” “Was it?” says he. “Well, just give me a little aqua fifty. That last was kinder good, but I want something a leetle stronger.” The druggist collapsed.

A Well Founded Report.

Miss Ethel (confidentially)—“Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week.”

Miss Clara (with enthusiasm)—“Oh I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money.”

What the Waggon Was Filled With.

“Bridget,” said the professor in his deep Johnsonian voice, “step to the door and see if the waggon is filled with agricultural products.”

“Sure, sorr, there's nothin' in it at all at all, barrin' a lot of vegetables,” answered Bridget, as she closed the door.

Colored Views of Baptism.

Jim Webster—What preacher's gwinter baptize dat baby!

Sam Johnsons—Parson Whangdoodle Baxter.

How much does he git?

Two dollars.

You oughter git Parson Bledsoe. He'll do hit for a dollar.

Huh, what sorter baptism kin yer git for a dollar.

Ef yer has got yer doubts about hit's efficacy you can hab de chille baptize twict for de money what yer pays Parson Whangdoodle Baxter.

Nearly Time to Go.

Miss Clara (entertaining a caller)—Bobby, you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat.

Bobby—Why not?

Miss Clara—You might injure it; and besides he will want it shortly.

Where The Fault Lay.

“Deacon Spiggle,” said a country minister after services, “how do you account for the very poor collection taken up this morning?”

“Well, I dunno, Dominic,” replied the Deacon, scratching his chin, “nless 'twas the sermon.”

Needs Cleaning.

Brown—“I see that your watch, Robinson, is about an hour ahead of sun time.”

Robinson—“Yes; I don't see what's got in to the sun lately.”

Two of a Kind.

A man strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said:

“Dogs are not admitted.”

“That's not my dog,” replied the visitor.

“But he follows you.”

“Well, so do you.”

The sexton growled and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD MYTH

Electricians Now Declare that More Harm than Good Comes from Their Use.

“Lightning rods are going out of use. Why? Because they are not believed to be the protection that it was once thought they were.” This was what an electrician told a reporter. Fifteen years ago the lightning-rod agent was everywhere in the land, and more especially at every farmer's door. To-day, it is claimed, their number has materially decreased, and farmers are discontinuing the use of the rods.

“What is your opinion upon the subject of lightning rods?” was asked of the electrician. “Candidly, in nine cases out of ten,” he replied, “I think they are humbugs. I believe it is a fact that more barns are struck and burned that have lightning rods on than without them. In the first place, it is best to keep electricity as far away from a building as possible. The object of the lightning-rod is to attract it. The rod is supposed to act as a conductor of the electrical current to the earth, but instead of being carried off, the current, in consequence of faulty construction of the rod or attachment, is frequently switched into the building. The end of the wire is supposed to be buried in moist earth, the moisture acting as a good conductor. Without strict attention the iron becomes oxidized and rusts off, and then the rod is worse than nothing. It is a positive danger under such circumstances, attracting the electricity of the atmosphere and having no adequate outlet for it. Then, again, the same danger arises when the insulators upon the sides of the building become defective. The lightning is attracted from the atmosphere, where it might have remained but for the rod, and it is turned loose against the building on its way to the earth. If, for instance, the attachments on a barn are poor or worn out the current may be deflected and set fire to the building. This is no uncommon occurrence. When the ground contact is good and the lightning is about to strike a building a rod may be of use, but I think the rods do more harm than good. There was a time when farmers were scared into rodding their barns and houses, but I think they are getting over that.”

THE MOCKING BIRD.

A Song Well Worth a Journey Over Land and Sea.

To see, as well as hear, a wild mocking bird sing is worth a journey even over the rolling deep. I passed hours in a pleasant grove beyond the gardens and fields, watching and listening to one bird whose concert hall it was. The grove was the audience room, where one might be in shade and not too conspicuous in watching him. His chosen place was in the sunshine, for this bird is a sun worshipper. I always found him singing when I reached the spot. Perhaps on the top spike of a young pine tree, balanced on one, or sometimes on two adjoining top twigs which, of course, stand straight up—stood the singer, madly sounding his most peculiar melody. He looked at me as I passed near his perch, but did not pause in his song. After I had taken my seat he flew, singing as he went, alighted nearer, on the upper sprig of a cedar, turned his eyes upon me and treated me to another performance, while I looked and listened enchanted.

Nor was the only listener. Ever and anon while absorbed in the entertainment or waiting breathless for a new note, I was startled by a rustle and a “Good evening, misses,” and glanced up to see a negro stealing along in a stealthy way. It might be a woman with a big bundle or basket on her head, possibly a slouching young man or “boy” with an air of interest in my eccentric proceedings, or a group of youngsters with nothing particular to do, but one and all perfectly silent in movement. No wonder they know all about the birds and lay violent hands on eggs, nests or nestlings, as they choose, creeping around, as they do, without a sound. It is only surprising that a bird is left in the State, so persistently do they rob the nests. Naturally the mocking bird, for which they can always find purchasers, is the most desirable, and white as well as black persecute that bird uncessantly.

SUMMER SMILES.

The mouth is the window of the intellect. If so, is toothache the window-pane?

The secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy and likeness.—(Montaigne.)

A suit of clothes made of mosquito bar would be very comfortable these days, even if it wouldn't do to go to church in.

Irate Student—“Don't you ever sweep under the bed, I'd like to know?”

Calm Chambermaid—“I always do. I prefer it to a dust pan.”

“I say, old man, can you tell me what is the first precept mentioned in the Bible?”

“Give it up.”

“Why, Eve presented Adam with a Cain, stupid.”

A young lady teacher was completely prostrated last week. She asked a five-year-old girl what the plural of trousers was, and the girl answered, “Pants.”

He—“Why is a girl of the period experiencing her first kiss like a steamer about to leave port?”

She—“Well?”

He—“Because she is all bustle and confusion.”

In Musical Circle: He—“What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?”

She—“I should think, my love, that you were a lyre.”

Before you call attention to the fact that a pig has no use for its tail, please remember that you have two buttons on the lower back of your coat that don't button anything.

He—“Why does that Miss Jaundice always wear lilies of the valley?”

She—“I can't imagine—particularly as the flowers of the plain would be so much more appropriate.”

In the street car: Old gent—“Confound it, sir, that's my corn you stepped on.”

Young Tough—“Course it is, old chappie. You wouldn't be kickin' so if it was anybody else's.”

No wonder!

She sang soprano sweetly,
Her voice was like a lyre;
But on Sunday she ate onions
And busted up the choir!

That's so,
Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
When a girl who weighs a hundred
Gets outside a quart of cream!

THE EQUITY.

BRYSON, JULY 12th, 1888

There is a striking description in the *Globe* of a once great political party which it assumes to have fallen into decay. It is as follows: But it has served its turn and has now evidently survived its usefulness. It has fallen into the hands of men who have served themselves heir to its name without having either the principles or the enthusiasms which gave it reputation and secured for it victory. Its great battles have been all fought, its great victories have, to all appearance, been all gained. It is now a mere tradition which trading politicians and selfish schemers are seeking to work for their own advantage." This is not intended to apply to the *Globe* and its friends. We are told that it is an accurate description of the Republican party in the United States, but however that may be, it is a most truthful portrait of the Canadian Grits. There is not a word or a letter in it but exactly fits the self-styled successors of the once great Reform party of Canada.

OF AGE.

The Dominion of Canada reached its majority on the 1st of the present month. During the twenty-one years that have elapsed since the British North American provinces became linked together in one grand confederation, we can congratulate ourselves as Canadians on the fact that the country has been fairly progressive, as will be seen by the following statistics which our esteemed cotem. the *Mattawa News* has taken the trouble to collect:

Our population has increased from 3,400,000 in 1867 to 4,800,000. Our railways from 2,522 to 12,292 miles. Our post offices from 3,638 to 7,534. Our letters from 18,100,000 to 90,656,000 and our newspapers from 18,860,000 to 63,000,000. Our telegraph system increased 9,040 miles of wire on Dec. 31st 1867 to 47,288 miles on June 30th 1885. We now have 15,000 miles of telephone wire and 10,000 sets of telephones. In shipping Canada stands fifth among the nations of the world.

Since confederation we have exported minerals to the value of \$62,550,000. Lumber worth \$428,380,000. Grain and farm products \$930,200,000, an average of \$30,000,000 a year. The total fishery exports for the past twenty-one years amount to \$112,440,000.

Of our people, 85 per cent have been born in Canada and 10 per cent in the British Isles.

Of native born Canadians we have 30 per cent of French origin; 22 per cent Irish; 20 per cent English; 16 per cent Scotch; 6 per cent German; the remainder being Welsh, Scandinavian, Italian, Russian, and Jewish.

THE MEGANTIC CASE.

There appears to be some ground for believing that Mr. Mercier will not persist in compelling his supporters to perpetrate the outrage of white-washing Mr. Whyte by removing from him the disqualification pronounced by three judges of the Superior Court. The Premier has been restrained, however, not so much by regard for decency, the independence of election trials, and respect for the Bench, as by a fear that the Legislature would decline to do his bidding. Three members of the Liberal party had enough consistency and self-respect to oppose the reference of the case to the Committee on Privileges and elections, and it is possible that more of them would have revolted but for the Premier's announcement that he does not propose to remove the ban of disqualification from Mr. Whyte, but merely to ascertain the grounds upon which the judges acted. It is said Mr. Mercier discovered that the Committee on Privileges and Elections would be adverse to him and so abandoned the little game contemplated in defiance of all that is decent and dignified. The pretence that it is important to find out why the judges disqualified Mr. Whyte, and then to drop the whole matter, is made merely to allow Mr. Mercier an avenue of escape from the dilemma in which he was placed by the revelation that the committee is against him, but it is a matter of congratulation that the outrage of over-riding the decision of the courts by means of a partisan majority for a partisan purpose, is not to be perpetrated.—*Gazette*.

AUSTRALIAN BUTTER.

Though Canadian cheese holds the first place in the imports of the United Kingdom the butter of the Dominion is far from being in an equally favorable position. And now it seems that our dairymen are to have another competitor in the markets of Great Britain. The *Australian* says that a farmers' association, the West Camden Co-operative Company, of New South Wales, began by shipping one ton of factory butter last October, which sold at 112s. per cwt. in London. Next they tried two tons, which brought the

same price, then three tons, and on the fourth occasion thirty-five tons, still obtaining the same figure for the factory butter. Altogether they sent 170 tons to reach England during the cold season. The company did not make a profit on this first experiment, but the shareholders who supplied the butter received prices that satisfied them, especially as the price in the Sydney market was kept up by a glut being thus prevented. Another company obtained 120s. for butter reaching England in March. These butter factories in New South Wales have been established only for four years, yet the London buyers report that this Australian butter was as good as the Danish. This is high praise, for the Danish butter holds the first rank among that imported into England.

This Australian success ought quite to set at rest the doubts of those Canadians who say that our butter could hardly arrive in as good condition as the Danish on account of the longer transit. The Australian butter had to be carried a far longer distance and across the equator, so Canada certainly has the advantage in this respect. So it has in producing and manufacturing. How would our dairymen like, for instance, to have no ice but what was made artificially by a chemical process? This difference and the "shorter haul" ought to do more than counterbalance the only advantage possessed by Australia, less expense for winter keep. We have as good stock, as good feed, and even more suitable climate. As to the making, Canadians who lead the market in cheese can surely find the skill to be equally successful with butter. The great requisite is to organize a factory system, such as we have found to produce such good results in regard to cheese, and which our Australian brethren are now adopting with success for butter. We have made a beginning, and have only to go ahead.—*Empire*.

A ONE-SIDED EXCHANGE.

The peculiar methods by which the advocates in Canada of United States interests are endeavoring to include the Dominion in the political market for New England manufacturers is strikingly exemplified in the following extract from Mr. Wiman's special organ in Toronto. It says: "So far as trade between the nations is concerned, therefore, we may strike an average and say that it is obstructed on each side of the 'St. Lawrence by duties averaging 22 per cent. That is, if a Canadian wishes to trade a Canadian article for an American article which he cannot produce at all, or can produce only at a cost much higher than the American cost of production, Uncle Sam first of all fines him 22 per cent. of its value on entering the States, and then the Dominion Government imposes a second fine amounting to 22 per cent. of the value of the American article obtained in exchange." This is a very obvious and dishonest attempt to persuade Canadians that they pay the duties both on their exports to and imports from the United States. Now, on any theory as to the disputed incidence of Customs duties, it cannot be supposed that Canadians pay in both cases. If it were so, how would it happen that the chief agitators for Commercial Union or Unrestricted Reciprocity were either residents of the United States or Yankee sympathizers in Canada till the Grits took up the movement as their political programme? Were they the kind of people to work for the sole benefit of Canadians? As to the pretence of their Toronto organ that the duties are about the same on both sides of the line, it is based on cooked averages which would not affect ordinary transactions. And if, on the average, the duties collected are approximately similar in spite of the higher United States tariff, it is because our importations from our neighbors are of articles on which more labor has been expended. This is true in a measure even under the N. P. and Yankee manufacturers and their Canadian allies wish by sweeping away our tariff to place the operatives of Canada at a far greater disadvantage. That is the meaning of the scheme, as the Wimanite organ betrays, when it asks: What profit do we gain by the existence of an agency for the obstruction or the prohibition of the sale of our wares to our neighbors? What can we lose by the opening to our natural products of a new market? It is not the promised opening of a new market for our natural products that is objectionable. If it were really a new market for surplus natural products in excess of our requirements, it would even be beneficial. But the objection is to the proposal to part with products which we do really require and buy them back again in a manufactured state. It is this unequal exchange, not the sale of surplus goods, to which Canadians object. We do not wish to sell wheat in order to buy it back as flour with the miller's charges added, or to sell iron ore in order to buy it back as manufactured iron, giving the remunerative work to foreigners. When we have manufactured as much of our natural products and raw materials as we require for our own use, it will be time enough to consider the most profitable disposal of any surplus. In most cases it would be in the Old World, where consumers wish to supply their deficiency, not in the United States, where there is a still larger surplus for sale. This is the policy for Canadians, but it is

not the policy of the Commercial Annexationists. Their spokesman, Professor Smith, put the thing in a nutshell in Connecticut when he exclaimed: "What a market for your manufacturers!"—*Empire*.

Report of the Agricultural Commission.

Quebec, July 4.—The report of the Commission on Agriculture referring to the advisability of bringing up youthful delinquents on farms instead of in reformatory schools says:—The Government pays each year large sums for maintenance of those reformatories and the constant increase in the cost has become a question of grave importance. The commission thinks that this expenditure could be sensibly diminished by transforming some of those reformatories into agricultural establishments where the young people could earn their own living as is done in Europe, and notably in the celebrated establishment of Mettray. At present children in reformatories are taught a trade which only prepares them for town life, that is to say, the kind of life where they come most into contact with old associations and consequent temptations, instead of making them farmers and thus removing from them both. These institutions could be established on Crown lands and would soon become self-supporting, thus serving a double purpose, disseminating and relieving the drain on the Treasury. When these establishments succeed so well in Europe it is hard to see how they should not succeed here.

The commission does not hesitate to say that the establishment of a model farm in each county would give a considerable impetus to the progress as well as to the amelioration of agriculture, as the farmers around would find it to their advantage to imitate the improved methods. But this innovation would entail either the abolition of the agricultural societies, which those interested would not approve of, or an increased expenditure which the country is not in a position to support. The commission believes that it would be possible to arrive at the same end by a more economical and more popular method. They propose to have competitions to be held every three years for the best kept farms, and to give five prizes for the districts belonging to each agricultural society. These prizes would be \$100, \$60, \$40, \$30, and \$20. The farm obtaining the first prize would be claimed the model farm of the country or division in which it is situated, and would hold this title until it is lost in another competition. The prizes would be outside of those awarded by the agricultural societies, and would be paid by the Government the same as a special grant for this purpose. Any farm having an area of forty acres under cultivation could compete, and regulations would be made to determine the number of points to be given for cattle culture, implements and buildings respectively. The judges would be named by the council of agriculture.

Instead of the Council of Agriculture, as it exists at the present time, the commission recommends the substitution of a commission composed of the Minister of Agriculture as president ex-officio, and ten members, at most, of the committee on agriculture of the Legislative assembly, chosen from among the members who have a practical knowledge of agriculture, and five other persons appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-council on the recommendation of the Commissioner of Agriculture. This commission would have all the attributes and powers devolving on the Council of Agriculture as it at present exists. The commission approves of agricultural clubs, and recommends the Government to do all in their power to stimulate and extend their action. The exchange of ideas and discussions that take place at these meetings are of a nature to produce great results in the improvement of agriculture and in the introduction of improved methods.

GRAND - CIVIC DEMONSTRATION,

Under the auspices of the citizens of

Portage du Fort,

—ON—

THURSDAY, THE 26th JULY, 1888.

PROGRAM—MORNING.
A Base Ball match for a Trophy and the championship of the counties of Renfrew and Pontiac, to take place at 10 o'clock a.m.

AFTERNOON.
Half Mile Foot Race, Purse, \$5.00.—1st, \$3.00; 2nd, \$1.25; 3rd, 75cts.
100 Yard Dash, Purse, \$3.00.—1st, \$1.50; 2nd, \$1.00; 3rd, 50cts.
200 Yard Dash (for boys under 16 years) Purse \$2.25.—1st, \$1.00; 2nd, 75cts; 3rd, 50cts.
Hurdle Race, over 6 hurdles in 300 yards, Purse, \$5.00.—1st, \$2.50; 2nd, \$1.50; 3rd, \$1.00.

HORSE RACES.
Trotting and Pacing Race, Purse, \$40.00, open to all trotters and pacers in the counties of Renfrew and Pontiac and the township of Eardley, that have never beaten 3 minutes.
Named Race, Purse, \$15.00, open to Doctor Boy, Bryson Girl, Delphis B, Nettie B, Nellie D, Billy M., Dow Davis e. m., R. Hobbs b. s., Running Race, Mile heats, 2 in 3, catch weights, Purse, \$25.00, open to the counties of Renfrew and Pontiac and township of Eardley.
Novelty Race, Purse \$8.00, for horses that will trot the closest to 4 minutes.
Named Running Race, half mile heats, 3 in 5, catch weights, Purse, \$10.00.
Scrub Race, last horse to win, (the owner not allowed to drive his own horse), Purse, \$3.
Evening, Lumbermen's Boat Race, Purse, \$4.00.

Conditions.—All races 4 to enter 3 to start. Entrance 10 per cent. of purse. Entries close with secretary on Wednesday the 25th.

A good Brass Band will be in attendance. Dancing Platform.

W. BECKETT, J. S. SAUVE, President, Secretary.

COMMITTEE: G. A. Barron, Thomas Thacker, W. Lough, John Coyne and A. McDonald.

WELL TESTER.—"I was nearly dead with Cholera Morbus, one bottle of Extract of wild Strawberry cured me, and at another time I was so bad with Summer Complaint that I thought I would never get over it, when two bottles cured me." Mrs. E. Aslett, Peel, Ont.
DANGEROUS FITS are often caused by worms, Freeman's Worm Powders destroy worms.
AROUSE THE LIVER when torpid with National Pills, a good anti-bilious cathartic, sugar-coated.
FOR NETTLE Rash, Summer Heat, Eruptions and general toilet purposes use Low's Sulphur Soap.

Teachers Wanted.

FOR the municipality of South Onslow, teachers, for the following schools, holding 1st class diplomas, or 2nd under the new regulations.—For No. 2 R. C. preferred, 3, 4 and 5, Protestant. Applicants to state salary wanted. Applications received up to July 11 by
Eardley 25 June, 1888. RICHARD SALLY.

Brick Works.

D. KENNEDY, CLARENDON, wishes to inform the public that he has changed his brick machinery and fitted up his brickyard after the style of Messrs. Brooker & Fisher's brickyard, Toledo, Ohio. It is the best patent system known. All orders will be filled with promptness and despatch.
D. KENNEDY, Moorhead P. O. Que. July 4th.

Notice

I HEREBY GIVEN THAT I FORBID ANY person or persons from harboring or giving anything whatsoever to my Wife ANN YOUNG on my account, she having left my bed and board without any just cause and refuses to return.
WESLEY YOUNG.
North Onslow, 18th June, 1888.

ROLLER FLOUR MILL FOR SALE.

Capacity: 50 Barrels per day.

FIRST CLASS investment.—Good reasons for selling. One-third, or more, of the purchase money can remain in the property.
Speak quick if you want. Apply to
JAMES WILSON,
Box 10 Radford, Que.
Clarendon, June 28th, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I BEG TO Notify the travelling public and the Commercial portion in particular, that I am again in charge of the "DAVIS HOUSE," Fort Coulonge, where will be found every accommodation for the comfort and entertainment of guests.

There is connected with the hotel a fine billiard parlor; a bar, containing the choicest liquors the market supplies; a commodious Sample Room, equipped so that commercial travellers can without difficulty exhibit their samples to the best advantage; a free bus to and from the P.P.J. Ry Station and a good livery.

Fearless of being dubbed with the stigma of blowing my own horn, I say most unhesitatingly that the Davis House, as it now is, is better conducted and affords more complete accommodation to travellers than any other Hotel in Fort Coulonge.

I would most respectfully solicit the return of all my old patrons and friends, as much misrepresentation and slander has been indulged in by interested parties in order to injure me, if possible, in my business.

While thanking the public at large for past favors and patronage I would say that the most judicious care and polite attention will be extended to guests at all hours.

EDWARD DAVIS.

Fort Coulonge, June 25th, 1888.

WANTED

50,000 lbs. OF WOOL

AT THE

Galletta woollen MILLS,

Branch Store,

Portage-du-Fort.

THE UNDERSIGNED desires to inform the farmers of Pontiac that he has opened a branch store on Main St. Portage du Fort, about the 1st June where he will keep constantly on hand a large stock of

Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, Shawls,

Yarns, &c., to exchange for Wool.

All goods warranted first class and guaranteed free from shoddy.

Highest cash price paid for good clean wool.

Galletti Whyte.

May 28th, 1888.

ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS.

MICHAEL HUGHES, Colfield, 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 8th 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. Colfield, May 8th, 1888.

Look Here!

THE undersigned wishes to thank the public for past patronage and announces that he still keeps in stock

Groceries, Delf, Crockery, Patent Medicines, Confectionery, Fruit, &c.

C. CALDWELL, Shawville.

April 6, 1888.

Wool. Wool. Wool.

Season, 1888.

WANTED. - WANTED.

ARNPRIOR

WOOLEN - MILL.

Highest Market Price in Cash, or Exchange for Cloth, Flannel, Blankets, Yarn, &c.

A FIRST CLASS STOCK OF GOODS ALWAYS ON HAND.

YARN. YARN. YARN.

Custom Spinning and Roll Carding. Cloth Finishing a Specialty.

DONTIGNY & HUGHTON,

ARNPRIOR.

May 21st.

FINE TAILORING.

ALL

WORK WARRANTED, AT

269 & 271 Wellington St. OTTAWA.

P. O'Reilly

A NEW

"FAD"

FOR

RENFREW.

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, RENFREW.

What was the Woman's Crusade?

It was a long, smothered sob, breaking into a cry; it was a mid-night prayer coming abroad at noon-day. You men sometimes say to us, as we stand in places like this, "Home is your kingdom." We do not dispute it. We know it better than you know it. But it was our kingdom that was outraged. You say to us standing ballotless and defenseless before this vampire of civilization, "You do not need the ballot; we defend you by love and by law." Do you, when for eighty-five years, by well defined license legislation, motherhood has been uncrowned and her children slain by law, and you have made no protest against it? You have prayed about it in prayer meeting; but when it came to the sweep of the empire in the ballot box and in political organizations you have made no protest. Oh, men, I do not believe a civilization is worth much that cannot protect its women and babies. And grand as you are, and strong as you are, you will never be able to protect your women and children and the dram shop at the same time. Oh, in shame, in very shame, either get up and strike down this enemy of the home and of wifehood and childhood, or else put the ballot into the hands of your women for their own protection.—Mary T. Lathrap.

The Tobacco Habit and its effects upon School Work.

After making a study of several hundred boys, running through a period of ten years, I give only observed facts, and neither assume the conditions nor jump at fore-ordained conclusions.

1. Boys that begin the habit at an early age are stunted physically, and never arrive at normal bodily development.
2. Accompanied with the use of the narcotic were certain disordered physical functions, such as indigestion, impaired taste, defective eyesight, dull hearing, nervous affections and diseases of the heart. I have not found a single case of early addicting to the habit of tobacco-using that did not suffer with one or more of these direful abnormal conditions.
3. Tobacco, used in any form, destroyed the ability to apply one's self to study, and prevented his comprehending or remembering his lessons. The mental faculties of a boy under the influence of the narcotic seem to be in a stupor, and since depraved nerve power stultifies and weakens the will power, there is but little use for the teacher to seek to arouse the dormant, paralyzed energies, or to interest and foster the fagged desire. I have not met a pupil who is addicted to the habit who will go through a single day's work and have good lessons. I have never had one whose scholarship record was good, and in almost every case the deportment was below the average standard. At the regular examinations for promotion, nearly every one of the tobacco-using pupils fail in doing the most reasonable test work, even if this is not the first time the work has been passed over in class. I have had numbers of cases in which they have remained in the same grade for four successive years, and then they were not ready to be advanced into the next higher class.

Actual cases.—A high-school boy who had always done excellent work, was reported one term as not getting his lessons. I had a talk with the boy and stated the facts, assuring him that with his past record his poor work was unexplainable, as he insisted that he devoted his time faithfully to his studies. He denied using tobacco at all. His work failed from month to month, and before the year closed his parents withdrew him from school. His father deeply regretted the failure, admitted that a change had come in the boy's conduct at home, but as he had heretofore been truthful and faithful, he could not think that the pre-supposed cause was the true one. In a few months the habit, thus far secret, became more pronounced and more public, and was absolutely established by the boy's own admissions, that it was begun several months before the trouble noticed at school, and that no one knew it save the salesman who supplied him with the narcotic.

2. Four years ago a boy entered one of my primary schools as a chart pupil. Before the boy was four years of age he had learned the habit of smoking cigarettes and str's of cigars. His father taught him the use of narcotics, and considered it sport to see his son exhibit the habits and tastes of his elders. During the four years he did not complete the twenty-four lessons on the chart, although he attended regularly, and applied himself as diligently as the average pupil of that grade. He seemed perfectly unable to learn like other children, though he was at the beginning a precocious, promising child. His mental activity was so dulled and paralyzed as to render him little better than an idiot or an imbecile. Experience has shown that the younger the habit is acquired the more disastrous the results to the mentality of the child.

3. One boy was a successful primary pupil. His work and his interest were constantly praised by his teachers. On his entering the last half of the third grade, his work began to lag and his interest to decline. At the examination for promotion his case was conditioned, and it was detected that he had begun some months before to use tobacco. His parents were informed, and strenuous efforts were made by his teacher to get the habit restrained and corrected. His reform was not secured, and though he remained five years in the same grade, he was never able to advance on merit, and several trial promotions proved failures.

4. In a case where reform was secured and habit overcome, the pupil again returned to normal progress, and had a successful career as a student.

Other Observations.—So far as my observations have extended, not a single boy has passed the examination required for admission to the high school after he had acquired the habit, and not one has graduated from the high school who began the habit after beginning his course in the high school.

But the moral results are also as serious. Pupils under the influence of the weed are constant subjects of discipline, are not truthful, practice deception, and cannot be depended upon. A change in character in a formerly good boy is a very strong indication that some habit is getting hold upon him whose tyranny must be broken before he will again be clothed in his right mind. The worst characteristic of the habit is a loss of personal self respect, and of personal regard for the customs and wishes of ladies and gentlemen, especially when among strangers.

If these observations mean anything, they

declare that something ought to be done to save child-life from the pit-falls that commercial interests are digging, and that greed is encouraging; that more should be done than to instruct by oral or text lessons in school; that teachers, parents and philanthropists are not yet sufficiently aroused regarding the magnitude of the evil of tobacco-using by children; that in the crusade against alcohol we should recognize that other evils, though more quietly, are just as surely sapping the strength and destroying the vigour of the youth of this generation.—H. H. Seerley, Principal of Iowa State Normal School.

Davitt Defends O'Donnell

AND DEFIES THE GOVERNMENT TO ENTER A PROSECUTION AGAINST HIMSELF AND PARNELL.

London, July 8.—A demonstration was held at Glasgow on Saturday to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. Dillon. Mr. Michael Davitt challenged the law officers, if they believed Mr. Parnell guilty of the gravest crimes, to try him. The government, he said, were false to their oaths if they did not put himself and Mr. Parnell in the prisoner's dock. Referring to O'Donnell's libel suit against the Times, Mr. Davitt said it had been hinted that there was collusion between O'Donnell and the Times. This charge, he said, was entirely unjust and untrue. On the contrary O'Donnell had pursued the course taken by him against his own judgment and will on his (Davitt's) advice along with some Nationalists who believed that the case would receive an impartial hearing before a British judge. They had been grievously disappointed. Surely Chief Justice Coleridge, when he discovered that there was no case on which to go to the jury, ought to have prevented Attorney-General Webster from trying to make out a charge against men who were not in court and who had no means of defending themselves. The excuse of the Times that the lives of their informants would not be safe if they were brought forward was absurd and an insult to common sense. The real danger was that the informants themselves would be placed in the dock on the charge of forgery. The Attorney-General's assertion that he could prove the charges contained in the Times' articles on "Parnellism and Crime" made the taking of further action inevitable. But by whom was such action to be taken? If the letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell were genuine; if the Attorney-General, as a law officer of the Crown, really held proof sufficient to convict Mr. Parnell, the speaker and others of conspiracy to murder it was his duty to place them in the dock. He challenged the Attorney-General to adopt such a course. If the latter did not take up the challenge as given from a public platform he (Davitt) would put it in writing. If the Attorney-General the alternative either of admitting that there was no proof with which to substantiate the charges, or of forcing the government to place on trial Mr. Parnell and himself. If the government did not put them in the dock it would be because they knew that the allegations were but the weapons of cowardly moral assassination. This was the only way in which the charges could be sifted to the bottom and the truth be made known to the people of Great Britain and Ireland. There could be no shirking the issue.

THE THUNDERER STILL DEFIANT.

The Times, in its comments on Mr. Parnell's statements in the House of Commons says:—"Mr. Parnell's admission that his character as a member of Parliament is seriously affected is a very imperfect recognition of his position. He places against a tremendous and unproven charge a bare and unsupported denial, which would be as much a matter of course from the greatest criminal as from the most innocent man. In the circumstances the denial is absolutely worthless as evidence, even if it were made by one whose character for veracity was beyond doubt and suspicion. Such a character is not borne by Parnell, who has been convicted, as in his Cincinnati speech, of solemnly and indignantly asserting what is not a fact. The members of the Liberal party, from Mr. Gladstone down to its humblest follower, are called upon either to insist that effectual steps be taken by Mr. Parnell and his party to disprove the charges made against them or to accept the consequences of their associations with men whose guilt has been established by presumption, which is only technically short of a demonstration. In another column of the paper the speech of Mr. Parnell is traversed and the Times reiterates that it is fully prepared to prove in open court the charges which were made against Mr. Parnell and his followers.

The Morning Post says:—"Mr. Parnell seems hardly to realize the position in which he and his friends are placed. The House of Commons is not a place from which a satisfactory answer to the charges made against him should be delivered. The Times believed the letters Mr. Parnell contented himself with asserting in Parliament that the signatures were forged. Many of his English allies would have preferred that he should have taken the usual steps to defend his character in a court of law, but the hope of a complete vindication was soon given up and the English Parnellites, making the best of a bad bargain, loudly applauded conduct which would have ruined the reputation of any English politician. For over a year he has resisted a pressing and repeated invitation to enter the witness box. He and his friends cannot reasonably complain if the public, rightly or wrongly, draws its own conclusions."

ALL WELL PLEASED.—The children like Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and parents rejoice over its virtues.

FROM MORAPANO, MAN.—Mr. Joseph Clark writes—"all last winter I was so bad with inflammatory rheumatism that I was not expected to live. I used no other medicine but B. B. B. and can now get around again feeling better than I ever was before I was taken sick, and I owe it all to Burdock Blood Bitters."

A FACT WORTH REMEMBERING.—Mr. Jas. Binnie, of Toronto, states that his little baby when three months old was so bad with summer complaint that under doctors' treatment her life was despaired of. Four doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cured her. She is now fat and hearty.

BROKEN DOWN.—"After suffering with Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, loss of appetite, in the head until discouraged, I heard of B. B. B., took two bottles and am happy to day feel as well as ever." Mrs. Rufus E. Merry, New Albany, N. S.

A DISTRESSING DISEASE.—"I wish to give my testimony in favor of B. B. B. I had been troubled with dyspepsia and was induced to try this valuable medicine. I have used three bottles and am now well as ever." Mrs. L. Finch, Clear Creek, Ont.

NOTICE TO LADIES
Suffering from Female Weaknesses and WOMB DISORDERS.

Orange Blossom,—A Positive Cure.
I AM a living witness to the above. For stamp for postage I will send sample free and full printed instructions. I can faithfully and sincerely recommend it to cure any form of the above disorders and Piles. Mrs. M. KINGROSE, Agent, Haley's Station, Ont.

Farm for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale Lot 23, in the 9th range of the Township of Clarendon, containing 200 acres and situated one half mile from Clarke's Station on the P. J. Railway. There are about seventy-five acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The premises are well watered and a good house, barns and stable are erected thereon. Title indisputable. For further particulars apply to the owner.
GEO. H. KEMP.
Clarendon, Aug. 25, 1887.

Trespass Notice.

I HEREBY forbid any person or persons from trespassing on the following lots, viz: Front half of lot No. 24, 8th Range Clarendon, Lot 25 on the 8th Range, Clarendon, Lot 23 on the 7th Range, Clarendon.
Any one found trespassing after the publication of this notice will be prosecuted as provided by law.
HENRY RADES.
Clarendon, June 5th, 1888.

Pyke's Shirts

ARE THE BEST. TRY THEM.

89 SPARKS STREET, - - - OTTAWA, ONT.

Ottawa, June 28th, 1887.

ROSS BROTHERS, SHAWVILLE,

SELL ALL GOODS

(AT)

Lowest Possible Prices,

AND

PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE

FOR FARM PRODUCE.

TAILORING AND DRESS-MAKING

Notice.

ALL PERSONS found trespassing or removing Timber, of any kind, from off lot 10, in the 1st Range of the Township of Chichester, will be prosecuted according to law.
Chichester, June 5th, 1888.

FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale the following property, situated in the Township of Chichester, within half a mile of the village:—

One Saw Mill,

in which there are one Circular Saw, One Batting Saw, One Shingle Mill and one Lath Machine.

One Grist Mill,

in which there are Three Runs of Stone.

One Carding Mill

in which there are one first class 30-inch Roll Carding Machine with Emery Grinder and Picker and one Felling Mill.

The above property will be sold cheap for Cash. Parties requiring time will be offered easy terms of payment.
For particulars apply to
W. J. POUPORE,
Chichester.

June 11, 1888.

HACYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM
CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

HACYARD'S YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

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.

STAGE LINE AND EXPRESS AGENCY

—BETWEEN—
HALEY'S STATION and PORTAGE DU FORT.

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

STAGES LEAVE PORTAGE DU FORT:

8.00, A. M.	CONNECTING AT HALEY'S STATION	9.45, A. M.
5.00, P. M.	" " "	6.56, P. M.
11.30, P. M.	" " "	1.00, A. M.
2.30, A. M.	" " "	3.12, A. M.

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

GEORGE O'BRIEN, PROPRIETOR.

FARMERS?

Why use poor oil on your Reapers and Mowers
—WHEN YOU CAN GET—

McCull's Lardine Machine Oil.

So Cheap. It wears better than any other oil and never gums. Give it a trial.

M'COLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

EDISON'S LATEST WONDER.

A Toy that Prays and Sings in Natural Tones.

The talking doll, recently ushered into existence in Menlo park is thus described by a metropolitan paper:

Not only has Wizard Telegraphic-Telephonic Phonographic Graphophonic Edison the power of focusing the rays of abstract science and creating therefrom practical concrete appliances, but he knows how to apply these marvellous instruments of his invention to every day use. His latest invention in the use of the phonograph is a speaking baby. This is an almost perfect mechanical device. It is a wax doll of beautiful workmanship. The jaws are hung so naturally that one unacquainted with the fictitious character of the doll would imagine that they belonged to the genuine flesh and blood infant.

The body of the doll contains a miniature motor and the smallest phonograph ever made. The phonograph and the jaws are worked simultaneously, and the fictitious infant talks for just one minute by Mr. Edison's golden chronometer. It is so accurately timed that the homely little prayer which John Quincy Adams uttered while dying—"Now I lay me down to sleep"—has just time to issue from its ruby lips before the instrument stops.

In explaining how this remarkable feat is performed Mr. Edison said: "A curious feature about this invention is that the baby's voice is an exact representation of the human voice. In fact, it is my own voice, for I speak to the phonograph and the record is made of the tones of my voice upon the little waxen cylinder. Then, by an ingenious contrivance connected with one of the arms of the make-believe baby, the mechanism is started into motion. It sounds all the more natural coming from the baby, because the tones of my voice have been reduced in volume, so that they seem suited to the infant's capacity. The accurate gauging of the utterances of the doll, so that they would come within the one-minute limit has cost me a great deal of time and labor. The first line of the prayer is repeated more quickly than any of the others.

"The second line is a little slower, and runs something like the following: 'I pray the L-o-r-d-m-y-soul-to-ke-e-p.'

"The third line is a still slower, and when printed would read something like this: 'If I should die-b-e-f-o-r-e-I-w-a-k-e.'

"The last line of the original version is long drawn out, as if the make-believe baby was getting very sleepy, thus: 'I-p-r-a-y-t-h-e-L-o-r-d-m-y-s-o-u-l-t-o-t-a-k-e.'

"But I have added," continued Mr. Edison, "a few words to the prayer which, while they do not appear in the original, still will be found in general use. They are these, and they die away from the infant's lips as though she were utterly overcome with weariness:

G-o-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t, m-a-a-m-m-a,
G-o-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t, p-p-p-a-a-p-a,
G-o-o-o-d-n-i-g-h-t.

"This is not the only accomplishment of this wonderful child," continued the inventor with a smile. "Not only does the spurious baby speak its prayer, but it also sings a comic song. When I had Mr. Rosenfeld play over his song 'Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo' for the phonograph, I also took an impression of the melody and words for the use of my baby, so that now she not only says her evening prayer, but she also sings her little song—singing the chorus only—as follows:

"Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo,
Lovey me, I lovey 'oo;
Does 'oo lovey, lovey me
As I lovey, lovey 'oo;
Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo."

"My little maiden never has a sore throat, and she never refuses to sing when called upon to do so."

The reporter asked Mr. Edison whether the baby was the only new device with which the phonograph had been associated. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Edison, with a smile, "I have also a talking clock, which, instead of striking the hour, speaks it. At dinner time a voice issues from the clock which says 'dinner time'; also 'one o'clock,' 'two o'clock,' etc., as the case may be. Another device which I am perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face which I propose to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow, and the fictitious lady will say, 'good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bedtime.' This," continued Mr. Edison will be a very convenient time-piece to have about the house where the lover is staying later than a seasonable hour."

"There seems to be no end to the practical uses of the phonograph," remarked the reporter.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Edison, "I can make an instrument which is capable of being hidden away in a parlor and which will record all the conversation carried on there. Imagine the consternation of a loving young couple when all their billing and cooing is reproduced by the mother of the young lady who has placed the phonograph there for that purpose. To unnumbered purposes can this instrument be put."

"There is a rumor, Mr. Edison, that you purpose publishing music, or securing copyrights of popular songs for the use of the phonograph; is this true?"

"Yes, I have already secured three of Mr. M. H. Rosenfeld's most popular recent works, viz., 'The Kentucky Gallopade,' the 'Dramatic News Waltzes,' and the song 'Kutchy, Kutchy, Coo' which the *Evening World* recently printed. It is the intention of the company in which I am interested to make a regular business of the publication of music for use upon the phonograph, and already I have in view an enterprising publisher in New York to handle it for me and place it on the market. Of course, this will not be printed music, but merely impressions upon the wax cylinders of the phonograph, so that the owner of an instrument can have a repertoire of the latest songs at a nominal price of twenty cents each. If he wishes to hear an andante from Beethoven in his parlor all he has to do is to adjust his cylinder. These cylinders are practically indestructible. They can be used times without number, and when the owner of the phonograph becomes tired of a particular composition he can have it removed from the cylinder and another substituted for it."

Mr. Edison said that Prof. Muybridge, the instantaneous photographer, had visited him lately, and had proposed to him a scheme which, if carried to completion, will afford an almost endless field of instruction and amusement. The photographer said that he had been conducting a series of experiments recently, and had almost perfected a photographic appliance by which he would be en-

abled to accurately reproduce the gestures and the facial expression of, for instance, Mr. Blaine in the act of making a speech. This was done, he said, by taking some sixty or seventy instantaneous photographs of each position assumed by the speaker, and then throwing them, by means of a magic lantern upon a screen. He proposed to Mr. Edison that the phonograph should be used in connection with his invention, and that the photographs of Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Lillian Russell in some of her songs, and other artists of note, should be experimented with. Mr. Edison, he said, could produce while he would furnish the gestures and facial expression. This scheme met with the approval of Mr. Edison, and he intended to perfect it at his leisure.

A constant stream of visitors pours in upon the inventor at his laboratory daily. Although the phonograph has been extensively written about in the newspapers, still the general public has a very crude idea about the marvellous invention. The popular idea is that the words are spoken into a tube, and that they are stored away in a sort of box, and that when they are wanted a tap is turned and the words themselves come out. For the information of the readers of the *World* the following explanation of the newly perfected phonograph is given:

Imagine half of a wax candle resting on a shallow wooden box. A little machine is inside of the box, the motive power of which is electricity. This machine keeps the candle in constant revolution. Resting upon the candle is a tiny steel figure, no larger than a cambric needle. The needle is set in a piece of paraffined silk, which has a rim around it, much like that of a snare drum. This drum-head, however, is no larger than the top of an ordinary spool. The sound waves strike the little drum head, which vibrate the needle. The needle, in turn, cuts a tiny mark into the tallow candle and leaves an impression of the song or oration, as the case may be. After the impression of the sound waves is taken, another little drum-head, of a more sensitive nature than the first, and another needle, are substituted. This second needle follows the path of the first one, and the sound waves are thrown out of the instrument so that they are distinctly audible to persons standing within twenty feet of the instrument. The singing baby, the talking clock and the parlor phonograph will be perfected in a few days, and will be on the market in time for the Christmas stockings.

Great Circle Sailing.

The question is raised as to whether or not seamen on long voyages try to sail upon arcs of great circles? We presume that most of our readers know that a "great circle" is one which divides the globe into two equal parts. The equator is a great circle, so is any line drawn round the earth through the two poles. A great circle may be at any angle with the equator, and it will always cut the equator at two points exactly opposite to each other.

If distance were the only thing to be considered, the route by a great circle would be chosen, as being the shortest. But distance is not all. The prevailing winds, the ocean currents, the presence of icebergs, wrecks or drift in the path of a vessel will occasion a change of course. What is looked for is not the shortest route, but the one that can be made in the shortest time, and with the least risk.

To show how some of the circumstances here mentioned go to determine the course of a vessel, let us compare the route from New York to the equator, on a voyage, say, to Rio Janeiro, with the course it makes on the return trip this side of the line.

As the route is laid down on the charts, the outward bound craft strikes straight across the Gulf Stream, steering a little south of east so as to make about three degrees of latitude to twelve of longitude. It then describes a wide curve, crossing the thirtieth parallel of latitude at the forty-fifth meridian west. The curve continues to approach the meridian so that the twentieth parallel is crossed at the thirty-seventh meridian; the tenth parallel is crossed at the thirty-third meridian, and the equator is reached at the thirty-second meridian.

It will be seen that in the latter part of this course the vessel is running nearly due south. The object of keeping so far out into mid-ocean after passing the Gulf Stream is to take advantage of the North East trade winds which are entered at about the twenty-third parallel, and which extend nearly to the equator.

On its return trip the vessel comes across the equator about five degrees farther west than where it crossed when going down; that is, at about the thirty-seventh meridian, the course it holds is straight, and almost directly for the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. This course brings the ship to the Gulf Stream at least four hundred miles farther down the coast,—or up stream, if we speak with reference to the direction of current,—than where the outward course left the stream.

As soon as the ship enters the Gulf Stream, it changes its course direct for New York. It is scarcely necessary to say that the object of making this angle in the route is to gain as much advantage as possible from the Gulf Stream.

From the description given of the route followed by the outward-bound vessel to the equator and that taken by the inward-bound, the reader can easily lay down the two lines on any map of the North Atlantic upon which the meridian lines and the parallels of latitude are marked.

It will be seen that where the two routes cross the thirtieth parallel, off St. Augustine, they are twenty degrees of longitude apart. This is nearly one-third the width of the ocean on that parallel. All this divergence from a direct course is due to winds and currents. If it were not for these circumstances and others already named, then the principles of great circle sailing would always be adopted.

In the course of the excavations now going on at the Acropolis in Athens a stone block, bearing an inscription of great interest to archaeologists, has been discovered embedded in a comparatively modern wall. It relates to the expenditure made in erecting the ancient temple known as the Erechtheion. It gives details as to the first plans and divisions of this edifice, indicating its eastern and western gables, and also helps to explain certain topographical questions in relation to another still more ancient Greek temple, the remains of which were discovered two years ago, and which was itself destroyed by the Persians under Xerxes.

FIGHTING FOR DEAR LIFE.

Terrible Experiences of Explorers who Incurred the Enmity of the Natives.

When the explorers Kund and Tappenbeck reached the coast more dead than alive in March last they told a thrilling story of their five months' journey among the unknown tribes of West Africa back of the Cameroon district. All the information we have yet received of this tragical journey is contained in a long letter written by Lieut. Kund. No map helps us to trace their route, for not a tribe or a place they mention is found on any map. They marched into a wholly new region, and they probably suffered more than any other modern explorers of Africa who survived to tell their story.

Starting some way south of Cameroon, they marched over 200 miles into the interior with a caravan numbering over 100 men. They met with no serious opposition till they had travelled about 160 miles east, when the Jonguans tribe attempted to prevent the expedition from crossing a river. The caravan embarked in canoes, crossed the river while firing rapidly at the natives, and stormed up the bank, driving the frightened savages before them. After two days skirmishing peace was made with this tribe, and the expedition went on its way. The little war had cost quite a number of lives, the natives suffering most of the loss. Then they entered a prosperous and peaceful country, where the natives expressed their great delight at seeing white men among them. They brought plenty of food, which they sold at remarkably low prices.

It has been known for some time that a line drawn east from Cameroon to the Nile roughly approximates the boundary between the Sudan negroes, and the great family of Bantu tribes who spread over the southern part of the continent. Our explorers far inland touched this great race Najong River they found a tribe of Sudan negroes, who, mistaking the visitors for slave hunters, decided to prevent the further march of the expedition. Here occurred

A CRUEL MASSACRE OF THE NATIVES.

Unable to speak any of the languages which were known to the members of the expedition, the situation could not easily be explained to them. The white men, using little tact or discretion, so far as now appears, attempted to force their way along, and were attacked on the march. In turn they stormed a big palisaded village, in whose defence the brave negroes, armed only with bows and arrows and spears, fought as well as they could against the well armed foe. Of course they were defeated, and the village was laid in ashes. "We were sorry," writes Kund, "for the dead who lay about the village, for they had lost their lives in defending their homes against those who, they believed, had come with bad intentions."

Of course, as the expedition had made implacable enemies of these negroes, all further progress through this country was out of the question. The party sought by another route to regain the coast, and when only about a week's march from Cameroon they met their greatest misfortune. While following a narrow path in a very large reefer where the reedy grass grows about 16 feet high, the expedition was most unexpectedly attacked by the Bakoka armed with guns. Hidden in this grass the enemy kept up an almost constant firing upon the party, who were almost defenceless. They could not see

THE CROUCHING NEGROES,

and could only blaze away now and then at the puffs of smoke after the Bakoka had fired. As the party with difficulty pushed its way through the grass the natives, knowing every elephant path, were able to get in advance of the expedition or to keep abreast of it. A large part of the caravan threw down their loads, content if they were able to get out of the scrape with their lives. It was also necessary to leave much of the baggage in order to carry the wounded.

That terrible day's work cost the lives or the efficiency of one-third of the expedition. Tappenbeck, with a bullet in his head, was borne senseless on a stretcher. Kund was shot in two places, one bulletbreaking his left arm. Twenty-six men were wounded and quite a number of them had to be carried. Only three rounds of ammunition were left for each man and if the enemy had energetically renewed the attack next day the entire party would have perished in the grass. Fortunately, however, the natives, whose own loss had been quite heavy, kept at a respectful distance and fired only an occasional shot. Other

MISERIES WERE STILL IN STORE

for the party, for they nearly starved to death in the six days before they were met by the relief party that had been hastened forward in response to the appeal of their messenger.

It may take many years to remove the unfortunate impression that this expedition has made upon the minds of the natives. Nothing but the direst necessity would have forced the great explorers of Africa to slaughter the natives as Kund and Tappenbeck, according to their own story, appear to have done on the Greater Najong River. In their former expedition, while other explorers were peacefully pushing their way throughout the Congo basin, Kund and Tappenbeck managed to get into an ugly scrape with the Ikatta natives, south of the Congo, and one of the explorers was badly wounded. They would seem to lack the rare tact and patience without which it were better for the cause of humanity and of science that would-be explorers should choose some other vocation.

International Arbitration.

The passage by the Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies of M. Passy's resolution for the establishment of arbitration between France and the United States has been accompanied by a revival of the arbitration scheme in the Senate. With the fishery dispute so convenient for use as a campaign material in a Presidential year, we can, perhaps, hardly hope that the overtures made by England for an arbitration system with us will be accepted at the present session. But there is at least no reason why the propositions of France for that purpose, under M. Passy's resolution, should not be promptly and heartily welcomed. Indeed, there would be a certain fitness in having the first conspicuous example of this sort set by the two greatest Republics of the world; and since we have no pending dispute of a

serious character with France, the project of arbitration would be more likely to score a triumph than if attempted first in the case of England. Another timely consideration is that the coming year is a centennial year for both France and our country and the two Republics could not better celebrate in a joint act the hundredth anniversary of the memorable events of 1789 than by formally substituting arbitration for the resort to arms.

To a Second-hand Piano.

BY LEIGH STURGEON.

Second handed! what a name to call thee—
"Thou many straggled harp; thou monster lyre—
While still, perchance, upon thy quaint old case
Linger the tear-stains of thy former sire.
Come! tell me, if thy rare, tender chords
Yearn for the gentle strokes and touches
Of the dainty hand, and for the silvery voice
Of some sweet mistress, who oft hath called
From thy melodious breast—the beautiful soul!
Of that fair seraph who alone can sweep
Earth's tarnish'd spheres with celestial wing?
They say thou'rt second-hand, discarded—but
What mortal being—now—could traverse all
Thy heights, thy depths, thy breaths, thy mysteries,
Or wrest from thee this infinite resource?
What genius, what sublimity of soul,
Could swell thy river to its grandest roll?
What fluting power? what miracle of thought?
What lustrous flight? what universal act?
Could bring thy myriad fountain into play,
And boast that not a jet or tiniest spray
Of their multitudinous harmony but spent
Their utmost beauty as they gush away.
Ever thy faithful bosom doth respond
In sympathetic fondness, to the humblest plea
And yet, though slighted, scorned and despised,
Thou hast defied all modern skill and lore,
And none have drawn thy beauteous secrets forth.
Many an aching heart and clouded brow
Have blessed thy soothing strains and soft refrain;
And dancing forms and buoyant thrilling hearts,
With ecstasy have blessed thy brilliant lay.
Hath not some lovelorn youth "when'er thy keys
The disparted fingers of his heart's queen stole"
Sigh'd for thy winsome eloquence to plead
In melting tones, the wishes of his soul?
On Sabbath even, when the settling shades
Of twilight charm the weary day to rest;
How sweet thy "Con Religiosa" float
Upon the trembling waves of piety,
Whose swelling themes roll till their numbers join
The mighty music of the Jasper sea;
And when this harsh, exacting world shall stow
My tollowm thy "Dear'st Lullaby" room;
The beauty of my soul shall flow
In perfect number and concordant tune.

Love the Beggar.

"Child, beware! have a care!
Love is false, and Love is fair!
Says the grandam at her weaving;
"If he comes with timid wooing,
Or with bolder words pursuing;
Listen not, he is deceiving,
For your future hurt and grieving,
Love is ever false and fair!"

"Love is false! Love is fair!
Trust to me to have a care!"
Says the maiden, "I believe her,
And if Love, the bold deceiver,
Dares to come with lips a-smiling,
Or with honeyed words beguiling,
I will flout him! I will scout him!
Till his wretched reviling;
Says the maiden gaily smiling,
"Trust to me to have a care!"

"Let me in! O let me in!
For sweet pity, let me in!"
Cries a voice in woful pleading;
Quickly now the maiden, speeding,
Opens the door, and there is lying
Beggar-boy a-sobbing, sighing,
"Lo, of gold wert thou with dew,
Rosebud month, eyes of blue,
Seeking hers in mute appealing,
Dimpled hands in hers a-stealing,
To her breast, stolen nest,
Tender she-maiden folds him,
Cooing softly as she holds him,
Till he gently sinks to rest.

"Have a care! child, beware!"
Any semblance Love can wear;
Cries the grandam at her weaving;
"Watch him well; bid him tell
(Though for that there's no believing)
What his name, whence he came,
For mayhap 'tis Love deceiving!"

"Nought care I what his name!"
Says the maiden to the dame,
Flaming up in sudden passion.
"Seemlier 'trow 'twould be
If your speech took other fashion
Than to rail at charity!"
As for this poor babe a-sleeping,
Even now in dreams a-weeping,
(Pretty, dear! I have no fear,
Nought to harm shall come a-near?)
If 'tis Love—as you say,
"He will show his wings some day!
To your ruing and undoing,
Show his wings and fly away!"

"Wings the fleetest (hush, my sweetest!)
I will bind past all untying;
Says the maiden, softly sighing;
"I will hold him, safe enfold him,
Love shall never fly away!"

"Love is false! Love is fair!
Sighs the grandam at her weaving;
"Love brings ever bitter grieving,
And a weary weight of care!"

"Love is true! Love is fair!
Every ill of life beguiling!"
Sings the maid with lips a-smiling,
"Love is tender, true and fair!"

The Valuable Coconut Tree.

"A full-grown cocconut tree will mature from sixty to one hundred nuts annually," said a Washington market dealer. "In reality the cocconut tree is one of the most valuable trees in the world, nearly every part of it being useful to man. The natives eat the young roots and also weave them into baskets. The tender leaves are cooked like cabbage and the old leaves are made into cloth, hats, baskets, fans, lanterns, etc. It is also used for bedding, for thatching roofs, for fishing nets, even for writing paper. The magnificent trunk of the tree furnishes canoes, house posts, and fences. The ribs of the leaves are so strong that they make excellent paddles for boats, arrows, combs, torches, and no end of other useful things. When the wood is burned it makes the best potash for soap. By a peculiar process of fermentation, good vinegar can be obtained from it, and also a fair kind of sugar. The name of the fruit is derived from the Portuguese word cocoa and the English word nut. Cocoa means 'an ugly mask,' and is said to have been given because the end of a cocconut looks like a monkey's face. Last year 36,000 cocconuts were brought to this market, the average wholesale price being four cents apiece. It is expected that the figures this season will be nearly half a million."—*New York Mail.*

Of late years several literary men have been fortunate. Prof. Huxley found a check for £4,000 in one of his morning letters—the bequest of a Bolton admiral. Charles Reade was remembered in the will of more than one admiral. These generous recognitions of genius are, however, trifling in comparison with the offer of an American millionaire to Martin Tupper, of "Proverbial Philosophy" fame. "I am one of the richest men in New York," he said to the author, "and I know authors must be poor. I like your books and have told my bankers (naming them) to honor any checks on me you may like to draw;" and when the offer was declined the millionaire's house, his yacht and his carriage were placed at Mr. Tupper's disposal. Gifts such as these and unconventional compliments go a long way towards constituting real fame.

Paintings That Are Not Stenciled Nor Duplicated.

Chicago has studios of her own and artists whose touch is as rapid as that of Titian and whose sense of color is controlled by unwavering confidence. They are not ashamed, either, to admit that they work for something besides aesthetic appreciation. Said the dean of one studio:

"We are not here for high art; we are here for the money there is in it," and he jingled a pocketful of coin in a satisfied sort of way. "Sometimes, however, people who buy our pictures get tired of them and hunt up something better. So you see we have a hand in the art education of the country, though that is not what we are here for. Come in and see the men work."

Two large floors are occupied, one for storage of the finished pictures and the other for the actual workshop. At the time of the call five men and two boys were actively at work in a way which would make an artist who revered his work chew tube paints and die.

ALL HAND PAINTED.

"Stenciling? No, I never saw any stenciling done," said the proprietor, "and I never heard of it outside of the newspapers. I guess that is just a reporter's story. In fact, there is no need of anything of the sort. The story about a long row of pictures being placed against the wall and a procession of men filing down the line, one putting in skies, another foreground, and so forth, is mere newspaper fiction. They make their buckeyes that way in the newspapers, but nowhere else that I am aware of. Each man commences and finishes his own pictures. Sometimes he paints two alike at one time, but that is all."

The workmen, or artists, as they prefer to be called, go to work with all the abandon and vigor of a house painter working by the job, not by the day. He tosses one or two canvases on the frame, souses a big house painter's brush in a pail of kerosene to clean it, and starts by putting in the sky. There are four or five tin pails of sky color already mixed. As the brush he uses is four or five inches wide, it takes from one to three minutes to put in the sky. In doing this he dips his brush into perhaps three or four different pails, and blends the tints together with a vigorous and deft series of strokes, all of which looks much easier than it is. Two or three smart sweeps of the brush, which has been dipped into a slightly darker shade, and the distant mountains are made. He then steps back and looks at his work. Time of the first heat, four minutes and a quarter. He comes up smiling, makes another draft on the sky pails, waves his brush with a horizontal swing, and a placid lake mirrors the misty mountains and summer sky. He steps back again and looks at the work. Time of last heat, forty-five seconds.

QUICKER THAN CREATION.

A ten second wait is followed by another attack upon the canvas. For a palette he has a table, on which are a dozen little heaps of paint, all mixed ready for use. There are three or four tender greens and an assortment of browns and yellows, with here and there a pile of pure color. He stabs another big brush into a mixture of asphaltum and burned sienna, which makes a warm, rich brown, and wildly smears it over the foreground, running up into the sky in spots. This is the dead color for the foliage and rocks. Then he goes into his corner to look at it again. Time of this heat, twenty-five seconds.

Stepping out, he takes a large brush the bristles of which are spread apart, each hair standing out alone. One side of this is dipped into dark and the other into light green. A slight touch of this brush makes a limb, two or three careless stabs create a tree, a brief sweep of St. Vitus' dance action with it, and a whole forest springs into existence. He plays a sort of bass drum obligato on the canvas, occasionally replenishing his tints from the palette, and the picture has all the foliage it can hold without running over the sides. Time of this heat, three minutes and a quarter. There is yet a broad expanse of brown foreground to be covered. The artist picks up a palette knife, scoops up a little paint here and there and spreads it in picturesque angles over the lower corner of the painting, like a boy spreading jam on a piece of bread, and lo! there are rocks enough to start a stone quarry. Time of the rock heat, thirty seconds.

Hard Drinking in Jerusalem.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* says,—Dr. Selah Merrill informs the *Sunday School Times* that while living in Jerusalem he made careful investigation of the manufacture and sale of wine and distilled liquor in Palestine. A large quantity of wine is produced in that country, some of which is sent to Europe. This wine is not weak, as has been represented, but causes much drunkenness. In Jerusalem there were in 1886, for a population of 42,000, one hundred and thirty places where wine and arak (a species of brandy) were sold. A drunken person is not often seen in the street, but drinking to excess at home is common. Most of the Turkish officers in the garrison, although Mohammedans, drink liquor freely. Much Austrian beer is consumed in Jerusalem. In villages where the population is exclusively Mohammedan there is little use of liquor; but its use is increasing with this as well as with every other class of the inhabitants, and this fact causes anxiety among those who are interested in the welfare of the people of Syria and Palestine.

An Afternoon Call.

Afternoon Caller (waiting for hostess)—
Bobby, you haven't been over to play with Tommy lately.
Bobby—No, ma'am. Ma doesn't want me to play with Tommy; she says I must only play with nice little boys.

A Willing Servant.

Mistress (to cook)—your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing. Now how do you like, say, the name of Bridget?
Cook—Shure, mum, an' it's not meself that's particular. Oim willun to call the young leddy anythin' yez loike.

Well Up in His Lesson.

Professor (of class in journalism)—"What is the difference between an editorial and an editorial paragraph?"
Student—"An editorial is of the same nature as an editorial paragraph, but is larger, and doesn't have as much to say."

Pitcher's Booble.

Providence, July 7.—The Union Bank officials have received word by cable today that the whole bundle of securities, bills receivable and other property stolen by Charles A. Pitcher, the defaulting teller, have been recovered in London. Pitcher had mailed them to "J. A. Roberts," his assumed name, and believed them safe from the bank and that it was in his power to keep their hiding place a secret until the bank would be ready to compromise and come to terms on a basis of Pitcher's holding out for \$50,000 cash. His stealings aggregated \$700,000.

Montreal, July 7.—The examination in the case against Pitcher for bringing stolen money into Canada was continued today when the evidence of officials of the bank as to Pitcher's hasty departure and the concurrent disappearance of the funds and securities was taken. A number of letters written by Pitcher confessing his crime were also read.

Deserted Farms.

Yarmouth, N. S., Times: A fact that the advocates of Unrestricted Reciprocity would do well to seriously consider has just come prominently before the public. The pessimist papers supporting the Opposition in the Maritime Provinces have been so generously filled with stories of deserted farms in this part of the world that a stranger would really wonder if anybody were left. As a matter of fact the population of the Maritime Provinces is steadily increasing and hundreds who have been led into moving to the new districts and cities of the United States are gladly returning. But what of the New England States? Take up any Boston paper and read the advertisements of farms for sale and some idea will be formed of the wholesale depopulation of the farming districts there. Some Boston people are now engaged in a movement to get Englishmen to come over and settle on the hundreds of deserted farms in Massachusetts. What is the cause of all this? Have not the farmers of Massachusetts a market with sixty millions of people, that market which is held up in such glowing terms by politicians of the Longley stripe? No barriers of duties keep the New England farmers from free access to the great market. Let the believers in Unrestricted Reciprocity or Commercial Union—if there are any—explain these things before they discuss abstract principles.

The Supplementary Estimates.

The supplementary estimates for the year ending 30th June, 1889, have been brought down. They call for a total of \$60,642. The items include \$3,760 for the President of the Council (Mr. Mercier's new office), of which \$1,000 is for salary of his secretary and \$500 for that of his messenger; \$1,000 is for publishing two volumes of the Ayrshire Herd Book, \$1,000 for colonization societies and \$500 aid for steamboat navigation between Grand Piles and La Tuque. The female jail at Montreal gets \$6,921 for repairs. The lunatic asylum commission calls for \$6,000, the agricultural commission \$5,000 and the members of the Legislature who worked at the codification of the laws \$3,420. The distribution of the municipal code is to cost \$1,250 more. Special expenditure on behalf of the Legislative Council is to be made to the extent of \$3,150. Dr. Gauvreau is to get a loan at 5 per cent. of \$2,500 to help him to improve his vaccine establishment. The Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent society of Montreal is to receive a grant of \$250. Other items on the list are: Help to city of Hull in consequences of fire, \$5,000; local municipality of St. Leon, county of Maskinonge, to repair damages caused by a land slide at St. Charles, \$800; indemnity to the inhabitants of the counties of Soulanges, Vaudreuil, Beauharnois, La Prairie and Chambly, for damages caused in June 1888, by storm of wind and hail, 15 per cent. of damages, estimated at \$40,000 \$6,000; indemnity to the proprietors of horses, cattle, etc., burned during the Sherbrooke exhibition in 1887, 15 per cent. damages, estimated at \$20,000, \$3,000; Metapedia bridge, \$5,600; towards repairing old Tadoussac church, \$200; Manuel des Inspecteurs Agraires, par M. Chailion, \$1,200; Agrarian Inspectors' manual, \$1,200; hospital St. Jean d'Iberville, towards buildings, first and final grant, \$500.

U. S. Presidents.

In view of the approaching Presidential election in the United States, the following list of Presidents of the great Republic, will be read with interest. Where a repetition of names occurs, it shows that the President held office more than one term:

- George Washington, April 30th, 1789
- George Washington, March 4th, 1793
- John Adams, March 4th, 1797
- Thomas Jefferson, March 4th, 1801
- Thomas Jefferson, March 4th, 1805
- James Madison, March 4th, 1809
- James Madison, March 4th, 1813
- James Monroe, March 4th, 1817
- James Monroe, March 4th, 1821
- John Quincy Adams, March 4th, 1825
- Andrew Jackson, March 4th, 1829
- Andrew Jackson, March 4th, 1833
- Martin Van Buren, March 4th, 1837
- William H. Harrison, March 4th, 1841
- John Tyler, April 6th, 1841
- James K. Polk, March 4th, 1845
- Zachary Taylor, March 5th, 1849
- Millard Fillmore, July 9th, 1850
- Franklin Pierce, March 4th, 1853
- James Buchanan, March 4th, 1857
- Abraham Lincoln, March 4th, 1861
- Abraham Lincoln, March 4th, 1865
- Andrew Johnson, April 15th, 1865
- Ulysses S. Grant, March 4th, 1869
- Ulysses S. Grant, March 4th, 1873
- Rutherford B. Hayes, March 3th, 1877
- James A. Garfield, March 4th, 1881
- Chester A. Arthur, September 20th, 1881
- Grover Cleveland, March 4th, 1885

A total of twenty-two Presidents, seven of whom, Washington, Jefferson, Madison,

son, Munroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant were elected for a second term. Four Presidents—Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Garfield—died in office. Two Presidents—Lincoln and Garfield—were assassinated.

Five hundred delegates attended the Prohibition Convention at Montreal last week.

The name of Mr. Joseph Tasse, ex-M. P. for Ottawa city is mentioned in connection with the vacancy in the Senate occasioned by the death of the Hon. Dr. Fortin.

Mr. Snedden, of the Township of Pakenham, will likely be the Liberal candidate for North Lanark, the vacancy in that constituency being caused by the death of Mr. Hilliard M. P. P.

Washington, July 9.—The proposition to submit to the people of the several States a constitutional amendment to prohibit the liquor traffic in the United States was favorably reported by Senator Blair today from the committee on education.

In the Quebec Legislature on Thursday last Hon. Mr. Mercier moved that the members' indemnity be increased from \$600 to \$800 per annum. The reasons he gave were that it was only just, seeing that the members of the Ontario Legislature, where only one language was spoken, received \$800 and those of the Dominion Parliament \$1,000. He maintained that in this house the work was much harder than in the other Parliaments. Several members spoke in support of the resolution, which was passed through committee of the whole and a bill based thereon introduced and read a first time.

The work of constructing the railway bridge across the St. Lawrence connecting Coteau with Valleyfield was commenced last week. The entire structure, it is hoped, will be completed in a year. The work is in charge of Mr. George Mountain, chief engineer of the Canada Atlantic. Operations were begun on the Valleyfield side of the river, steps being taken to build the first pier. The bridge will be a steel structure and crosses two islands. It will have a draw-bridge in the north channel to enable steamboats to pass through. The construction of the bridge will necessitate the building of three miles of track on the Coteau side. The bridge will cost between \$1,000,000 and \$1,200,000.

It will, perhaps be interesting for people to know what Mr. Mercier's Interprovincial Conference, held last summer, cost the Province of Quebec. There were twenty delegates present, for eight days. To entertain these distinguished gentlemen, who assembled at Mr. Mercier's beck, for the purpose of revolutionizing the B. N. A. Act, it cost over sixty dollars a day per head, or an aggregate sum of \$10,000. To use a common place expression the delegates evidently had "a picnic" the magnificence of which seems to have been on a par with that which attended the meanderings of the historical "cork crew brigade" that accompanied ex-Lieut.-Governor Macdonald up the lakes some years ago. The Premier considers the sum expended very modest in view of the great results accomplished by the Conference.

Edinburgh, July 8.—Dr. Mackenzie in an interview with a correspondent of the Scotsman at Venice totally denied the accuracy of the interview published in the Dutch Dagblad in which he was represented as admitting that he had concealed the exact nature of Emperor Frederick's malady in order to prevent a regency. The Scotsman's correspondent asked the doctor whether the statements in the Italian press that the present German Emperor is suffering from an incurable malady were true. He replied that the statements were mostly exaggerated, but it was a fact that Emperor William had a complaint which was not unattended with danger, although many persons similarly afflicted had lived to an old age. Emperor William, he said, had infantile paralysis of the arm which had impeded his growth and was the cause of his being such a short man, unlike his father. The paralysis had slightly shortened his arm, but he could use it well and was otherwise strong and active.

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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. **G. A. BURROUGHS.**

Portage du Fort, May 1, 1888.

UNDENIABLY TRUE.—"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a sure cure for summer complaint. I was very sick and it cured me entirely." Alexander W. Grant, Moose Creek, Ont.

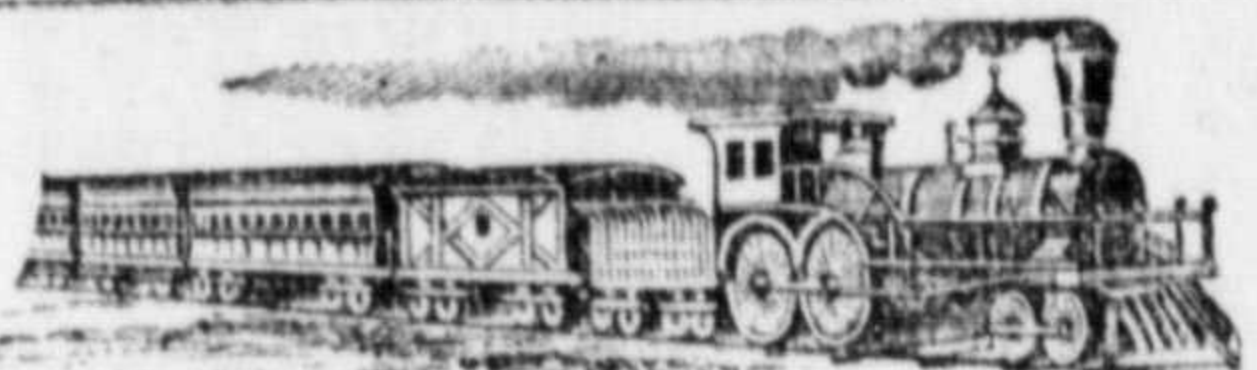
MARRIED.

In Bryson, on Tuesday the 10th inst., by the Rev. J. E. Ducloux, P.A., James Anderson, to Mary Latonde, both of Leslie.

At St. Stephen's Church, Thorne West, by the Rev. N. A. F. Bourne, Sylvester Richards, of the township of Bristol, to Margaret Jane, third daughter of John Hodgins, of the township of Thorne.

THE ARGYLE HOUSE—AYLMER, P. Q.

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



CHEAP RATES

TO ALL PORTS 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. R. TICKET AGENT, ARLPRIOR, ONT.

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

PORK, FLOUR, \$4.40 per Bbl.,

GROCERIES, of all kinds,

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Or, SIX POUNDS for \$1.00.

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BOOTS, SHOES,

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Quality Unquestionable. Prices Right.

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