

THE EQUITY.

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THE EQUITY,
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BY
JOHN A. COWAN.
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The public will find this House fully up to requirements regarding accommodation and comfort. Table and Bar always well supplied. "Bus meets all trains."
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THE public will find this hotel the most perfect in accommodation in the county. The best advantages for the commercial trade. Free "Bus" to and from the station. Good table. The bar in connection supplied with the best liquors. Livery in connection.

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THE above House having been fitted up in good style for an hotel is now open for the accommodation of the public. Guests will be accorded best attention, and the table will always be furnished with the choicest supplies. A commodious Sample Room recently completed. Bar supplied with best Liquors and Cigars. First-class Stables and Store Rooms. Free "bus" to and from Station.

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This House is in every way furnished to afford excellent accommodation for the travelling public. Commercial men will find the Sample Rooms second to none on the road. The Bar is always supplied with the best brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars.
GOOD LIVERY ATTACHED.

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

NOTICE TO FARMERS.
MONEY TO LEND FOR ONE TO FIFTY YEARS Easy terms. Apply to S. A. MacKay, B. G. L., Notary Public, SHAWVILLE Que., Agent for the Credit Foncier Franco Canadien. Bristol Corners visited the first Thursday of every month, and Quyon the 2nd Tuesday of each month.

LOCAL NEWS.

Dowd's great cash removal sale now going on at Quyon.

Cheap Headstones and Monuments at Somerville & Co's, Shawville, Que. Farmer's produce taken in payment.

SALT—A car load of coarse and fine salt to arrive this week for Jas. Hodgins & Son.

Mr. H. J. Dowd's fine pair of roadsters elicited the admiration of all who saw them on Tuesday.

Mr. William Watson of Maple Ridge, Bristol, has sold out his premises to Mr. Louis Hodgins, blacksmith, of the village.

Read the advertisement of the sale of D. M. Rattray's horses on the 9th of September, in another column.

Mr. George Hodgins has removed into his fine new stand in the Hodgins-Thomas block. Notice his advertisement elsewhere.

Bishop Bond preached to large Congregations in St. Luke's church and St. Thomas' Church, Bristol, and in the evening in St. Paul's, Shawville.

The Pembroke papers speak of the Firemen's demonstration held in that town on the 13th and 14th as having been a grand success.

Mr. John Monroe, contractor of Pembroke, has secured the job of building an English church at Smiths Falls, at a cost of \$14,000.

GENTLEMEN—Don't fail to boot your wives and daughters by purchasing each a pair of tweed slippers, only 25c. a pair at Jas. Hodgins & Son's.

Two of the directors of the Agricultural society made a canvass of the village on Monday and succeeded in adding several names to the subscription list of the society besides securing some special prizes.

Mr. R. C. Burpee, bookseller and stationer, of Pembroke, died very suddenly in Ottawa on Thursday of last week. He had only left home the previous day for the Capital, apparently in good health and spirits.

The directors of Agricultural Society No. 1 met in this village on Monday last. It is said among other matters that the proposition of giving a prize of fifty dollars to any couple who would be married on the grounds, exhibition day was discussed.

Mr. William Somerville was at Coulonge last week purchasing a quantity of the hardwood timber that was taken out by a number of settlers for parties who claimed to represent a Montreal firm. William intends drawing the timber from the station to his mill, there to be cut up for the Rathburn company, for whom he has already cut an immense quantity during the past two years.

Dowd's great cash removal sale now going on at Quyon.

J. J. Turner has demolished several garbled looking balm of gilead trees which surrounded his place of business. Had the trees been handsome maples or oaks doubtless Joe would have suffered them to remain, even at the risk of breaking some one's neck—and by—should they be disposed to climb; as it is, however, all danger of that kind has been averted.

On Wednesday evening last, at Ottawa, Miss Jennie McDonald, formerly of Bryson, was married to Mr. Fred Byache, of the G.G.F. Guards. The ceremony was performed at the McLeod Street Methodist church by the Rev. C. S. Deeprose. A large number of friends attended and the wedding march was rendered by the Guards orchestra.

There was a small attendance at the concert given by Prof. Holmes and Workman on Saturday evening last. The programme was exclusively musical, comprising several choruses by Prof. Holmes' class, and a number of trios and quartettes by the Workmans. Mr. J. J. Turner rendered the "Cows are in the Corn," in his usual effective voice and Prof. Holmes gave several solos in good style. Violin and organ accompaniments by Prof. Workman, the Masters Workman and Miss Minnie Sheppard constituted the instrumental part of the programme.

The Revd J. Worthington Atkin M. A. Rector of Rathbarry, Clonakilty Co. Cork, Ireland, will (D. V.) preach in Bristol as follows: In St. Thomas Church Bristol Corners:—

Friday, Aug. 29th at 7 p. m.
Saturday, " 30th at 7 p. m.
Sunday, " 31st at 7 p. m.

In St. Luke's Church, Caldwell:—
Sunday, Aug. 31st at 10 a. m.
Monday, Sept. 1st at 7 p. m.
Tuesday, " 2nd at 7 p. m.

At Bristol Mines:—
Sunday, Aug. 31st at 7 p. m.

The people of Bristol and others are cordially invited to attend these special meetings. Mr. Atkin is one of the "Mission Preachers" of the Daily Prayer Union. He has conducted Mission Services in many of the large churches of England and Ireland. He has also addressed the Students of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin. Mr. Atkin has just landed in Canada by S. S. Parisian and is expected to arrive in Bristol on Thursday next.
COM.
Aug. 24th, 1890,

Dowd's great cash removal sale now going on at Quyon.

BOOTS AND SHOES—The largest, best and cheapest stock of Boots and Shoes at Jas. Hodgins & Son's.

Parties looking for bargains in horses will do well to visit the sale at Rattray's stables on the 9th September.

Outstanding grain got a terrible drenching on Thursday afternoon last. It was the "rainest" day of the season so far.

Mr. John Beckett has the frame work of his new house up, and from present appearances it promises to be a very neat and comfortable structure.

The Arnprior Chronicle says that on and after the 1st of September, the hotel-keepers of Arnprior intend to charge for the use of their sheds and stables. The rates have been fixed as follows:—Span of horses for noon, 25c; over night, 50c; one horse, noon, 15c; over night, 25c. Hay will be furnished at above rates.

Rev. W. M. Pattysan, a Methodist clergyman who has been many years in the ministry, died on Sunday, 10th inst., at Selwyn, and was buried at Lakefield on the following Thursday. He has a son, Rev. W. A. V. Pattysan, in the ministry, and Miss Pattysan of this village is his daughter.

A sensation was created last week in the vicinity of Stittville by the finding of a human skeleton on the farm of Mr. P. A. Byrne, about three miles from the village. Mr. Byrne made the ghastly discovery while searching for his horses in a pasture where there is quite a stretch of second growth trees and shrubbery.

The Nipissing Division No. 242, of the order of Railway Conductors will hold their second annual demonstration at North Bay on Friday, Aug. 29th. Sports will take place for which prizes to the amount of \$600 are to be given. A grand ball will take place in the evening under the direction of Professor McGregor, of Ottawa.

The Chronicle of last week says:—Work was commenced this week on the construction of the boat for the Arnprior-Bristol Ferry. The boat will be 45 feet in length by 22 feet beam, and will be propelled by a large wheel operated by horse power. Mr. Andrew Roy is superintending the work of construction. It is expected that the boat will be ready for business in about two weeks. The ferry will be a great accommodation to the people living on both sides of the river.

A new counterfeit ten cent piece is in circulation which so closely resembles the genuine that it can easily be passed. It differs from the usual counterfeit in that a genuine silver plating covers the German silver which forms the body of the coin. This gives it a ring very nearly like that of good money, and also does away with the greasy feeling by which counterfeits are detected. The coin bears the date of 1887. The milling is not so deep on the counterfeit and the edges are much sharper than those on the genuine dime.

Dowd's great cash removal sale now going on at Quyon.

Bristol's Schools.

Following is a list of the teachers who have been engaged for the several schools in the township of Bristol for the present year:

- No. 1—Mr. Samuel Drummond.
- No. 2—Miss Kato Stevenson.
- No. 3—Miss Lila McVeigh.
- No. 4—Miss Jane W. Telford.
- No. 5—Miss Annie McCuaig.
- No. 6—Miss M. O. Dahms.
- No. 7—Miss Maggie E. Paek.
- No. 8—Miss Mary Shepherd.
- No. 9—Miss M. A. Harris.
- No. 10—Miss Mary Finlan.

About a Hawk.

On Monday evening as Mr. George Finlay emerged from his house he heard the smothered chirp of a bird somewhere in the immediate vicinity, but could not tell exactly where it proceeded from. Listening a moment, the sounds seemed to come from the other side of the garden fence only a few feet from where he stood. George advanced cautiously and peeped over the fence; then he hurriedly withdrew, and searched for a stick which he soon found. Returning to the spot he reached over the fence and dealt a vigorous blow, the result of which was that an immense hawk lay bleeding and mangled on the ground. The vicious bird was preparing to make a meal of a chicken which he had captured and was so intent upon his contemplated feast that he did not observe the avenging hand which descended upon him with such terrific effect. The chicken escaped without injury.

Football Notes.

The return match between the Laurel football team of Arnprior and the Unions of the Bristol Mines, was played on the grounds of the latter, on the afternoon of Saturday last. As the visitors appeared on the field it was noticed by the home team that they had a few different men to deal with from what they met in Arnprior. The visitors having some men in their

team that the home team did not meet in Arnprior—one of whom, it is said, followed foot ball playing for a living for some time. Just as the whistle at the mines sounded for six o'clock the word of play was given, and after a lively scrimmage of twenty minutes the home team scored a goal. The players again took their positions and after some very brilliant play on both sides the home team again passed the ball through the flags of their opponents. For the latter part of the game the home team were not quite so successful although they still played an offensive game, the visitors being more busily engaged in defending their own goal than attacking that of their opponents. However, before time was called the Unions again succeeded in passing the ball through the goal of their opponents. Just as the teams were about to take their position time was called, leaving the score 3 to 0 in favor of the home team. The match throughout was free from all unnecessary roughness and was one of the best exhibitions of the game witnessed in Bristol for some time.

The Unions, considering that this is their first season's experience at football, have reason to feel elated over the victory of Saturday evening.

There was a junior match between the boys of Arnprior and Bristol Mines. Victory favored the Arnprior boys but as they had three of their senior team on their defense the result could not be considered as much to their credit. The score standing 1 to 0. The games were witnessed by a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators.—Yours etc.

FOOTBALLER.
Bristol Mines Aug. 23.

CLOAKINGS—A full line of ladies' plain and fancy cloakings at prices ranging from 40c. to \$1.50 per yd, at Jas. Hodgins & Son's.

Personal.

Mr. H. J. Dowd, merchant of Quyon, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. C. McCagg of Bryson was in town on Tuesday.

Miss L. Dahms left here on Saturday last for Aylmer where she intends re-opening school.

Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, and family of Ottawa arrived at Mrs. Shaw's on Friday evening.

Mr. Jas. Thos. Patterson jr. of Toronto accompanied by his wife and child were in town on Thursday last.

Mr. John Baxter, stone-cutter of Ottawa, has arrived in town and is at present employed on the new Methodist church.

Mr. Best, of Ottawa, was here all last week, trying to purchase a building to start a bakery in our town.

Miss Maggie Caldwell, of Bristol was in town, visiting friends and relatives, on Thursday of last week.

Mr. William Shaw druggist, of Ottawa, was here last week on a visit to his parents. Miss White and two Misses Moore of Ottawa were also guests at Mr. Shaw's.

On Friday morning last we were favored with a call from Capt. D. Cowley, of the Richmond Road. It afforded us much pleasure to see the Capt. who is looking particularly well for his years.

Dowd's great cash removal sale now going on at Quyon.

Bryson Notes.

On Sunday 17th inst., His Lordship Bishop Bond visited Bryson, accompanied by Revd. Messrs. Allen and Bourne. St. James' Church was well filled by an attentive and appreciative congregation, representative of all creeds and denominations, which had assembled to hear the gracious words of encouragement and advice, that they know by long experience to look for from his lips. His Lordship preached an earnest impressive sermon from Matthew XI, 12, the principal lesson drawn therefrom being the great necessity of professing christians living consistent lives.

On Wednesday, 20th, the last raft of the season, owned by Messrs. R. H. Klock & Co. arrived at the head of the Calumet Slides and began running, all being over on Saturday. On Thursday morning one of the men was drowned by being knocked from the crib into the rapids by a cabin striking him. His name and residence have not transpired. This makes the third drowning fatality at the Calumet this season.

On Thursday there was one of the heaviest downfalls of rain ever seen in this section. It poured steadily for hours, making it decidedly unpleasant for those who might be exposed to its attentions—especially to those on pic-nic excursion to the slides.

On Friday, which is acknowledged by all present to have been the most pleasant and successful event of the season, took place—viz:—a pic-nic at the Calumet slides, followed in the evening by a ball at the Forest House. Conceived without premeditation and carried out sans ceremony, everything went forward without a hitch, and everybody enjoyed themselves to their full capacity. Invitations were issued on Wednesday night, and on Friday representatives from Coulonge, Calumet Island, Campbell's Bay, Collfield,

Morehead, Bryson, Ottawa, Montreal, etc., assembled here giving our quiet little town a holiday appearance. About noon the party on pleasure bent left for the slides in a flotilla of boats provided for the occasion through the kindness of the officials of the Upper Ottawa Improvement Co. All having arrived safely at the picnic grounds dinner was first served, after which the party scattered in various directions as best suited their tastes or inclinations, some to visit the Chutes, others to watch the timber running the slides, or perhaps risk their precious carcasses on a crib for a dash down the "long slide." So the pleasant afternoon wore away until tea time when refreshments were again served after which the party returned to the village. Here their number was augmented by others who were unable to attend the picnic, and at about 9 o'clock, mine host Ritchie having opened the folding doors, dancing began to the inspiring strains of Carriere's string band, and was kept up almost without intermission until daylight, a sumptuous supper being served by the ladies at midnight.

About 4 o'clock Saturday a.m., the party broke up, all being pretty well tired but thoroughly satisfied with their night's enjoyment. Where everyone contributed more or less to the enjoyment and success of the occasion it is difficult to particularize, but the thanks of all are certainly due to those ladies who conceived the idea of holding the pic-nic and ball and who carried it to such a happy and successful termination; also to those who furnished those delicacies of the culinary art that all enjoyed so much, and here, I cannot refrain from mentioning particularly Mrs. F. C. DeZouche who went to an infinite amount of trouble to secure the success of the undertaking, and contributed with her presence as well as her well known skill as a caterer very much indeed to the enjoyment of the most enjoyable day and night spent in Pontiac this season. Nor can I refrain from mentioning our host Mr. R. McC. Ritchie and his estimable lady who provided waxed floors for "tripping the light fantastic," and did all in their power to make their guests enjoy themselves.

The following is a list of those present, the names in alphabetical order:

LADIES:—Armstrong, Miss Lizzie; Batterson, Miss Z; Carmichael, Miss Maggie; Carswell, Miss H.; Clarke, Miss M. J.; Clarke, Miss Maggie; Clarke, Miss Emma; DeZouche, Mrs. F. C.; Hughes, Miss M. A.; Hughes, Miss Maggie; Jeffrey, Miss P.; Kelly, Miss; Kemp, Miss Maggie; McNally, Miss M. A.; McNally, Miss E.; O'Meara, Miss Lizzie; O'Meara, Miss Maggie; Perrault, Miss M. H.; Porteous, Miss A.; Porteous, Miss E.; Porteous, Miss D.; Ritchie, Mrs. R. McC.; Thompson, Miss Maggie.

GENTLEMEN:—Clarke, Wm. S.; Clarke, Robt.; Charlebois, L. A.; Hughes, M. J.; Hurdman, Dr. H. T.; Johnston, A.; Klock, Dr. R. H.; Lafleur, E. B. D.; Lothian, W.; Leeder, C. A.; Merleau, A.; Moisey, F. J.; McNally, C.; McNally, H. J.; McNally, Coda; McCoshen, Master Willie; McCagg, C. E.; O'Meara, W. J.; Rimer, George; Rimer, Frank; Smith, Thos.; Turpain, C. W.; Turpain, A.

One of our merchants reports that about two feet of rain fell on Thursday, his gauge being a cooler standing in his yard, and he don't know how many inches ran over the top. Another citizen reports 3 to 5 inches as the depth. It matters but little who is the nearest being correct, it was very detrimental to harvesting operations.

An incipient conflagration was nipped in the bud on Sunday morning at Murtagh's hotel where smoke was seen issuing from beneath the platform at the storehouse. Cause, children playing with matches. No damage was done.

Capt. Octave Blondin arrived from the Temiscamingue on Saturday. His steamer is laid up for repairs for a few days.

The steamer Pembroke has been lying here since last Wednesday when she towed the last raft of the season to the head of the Calumet. The reason of her taking a holiday was to allow time for the lumbermen to pick their loose timber out of the Schneaux boom before any more logs are towed. She left this morning for her beat, having on board quite a number of excursionists to a picnic at Calumet Island.
Bryson, Aug. 25th. Scro.

Dowd's great cash removal sale now going on at Quyon.

Hon. Wm. Macdougall lies at Cobourg, Ont., in a precarious condition. While boarding a train there last week he slipped and got a bad fall.

The Grand Council of Canada of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association will meet in Montreal on September 2nd next. The convention will meet in the Cabinet de Lecture Paroissial on Notre Dame Street and active preparations are being made by the various branches of the organization. High mass will be sung at St. Patrick's on the opening day and the delegates will afterwards take a trip down the rapids and a drive to Mount Royal; Branch 50 has arranged for a lecture by the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, of New York, to be held in the Queen's Hall that evening. The subject chosen for the occasion is "Oratory."

BRITISH NEWS.

A passenger train ran into a flock of 120 sheep at Sleaford, and killed forty.

Lord Brassey is engaged to marry the Hon. Sybil Capel, a young woman both accomplished and beautiful, and the youngest daughter of the late Viscount Malden. Lord Brassey is 53. His first wife died three years ago.

On Monday morning Miss Bright, daughter of General Sir Robert Bright, Normandy Park, near Guildford, when returning from witnessing a field day on Fox Hills, was knocked down and robbed of her jewellery by a tramp, who escaped.

Sergt. Frederick Hodges (30), of No. 2 Company, Army Service Corps, Woolwich, was found drowned in the Thames on Tuesday. He broke out of the barracks while under arrest for some trifling neglect of duty last Wednesday, and had not been seen since.

A man has been drowned at Rockaway who is believed to be Thomas Mooney, the Irish agitator, who is alleged to have been concerned in the attempt to destroy the steamship Queen by means of a bomb in 1887, and also to have been implicated in the dynamite outrage at Scotland Yard.

As the season is closing there is an unusual rush in the matrimonial market. During the past three weeks society has been very busy in giving and taking in marriage, and from the present date until the end of next week there will be a greater record of marriages than at any other period of the season.

According to the Allahabad Pioneer, the largest reservoir or artificial lake in the world is the great tank of Dhebar, 20 miles south-east of Udaipur, Rajpootana, which covers an area of 21 square miles. The masonry dam is 1000 feet long by 95 feet high, 50 feet wide at the base, and 15 feet at the top.

About half-past 12 a.m. on Sunday, a fire occasioned by the bursting of a spirit lamp, occurred at 23 Devonshire Street, Cambridge Road, Mile-End, London, and a young Polish Jew named John Kaminski, aged 24, was so severely burnt about the body through his clothes taking fire that he died about an hour after his admission to the London Hospital.

A waiter in the smoking-room of a well-known London restaurant on Monday night noticed a packet of papers lying on the floor after two of his customers had left the room. On picking these up he was surprised to find himself in possession of £100 in £10 Bank of England notes. He counted the money in the presence of witnesses, and put it away till called for.

At Boston, Lincolnshire, on Monday morning, a tinman named Skeels, cut the throat of a woman named Annie Hawes. Skeels had been cohabiting with the woman, and had a quarrel during the night. Two very dangerous wounds were inflicted with a large blade of a pocket-knife. Skeels gave himself up to the police, and will be brought before the magistrate at Boston to-day.

A Sunderland telegram states that a boat has been picked up, bottom upwards, at Whitburn, which was hired at Roker on Saturday by a party of five persons, including a man named George Knight, his wife and child, and a man named M'Gill. After getting out to sea a westerly wind blew the boat off the shore, and despite the efforts of the rowers, they could not get back to land.

At Tramore on Monday, a farmer named Maloney was fined for gross cruelty to cats. A policeman, attracted by an unearthly noise, found two cats strung up on a rope by their tails in a field, and dangling over the crops. The cats were mad with pain, and were tearing each other to pieces. Maloney said he had found this the most successful means of saving his crops from the birds.

A singular explosion occurred on Monday night at Newham's gun factory, Portsmouth. Gas had escaped during the day, and when a light was struck in the evening an explosion occurred, seriously burning a man named Bacon and singeing other men. A few feet from the gas-burner were twenty or thirty cases of gunpowder, but the effect of the explosion being in an upward direction the powder did not ignite.

A daring case of sheep-stealing occurred at Witham, Essex, on Sunday night. Twenty-eight fat sheep, the property of a local butcher, were stolen from Lodge Park, and driven on the high road to Warley, where 14 were slaughtered and subsequently packed for the London markets. The police have arrested Thos. Mills, of Mill Road, Bromley-by-Bow. Thirteen other sheep were afterwards found at Brentwood.

Being so much longer than any other wire fence, it is really the only one deserving the qualification of "long." Its length is as near as may be 900 miles. It is the wire fence which the Governments of New South Wales and Queensland have constructed to keep, if possible, the rabbits out of the eastern part of Australia. But what is to hinder the destroying rodents, if they think not well to burrow under, to go round by the far end.

It appears from a letter signed by Lord Harrowby, the Bishop of Rochester, and others, that a gentleman just deceased has been in the habit of contributing £3000 a year to the London Bible Women and Nurses Mission, and has given as much as £60,000 in all. Among the conditions of his donation was one that no attempt should be made to discover his name. This was respected, and even death has not disclosed the secret.

The mystery connected with the disappearance of Samuel Pyle, a petty officer of Her Majesty's ship Wye, on New Year's Day, was solved on Tuesday by the recovery of his body in Sheerness Harbour, about 100 yards from the spot where the Wye was then anchored. The deceased was officer of the watch, and it is supposed that he fell over the gangway, the deck being slippery with frost. A verdict of found drowned has been returned.

It was discovered at Rzeszow, Galicia, some time ago, that several Jewish graves had been broken open, and that the bodies of two children were missing. The police made inquiries, and found out that in a neighboring village, where typhus fever had broken out, a so-called "miracle doctor" had prescribed, as a cure, the burning of the bones of a Jew in the patient's room. He brought the bones himself. The "doctor" has been sentenced to five months' imprisonment.

On Friday night last as the carrier between Portsmouth and Petersfield was cross-

ing the South Downs, his dog ran over the adjoining lands. A gamekeeper named Webbe threatened to shoot it, and the carrier dared him to do so. The keeper fired, and the carrier's horse was wounded with shot. John Coombs, who was in the wagon, was also struck with pellets in the arm, head, and eye, necessitating his removal to the Petersfield Hospital Webbe was arrested.

On Monday an inquest was held at the Guards Stations Hospital, North Chester Row, Westminster, concerning the death of Corporal Simon Scott, aged 25 years, of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, stationed at Wellington Barracks, who committed suicide by shooting himself on Friday last. The deceased had left a written statement in which he said he thought it better to take his life, as he tried to do his best in the corps but without success. The jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity.

Late last Saturday night a number of workmen were drinking at a publichouse at Halesowen, Worcestershire, when a quarrel over a bet arose between two of them, Edward Lowe (40) and George Greaves (28). They retired to a lane, and in presence of their companions had a set fight. Greaves and the other men returned after the contest, but Lowe did not, and three hours later his wife found him in the lane in a dying condition. He was removed to his home, but died before receiving medical assistance. Greaves was arrested on Sunday morning.

At Portsmouth, as Sanger's Circus procession was about to start, a large and powerful lioness, which was ascending an inclined plane to take her place on the top of a lofty car beside a lady representing Britannia, slipped or leapt to the ground among a dense crowd of spectators. The animal at once made off in the direction of the Park, causing a great panic. One of the clowns seized the animal in Edinburgh Road, and some of the attendants arriving, it was taken back to the inclined plane, which it at once ascended, taking its assigned position on the car.

A Zanzibar telegram says: The French Bishop, M. de Lamoignon, has returned here after an unprecedentedly short journey of 46 days from the south end of Lake Victoria. His caravan met that of Emin Pasha, who was himself unwell, and one or more of his officers were found dangerously ill. Mr. Jackson's caravan is reported to have reached Mwanja's capital in Uganda in the middle of last April. Karepa was believed to have been killed. The whole of the population of Uganda was tired of warfare and was longing for peace. There was great scarcity everywhere as the land had been untilled for two years.

A singular scene was witnessed in the Royal Albert Docks on Sunday, when, in celebration of a religious festival, the whole of the Mohammedan Calasbes, sailors, and boys in the employ of the P. and O. Company and the British India Company, numbering several hundreds, and clad in many-colored holiday attire, preceded by a banner and Mohammedan priests chanting hymns, marched in procession round the docks. The event is an annual one, and after the religious proceedings the remainder of the day was given up to enjoyment, the neighbouring streets being gay in white vestments, gorgeous turbans, and colored sashes.

A visitor from the Flowery Land created quite a sensation in the House of Lords the other night. No one knew exactly who he was. There were rumours that he was a very big mandarin indeed, and those learned in such matters said that the blue button on the top of his silk smoking cap meant immeasurable things in the way of power when at home in China. He was personally conducted by an official from the Foreign Office, and patiently sat through the debate on Malta marriages. He wore a plain skirt of sky blue silk and a loose jacket of brown silk. The sleeves of the latter were so long that they had to be doubled up before he could use his fan.

A Paris telegram says:—Eyraud, the alleged murderer of Gouffé, the process-server, has been employing his spare time in prison in drawing up voluminous memoirs for the use of his advocate. He admits his culpability, but endeavours to throw upon his accomplice, Gabrielle Bompard, the responsibility for the original conception of the crime. Misery, he says, had driven him to despair, he was capable of killing himself or anybody else, and if he did not commit suicide it was simply on account of his mad love for his mistress who had betrayed him. He calmly expresses a strong desire to be let out of prison for eight days in order to be enabled to collect and refute "the calumnies of the lying press."

On Saturday evening six young men, members of a Liverpool sailing club, went for a cruise on the Mersey. When near Ellesmere Port, the weather being somewhat squally, owing to bad handling the boat filled and sank, leaving the crew in the water struggling for life. Only two could swim, and one of them swam to the lightskip and got assistance. Four of the youths, who had managed to keep afloat on oars, were picked up and taken to the lightskip, where one remains in a precarious condition. The fifth, Arthur Morse, aged 18, sank before he could be reached, and was drowned. The youths were all members of Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, and a painful sensation was caused on Sunday when the news became known.

An inquest was held at Sheffield on the body of William Goodwin Woorsall, an edge tool grinder, 35 years of age. He died on Monday evening from the effects of burns accidentally received by the bursting of a paraffin lamp on the 15th of June. On that day the deceased was left by his wife, about half-past eleven o'clock at night, asleep on a sofa in the kitchen. Shortly after midnight the family were aroused by hearing loud cries for help. On going into the kitchen they found the deceased standing in the middle of the kitchen floor with his clothes in a blaze, and the stock of a paraffin lamp in his hand. In answer to his wife's inquiries as to how he came to be in that position, he told his wife that he was attempting to blow the flame of the lamp out before going to bed when the lamp suddenly exploded. He was badly burnt about the body, and was taken to the Infirmary, where he lingered until Monday, when he died. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Overheard in Olympos.

"There is a strange-looking female at the gate, Jupiter," said Hebe. "She wants to see you."

"Is she unarmed?"

"Yes."

"It must be Venus of Milo. Let her in."

THE AUGUST SHOWER OF METEORS.

Some Interesting Facts About this Annual Phenomenon.

The August meteors are believed to originate from a large cluster or zone of meteoric bodies, which revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, extending far beyond the orbit of the remote planet Neptune, and through which the earth plunges annually. It is also believed by most astronomers that these bodies are scattered over the entire path of the cluster to which they belong, but not in equal numbers throughout. The earth is about ten days in passing through the entire cluster, which, from our velocity in space, indicates that the thickness of the cluster is about 16,000,000 miles. As the annual August display usually lasts about six hours, and the earth travels at the rate of 68,000 miles per hour, or eighteen miles a second, it follows that the breadth of the meteor stream at the place where the earth crosses it, dense enough to produce a "meteoric shower," is over 400,000 miles. On August 10 each year the earth encounters the elliptical orbit of this meteoric cluster, the major axis of which is fifty times greater than the mean diameter of the earth's orbit; the orbit of the meteors is greatly inclined to that of the earth, and their motion is retrograde, or contrary to that of the earth.

The density of the meteoric cluster—or stream, as some astronomers call it—is believed to be quite small, the average distance of the members from each other having been computed to be more than 100 miles, from which circumstance the fact, already mentioned, that the stream is spread around the entire orbit, Professor Newcomb, of the United States Naval Observatory, recognizes decided indications of antiquity in the August meteor stream, as compared with the November cluster, "so that we can say, with considerable probability, that the August group has been in our system at least twenty times longer than the November group." Professor Swift, in referring to the August meteoric display, says: "The first August shower mentioned in history occurred on July 25, A. D. 811, and has appeared with unvarying regularity down to our time, except a break of eighty-three years between 841 and 924, and another and much longer one of 310 years, between 933 and 1243, owing, probably, to breaks in the ring, or which is more likely, to a failure to record them." There are on record a large number of meteoric displays that are believed to belong to the same cluster, and a comparison of the dates affords some indication of a maximum of brilliancy, recurring at intervals of about 108 years.

It is a fact not generally known that the earth passes through a little more than 100 of these meteor streams in the course of its annual journey around the sun. Each of these streams has some particular "radiant-point," and belongs to a distinct system of meteors. Over 100 of these streams have had their orbits determined by astronomers, and others are frequently added to the list already known. From a long series of observations, astronomers have concluded that the earth encounters about 400,000,000 shooting stars—including those that would be seen through the largest telescopes—during its annual journey around the sun. It is now known that shooting stars are fragmentary masses, revolving like the planets, around the sun as a centre which in their course approach the earth, and being drawn by its attraction into our atmosphere are ignited by the heat generated through friction and the resistance offered by the compressed air. We never see a shooting star until in the atmosphere, when it is heated to incandescence—or becomes "red-hot"—and its substance is scattered in powder or smoke, falls to the earth as "meteor dust," or floats about in the atmosphere.

Shooting stars are so called merely from the fact that they resemble the stars in appearance. They enter our atmosphere, with a velocity from fifty to a hundred times that of a cannon-ball, and previous to this they were dark and invisible, but are almost instantly ignited after their sudden impact, and entirely consumed, their dust gradually falling to the earth. A Russian astronomer has calculated that 4,950 pounds of meteoric dust fall to the earth every hour, which would make fifty-nine tons a day, or more than 21,500 tons in a year, while Professor Proctor considers even this estimate too small. "All know what a shooting star looks like, but no living man can tell us what it really is, for not one has ever been known to reach the earth." The singular fact has been demonstrated that while the most rapid cannon-shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 metres a second—over 1,500 miles an hour—meteorites are known to penetrate the atmosphere with a velocity of 40,000, or even 60,000, metres per second, and the motion of ordinary shooting stars is so extremely rapid that they are consumed and scattered in smoke before they have time to reach the earth. Professor Swift says: "A shooting star is only visible while undergoing the process of combustion, which lasts from one to three seconds, seldom longer. Only while being burned are they visible to us, as then they shine by their own light." Shooting stars move in all directions, and at velocities probably equal to the earth's—nearly nineteen miles a second. One moving retrograde, therefore (from east to west), would plunge into the atmosphere at a relative velocity of some thirty-eight miles a second, and if allowance be made for accelerated motion, caused by the earth's attraction, probably double that seventy-five miles a second. The encounter is fearful, and but for the atmosphere, which acts as a cushion, the effect would be disastrous, for not less than 800,000,000 would rain upon the earth every day.

The actual diameter of the largest meteor or "fire-ball" is estimated by Humboldt to vary from five hundred to twenty-eight thousand feet. Others allow a diameter of about a mile. Shooting stars are much smaller, their weight varying from thirty grains to seven pounds. Professor Haakness, who has devoted many years to the study of this subject, estimates that the average weight of ordinary shooting stars does not differ much from one grain so that the minuteness of these curious celestial objects may be easily imagined. Shooting stars are the smallest celestial bodies known to astronomers, the majority of them being no larger than a pebble, or grain of coarse sand even. No line of demarcation can be drawn between the smallest shooting star and a brilliant meteor that leaves a luminous train behind. In fact, a "meteor" is simply a large "shooting star." They differ from each other in size, color, direction, train, and velocity, but in astronomical character they are precisely alike, both moving in

long orbits, like comets, and like comets at all angles to the earth's orbit. Astronomically speaking, a meteor is a "small comet, not having, however, the comet's "tail."

Some meteors are so large that they fall to the earth as "aerolites" before the heat produced by friction can convert their substance into vapor. Several have been found, and seen to fall, on various parts of the earth, and a massive specimen weighing 1,635 pounds, or nearly one ton, is preserved in the museum of Yale College.

CHILD WIVES IN INDIA.

Behramji Malabari's Attacks on the Land's Great Evil.

The name of Behramji Malabari deserves to be known and respected in England to that of a native Indian who is doing good work in social reformation. He is one of the ablest and at the same time most temperate assailants of the greatest social curse of India—infant marriage. In a pamphlet which he has published he invites English women to realize if they can the meaning of such expressions as "infant marriage," "baby wife," "girl mother," "virgin widow." As we explained the other day, if a "wife" becomes a "widow," even while she is still an infant, a widow she must remain all her days.

The most ill-fated of these child-wives are, of course, those who become wives not merely in law, but in fact, at ages varying from 10 to 12. "Girls of 12 and 13," writes Mr. Malabari, "have to bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood," and he adds that "not a few of these martyrs succumb to the shock of the first childbirth." This horrible, this hideous practice of child-marriage explains most, if not all, of the poverty and the misery—the physical and moral degradation—to be seen in hundreds of thousands of native Indian families. One of the worst forms of girl-marriage is known as "marrying girls to the gods," which practically means slavery of body and soul to priests, great numbers of whom live upon the immorality of their girl-wives. This dreadful custom of child-marriage is one which the legislature that had the courage to abolish suttee has been afraid to meddle with. It was universal. To uproot it would have seemed like uprooting native society.

But the custom is doomed, nevertheless. And its extinction will come about in a way not the least flattering to the rule of the English. The condemnation of child marriage is coming from the people themselves. Its disappearance will not be the work of a day, but when it does come it will be a splendid tribute to the benign civilizing influence of England in the east. Mr. Malabari's own countrymen, the Parsees of Bombay, have for years been laboring in the good cause with a zeal and intelligence which it would be difficult to overpraise. We have already described how the native barbers of Bombay have pronounced against the cruel custom. The educated and intelligent natives of Madras are petitioning for fixing the minimum age of girl marriages at 14 years. Mr. Malabari's own proposals as to limit of age, right to remarry, etc., are detailed in the pamphlet to which we had referred. Nor should it be forgotten that some of the native chiefs are not only theoretically in favor of reform, but have introduced it of their own free will and without any recommendation from the supreme government. The intervention of the supreme government has been chiefly confined to collecting evidence on the question throughout the length and breadth of India and to the distribution of papers to the local administration. English readers desirous of acquiring a general knowledge of the question can hardly do better than consult Mr. Malabari's pamphlet, in which they will find a list of other publications on the problem of child marriage.

Origin of Insurance Companies.

It is conjectured by some authorities that Claudius was the first person who contrived the insurance of ships in A. D. 43; while other authorities give the date of the first marine insurance as the year 533. The earliest British companies for marine insurance were the Royal Exchange, and the London, established in 1720. The first indication in this country of insurance, or assurance, as it is sometimes called, is to be found in our Saxon annals. Every freeman of fourteen years of age being bound to find sureties to keep the peace, certain neighbors composed of ten families became bound for one another, either to produce any one of the number who should offend against the Norman law, or to make pecuniary satisfaction for the offence. To do this they raised a fund for mutual payments which they placed in one common stock. From this arose other fraternities. Here is one of the rules of the St. Catherine's Guild fraternity: If a member suffer from fire, water, robbery, or other calamity, the Guild is to lend him a sum of money without interest. By the regulations of a similar society at Exeter, when any member is about to go abroad, each of his fellow-members shall contribute fivepence, and if his home is burned one penny. Insurance was in general use in Italy in 1194, and in this country in 1560. The first statute relating to it being enacted in 1601 (43 Elizabeth, chapter 12), the preamble to which states that "insurance had been time out of mind a usage among merchants." The first Life Insurance Company was the Amicable Society General Insurance established by charter in July, 1706.

Fire Insurance owes its origin to the Great Fire of London in 1666. It has been traced back to 1667, when the "Fire Office" issued policies in London. Shortly after the Great Fire the Corporation of London undertook business, and in that year an office was set up for insuring houses and buildings, chiefly on the plan of Dr. Barton, one of the first and most considerable London builders. The first regular fire office was set up in London in 1696, and was "The Hand in Hand." The "Sun" followed in 1710. Before 1667 there existed a practice of asking compensation for fire by "fire briefs," issued by the Chancellor to a particular locality. In 1776 Adam Smith observed that only one house in 100 was insured against fire. Nowadays few houses are left uninsured. The annual business done in London alone reaches over £900,000,000. All fire business is done by companies; there is only one private fire underwriter in the world, Mr. Wheeden, of Baltimore, U.S.A.

Wash the mix of the stove doors with salt and vinegar.

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing not exist without cause.

WILDFIRE ON THE PRAIRIE.

A Graphic Description of the On-coming of the Wall of Flame.

We all sprung up to see one of the saddle horses—a veteran in years and experience—standing with his head high in the air and pointed due west. While he looks as fixedly as if his eyes had lost their power to turn, his nostrils quiver and dilate with excitement. We watch him a full minute. He was the first to exhibit alarm, but now one horse after another throws up his head and looks to the west.

"It's fire, boys!" Had it been night we should have seen the reflection. Had there been a strong wind the odor would have come to us sooner. There is only a gentle breeze—lanquishing, dying under the fierce sun, but resurrected and given a new lease of life at intervals by an unknown power. But now we can see the smoke driving heavenward and shutting the blue of the west from our vision—now the horses show signs that no man could mistake. A great wall of flame fifty miles in length is rolling toward us, fanned and driven by a breeze of its own creation, but coming slowly and grandly. It takes me two or three minutes to climb to the top of one of the trees, and from my elevated position I can get a grand view of the wave of fire which is driving before it everything that lives.

We work fast. Blankets are wet at the spring and hung up between the trees to make a bulwark against the sparks and smoke, the horses doubly secured, camp equipment piled up and covered, and before we are through we have visitors. Ten or twelve buffaloes come thundering—pass the grove—halt and return to its shelter, crowding as close to the horses as they can and showing no fear at our presence. Next come three or four antelopes, their bright eyes bulging out with fear, and their nostrils blowing out the heavy odor with sharp snorts. One rubs against me and licks my hand.

Yelp! Yelp! Here are half a dozen wolves, which crowd among the buffaloes and tremble with terror, and a score of serpents race over the open ground to seek the wet ditch which carries off the overflow of the spring. Last to come, and only a mile ahead of the wave, which is licking up everything in its path, is a mustang—a single animal which has somehow been separated from his herd. He comes from the north, racing to reach the grove before the fire shall cut him off, and he runs for his life. With his ears laid back, nose pointing, and his eyes fixed on the goal, his pace is that of a thunderbolt. He leaps square over one pile of camp outfit and goes ten rods beyond before he can check himself. Then he comes trotting back and crowds between two of our horses with a low whimper.

There is a roar like Niagara. The smoke drives over us in a pall like midnight. The air seems to be one sheet of flame. The wave has swept up to the edge of the bare ground, and is dividing to pass us by. We are in an oven. The horses snort, and cough, and plunge, the wolves howl and moan as the heat and smoke become intolerable. Thus for five minutes, and then relief comes. The flame has passed, and the smoke is driving away. In this path is a breeze, every whiff of which is an elixir.

In ten minutes the grove is so clear of smoke that we can see every foot of earth again. A queer sight it is. It has been the haven of refuge for snakes, lizards, gophers, prairie dogs, rabbits, coyotes, wolves, antelopes, deer, buffaloes, horses, and men—enmity, antipathy, and hunger suppressed for the nonce that all might live—that each might escape the fiend in pursuit.

For half an hour nothing moves. Then the mustang flings up his head, blows the last of the smoke from his nostrils, and starts off with a flourish of his heels. The buffaloes go next, the deer and the antelope follow, and in five minutes we are left alone.

For fifty miles to the north, west, and south there is nothing but blackness—a landscape of despair. Away to the east the wall of fire is still moving on and implacable, relentless, a fiend whose harvest is death, and whose trail is destruction and desolation.

The Silk Machine.

An industry of great magnitude in Japan is silk culture. The silk worm is "educated" to such a degree that it becomes a mere machine, and its life must be a burden to it. It lays its eggs in rows on cards; it spins its cocoon to order, and finally dies when required. Silk worm eggs are white and about the size of the head of a large pin, and they are sold on cards, like buttons. These egg cards may be kept all winter long without harm to them, and hatched out in the warm months. The young worm is an exceedingly minute and delicate animal, and the mulberry leaves adopted for its food have to be chopped up as fine as possible. As the worm grows older the leaves are not chopped finely, until, when it is full grown, it is allowed to enjoy a whole mulberry leaf intact. This life of dissipation is too much for it, and with a little encouragement, it seeks the solitude of its cocoon. The cocoons are then thrown into hot water, which kills the larva and dissolves the mucilaginous matter that keeps the cocoon together. A silk-wormer deftly finds the end, and in a few moments the poor worm's home is about 40 yards of silk fiber on a reel. A few of the larvae are allowed to come to maturity for the sake of breeding purposes, and the eggs. To get out they break a hole through the cocoons. Such cocoons are called pierced, and from them an inferior quality of silk is made.

A Snake Story.

Years ago a Prof. Brewer was in California and had his tripod and other surveyors' instruments in the field. Stepping along in the bushes he felt a movement under his feet and found that he was standing on a four-and-a-half-foot rattlesnake—a large, vicious and fighting fellow. But the snake was so completely pinioned that he could not strike the thick boot that held him fast. Prof. Brewer held the rattlers head down with the tripod and cut it off. Then he cut off his rattles. Stepping aside, he saw the body of the snake, partly coiled, lying very still. Taking out his rule to measure its length, the professor took hold of the snake to straighten him out. Quick as an electric shock," said Prof. Brewer, "that headless snake brought the bloody stump over and struck a hard blow upon the back of my hand." He added: "I knew that his head was off and that he could not poison me, but that quick and hard blow of the rattler fairly made my hair stand on end."

Latest From Europe

Health of the Russian Empress—A Social Scandal in England—The British Wheat Crop—The Czar Afraid to Enforce the Law Against the Jews.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—The health of the Russian Empress is said to be so unsatisfactory that the Czar would gladly have cancelled the invitation to the Kaiser had he not been restrained by motives of State policy. Meanwhile the marine palace in the Crimea is being prepared for the imperial family, who will start south as soon as the German Emperor's visit is concluded.

An incident of fashionable life in England is shortly to come before the courts that will provoke a vast interest on the part of all classes of society. The wife of a very distinguished Englishman is about to bring suit for divorce against him, naming as co-respondent the widow of a most eminent colonial personage, who, before his death, was well known in the United States and Canada, and was a particular friend during Grant's Administration of Secretary Hamilton Fish. The lady has been twice widowed, her first husband having been a nobleman of high rank, and though she is no longer young she is a woman of unusual charms of person and manner. The wife, who is about to bring the suit, on the other hand is known as something of an Amazon, but in spite of the fact that all her friends have besought her not to make the matter public. The strangest part of the matter is that her brother-in-law, who is a member of the present Government, is the only one of her friends who advised her to push the suit, and under his guidance she will soon bring the case into the courts.

Until the annual Seed Fair at Vienna we shall have no comprehensive notion of what Europe's grain supply is really going to be. The Times' extended and careful estimate of the British crop put this year's total wheat yield at about 72,000,000 bushels, which is under the average, but better than was expected a month ago. Its survey concluded, however, with a statement that this was a critical period in the harvesting and its forecast depended on fair weather for its realization. Unfortunately one of the heaviest storms of the year visited most parts of England yesterday, with violent winds and a heavy rainfall. Up to the present reports its damage was confined to shipping disasters, but at least it cannot have helped the crops. The English farmer is in a hopeful frame of mind all the same, because wheat prices are rising steadily and are already higher than they have been since 1882, when the great decline began. This will much more than compensate him for the slightly-diminished yield. Reports from the Continent are much less definite than is usual in mid-August, but, with the exception of France, Austro-Hungary, and Turkey, the present estimates are of crops somewhat above the average.

Kaiser Wilhelm having promised a visit to Osborne every year, Queen Victoria has been compelled to enlarge the accommodations there, for which, the place being her personal property, she will pay out of her own pocket. The fine banqueting hall now being built will have cost \$100,000 by the time it is fitted and furnished. It is many years since the Queen dipped so deeply into the privy purse for such a purpose, the taxpayers having generally been called upon on one pretence or another, to find the money. But the House of Commons yearly becomes more radical, and therefore less subservient to the royal demands.

The universal cry of indignation aroused by the projected persecution of Russian Jews has apparently reached the Czar's ears. At any rate, so far as the outside world knows, nothing has yet been done to put the famous laws into force, but they remain on the statute book and may be used at any moment. In some quarters it is believed the Russian Government has suddenly realized that there is something absurd and incongruous in the dual role of protector in Armenia and persecutor in Russia.

Capturing A General.

The only prisoner made by the English Reserve at Waterloo was a French general, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade-major, anxious for an adventure. Baron Malortie tells the story in his book, "Twixt Old Times and New."

During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the Reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen.

One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young brigade-major, mounted on a thorough-bred. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I'll lay any one five pounds that I will bring that French general over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?"

"Done—done—done—," shouted several officers.

The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then shouting, "Good-by!" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word.

The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted, and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through.

Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp, and made for the English lines.

When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider, they dashed after him. But he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire, for fear of hitting the general. Half a squad of English dragoons,

seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns.

Amidst the maddest cheering, Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half-dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled, in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said simply, "Praise my horse, not me!"

The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy. Horses and servants were placed at his disposal, and he was sent under escort to Brussels.

Fatal Inconsistency.

Stephen White was known in his class at college as a church-member. It was popularly supposed, indeed, that he would some day be a minister.

Stephen himself was not so sure of this, though sometimes, when excited by a sermon or a hymn, he pictured to himself a life of missionary devotion in Africa or Asia.

One day, when the music in church had moved him deeply, he resolved to write a hymn. That would be a great service for God! A hymn that should live for ages, lifting the souls of poor, faulty men to heaven.

He sat down at his table and wrote for hours; changing, scanning, shortening and lengthening the lines, and having recourse now and then to a rhyming dictionary. The undertaking was not so easy as he had thought. Once he was almost ready to give it up, but just then he seemed to be entering a noble church. It was full of people, and at that moment they were all singing his hymn, the grand organ bearing up the grand chorus. Perhaps some of the people recognized him as he entered.

Then with fresh zeal he returned to his work. It was late in the evening before it was finished, but as he read the beautiful and stirring verses over to himself, he felt that time and labor had been well bestowed.

With aching head, he went out for a walk. He was very tired. A little stimulant seemed really a necessity. A tavern, frequented by the fast set of the college, was still open. Stephen passed the door, and saw that the bar was empty. He was known to be a temperate man, but to-night he must have something to restore his wasted energies. Surely this once could not matter.

He entered, called for wine, drank it and went out. At that moment he ran against John Page, one of the Frenchmen, who happened to be passing.

Stephen sent his hymn to a religious newspaper. It was declined as defective in rhythm. He sent it to a second and a third. It was returned to him, and when he pressed for a reason, it was pronounced to be weak in thought and tawdry in expression. Mortified and disappointed he threw the despised manuscript into a corner of his writing-desk.

Soon afterward Stephen graduated. Two years later he visited his college, and in asking for old friends, named John Page.

"Poor Page!" was the answer. "He took almost abruptly to drinking, became a perfect sot, and was expelled. The strangest part of the story was his declaration that he had been led to think lightly of drinking, by meeting you one night coming out of a grog-shop. He reasoned that if you, a man of good habits and a Christian, could drink, so might he. It was impossible, of course, that he ever saw you in such a place."

Stephen went home with a heavy weight on his soul. His weakness and inconsistency had lured a fellow-man on to his ruin.

He took from his desk the manuscript of his hymn. How empty the verses seemed now as he read them—the poor expression of a shallow and passing emotion, fit only for the fire. He had learned a lesson. Let us hope that he never forgot it. Pious aspirations are worthless unless they are genuine, and they are not genuine unless they issue in right conduct.

"He Giveth his Beloved Sleep."

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint; He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint;

He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep; And, folded in fair green pastures, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

Like weary and worn-out children that sigh for the daylight's close, He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;

So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep, And, silently watching o'er them, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast.

Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep; For, with many a soothing promise, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow; But He touches the drooping eyelids and placid the features grow.

Their foes may gather around them, and storms may round them sweep, But, guarding them safe from danger, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppressed to-day, Like mists that clear in the sunlight have noiselessly passed away,

Nor call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep, For only His voice can reach them, who "giveth His loved ones sleep."

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is rim, God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!

Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep, And rejoice in the sweet assurance—"He giveth His loved ones sleep."

The naval force of Portugal for the years 1890 and 1897 has been fixed at 3,600 men, one ironclad, four steam corvettes, four first-class and ten station gunboats, two transports, three training ships, one sailing ship, one tug, and fourteen launches for river police service.

Schoolboy Humour.

The August issue of Chambers's Journal contains an article by Mr. H. J. Barker, in the course of which he gives some specimens of the easy-writing powers of the poorer London children. Here, for example, is an extract from an exercise on "Governments":—"Our country has a Queen who can do anything but what she ought to. She has been at the Government for nearly fifty years, and still she looks nice. Also George I., H., III., and IV., but there were VIII. Henrys. There is also houses called the Houses of Parliament. One of these is full of Lords, called the House of Lords, but the other is only built for them gentlemen as perhaps you have seen some of them, and it is called the House of Commons. No gentleman can get in there unless they know as he can make laws. But the Queen has to look them over, and see as they are made right. There Cominon are called Conservatives and Liberals, and they try and hinder one another as much as they can. They sometimes have sides, and then you can see it on the pickards, and you can hear men and your fathers talking and quarrelling about it. Our country is governed a lot better than France, and Germany comes about next. Then there's a lot of others, and then comes Persia. Our country always comes first, whoever you like to ask."

It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those which follow.

An idler is a watch which wants both hands.

Many have lived on a pedestal who will never have a statue when dead.

DR. HARVEY'S Southern Red Pine will instantly relieve, as well as stop, a severe fit of coughing.

The newest thing in glass is sunset glass. It is tinted with all the hues of the setting sun.

MISS AGGIE WINTERMUTE, M. L. A., a graduate of Alma Ladies' College, has been for some years a most successful teacher in the Young Ladies' College, Tokio, Japan, to which she was appointed by the Women's Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Church. Alma's graduates both at home and abroad are reflecting great credit upon that very prosperous institution. Any reader so desiring can secure a 60 pp. Announcement by addressing PRINCIPAL AUSTIN.

Most pleasures embrace us but to strange. It is now generally known that many cases of consumption of long standing as well as advanced cases of catarrh and asthma have been permanently cured by SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. This famous medicine is manufactured at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., and every druggist in Canada has it for sale.

Genius may be swift, but perseverance has the surest feet.

Rebel Arabs in Morocco captured 120 of the Sultan's men, whom they massacred, practising horrible barbarities on the son of the Governor of the province where the rising occurred.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured.

The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rash of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

A.P. 516

AGENTS WANTED—Big money. Choicest books. Control of territory. Apply at once. E.N. MOYER & Co., 120 Yonge St., Toronto

\$3.50 PER DAY—Good men and women. Fine selling article. J. E. GLOUSE, 13 Victoria street, Toronto.

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WANTED in every town in the Dominion, reliable men to represent the Dominion Bldg and Loan Ass'n, 65-67 Yonge St., Toronto.

PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S. and foreign countries. W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

MISS STACKHOUSE, 427 Yonge Street, Toronto, is making a specialty of Parisian making. Suits for men, children's skirts or capes, 25c a yard. Only place in Canada where this class of work is done.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL. Scientific and reliable systems taught, whereby stylish, perfect-fitting garments are produced. Send for circular. S. CORRIGAN, Prop., 63 King St. West.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CURE OF Cancer & TUMORS without the knife. Bldg. 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, Niagara St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Spacious buildings, lighted with gas, heated by hot water, all modern conveniences, extensive grounds. First-class staff under Lady Principal from Europe. Board, furnished room, fuel, light, tuition in English branches, French and German from \$20 yearly. Thoroughly efficient Music and Fine Arts Department. Session opens Sept. 16th. For circulars write to REV. DR. WARDEN, Montreal.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrappers: at all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

TEACHERS can make money during vacation by canvassing for one or more of our fast selling Books and Bibles, especially History of Canada, by W. H. Withrow, D.D., latest and best edition ever published, prices low, terms liberal. Write for illustrated circulars and terms WM. B. ELLIOTT, Publisher, Toronto.

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Best value in the Dominion. F. E. DIXON & CO., Makers, 70 King Street East, Toronto. Send for Price Lists and Discounts.

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Leads all other Colleges in Canada in the number of matriculants prepared annually. Special inducements are offered to those requiring a Business Education. Send for calendar. Address PRINCIPAL DYER, M.A.

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MONTREAL

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"THE DOLLAR" KNITTING MACHINE

MANUFACTURED BY CREELMAN BROS. GEORGETOWN, ONT. THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS FOR YOU. IT IS GOOD FOR \$2.00. SEND IT AND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR ALL PARTICULARS AND PRICE. E. S. 123899

WESLEYAN LADIES' COLLEGE

HAMILTON, ONT.

Will Reopen Sept. 1, 1890 (30th year) The first of the Ladies' Colleges. Has University affiliation, graduating course on Literature, Music and Art, followed by Diploma in each. Rooms may be secured now. For terms address the Principal. REV. A. BURNS, D.D., LL.D.

Cheapest and BEST PLACE in America to buy Hand and Musical Instruments, Music, &c.

Address: WEALEY, ROYCE & CO., 138 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

THE CONBOY CARRIAGE TOPS

ARE THE BEST KNOWN.



Their increasing popularity is a proof of their superiority. Be sure and get a Conboy top on your buggy.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, E.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

FIRE-PROOF CHAMPIONS

With Upright or Horizontal Boilers. 12, 16, 20, 25 Suitable for all work. Threshing, Sawing, Brickmaking, etc. and 30 H.P.

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12, 16 and 20 Horse-power.

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Sailing Weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets, \$40, \$30, and \$20. Return Tickets, \$50, \$30 and \$10, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$25, Steerage, \$20. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager Canadian Shipping Co., 4 CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE, MONTREAL, or to Local Agents in all Towns and Cities.

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Over 1,200 pupils last three years. Fall Term Begins Monday, 1st September. Send for 90 page calendar containing announcements for coming season.

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director. Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue, Toronto.

DR. NICHOLS' FOOD OF HEALTH

For Children and Adults. Invaluable for Indigestion and Constipation.

FRANKS & CO., London, England, Proprietors. MONTREAL OFFICE, 17 St. John Street. Dr. T. R. Allinson, L.R.C.P., London, says:—"I like Dr. Nichols' Food of Health very much and find it of great dietetic value in many diseases. As a breakfast dish I prefer it to oatmeal. For the regulation of the bowels it cannot be surpassed. Send for sample FREE."

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EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

In severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is I want the medicine to be in use. Get to work NOW. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address.

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H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

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Truth Unprejudiced. Do not imagine that I want to do advertising. I know nothing of St. Leon Springs. I do not know the owners or manager. But I can tell you that, from all I have read, it is a very good experience.

ST. LEON WATER IS THE BEST

on the American Continent. Correspondent of the St. John's News. The Palace Hotel is open at Springs in P.Q. for the reception of visitors. Particulars address: St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto, or to St. Leon Springs, P.Q.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE

TURKISH DYES

Unequaled for Richness and Beauty of Color. They are the only ones. With a WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT! There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness. ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dyes on the market. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and do it better than any other Dyes. Same Price as Inferior Dyes, 10 Cts. Canada Branch: 481 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions.

POND'S EXTRACT

THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHAGES OF ALL KINDS. Use Internally & Externally. Price 50c. \$1. \$1.75. POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, E.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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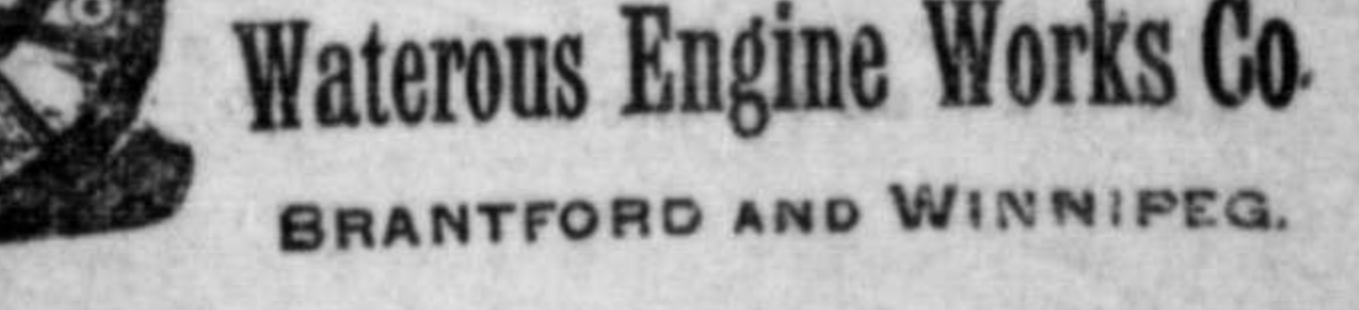
12, 16 and 20 Horse-power.

STRAW-BURNING ENGINES

For the North-West. Send for Circular.

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BRANTFORD AND WINNIPEG.



THE EQUITY.

SHAWVILLE, AUG. 28, 1890.

L'Electeur announces that the Pope has conferred upon His Honor Lieut-Governor Angers the grand cross of the order of St. Gregory the Great.

An Ottawa resident has heard from a deluded Dakota settler who wants to return to Canada. When a considerable number of these deceived people return they will probably make matters extremely and uncomfortably warm for the Grit organs.

Mr. Laurier complains bitterly because the National Policy is putting money into the pockets of our farmers. One of his Toronto organs follow by declaring that the N. P. is an egregious failure. Our farmers will hardly agree with the Opposition leader that it is a crime to put money into their pockets, or with the Opposition organ that a policy having this result is an egregious failure.

A reconstruction of the Quebec cabinet work place at Montreal on Tuesday last. The Hon. Mr. Turcotte, late attorney general, has accepted the prothonotaryship of Montreal, and Mr. Robideau steps into his place. In turn, Mr. Langetier who was President of the Council, takes the Provincial Secretaryship, Mr. Chas. Fitzpatrick, it is said, will succeed Mr. Langelier as President of the Council.

The French and Italian Governments have agreed to join in a maritime service on the Red sea to prevent the spread of cholera. The recent annexations on the east coast of Africa have tended to make some such step necessary for the safety of Europe. Arabia has been the home of cholera for ages, and the Mohammedan pilgrimages to its sacred city are one of the great causes of its spread. A superior civilization, on its own behalf, is compelled to save these votaries in spite of themselves.

Among the resolutions adopted by the congress of School Inspectors held at Quebec on Thursday last were the following:

"That the Government be requested to increase the grants to common schools, such increase to be paid proportionately to the results obtained according to the report of the inspectors. That it is desirable to increase the grants to elementary schools. That the next congress be held in Montreal in 1892."

A resolution was also passed expressing the appreciation of the congress for Hon. Gideon Ouimet, superintendent of public instruction.

Winnipeg, August 20.—The crop bulletins based on the reports of correspondents dated August 1, have been issued by the local Department of Agriculture. An estimate is made that the wheat yield will average 24.6 bushels per acre, barley 34.3, oats 44, peas 23 and flax 14. Root crops are excellent. June and July were very favorable in growing weather, the rainfall being in June over four times as much as fell previous to June, and in July fully double the amount of the corresponding month in 1889. The number of farmers in Manitoba is placed at 13,877, against 13,320 in the previous year. The average acreage put in by each is 73. There is a slight decrease in the value of improved lands, but an increase in the value of unimproved.

Converting Barley into Pork.

If the McKinley bill should be adopted and Canadian barley shut out of the States, our farmers cannot do better perhaps than transform their barley into pork. A Kingston merchant writes:—"Quite a number of farmers in this section during the past two years have fed their barley instead of selling it at the low price offered. They have kept account, and find that they have made over 80 cents per bushel out of it in that way, after deducting the expenses of labor, etc. This was placed on pork, and they should do better now." According to present appearances, Congress will not tax barley more than 15 cents, though Mr. McKinley demanded 30, and the Senate Finance committee recommends 25.

The Health of the Dominion.

Ottawa, August 21.—The statement of mortality for the month of July last was issued by the Department of Agriculture today. The highest mortality in any city according to its population was in Quebec, which was 4.70 per thousand. In Galt the death rate was 54, the lowest of any of the cities recorded in the list. London comes next at .62; Woodstock, Ont., .65; Chatham, Ont., .68; Victoria, B. C., .84; and St. Thomas, 85. Next to the city of Quebec, where the highest death rate exists, is the city of Hull with 4.50. Among the other highest may be mentioned Sherbrooke, Que., 3.93; Three Rivers, 3.89; St. Hyacinthe, 3.87; and Montreal, 3.77. In Montreal the high mortality is due to the large number of deaths of children under five years of age, there being no less than 579 out of a total death rate for the month of 793. Turning to Quebec, out of a total death rate of 315, no less than 228 were under five years of age. In Hull there were 63 deaths and 53 of these were children under five years of age. In Three Rivers the deaths were 37, and of these 29 were under five years, while Sherbrooke's total was 39 and 28 of these were under five years. On the other hand no deaths of children are given for Woodstock, Ont, only 1 for Galt 2 for St. Thomas, 2 for Chatham, 4 for London and five for Victoria, B. C. In Montreal the death from diarrhoeal affections were 297 out of a total for the month of 793.

Ottawa's Great Fair.

The success that has attended the Central Canada Exhibition since it was started in 1888 has been very marked, and it is hoped and believed that the Exhibition to be held this year from the 22nd to the 27th of September will be still more successful than either of its predecessors. The president, directors, committees and secretary are all working hard to ensure success. The entries are coming in rapidly and all accounts seem to point to a larger number of visitors than ever. His Excellency the Governor-General has kindly consented to open the Exhibition on Tuesday, 23rd, and it is expected that Sir John Macdonald and all the members of the Government will be present. Special exhibits from the Experimental Farm and from Manitoba are promised. The Horticultural Committee having associated with them the Gardeners and Florists' Club, are making great efforts to render their hall the most attractive on the grounds. The special attractions provided this year, whilst not being sensational, will be found interesting and amusing, and include Professor Hopper's dog circus; Professor Achille Philion in his daring spiral tower globe performance; Monsieur and Mdlle. Ventiani, the noted European equilibrist and grotesque artists; Andy Sweeney, the modern Sampson, in his marvellous feats of strength; running and trotting races each day for handsome purses, and many other features that cannot fail to entertain the many thousands who will visit this well-managed fair and autumn fete.

The Egg Trade.

The passage of the McKinley bill, if it does pass, is likely to bring about somewhat the same kind of revolution in the egg trade that the repeal of the reciprocity treaty in 1866 caused in the cheese trade. While we had free trade in cheese with the United States, they were our best customers for cheese, which was not remarkable for its good quality. With the repeal of the treaty came the necessity for finding another market. Our dairymen's eyes turned naturally to Great Britain. But Great Britain did not want the kind of cheese we were making. Our dairymen—again naturally—proceeded to make better cheese, with the result that Canadian cheese has practically driven American cheese from the English market, and is creditably holding its own against the best English makes; while the volume of our cheese trade has enormously increased. So it will be with eggs. Last year we exported 168,345,636 eggs, valued at \$2,159,510, of which 168,132,204, valued at \$2,156,725, went to the United States. Our imports were 7,832,975 eggs, valued at \$92,762, of which 7,598,352, valued at \$91,172, came from the United States. Our exports to Great Britain amounted to 96 dozen, valued at \$18; and we imported from that country 14 dozen, valued at \$29. There is no doubt but that the duty proposed by the McKinley bill will have the effect of greatly reducing our exports of eggs to the United States. It will not stop the trade altogether, however, nor will it prevent our hens from laying. The Americans will still eat eggs, and the hens will still lay, in despite of the McKinley bill. What remains for us to do then is to find a new market for our surplus eggs; and, fortunately, the market is neither far nor hard to seek. As already stated, the export of eggs to Great Britain last year was limited to 96 dozen. Already this year it is many times that amount. When the McKinley bill was introduced a Canadian cheese shipper happened to be in England, and thinking he saw a chance for a good thing in eggs, he made an arrangement with a prominent produce commission house for direct shipments of eggs. On his return to Canada he shipped a few cases, and the result has been so satisfactory, both as regards price and the condition in which the eggs arrived, that he is now buying all the eggs he can get for shipment to Great Britain, and his example will doubtless be soon followed by many others. The beginning is small; but it is foolish to despise small things. The first shipment of cattle to Great Britain, barely fifteen years ago, was only about a score. The shipments this year will probably reach 100,000 head. The demand for eggs in Great Britain is almost unlimited, and as there is no difficulty in keeping eggs for months in good condition there is every reason to believe that Canada will be able to find a good paying market in Great Britain for every egg kept out of the American market by the McKinley bill, and more too if we have them to sell.—Ottawa Citizen.

The High Court of Foresters.

At last Thursday's session of the High Court of Foresters for this province, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Henry Walters, chief ranger, Quebec; Peter Strathearn, vice-chief ranger, Montreal; John W. Stocks, Secretary, Sherbrooke; Robert Burge, treasurer, Lennoxville; George F. Slack, physician, Farnham; George L. Lighthall, councillor, Montreal; F. H. Wildgoose, auditor, Montreal; A. A. Graham, auditor, Granby. Appointed officers: Rev. Bro. H. W. Wye, chaplain, Bedford; F. C. Kerns, senior woodward, Montreal; William Waine, junior woodward, Eastman; Edwin Avry, senior beadle, Sherbrooke; C. M. Thomas, junior beadle, Stanstead; James Ellis, journal secretary, Quebec; A. J. Pratt, marshal, Montreal; John Walker, Conductor, Coaticook; Alex Lipp, messenger, Montreal. Farnham was decided on for the next meeting of the High Court. Before closing Dr. Oronhyatekha, S.C.R., and N. F. Patterson, Q.C., H.C.R., of Ontario, addressed the meeting, expressing pleasure at the manner in which the High Court were entertained by Court Stadacona. On Thursday the Supreme Chief Ranger instituted an encampment of the Royal Foresters.

Election of Officers G.O.L.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge held at St. John, N.B., last week the following officers were elected for the current year: N. Clarke Wallace, M. P., re-elected grand master. E. F. Clarke, M.P.P., Toronto, deputy grand master. Rev. J. Halliwell, Smith's Falls, grand chaplain. Robert Birmingham, Toronto, grand secretary. William Anderson, Mountain View, grand treasurer. James Kelly, St. John, grand lecturer. Deputy grand chaplains—Rev. C. E. Perry, Toronto; James Ardill, Merritton; W. F. Wilson, Toronto; D. Carscaden, Forest; W. E. Barnes, Belleville; J. C. Madill, Toronto; Dr. Smythe, Montreal; J. G. Flewelling, Centreville, N. B.; William Walsh, Brampton, Ont.; Andrew Wilson, Kingston, Ont.; M. W. Martin, B. D., Chatham, Ont.; B. H. Thomas, Mangerville, N.B.; John Morgan, Hillsdale, Ont.; J. W. Hodgins, Lukeham, Ont.; R. H. Leitch, Alma, Ont.; James Bleasdel, Sambro, N.S.; Rural Dean Cooper, Invermay, Ont.; E. W. Sibbald, Lloydstown, Ont.; S. A. Dupran, Montreal. Deputy grand secretary—J. C. Glass, Shubenacadie, N.S. Deputy grand treasurer—H. A. McFaul, Prince Edward, Ont.

Commenting on the the action of Mr. Mercier in coming to the relief of the people of St. Barbe who suffered to some extent from a recent thunder storm the Ottawa Citizen says:—

"The good people of St. Barbe, P. Q., are suffering from an overdose of misplaced sympathy. A short time ago a little breeze blew down a few fences, stripped some houses and barns of portions of their shingles and indulged in other little playful eccentricities which, altogether, caused damage to the extent of a few hundred dollars. Mr. Mercier, with that free-handed generosity which always characterizes him when he is giving away the people's money to his political friends, at once appropriated the sum of \$4,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the St. Barbe 'cyclone,' although he had no right to appropriate public money for such a purpose without the consent of the Legislature. However, he gave it, and now the people do not know what to do with half of this money, for although every reasonable claim has been paid, there is still a balance on hand of something like \$2,000. No wonder Mr. Mercier contemplates negotiating another loan.

A few weeks ago a heavy wind demolished the buildings of several farmers in the front of Clarendon and Bristol. These parties have just as much right to Government consideration as the residents of St. Barbe, but we doubt very much if the premier would regard their claims favorable were they presented. When Mr. Mercier displays his philanthropy in this way, he expects to count another on his side of the Legislature as the result. Pontiac holding out no prospect of such an event, will therefore, scarcely be tempted by his blandishments.

The Thousand Island Park hotel was destroyed by fire on Thursday last. Loss, \$150,000.

DIED.

At North Clarendon on Saturday the 23rd inst., Mrs. James Kelly, aged 79 years.

At Bristol, on Tuesday, August 19th, Marion McPherson. The funeral took place on Thursday and was largely attended.

Teacher Wanted.

WANTED, an elementary teacher for Thorne Centre. Must hold Protestant Central Board Certificate. Duties to commence September 22nd. Salary, seventeen dollars per month. Apply to S. M. LOGAN, Thorne Centre, Pontiac Co. Aug. 19.

Tenders Wanted.

SEALED TENDERS for the erection of the S. O. Hall will be received at the post office (where plans and specifications may be seen) until Tuesday the 2nd day of September next, at the hour of four o'clock, p. m. Signed by order of B. Committee. E. HODGINS. Shawville, 16th August, 1890.

Auction Sale OF Horses!

I am instructed by D. M. Rattray, Esq., to sell by Public Auction at the Stables of the Rattray House, P. D. Fort ON Tuesday, September 9th, at 10 a. m., THE FOLLOWING HORSES: Two 5 year old, Six 6 year old, Six 7 year old, One 12 year old, and one 13 year old.

The above Mares and Horses are all in first class condition, eight of them having been bought last spring for the summer's work, and as they must be sold some one will get bargains.

TERMS:

Joint approved notes at six or twelve months to suit purchaser, with interest at seven per cent per annum. Parties wishing to pay spot cash will receive a discount of 5 per cent.

H. HOBBS, AUCTIONEER.

Shawville, August 23rd, 1890.

E. Hodgins' Advertisement.

NEW GOODS

Just Received.

Dress Meltons, (All shades and prices.) Black Cashmeres Gents' silk Kchfs Flannels, Ettoffes,

A NICE LINE OF AMERICAN PRINT AT 12½ CENTS.

Prints and Dress Goods VERY CHEAP.

BARGAINS IN BOOTS: Men's at \$1.25. Boys' at \$1.00.

E. HODGINS.

Shawville, Aug. 18.

THE LITTLE MAXWELL BINDER.

The Lightest Running, Most Easily Handled and Most Successful Machine in the Market.

This machine is for sale by the undersigned, who has several on hand ready to dispose of, and one can be seen at work on the farm of Hugh Brownlee, Esq., Clarendon, who finds it to be all that is represented, giving the utmost satisfaction.

Don't place your order until you have seen The Maxwell.

Sales will be made on next year's terms, which are, that no payments have to be made until next year's harvest is cut.

D. WILSON, - - AGENT, SHAWVILLE. August 12, 1890.

YOUR MONEY HAS A VALUE! AND SO HAS Good and Reliable Merchandise.

The combination of Good Goods, at reasonable prices, is one that we never fail to give our patrons.

We are daily receiving new goods comprised of:

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Boots & Shoes, Crockery and Glassware, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, etc., All purchased for our Fall Trade.

We assure our customers and the public generally that our stock is more complete in every line and at lower prices than ever before.

Summer Goods Reduced to Cost! JAMES HODGINS & SON.

July 8, 1890

PLEASE REMEMBER

I shall pay you cash for Grain when the season opens. In the meantime I am ready to receive your cash in exchange for Goods, and give you some rare Bargains, too.

J.H. SHAW.

Shawville, Aug. 20.

Brick for Sale!

The undersigned has now on hand a large quantity of newly burnt Brick which he offers for sale.

D. KENNEDY, Moorhead P.O.

August 11, 1890.

Marks & Chitty,

QUEEN'S HALL, 66 Queen St. East, - - - Ottawa, Auctioneers, Insurance, and Real Estate BROKERS,

Beg to inform the public they have the largest premises in Ottawa for consignments, storage, &c.

Auction sales weekly, Consignments received and disposed of

Quick returns guaranteed.

Labor Bureau open from 9 to 5.

FOR SALE—Mines, Farms, Lots and Houses.

TO LET.—Houses in all parts of the city.

A Child eaten by Idiots.

A shocking story comes from Buckingham of the devouring of an infant by a pair of idiots, the particulars of which are as follows:

Paul Cote, a French Canadian miner, and Elisha Newton, a farmer, are neighbours living in a small settlement on the Du Lievre River, about two days' journey up from Buckingham. On the day in question both men were away from home. The Cote family consisted of the man, his wife and their baby boy, about a year old. Newton is the father of two boys who are deaf mutes and of unsound mind. Occasionally the idiots had exhibited signs of a vicious disposition, but as their parents were averse to sending the unfortunates to an asylum, they were kept at home, and being regarded as comparatively harmless, they were allowed the freedom of their neighbours' house which they visited frequently. After breakfast Mrs. Cote decided to go out berry picking, and intending to return in a couple of hours, most imprudently left her baby in charge of the deaf mutes. It must have been very soon after her departure that the maniacs commenced their brutish attack upon the child left in their care. No eyes but theirs witnessed the revolting scene that followed; yet the blood bespattered floor, the confusion in which the room was found and above all the lacerated form of the dying child, attested to the savage revelry which they held over their victim ere their brutal appetites were sated with human flesh and blood. The mother was the first to break in upon the scene. What her feelings were as she gazed upon the mangled body of her child, and the grinning idiots, gory-mouthed and still gloating over their living prey, can never be described. The babe was fearfully torn, its cheeks had been literally eaten to the bone, and the flesh partly devoured from one side of the neck. It was dying when the mother drove the human wolves away and lifted the little bleeding body from the floor, and in a short time it expired.

The Picton Times tells of the lightning taking off a cow's horn completely and singeing the animal's entire side, yet without killing her. The lightning is certainly playing some peculiar pranks this season.

The body of a man was found floating on the canal basin at Ottawa on Monday. The body was identified as that of a man named D'Eautrauil employed in the Civil Service.

Central Canada Fair,
OTTAWA
Sept'r. 22nd to 27th, 1890.

THE MARVEL OF MODERN AGES
ACHILLE PHILLION
The French Equilibrist,
IN HIS DARING AND PERILOUS

Spiral Tower Globe Performance.
An Exhibition beyond description, secured at enormous expense and presented for the first time in

OTTAWA, AT LANSDOWNE PARK
DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT.

2 Performances Daily 2
At 11 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.
To Commence Tuesday Sept. 23rd 1890.

ANDY SWEENEY,
The Modern Samson
Who catches a 34lb Cannon Ball, fired from a genuine full sized Cannon, and he also fires the same Cannon while holding it on his shoulder, besides other marvellous feats of strength with Cannon Balls.

Monsieur and Mademoiselle Yentini
THE NOTED
European Grotesque Artists.

Prof. J. L. Hopper's
\$10,000 DOG CIRCUS

The Performance opens with Drill in Eight Military Movements, and is continued by the various Dogs in their Specialties, such as Side Leg Walking, Fore and Hind Leg Walking, Swinging on Trapeze, Hurdle Jumping, Leap Frog Act, Clown Burlesque, High Leaping Dogs, etc. etc.

Two Performances Daily, 11:30 a.m. and 3 o'clock p.m.

Running & Trotting Races
EACH DAY,
LARGE PURSES.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging, Belleville," will be received at this office until Tuesday, the 26th day of August instant, inclusively, for dredging in the Harbor of Belleville, Ontario, in accordance with the terms and stipulations contained in a combined specification and tender, to be obtained on application to the Harbour Master, Belleville, and the undersigned at the Public Works Department, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 5th, 1890.

Clearing Sale!

THE BALANCE OF MY STOCK OF
Tweeds, Worstedes & Trouserings

WILL BE SOLD AT COST FOR THE NEXT 3 WEEKS,
as I am going to move into the new Thomas Block, and desire to have every piece sold, as I have a full new stock already purchased for to put in when the store is ready to be occupied.

BARGAINS IN ALL LINES!

MOORE'S STAR TAILORING EMPORIUM,

JUNE 16, 1890.

SHAWVILLE,

QUE.

REMOVED!

The undersigned directs attention to the fact that he has removed his stock to his New Store, west of the Marble Works on Main Street, where he may be found with a very choice supply of

GENERAL GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.
CALL AND SEE

GEORGE HODGINS, JR.

August 25th.

CAUTION.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, that debts contracted in his name by any party or parties whatsoever, without his written order, will positively not be paid.

Shawville, 6th Aug., 1890.

One of the **FREE** **2500' TELESCOPE** in the world. Our articles are unexcelled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send **FREE** to ONE PERSON in each locality as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do is return to us the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the eighth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$5 to \$10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 890, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE SHAWVILLE LIVERY

Is now fully equipped to meet the requirements of the public.

Good Horses and Rigs
always on hand and available on the shortest notice.
Particular attention paid to the Commercial Trade.

Stables - - - opposite Russell House.
ROBT. HOBBS,
PROPRIETOR.
Shawville, April 1, 1890.

Spring and Summer Stock
Just Received!

The subscriber directs attention to his new stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
CONSISTING OF A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Dry Goods, Readymade Clothing, Underwear, &c.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,
COMPRISING WATCHES, CLOCKS, RINGS, BROOCHES, &c.

All at prices that cannot fail to suit Purchasers.
E. HOLSTEIN,
SHAWVILLE, - - - QUE.

April 15, 1890.

OILS.

THE SAMUEL ROGERS OIL CO., OF OTTAWA,

Wholesale Dealers, Producers and Manufacturers offer to the trade the following specialtie :

DIAMOND Burning Oil, the best "Water White" Canadian Oil in the Market, made by new "Patent Process," and sold as low as the common Oil. This firm also man- **PEERLESS** MACHINE OIL. Write them for ureatures the Famous

W. D. MORRIS, MANAGER,
Russell House Block, Ottawa
Ott. wa, Jan. 1, 1890.

POINTERS:-
FOR THE PEOPLE.
FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS

I will give to each person buying over a dollar's worth of Goods at my shop a present of a nicely bound book. This is a genuine offer, so call early and secure **GOOD BARGAINS.**

Repairing done on the Shortest Notice.
C. B. DRAPER, MAIN STREET, SHAWVILLE.
(OPPOSITE MARBLE WORKS.)
Shawville, April 21, 1890.

-PONTIAC WOOLLEN- MILLS,
A. HODGINS, - - - PROP.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS NOW IN STOCK AN ASSORTMENT OF
Tweeds, Etottes, Blankets, Shawls, &c.,
WHICH HE OFFERS TO THE PUBLIC AT BOTTOM PRICES.
Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to call and inspect.
CUSTOM ROLL CARDING AND SPINNING
EXECUTED AS USUAL.
Highest price paid for good Wool taken in exchange.
Shawville, March 25, 1890.
A. HODGINS.

SAFE HARNESS
AFTER ALL!

A few months ago it was generally believed that the Explorer, Stanley, had met a cruel fate in the wilds of the Dark Continent; but later developments have proven these apprehensions to have been ill-founded. The great explorer having turned up O. K., assures anxiously; it therefore behooves people to turn their attention to their own immediate affairs. Spring is upon us, and with its advent we realize the expediency of being prepared to meet its requirements. If you are a farmer you may be in need of a harrow. If so,
J. LESTER,
of Shawville is the man to suit you. He manufactures the celebrated
Champion Iron Harrow,
AND ALSO KEEPS IN STOCK
The 'Daisy' Spring Tooth Harrow, implements, both of which are unexcelled in the market.

HE IS NOW MAKING READY A STOCK OF
Double & Single Buggies,
which will be finished, trimmed and painted in **first-class Style.**
BUGGIES & WAGONS,
on hand and made to order.
Horse-shoeing & General Blacksmithing
AS USUAL.
J. W. Mann's Seeders for sale.
J. LESTER.
Shawville, April 1, 1890.

MAKE READY FOR SUMMER.
Having closed a successful season's sleigh-making, I am now preparing for the summer's requirements in the line of
Carriages, Buggies, & Wagons,
A stock of which I intend making up in addition to filling all orders.
By entrusting their orders to me the public may rely on securing best satisfaction, as none but superior material is used, and extra attention paid to manufacture.
Give me a call before purchasing.
Repairing done as usual.
JOHN BECKETT, JR.
Shawville, Mar. 4, 1890.

MUSCROVE'S NATIONAL Business
COLLEGE, OTTAWA, ONT,
Corner Sparks and O'Connor street.
POSITIVELY the most thorough course. Special attention to Penmanship without extra charge. A discount of 20 per cent. on all tuition fees to ladies. Catalogues free. Send for one. Caution!
Address C. H. McCARGAR, Principal,

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER XX.—OUR SYMPATHETIC FRIENDS.

Mabel bent her head in assent to Martha's suggestion; but she was weary in her mind, and dulled at present to the sense of the misfortune that had befallen her. But for Martha, she would not have looked her own flairs in the face, as it was become so necessary to do. She did not understand the imminence of the calamity. She was still at the rectory, which, though emptied of its best treasures, seemed, because it was the scene of her loss, to be more valuable than ever. Her thoughts were in a few days a sale was to be held at the rectory, the proceeds of which were necessary to defray some small, outstanding debts of the late rector, including the expenses of his burial. What was left after that—a hundred pounds at most, it was calculated—were to be hers. She had even written to the few acquaintances she had, to say as much in answer to their "kind inquiries," and some of them had again written a reply. Their letters lay on the table before the two women, as well as certain business communications, which Martha had taken it upon herself to deal with.

"To begin at the beginning, my darling," said Martha Barr, "though it is a small thing, do you think you are justified in putting up that tablet in the chance to your poor papa? His name does not need to be written in marble to be remembered here, does it? And it will cost—let me see—thirteen pounds thirteen."

"I thought the mason said it would be eight pounds," said Mabel; "though, indeed, he added, that that was cheaper than he could have done it for anybody else; which was very good of him."

"Well, my dear, the fact is that there is a fee due to the incoming rector for permission to have it put up at all. Your papa, of course, would never have dreamed of demanding such a thing; but the Reverend Theophilus Bray—I've got his letter here, for I thought it worth while to ask him the question, though it seemed a matter of form—writes to tell us that, 'as a point of principle, and in the interests of that church of which he is a humble minister, he cannot indulge his own personal feelings in the matter, which would otherwise undoubtedly lead him to waive his privilege.' It is a matter of principle, and interest, you see, my dear; and he would like to have his five guineas."

"I wish to have the tablet put up, nevertheless, Martha, if I may."

"Very good, my dear; then that is settled. After all, you will only have to pay half of course, since Julia pays her own share. By-the-by, dear, when this sad news reaches your sister for you at once, to come out and live with her and Frederick."

"I shall not do that, Martha," said Mabel firmly, and with a slight blush. "It was the first touch of colour that had visited her cheek for days, and as it did so, Martha thought she had never seen any one so beautiful. Her black robes seemed to become her as well as any bridal dress could possibly have done."

"I think you are right not to go to Hong-kong," said Martha simply; "though, of course, if you lived in England, her house would be your natural home, for the present Mr. Pennant is almost as fond of you as of herself. I do believe; and I have no doubt, notwithstanding that he will be somewhat disappointed at his wife having come to him with empty hands, that his first act will be to make some sort of provision for you."

"Oh, please—I hope you have not written to say that?" said Mabel earnestly.

"I have written nothing, my darling, with respect to that matter at all. If the offer is not made spontaneously, be sure I should be the last to suggest it. But it will be made—through your sister, of course—I am as sure of that as that I breathe. They are kind, and true as steel."

"I know it," Martha; "but they are far from rich."

"Tut, tut! They are not rich enough to be mean, my dear: it is only persons of really large income and funded property, as your poor papa used to say in what he called his radical moments, who can afford to be base. They have something to spare for a sister who is left desolate—very ill off, I mean."

"If it could possibly be avoided," said Mabel, keeping her eyes fixed on the carpet, "I would rather not be a burden to anybody. When I wrote to Lady Moorcombe, I spoke of what I could do for myself—I mean towards getting my own living; and she thinks, with what I know of music and French—though I know very little—I could perhaps get some situation as a nursery governess."

"I saw you had two letters by this morning's post, but they did not seem to contain good news, so I did not ask about them. Was one of them from the Grange?"

"Yes, Lady Moorcombe writes very kindly. But—it's very foolish of me to be vexed at it—but it used to be always 'My dear Mabel'—and now you see she begins, 'My dear Miss Denham.'"

"She can afford it, my darling," said Martha Barr slowly. "May I see the letter?—Humph! Exceeding distressed at your sad tidings—greatest respect for your late father—Sir Henry is out with his gun, or would have written also—will keep her eyes open, and remember you in case any situation such as she describes, etc.—Very nice and thoughtful, I am sure, my dear."

"And in the meantime, you see, Martha, she very kindly asks me to the Grange."

"So I perceive, my dear—for ten days—after which the Lascelles are coming, and she is afraid the house will be full.—She is your god-mother, is she not?"

"Yes, Martha."

That shows the advantage of selecting your god-mother from among people of fashion; they always know how to express themselves genteelly when you are in trouble. Whom was the other letter from?"

"Mrs. Marshall."

"That pleasant old lady you met with at Shingleton, and who told you at parting that she felt like a mother to you?"

Mabel nodded.

"I should like of all things," said Martha Barr, "to hear what that gushing old lady has to say about you now. But perhaps you have some objection? Mabel had not pushed

ed the letter across the table, as she had done in the other case.

"You will find some nonsense in it; it is Mrs. Marshall's way. She means nothing by it. You can read it if you like."

"Thank you.—How well she writes for her age.—My dearest Mabel! (Come—I like that; her sentiments, then, have not been altered by your change of fortune), 'you must excuse my writing on plain white, but I make a point of having all my notes, paper from Leamington, and have used up my black-edged.' Here Martha looked so comically over the rim of her spectacles at Mabel, that a smile came into the latter's face, despite her efforts to prevent it; the next moment—so conventional is even our grief itself—she looked doubly sad. "How though she had wronged the dead, she had shocked I was at your sad news. To lose a father, whose income—des with him; is a terrible blow; and as for what you tell me about that insurance company, it made me feel cold in my inside, just as happens sometimes when one swallows a whole grape. Why, my dear child, every farthing I have in the world is sunk in an insurance, or at least an annuity office, though I wouldn't let Melcombe know it for the world. He thinks he is down in my will for hundreds of pounds, and is therefore always on his good behaviour. Well, directly I got your note, I thought of a plan. You must come and live with me, my dear. My eyes are getting weak, and I want somebody to read to me; my fingers are stiff in the joints, and I want somebody to write for me. Your knowledge of French will be invaluable to me when I go abroad. I will give you fifty pounds a year and your 'keep,' as the saying is. I have been looking out for a companion for these ten years, and you are just the sort of body to suit me. With me you will see plenty of society. Brighton in November, Bath for the winter, London about April, is my present programme, my dear, and certainly you will have as good chances as any girl can hope for. (What a pity it seems now that you ever snubbed H. W. by-the-by.)—Who is H. W.?" inquired Martha simply.

"Oh," said Mabel, coloring, "that was a young man at the hotel, a friend of Mrs. Marshall; he was not a favorite with Ju. and Frederick."

"Nor with you, it seems, my dear.—Our young papa left Shingleton the day after your departure." "Another friend of Mrs. Marshall's," explained Mabel, in answer to a raising of Martha's eyebrows. "He spoke most kindly and cordially of you, and I shall make a point of writing him a line to-day, to inform him of all that has happened. Of course, nothing may come of this; but he is as rich as a Jew, and I never leave a stone unturned—and—'nonseverous.'—What does this excellent lady mean by that, my dear?" inquired Martha.

"She means well," answered Mabel in great confusion; "that is all I can say in her favor. Her letter annoys me exceedingly, as you may guess."

"I hope it is not an additional annoyance that I am reading it, darling. Of course, I had no idea that there was anything private in anything—O dear, O dear! what a prying, curious fool you must be thinking me."

"My dear Martha," said Mabel, smiling this time without pricking of conscience, since she did so to reassure her friend, "there is no sort of harm in your reading Mrs. Marshall's letter. I knew well that it was only your eager desire to identify yourself with all my little interests which made you desire to do so."

"Indeed, indeed, that was all!" interposed Martha eagerly.

"Just so, dear; it was only your loving-kindness—and you were right besides. You perceive, I am sure, what sort of woman this good Mrs. Marshall is—I mean how thoughtlessly she rattles on; and even if it were otherwise, and what she says had any serious meaning, I should still have wished you to know it. I have no secret"—Mabel felt that she was growing crimson—"there is scarcely anything which I should ever desire to conceal from you, and certainly not this singular effusion.—Pray, read on, dear."

"As you please, my darling.—The Professor is still here, but by no means in his usual spirits. Do you know I sometimes think it is the absence of a little bird that used to sing to him, that makes him look so glum! At other times, I fancy it is the loss of our gallant captain of the cobble.—Is that another friend of Mrs. Marshall's?" inquired Martha innocently.

Mabel became herself diligently occupied with her needlework—measuring some article of apparel against another with such accurate precision—that she could not lift her eyes from it, as she replied: "Yes, dear; that was the gentleman I told you of who saved Mrs. Marshall and the rest of us from drowning. The word cobble means a little boat."

"Oh, indeed," said Martha; "I was not aware of that.—It is my belief, my dear, that when the Professor dies he will make that lucky lad his heir. I ventured to hint as much to the old gentleman (we two have got quite thick since you all left), and he rumbled away like an alarm (you remember how he laughs), and told me to mind my own business; which (though rude) I think was a good sign. I should be glad if I could do R. T. a good turn. And that brings me back again to you and your affairs, my dear. I have just consulted my good Janet about your living with me.—Who is her good Janet?"

"Her maid," said Mabel.

"And she is quite willing to come into the arrangement. She objected at first to take hot water up to a companion (if it was cold, it seems, she could have stomached it); but when I told her who it was to be, she answered that that was different, and assented at once; but I have no doubt I shall have to consider it in her wages. I anticipate no opposition from Melcombe. Give me a line shortly. Believe me, always, my dearest Mabel, yours affectionately."

LETITIA MARSHALL.

"That is a curious composition," observed Martha Barr, as she concluded the epistle. "But it seems to me this Mrs. Marshall is really a good-hearted creature—under the mud."

"She has been most kind to me," said Mabel seriously. "But her mode of life—just now too—I don't think I could bear it." She looked down at her craps dress, and bust into tears.

"My own sweet child," said Martha, putting aside her work in methodical fashion, and kneeling down beside the weeping girl,

"who ever dreamed of your bearing it! Who ever supposed that you could go to Brighton or Bath with their bands and—buss, and mix with the gay and giddy at such a time—nobody but this mad old lady could ever have thought of asking you to do it!"

"But, unhappily, Martha," sighed Mabel, wiping her eyes, "no one has thought of asking me to do anything else."

"I thought somebody had, my child," whispered Martha, smoothing the other's hair with tender touches—some one whose dying wish ought surely not to be forgotten or disregarded."

"Oh, but that was said when dear papa thought that I was rich—or, at least, what seems now to have been rich—and what he said was: 'You will live with May.' Now, everything is different. I am sure he would not have wished me to become a burden upon you with your scanty means."

"I have not much, my darling, it is true; I should hardly like to tell you what I have—not because it will not be enough for both of us, for I am sure it will—but because you have such grand ideas, and don't understand how to make a little go a great way. But I never dreamed but that it was quite arranged that you and I were to live together—for the present. I say—for the present, darling, upon your own account, not mine. It would be joy indeed to me to have that song-bird, of whom Mrs. Marshall writes, in my own poor wicker-cage as long as I live; but she would mope, and moult, and die of the pip. Something better than old Martha's cottage will be your home some day, I hope; but in the meantime you will make shift with that as long as it suits you. The Lascelles are not coming in a fortnight, so far as I am aware, to occupy my spare room. Don't you see, dear?"

"I see," sobbed Mabel, "the best of friends and the kindest of women."

"Pooh, pooh! That is owing to the magic crystal of your tears, my darling. If your eyes were clear, you would discern a much more ordinary spectacle. The simple fact that should present itself in this: this old woman here, ugly and stupid, has been offered half-a-dozen times in her life, by my late father, a home under this very roof—a palace compared with her own dwelling (which is quite a rabbit-hutch, my dear, I do assure you), and where she has always received the warmest welcome. It is only natural that she should now, in her turn, be ready to share with me whatever she has; the obligation will still be immensely upon her side; and indeed I am conferring a great favor upon her in coming to relieve the dullness of her sordid home. That is the proper way to put it, my dear child—the practical and common-sense view of the matter. You shake your head, you clasp my old hand with your pretty fingers; well, well, you may think as you please about it, but at all events you accept my offer; that is settled."

"Yes, dear Martha, I accept it—oh, so gratefully; and, pray, pray let me be useful to you, and not a drag upon your little resources more than can be possibly helped."

"Useful, my pretty pet? you will be invaluable. There will be the plants in the window to water—and—and a thousand things. I am so pleased to think of my being your hostess! To think of my entertaining such a princess is like a fairy dream! I hoped for it, my darling, but I never dared to realize it. I said to myself, some rich and stately person will certainly interfere and carry her off."

To see the old lady from henceforth was to watch a sunbeam in the house; she flitted from room to room, all radiance, putting this and that aside out of the store cupboard for her darling's use in her new home, and reserving such small articles of furniture as she thought would be of comfort to her, and yet were not likely to fetch their value at the coming sale. For it was necessary to be away almost at once, before the auctioneer should come with his hammer—as dread, but less pious than that of Thor—to destroy the household gods before their eyes.

As for Mabel, she had affairs to attend to also, but unhappily they were not of a nature to distract her thoughts from the present trouble. She had to bid good-bye to her humble friends in the parish, and to do so with empty hands. Then there came one bitterest day of all, the last that she was ever to spend in her old home. Every haunt which had been dear to her or hers, and especially to him for whom earth was never more to smile, was once more visited; the river with its sounding weir, where she had sat a hundred times, with book in hand, while her father threw his fly into the circling pool; the wood, with its white quarry, where they had picnicked in the summer afternoons; and the home garden, that was to bloom and bear for other eyes, for other hands, henceforth and forever. She plucked a late lingering flower or two, and put them in her bosom, then sat her down on the mossed wooden seat which the rector himself had built—he had been cunning at such handicraft—and placed so as to command his favorite view. It was the very season for sad thoughts and farewells—a still an unmy evening. The leaves did not need the summons of the wind to render up their lives; the chestnuts fell on the damp ground with a dull thud; the banner on the castle top hung heavily in the misty air. She sat here for an hour alone, thinking unutterable things of God and death. Then there was a patter of feet on the sodden walk, and Martha came and sat down by her in silence, hand clasped in hand.

"Martha," said Mabel suddenly, "who was the ironmonger?"

"Lor, my dear," answered Martha with a start, "what could have put that into your head?"

"The time and place, I suppose; for half my life ago, on just such a night as this, when I was sitting here with dear papa you came. I have never thought of it since, from that hour to this, but you had a letter in your hand—I can see it now, with its large red wafer—from the ironmonger; and papa was angry, and called him by some slighting name."

"The Corrugated!" exclaimed Martha; "so he did. The idea of your remembering that! What a man your father was for jokes and names!"

"But who was the ironmonger?"

"There was no such person, my dear; it was my cousin Job, the iron-master, whom your papa used to make merry about. He is alive still, though very old, and is said to have as many thousands a year as he has years of age. Poor man!"

"Why do you call him poor if he is so rich?"

"Because he is greatly to be pitied, my dear; for, just as you are unhappy to-night because you are on the

point of leaving all you love for ever, so Job Maddox is unhappy at the idea of leaving all he loves—his wealth; for money cannot purchase a new lease of life. The only quarrel your dear papa and I ever had was about Job. When my mother died, and I was left—not ill off, my dear, you know, but what you would call with rather small means—it was expected, that is, some people expected, that J. B., who was my only relative save ourselves, would do great things for me. He wrote me a most excellent letter of advice, I'm sure; I have got it now, with a picture of his chief manufactory lithographed on the note, and *Corrugated Iron Company* printed on the envelope; but your papa was not satisfied with that, and took upon himself to scold him what he called a pastoral letter."

"A letter such mber," said Mabel smiling—a when they are used to send to the farmers bring has refused to let their empty wagons railway s k the poor people's coal from the 'Just tation."

st, and I see, my dear. Well, Job didn't like papa as didn't like it either; I mean your and th king for anything upon my account; tention e matter was always a bone of contention between us. What names he gave 'em. 'Dear me, dear me! 'The Golden Mean,' on a account of his wealth and prudence; and 'The Corrugated.' Cousin Job may not have been very liberal, but I am sure we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense. How strange that it should have come into our heads to think of him to-night!"

But there was nothing strange about it. A thousand recollections, buried all under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years, rose up from their graves that night to people Mabel's mind. The memories of the dead, God be thanked! are not always mournful, although the echo of their mirth sounds so sadly to us from the tomb; and perhaps what was destined to be missed most and longest, in the place that was to know Parson Denham no more, was the smile that was a cordial to weary hearts, and the wit that always touched its shining lance in the cause of the weak and the poor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pretty Irish Girls.

In the remoter districts, away from the villages, among the peaty bogs and the hawthorn hedges, the roses bloom red in the cheeks of the Irish peasant girl. However she manages it on the stibout and potatoes, she grows lush and vigorous and full of sap, like the green things that fill the island.

The colleen bawn is straight, she is not infrequently tall, her shoulders are broad, her waist large but supple, and she looks as strong as a young man. Her hair is brown, perhaps with a shade of chestnut; sometimes it has a ripple in it, but oftener it is lustreless and straight, and, very possibly, so heavy as to be almost mop-like. I have seen peasant girls with braids that were like clubs, the tresses when unbound reaching the knees.

Her forehead is low, and the wave of hair is drawn back to leave it uncovered; her eyes are frank and blue, her complexion clear, though exposure to the weather has darkened it and put into it shades of yellow-brown, and the red in her cheeks is as deep as in the poppies that brighten the wheat fields. It is a splash of color, daring, as if an artist had flung it on a dark spot of his canvas, more brilliant than one ever sees in the drier climate of what they are here pleased to call "the States," spreading its warm blush quite from cheekbone to chin.

The peasant girl is often fine-looking, sometimes superlatively handsome, but never with what an American would consider any delicacy of beauty. She has few of the soft curves of more luxuriously nurtured young womanhood. Her arms are not rounded, they look muscular and hard. Her bust is flat, like an Amazon's. She is not dimpled, but she is sturdy, as becomes a scion of the "fainest panshy in the world." Her greatest charm is her fresh and splendid vitality.

She wears a red kerchief over her head or folded about her shoulders, and a petticoat of brown or dark blue stuff, which she weaves herself and her ankles. Six days in the week her feet are brown and bare. They are large feet, and look better in their naked shapeliness than when disguised for Sundays and holidays under coarse yarn stockings, and the peculiar combination of thick soles and high heels, which come to the small market towns. For defense against the weather she has a long black cloak gathered at the neck and provided with a hood, and which is probably the most characteristic article left of the old peasant costume.

Drowning Accident.

MONTREAL, Aug. 27.—Rather a mysterious drowning accident took place some time in the night at Lachine canal. A well-known young man named Robillard, said to be employed in the pecking establishment of Masteiman & Co., left his home on Notre Dame street to go to Lachine. Arriving at the canal locks, he endeavored to get a boat, but not succeeding he began to talk with the employes and finally said he felt sleepy and would have a short nap. Robillard took off his coat and laid down. Some time in the night he was missed, but as the canal men thought he had gone off and forgotten his coat, they gave the matter little thought until daylight, when the body of the unfortunate man was seen floating in the water. Coroner Jones held an inquest this afternoon, when a verdict of "Found drowned" was returned. No further details could be elicited, and it is presumed he got up and, losing his footing, fell into the canal.

Some Hugo Stones.

TORONTO, Aug. 27.—There came into Toronto harbor on Saturday some immense boulders to be used in the construction of the Parliament buildings. The propeller Shickluna and the schooner St. Louis brought some two or three hundred pieces of cut stone from the quarries at Portage Entry, on Lake Superior. The 611 tons carried by the St. Louis consisted of but 134 pieces, averaging over four and one-half tons each. Some of them weigh about seven tons each. In coming through the Welland canal with this hard cargo the collector of tolls assessed the captain of the St. Louis at the rate of 12 cubic feet to the ton, when the Government allows 13 cubic feet to the ton. As this makes considerable difference in the tolls it is not likely that the matter will rest at present. The two vessels are being unloaded at the foot of Church street, on Sylvester Bros.' wharf.

A LOOK AT A GREAT ENGLISH MAN—OR.

The Estate of Workop Just Sold by the Duke of Newcastle to a Bookmaker.

Workop Manor, famous in English history, has been sold by the Duke of Newcastle to Mr. John Robinson, a bookmaker of Nottingham. When the Duke of Newcastle bought it in 1840 he gave £375,000 or \$1,875,000—in 1880 it brings £55,000 or \$275,000.

A fine old collection of memories relating to the aristocracy of several centuries goes with the estate. Mr. Robinson, if he is a man of imagination, may find much enjoyment in strolling over his historic acres, holding converse with the noble ghosts of long ago. The chronicles of the middle ages show that King Stephen, whose reign was distinguished for its misery and its castles, was a guest at the manor in 1161. John Harrison, who made a survey of the estate in 1836, speaks of it as "a spacious park, being seven miles and a half, and half a quarter in compass, and containing by measure, according to the statute, 2,903 acres, two roads, and 31 4-5 perches. About the midst thereof standeth a very stately house, called the Manor, and built of freestone, being very pleasantly situated upon a hill, with gardens correspondent to the same. This park is well adorned with timber, and not meanly furnished with fallow deer; the number of them at this present is about eight hundred. There is a little river running through this park very profitable, not only in regard to the trout and other fish therein contained, but especially in regard of the water mill, well built of stone, standing upon the said river, near unto the park and the town of Workop."

Mr. Robert White, the historian of Workop, says that the manor was formerly the seat of the ancient Lords of Workop. It descended by marriage to the Duke of Norfolk remaining in that family until 1840, when the entail was cut off and the estate was sold to the then Duke of Newcastle. The manor house stands in a finely timbered park of 265 acres. Mr. Robinson paid £30,000 for the estate and £25,000 additional for the timber.

Cardinal Wolsey visited the famous estate when on his way to Caewod, in Yorkshire, in 1530. Mary, Queen of Scots, wrote a letter from Workop in September, 1583, which she was there as the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury's prisoner. King James VI. of Scotland, who was named as the successor of Queen Elizabeth after her death, arrived at Workop from Edinburgh on April 20, 1603, after a journey of fifteen days. He could make the trip in six hours if he were alive to-day, but he wouldn't have such a fine chance to enjoy the scenery and get acquainted with his subjects. His visit to Workop is thus quaintly set down by a reporter of the time.

"Mr. Askoth, the High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire received his Majesty, being gallantly appointed both with horse and man; and so he conducted his Majesty on, till he came within a mile of Blyth, where his Highness lighted, and sat down on a banke side to eat and drinke. After his Majesty's short repast, to Worstop his Majesty rides forward; but, by the way, in the Park he was somewhat stayed, for there appeared a number of huntsmen, all in greene, the chief of which, with a woodman's speech, did welcome him, offering his Majesty to shewe him some game, which he gladly condescended to see; and with a train set, he hunted a good space, very much delighted. At last he went into the house, where he was so nobly received, with superlativity of all things, that still every entertainment seemed to exceed other. In this place, besides the abundance of all provision and delicacy, there was most excellent soul-ravishing musique, wherewith his Highness was not a little delighted. At Worstop he rested on Wednesday night, and in the morning stayed breakfast, which ended, there was much store of provision left, of fowle, fish, and almost everything, besides bread, beer, and wines, that it was left open to any man that would come and take."

Kings James's Queen and the royal children visited the manor in the same year, and Toby Matthew, Bishop of Durham, afterward Archbishop of York, preached before them. When Charles I. called at Workop on his way to Scotland to convene a Parliament and be crowned, a guinea was expended in bell ringing by the church warden. The forest of Sherwood, where Robin Hood and his merry highwaymen lay in wait for the nobility, according to tradition, is a short drive from Workop.

Workop Manor has had some wonderful beeches and oaks. A beech blown down in 1865 covered 1,000 square yards and contained forty tons of wood. Another tree, so an ancient historian declares, measured 180 feet between the extreme ends of the opposite boughs, shading 8,827 square yards, under which 942 horses might stand. The original mansion was pulled down by the Duke of Norfolk, who built a new house, which, had it been completed, would have been one of the finest and largest buildings in the kingdom. It contained 500 rooms. It was destroyed by fire in October, 1761. The loss was estimated at £100,000. The present manor house is not so pretentious.

VICTORY FOR THE MEN.

The Miners' Strike at Spring Hill, N. S., Comes to an End.

HALIFAX, Aug. 27.—The strike at the Spring Hill coal mines has ended in a complete victory for the men, the management conceding all the demands originally made. The strike lasted two months and has been, exceedingly disastrous to both sides. Of the 1,000 who had been previously engaged, a large number had removed to other mines, but those who remained resumed work this morning. The loss to the men and the company is not far from \$150,000.

It is stated that the Joggins mines have been sold to an English syndicate, who propose to extend and improve the mines and build a branch railway up the river Hebert.

A Little Farm in His Boot.

It is not often that grain is found to grow in a man's boots, such a case is reported. A farmer brought a pair of boots to a Guelph cobbler to be repaired. When the shoemaker commenced operations on them he found grain growing to the length of several inches. Such is certainly a curiosity.

The world is a warfare and heroism the highest good. Nothing is more terrible than ignorance with spurs on.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A Sketch of the Hair Apparent by an American Ex-Diplomatist.

If the chivalrous and knightly character of the Austrian Emperor reminds one of ancient rather than of modern times, that of the Prince of Wales, on the other hand, must be regarded as thoroughly in keeping with the present age. England's future king is exceedingly what the French describe as "fin de siècle" (end of the century), whereas Francis Joseph would be set down by many as "vieux jeu" (old-fashioned). The one is the Knight of the Round Table epoch, the other the gentleman of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and possessing all the merits and a few of the vices of the English clubman of to-day. That the Prince is quite as fully imbued with the sacred character of royalty is clearly to be seen from the harsh and cutting manner in which he has resented his sister Louise's marriage to Lord Lorne and that of Princess Beatrice to the Hebrew-descended Henry of Battenberg. While, however, he loses no opportunity of making these two brothers-in-law of his feel the impassable gulf which separates his rank and station from theirs, he is most careful to conceal from the general public his opinions as to the divinity that hedges kings and their offspring from the common herd. He possesses in a most marked degree that principal ingredient of power, influence and success, namely, tact, and it is to that in particular that he owes his widespread popularity.

I remember witnessing an amusing manifestation of this tact on the part of the Prince. The Right Hon. A. Mundella, who was born in England as the son of

AN EXILED CARBONARI,

held for many years the leadership of the extreme Radical party, I might almost say, the Republican party in the Kingdom. He was a bitter foe of royalty, and as member of Parliament for Sheffield was always the first to protest against money being granted to the members of the sovereign's family. One autumn day the Prince and Princess of Wales happened to pass through Sheffield on their way to their Scotch castle at Aberfeldie. Their train only halted for ten minutes in the station—just long enough to change engines and to examine the wheels. But the Prince made good use of the time. Hearing that Mr. Mundella was on the platform of the station awaiting some friends, and that he was billed to deliver one of his usual inflammatory and almost revolutionary addresses in the afternoon, the Prince caused him to be summoned to the floor of his saloon carriage. After shaking hands most heartily, he presented him to the Princess, who following her husband's cue, was equally gracious to the Radical leader. The Prince thereupon explained:

"I hear, my dear Mr. Mundella, that you are about to deliver one of your eloquent addresses to your constituents this afternoon. I do wish you would oblige both the Princess and myself by availing yourself of that opportunity to inform the good people of Sheffield how sorry we are not to be able to stay here for a few days on our way north, and that you would tell them with what pleasure we look back to the loyal and enthusiastic demonstrations with which they welcomed us on the occasion of our last visit."

At that moment the engine whistled, the bell clanged and the royal train moved out of the station, leaving Mr. Mundella bowing low in response to the friendly smiles and waves of the hand of the Prince and Princess. That same afternoon

HE COMPLETELY STAGGERED

his constituents by appearing in the guise of an emissary from royalty, instead of that of its most bitter assailant. On going to address the meeting, he began: "Gentlemen, I have been commissioned by their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to communicate to you the following gracious message." Which he then proceeded to deliver in his most unctuous and sententious manner. After such an opening it was obviously out of the question to expect him to deliver his customary diatribes against royalty, and, like Balaam of old, he blessed those whom he had been summoned to curse. From that date forth Mr. Mundella's political sentiments underwent a considerable change. The ex-factory boy became a frequent guest at Marlborough House, and in a short time became so much reconciled to the doctrines of royalty that he abandoned his hopes of a future Presidency of an eventual British Republic to become a Privy Councillor to the Queen. He has since held office as Cabinet Minister, and according to present appearances will die a rabid and bigotted Tory of the old school.

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited to illustrate the Prince's extraordinary tact. The latter is indeed one of the principal sources of his power in England. For although jealously debarred by his queenly mother from any active share in the government of the nation, he wields a sovereignty of

HIS OWN CREATION.

which is far more powerful and autocratic than hers. For its character is of a social nature, and he is able to decree either the social success or the social death of anyone that may attract his notice. A few quiet hints as to the fact that he objects to some particular individual is sufficient to cause the social ostracism of the latter, whereas a word of commendation from his lips is all that is needed to become a leader of society. It is he alone who has made the social position of the Rothschilds in London, and that, too, within the last fifteen years. Before that they were kept outside the pale of the social world, whereas now they are becoming its leaders. Baron Hirsch, the Hebrew millionaire, is another case in point. His financial dealings with the Sublime Porte and with other Governments were of so exceedingly unsavory a nature that notwithstanding all the efforts of the Orleans Princess to secure his election, he was blackballed by the Paris Jockey Club. The Prince, however, took him up a few months ago and pitched-forked him into the whirlpool of London society, of which he has now become a shining light. The financier, whose reputation was considered as being too shady to admit of his election to the Paris Jockey Club has been honored in London with the exceedingly rare privilege of the private entrance at Buckingham Palace, and has blossomed forth into an honored guest, not only at Marlborough House, but also at the mansions of men so exclusive as the Dukes of Richmond and Westminster, which the Prince frequents. I mention these cases to show the Prince's extraordinary social power, an autocracy which, all things considered, has been of a beneficent and fortunate nature. Good-natured almost

to a fault, his otherwise sound judgment and common-sense become sometimes warped by the insidious influences of unworthy friends. When his record comes to be written in the Great Book, I think that it will be found that the chief and almost only wrong-doings of this most happy and pleasure-loving Prince will be on the score of bad companionship. It is, however, impossible to retain any notions as to the divine or sacred character of his royalty after hearing him bandy witticisms of a rather risqué nature with a sprightly French actress, or when watching him absorb a hearty mid-night supper in some boulevard restaurant with a few boon companions. Moreover, it seems to me rather incongruous that right reverend fathers in God, such as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, should ever be called upon to kiss the hand which has a moment before clasped that of some frail-gigged of the open baffle; and rather than attempt to force myself to regard his jovial Royal Highness with the awe and veneration due to an anointed of the Lord, if not in esse, at any rate in future, I prefer to continue to consider him in the light of a warm-hearted and

EVERY OBLIGING COMRADE.

as an honorable and kindly gentleman in every sense of the word, and as a man whom, either as Prince or peasant, any one would be proud and happy to possess as a friend.

With traits of character such as these, it is only natural that he should be exceedingly popular with all classes. Indeed, it is open to question whether the English people do not prefer the presence to the absence of his faults. For the latter are those of a generous, pleasure-loving nature, and without these "petits vices," as the French call them, he would run the risk of being regarded with the same disfavor as his father, the Prince Consort, whose blameless life and faultless character led to his being considered by the English people at large as something of a prig. On the whole, they are right to view the faults of the Royal Welshman with indulgence. For, aside from the natural disinclination to provoke outbursts of ill-temper on the part of so good-humored and jovial-hearted a Prince, there is a universal disposition to abstain from all individual criticism or censure of his conduct. He lives in an atmosphere of such loyalty that it may almost be described as sycophancy, and although he may be made the object of collective and indirect criticism from those who do not come into actual contact with him, yet there is no one who ventures personally to point out to him the right and wrong of his ways. If he has remained an honorable and true-hearted gentleman, and if his record is free from all but mere venial sins, it is due to his own sound common-sense, his innate honesty of purpose, and his ingrained horror of everything that is mean and vulgar. And with regard to this distinction between collective and individual criticism, it is well to bear in mind that all the sentiments which foreigners are disposed to regard as indicating disloyalty and latent republicanism in England are merely collective, and not individual. The average everyday Englishman is at heart as much a snob now as he was in the days when Thackeray held him up to the ridicule of the world. There is no son of John Bull who is not susceptible to the influence of rank. As long as sentiments such as these prevail in England the days of republicanism are far off.

An Atlantic Travelling Thief.

At the Liverpool City Sessions on Wednesday—before Mr. Leofric Temple, Q.C., Assistant Recorder—Catherine Woods, 28, described as of no occupation, was charged with stealing a diamond ring, the property of Mrs. Annie Van Houten, a young widow lady, while on a voyage from New York to Liverpool on the steamship Etruria recently. The prosecutrix, who is a resident of New York, was on a journey to England, and the prisoner and three other ladies occupied the same state room. On the morning of the day in question Mrs. Van Houten left her diamond ring on the sofa whilst she washed her hands, and when she went back for it she found it was not where she placed it, and the prisoner was alone. The prisoner denied all knowledge of the ring, but from her subsequent actions the prosecutrix suspected that she had taken possession of the ring. On the 4th July the prisoner was apprehended in Cardiff, to which town she belonged, and the ring, which the prosecutrix identified as hers, was found on her finger. Before being locked up she threw the ring away, but it was recovered, and she had two other diamond rings upon her finger and a massive plain gold ring. She had also £100 in her pocket. Mr. Tabin, who appeared to prosecute, described the prisoner as a dangerous woman, who travelled first class to and from America for the purpose of purloining other people's goods who happened to be in the same room with her. Mrs. Van Houten repeated the evidence already published, and confidently identified her ring. Detective Smith, of Cardiff, said the prisoner took the ring off her finger, threw it away, called him a swine, and struck him on the nose before ever he charged her with the theft. The Assistant-Recorder, in summing up, commented upon the prisoner's conduct in throwing away the ring, and the jury after a short deliberation found her guilty. It appeared that she had been twice previously convicted in this country, and Mr. Tobin made an application that the sentence should be postponed till next sessions, in order that the police might be in a position to prove the full story of this woman in a proper way. Her story would be found to be a most extraordinary one. She had been convicted many times in America, and had only just come out of prison there. Many robberies had taken place from travellers, and on each occasion many bank notes had been traced besides a great deal of jewellery which had been found upon this woman. Next sessions there would no doubt be other prosecutions. It was further stated that the prisoner had made 25 journeys to and from America. The sentence was then postponed till next sessions.

The Liverpool Cathedral Choir went to Skipton and Bolton Abbey on Monday. An old man named Pierce, attempting to leap on the rock at the celebrated "Stride," missed his footing and fell into the surging waters beneath. He was being carried away by the stream, which runs with great velocity, when, amid a scene of intense excitement, Alexander Carson, a Liverpool gentleman, leaped into the water without divesting himself of any of his clothing, seized Pierce, and held him up till both were rescued.

GENERAL NAVAL MATTERS.

A French naval officer, serving in the fleet at present manœuvring under Vice Admiral Duperré's command, has sent anything but a flattering report of the manœuvres. He says that when, after starting from Brest, the fleet approached the Morgat roadstead, the ships were allowed to separate simultaneously and select their own positions. It was a difficult matter for the Captains, but very simple for the general staff. Similarly, when the fleet sailed out into the open in the form of a cross, the twelve ironclads in the centre, the vanguard and the rear-guard in front and behind them, and the *clairons* spread out on both sides, it was impossible to test the value of the tactics, as not one of the ships had been set aside to represent the enemy. One night there was an attack by torpedo boats, but, instead of being removed to a distance with instructions to choose their own time, the torpedo boats were permitted to remain with the fleet until 7:30 o'clock that evening. They were then told to clear off and to return between 9:15 and 10:30 o'clock, when of course all the big ships were keeping a careful lookout. Naturally, the experiment was worthless.

The Italian ship *Andrea Doria* has recently undergone a successful series of full power trials of Spezia. She, the *Ruggiero Di Lauria*, and the *Francesca Morosini*, form a group very similar to the Admiral type of the British Navy. They are of 1,000 tons displacement, 328 feet long, and 65 feet 4 inches beam. Their engines of 10,000 horse power were intended to give them a maximum speed of 16 knots. The armament consists of four 110-ton Elswick guns, mounted in two barbets, two six-inch quick-firing guns, and twelve machine guns. The machinery is of the three-cylinder inverted vertical triple-expansion type, working twin screws and the eight large double-ended boilers are placed in closed stowholds. The results of the runs was a mean horse power of 10,500 and an average speed of 161 knots. The coal was unpecked and the stokers were Italian. The preliminary trials of the *Re Umberto*, 20,000 horse power, are expected to take place in a few weeks at Naples.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds has made a vigorous appeal to the British Prime Minister of the strength and condition of the navy. He complains that, while the British Navy is represented as being kept up to the strength of that of any two other powers, it really has but seventy-seven battle ships to France and Russia's ninety-eight. He says England has 501 war vessels to match 585 held by France and Russia, or 579 held by France and Italy, or 556 held by France and Germany. In regard to the size of ships, the Admiral makes it a point that, if speed is to be maintained, length must greatly exceed the proportion to breadth hitherto allowed in war ships. Sir Thomas greatly strengthens his case by apt quotations from his history, and judging from his reception in the British naval papers, he must be held to be to a very large extent the mouthpiece of naval opinion.

That the late officers of the British ship *Callopie*, famous for her Samoan experiences, have received recognition from their Government is gratifying to navy people generally. The Captain is now in command of the *Infexible*, one of the largest ironclads in the world; the First Lieutenant has been since made a Commander, and the Chief Engineer has been advanced to the rank of Staff Engineer. The gunner's mate, who especially distinguished himself, is soon to be promoted to gunner. The remaining officers have received appointments to important ships. The Admiralty has formally expressed its high approval of the seamanship displayed on the occasion, and this fact will have due weight in considering the services of the officers for promotion to future employment.

An ingenious invention is described in *Engineering* for distinguishing vessels in fogs. It is based on the fact that when a fog hovers over water there is always a clear space of a few feet between the surface of the water and the bottom layer of the fog. Each vessel is to be provided on one side of its bow, just above its highest water line, with a horizontal row of glazed portholes, and on the opposite side with a vertical row of like holes. Electric lights are arranged to throw beams of light forward and laterally through these portholes, the different arrangement of which is to serve to show the course of vessel sighting portholes, carrying telescopes, are also to be provided close to the former porthole.

KILLED WITH A PITCHFORK.

Negro Crook in Hiding Under a Hay Mow Meets his Death.

AKRON, Ohio, Aug. 27.—In Talmage township yesterday a farmer's children, who were playing in a barn, observed a pile of hay moving. They called a farm hand to kill a supposed skunk under the hay. The man thrust the pitchfork into the hay and struck a negro. One of the tines entered the negro's eye and reached the brain, with fatal effect. The negro was identified as John Williams, well known to the police of all large cities as one of the most dangerous crooks in the country. Williams has killed two men and had served three terms in the Ohio penitentiary, from which he had recently escaped after serving fifteen years.

At Wincanton, Somerset, on Sunday, Thomas Parsons, after having dinner with his wife and a young woman lodger, attacked the young woman and beat her with a hammer. The young woman rescued her whereupon Parsons went out, and after ineffectually trying to drown himself, returned home and hanged himself. The woman may recover.

Though the recently discovered plot to assassinate the Czar must be described as "new" it can hardly be called "news," or at any rate, be said to possess the quality of novelty as its distinguishing feature. Attempts in this direction are so frequent that any further plot creates little surprise and calls for little comment. Again it appears the conspirators are found to be connected with the university, a professor and some students together with two officers of rank being implicated. The officers, fearing no doubt the living death of exile, have committed suicide. What will be done with the others doth not yet appear. Strange that it should never be suggested to that despotic ruler to enquire why it is that all the intelligence of his Empire is anxious for his death. One would suppose that he would at least suspect that there is something seriously defective in his character or his title and would seek a reformation.

Don'ts From Anglers.

Don't forget to oil your reel occasionally. Vaseline and plumbago is a first-class lubricant.

Don't let your line dry on the reel. Draw it out on a chair till dry, otherwise it rots soon.

Don't use coarse tackle. "Fine and far off" is an excellent maxim, though nearly two centuries old.

Don't lie about your catch. It is vulgar—everybody does it. Be high-toned and different from the "vulgar herd."

Don't swerve one iota from the laws of the province in which you fish. Remember ignorance of the law is no palliation.

Don't make too much noise—especially with your feet. Remember old Isaac Walton's words: "Study to be quiet and go a-angling."

Don't forget to wipe your rod with a dry cloth on returning from fishing. A good rod and a good gun need equal care, and are worth it.

Don't stand a jointed rod leaning against a support. Rather hang it by the line over the branch of a tree, if you are camping; or better still, dismount it.

Don't lay your rod down while you light your pipe. Your companion's erring path will, ten to one, lie right under the tip, and he will not step over the latter.

Don't carry your worm-bait in your hot hand till you want it—or even in your mouth. Have a bait box strapped to the waist and brought round under the left elbow.

Don't carry your rod tip first and line loose through the brush. Wind the line carefully round the rod and carry the butt in front. You will find it much easier and safer.

Don't use "cuss" words. If the situation is overpowering you may murmur, "Godfrey Daniels's blast and furnace works," but do not be too emphatic even with this expletive.

Don't forget a vial of liquor ammonia for mosquito bites. Also a "dope" of Hind's Fly Cream or Ferguson's "Repellene"—both good; or a mixture of pine tar and pennyroyal.

Don't excuse yourself for not returning an undersized fish by saying, "It would have died anyhow."

Don't kill fish to waste. Fish rather for specimens than for count. The "fish hog" is a lineal descendant of those that, possessed with the devil, ran down the mountain into the sea—in search of fish.

Don't let your capture die in the air by slow asphyxiation. If large, club it; if it be a brook trout, place the thumb in the roof of its mouth and quickly bend back the head, snapping its vertebra at the base of the skull.

Don't twist your rod in unjoining it. Draw it asunder. If it sticks heat the ferrules over a lamp and allow it to cool. It will then come apart. Grease the male ferrule occasionally with a little vaseline to prevent sticking.

Don't strike the hook into the jaw of any fish as your aim was to lift the biter "quivering to the skies." A sharp twitch and then a taut line, deliberation, and patience will be the business you have in hand without heroic measures.

Don't use aniline or other corroding dyes for gut. Soak the strands in the hot sediment of strong coffee till they are a good light brown; then drop in a knob of copperas as big as a bean and stir till dissolved; the result is a serviceable mist color.

Don't attempt to gut dry. It must be well soaked. Good gut is round and transparent, and when bent does not break but simply curves like a spring. By twisting it between the thumb and forefinger you can instantly perceive if it is flat or not.

Don't use such words as "pole" for rod, "rodster" for angler, "speckled beauties" for brook trout, "bronze backer" for bass, "chucking a bug" for fly-fishing, *et seq.* The angler's vocabulary is quite large enough for all practical purposes without these coinages.

Don't allow the hooked fish to pull down the point of your rod till its spring is no longer in use and the drag is on the line only. Rather let out line and keep the butt ever upright, making use of all the resiliency of the weapon. So shall the victory be yours and the end of the fish shall be peace.

Don't place dead fish in water to keep them. If ice is lacking wrap them in a damp cloth, wrung out of salt water, and bury deep in the earth under a shady tree. Dry tissue or newspaper wrapped round a fresh caught fish will preserve the bright color. The mouth of the fish may be filled with salt.

Don't try to cast the fly too far; don't swing the arm like a semaphore signal; don't be in too great a hurry in the return forward cast; don't forget to make the wrist and forearm and rod do the work; don't be impatient if your fly occasionally hangs in a cloud or in the summit of a three hundred feet birch—leave it in the one and climb the other calmly.

Hints for the Household.

Sixty drops of liquid make one teaspoonful.

Coffee cake should be wrapped in a napkin while warm and there remain till cut.

Powdered rice sprinkled upon lint and applied to fresh wounds will stop bleeding.

Great improvement will be found in tea and coffee if they are kept in glass jars instead of tin boxes.

Old cotton or merino stocking tops are better than cloth for patching merino underwear, as they yield with it.

An effective remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

Many women go upstairs with the body bent forward and the chest contracted—a practice very injurious to the heart and lungs.

Two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine scented with rose, as a dressing in the bath, will impart freshness and delicacy to the skin.

If soot be dropped upon the carpet throw upon it an equal quantity of salt and sweep all up together. There will be scarcely a trace of soot left.

A simple means of changing the air of a sick room is to open a window at the top, and opening the door, move it back and forward rapidly, so as to insure a current of fresh air from the window.

Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses.

In the laughter of folly wisdom hears half its applause.

The Land of the Beautiful Dead.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty weeps
And nigh to the towers of the king,
Close, close to the cradle where infancy sleeps
And joy loves to linger and sing,
Lies a garden of light full of Heaven's perfume,
Where never a tear drop is shed,
And the rose and the lily are ever in bloom—
'Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

Each moment of life a messenger comes
And beckons man over the way;
Through the heart sobs of women and rolling
Of drums,
The army of mortals obey,
Few lips that have kissed not a motionless
brow.

A face from each fireside has fled,
But we know that our loved ones are watching
us now.

In the land of the beautiful dead,
Not a charm that we knew ere the boundary
was crossed,
And we stood in the valley alone;
Not a trait that we prized in our darning is lost,
They have fairer and lovelier grown;
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of
night

Into bondage at daybreak are led,
So they bask in the glow by the pillar of light
In the land of the beautiful dead.

O, our loved, now dead, our beautiful dead,
Are close to the heart of eternity wed;
When the last deed is done and the last word is
said

We will meet in the beautiful land of the
dead.

Victoria at Balmoral.

The Queen's life at Balmoral is exceedingly simple. She breakfasts in her apartments between 9 and 10. Sometimes Princess Beatrice and other members of the family who may be staying at the castle take the matutinal meal with her, but oftentimes she breakfasts alone, and her family have a movable feast in the large dining room. The suite have a special dining room set apart for them, and there they can take their meals together, except on particular occasions when they are invited to her majesty's table. These invitations, however, are never issued for breakfast, for the queen prefers to be alone, in order that she may rest over the programme of the day. Shortly after 10 the queen begins to devote herself to affairs of the nation, runs through the dispatches which are sent to her daily by the ministers, and, with the help of Sir Henry Ponsonby, jots down replies, Sir Henry acting as secretary. The work is usually over by 1, about which time the queen's messenger starts for London with the queen's dispatches to the ministers. At 1 o'clock the queen luncheons. Afterward she goes for a drive or one of her vigorous walks, which are so trying to the less energetic of her ladies-in-waiting. The dinner hour is not till 9. After dinner the usual practice is that the queen makes a few observations to her guests, and at about 11 retires to her private apartments. Of late, however, there have been changes in the evening programmes in the direction of greater gaiety.

A Peculiarly Feminine Task.

Every one who has attempted the task knows that it requires a particularly deft touch to mend a rent in a glove successfully. In the picture of Hilda, the heroine of the *Marble Faun*, engaged in mending her gloves, Hawthorne draws attention to the grace of this peculiarly feminine task. The best glove menders in the world, unfortunately for this sentiment, are men, "professional glove-sewers," who handle the kid and needle with methodical dexterity. A rip is a simple matter with them; it is in mending a tear in the kid that they show their skill. The color of the glove is carefully matched in silk taffeta or any silk goods of firm, light quality, and in sewing silk. A piece of the silk is run on the inside carefully under the rent so as to bring the edges together, but not so as to show on the outside of the glove, and the edges of the kid are then drawn together by almost invisible stitches, as a cloth mender mends cloth. Properly rubbed with the finger, the rent hardly shows if it is not in a place where the stitches are stretched when the glove is worn. Even this the silk beneath tends to prevent. After a little perseverance any one can catch up this art of glove mending and learn to do the work with something of the skill of an expert. A rip in the stitching even may be "stayed" with a bit of silk, where it is caused by a special strain, and may be kept in this way from breaking out again.

The Way the Family Was Run.

"There are some queer couples in the world," remarked a real estate agent. "The other day a man and a woman called to see me about renting a flat. The woman did all the talking and turned to the man for corroboration. He always agreed with her, and did it very meekly.

"Well," said the woman, "I'll give you \$25 for this flat; won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And I'll pay my rent promptly, too; won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And take good care of the house; won't I, John?"

"Yes'm."

"But," I inquired, as is usual in such cases, "are you man and wife?"

"Man and wife!" exclaimed the woman, sharply; "indeed, we are not; are we, John?"

"No'm."

"What!" says I, "not man and wife?"

"Not much! I'd have you know that in this family we are wife and man; and we, John?"

"Yes'm."—[Texas Siftings.]

The Summer Costume.

Now the teacher, the preacher,
Most every made creature;

The doctor, the lawyer, the dude and the
flirt;

The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,

Are each of them wearing the negligé shirt.

But laundrymen hate it
And fiercely berate it;

For naught else their business so vitally
hurts.

They'd make scores of dollars
On starched cuffs and collars

If 'tweren't for those terrible negligé shirts.

Determined to be Polite.

A little boy was saying his prayers at his mother's knee. His little brother passed by and pulled his hair. Stopping in his prayer, the dear little cherub said:

"Now, God, please excuse me for a minute until I punish my dear little brother for pulling my hair."

Nothing but his mother's interference saved the brother from being pounded to jelly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EQUITY does not necessarily endorse nor hold itself responsible for the utterances of its correspondents.

The writer of a short communication from Bristol Mines in reference to the late football match at Maple Ridge is requested to send us his name, which, however is not required for publication, but nearly as an evidence of the good faith of the writer. We do not publish anonymous letters.

Editor of EQUITY.

Sir,—Please allow me to correct a few errors in my last letter, errors which very likely were caused by my hurried writing. Fiat should be hal. Haclend should be haclend. Gi should be qi, as in quai meaning come. Wt should be wl. I ought to have said that these and other singular combinations are found at the beginning of words.

Yours truly, Q IN A CORNER.

August 22nd.

Notes from the West.

Dear EQUITY:

On my way from Victoria I had to remain some hours at New Westminster. This place, though it is called the "Royal City," is far from being as beautiful as it looks from the river, once you penetrate its depths. It has about 9,000 inhabitants; and though there are many fine residences, there are also rows of miserable abodes; many of the latter occupied by the ubiquitous Celestial. I went to see the Ross family, formerly of Shawville. Their hearty welcome reminded me forcibly of your pleasant village and old associations. With the exception of two interesting additions, they are unchanged. Whilst Mr. A. W. is happy in the possession of his beautiful bride, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. are no less pleased with their pretty little prattler of a year or so, and Mrs. Ross, senior, is happy in her children's happiness. They all appear contented and prosperous in their new home.

Catching the steamer "Irwin" next morning, I reached Chilliwack at 3 p.m., the "Irwin" having made only 50 miles in nine hours owing to the swift current of the muddy, treacherous Fraser. This river is the scene of many drowning accidents. It is said that very few escape who are once drawn into the waters owing to its eddies and undercurrents. The rate of the river is about equal to that of the Ottawa at the Portage du Fort bridge, (Ontario side) but its diverging currents and frequent swirls warn one of danger beneath.

Out in the Gulf an unusual sight is seen. The waters of the Fraser, brown and muddy flow swiftly out of its wide mouths; but are met and beaten back, as it were, by the bluish green waters of the Gulf. It is curious to watch the fresh water flowing steadily on till it meets the advancing salt wave where it stops, unable to advance and refusing to recede. To see these waters lying side by side, each preserving its own identity, seems almost like an optical delusion.

This is the fishermen's harvest, and the waters are swarming with boats of various sizes and shapes engaged in salmon fishing. I have seen many large specimens of this fine fish, as well as an enormous sturgeon, caught in the Fraser, and weighing over 300 pounds. Many stories are told here concerning the salmon catch in the Fraser; and though I have no reason to doubt the veracity of my informants, these stories sound very fishy to eastern ears.

On the way up very little is seen of the valley of the Fraser from the steamer, owing to the thick belt of cotton-wood trees which seem to encircle the base of the Cascades. In some places the mountains run quite close to the river—so close that their jutting spurs form bold headlands overlooking the water, but usually they are ten or twelve miles from either bank. This valley is the agricultural district of British Columbia. We passed the municipalities of Surrey, Maple Ridge and Langley; the steamer touching at their villages which are in every instance composed of a few scattered houses on, or near, the shore. In the background is seen green fields, black stumps and all the other peculiarities of a newly-settled district. This valley, though it contains the city of New Westminster, and the young and prosperous city of Vancouver with its 15,000 inhabitants, is but sparsely populated. Here and there small clearings are seen from the river. The best agricultural districts are, I am told, situated near the base of the mountains, but, owing to the above mentioned cotton-wood belt, they are hidden from view.

When I landed at Chilliwack there was nothing to be seen but craggy hills, rushing waters and a solitary hotel. Had it not been for the kind friends who met me here, I do not think I would have remained long enough to see anything else. Aug. 18th. M.J.W.

To the Editor of THE EQUITY.

My dear Mr. Editor,—I had a charming trip with the good Bishop of Montreal to Coulonge. There, I found Presbyterianism a power; but nevertheless the Episcopacy and Presbyterianism could shake hearty hands over the Love of Jesus to the souls of all. Although nearly 4 years in Portage du Fort, I had never seen the village of Coulonge before; and I must say I was greatly charmed with what I experienced and saw. The scenery is simply beautiful, far exceeding my anticipations; and the kindness and hospitality of the people cannot be excelled. Some years ago amiable Mr. John Bryson, M.P.P., gently reproached me for not visiting Coulonge! I had taken a false impression with regard to the country, etc., and hardly deemed it worth while to go there. But, the trip to Coulonge will not be forgotten for the

slight effort and outlay required. The road (the R.R.) of the P. P. J. Company does credit to all concerned,—so smooth, and the officers so civil. And among the rare beauties of scenery there is the falls, or "chute," about 4 miles from the village, maintaining perpetual double "rain-bows," most beautiful to contemplate when the sun shines; causing the devout mind to ponder respecting the wonders of what must be around the throne in heaven, as recorded in Revelation. And as to hospitality—we were right royally entertained in the homes of the well known contractor, Mr. Jno. Young; and the Hon. George Bryson, in whose palatial residence a number of gentlemen, including Rev. Mr. Gandier, were asked to meet our venerable Bishop.

As for the good bishop,—he seems to have come to his duties in the county with great vigour—one gentleman of note in the section, after hearing a sermon, remarking of the G. O. M. that "he had not failed a bit" since he last saw him—reminding one of the Apostle's affirmation: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Certainly, for a man of 75 years and more, few can equal him. Five sermons, from five different texts of Scripture, set forth with searching spiritual effect, from an unimpaired intellect with all the vim of youth, accompanied by the weight that a magnificent physique and grand lion-like voice unquestionably gives to words, when proclaimed by man under the influences of the power of the Holy Ghost; and two addresses, were delivered in my hearing, within four consecutive days. (And a sixth was also delivered which I did not hear. A thrill went through the congregation when the Bishop began his address to the two excellent lads, presented for Confirmation, with the tones and manner of a Reverend Father in God: "My Sons!"—and went on, most impressively, with his apostolic advice to candidates and people. As for the sermon in Portage du Fort, I could have wished that all the Roman Catholics in the Dominion could have heard it!—as showing the futile and absurd idea of purgatorial fires in the face of the all-cleansing power of the most precious blood of Jesus Christ, which the Holy Scriptures tell us "Cleanses from all sin." If so,—where is the necessity of the soul-tormenting doctrine, so false, of Purgatory, as taught by the Church of Rome? Echo answers: Where!!

I am, my dear Mr. Editor, Yours, very truly, Aug. 19th, 1890. MISSIONARY.

Warning.

Joseph Labine, of Fort Coulonge, was cured of deafness by the use of three 25 cent bottles of Sutton's Home Balm. It also cures tooth-ache, neuralgia, ear-ache, lame back, coughs and colds and all sores, aches and pains. Sutton's Home Cure costs 50 cents and cures dyspepsia, liver kidney troubles and, nervousness. Read the hand bills wrapped around each bottle, and be your own doctor. Sutton's worm cake and Sutton's catarrh cure cost 25 cents. Mrs. Blair, of Quyon; Messrs. O'Meara, of Bryson; Hodgins & Son, of Shawville and Dr. McKay, of Portage-du-Fort, keep them.

Ottawa Produce Quotations.

The following are last Saturday's Ottawa market quotations:—Beef \$0.00 to \$0.00; Pork, \$6.50 to \$7.00; Mutton, 6 to 8 cts. per lb. Turkeys, 00 to 00c. per lb.; Geese 00 to 00 cts. each; Fowl, 70 to 80 per pair; Chickens, 35 to 45 cts. per pair. Print butter, 20 to 22 cts. per lb.; Butter in pails 15 to 17 cts. Eggs, 16 to 17 cts. Cheese, 11 to 15. Lard, 10 to 13 cts. Potatoes, 50 per bag. Carrots, 3 to 5 cts. per bunch. Beets, 30 to 03 cts. per bag. Turnips, 3 to 5 cts. per bunch. Oats per bush, 38 to 40 cts. Hides, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Pelts 30c. each. Wool 00 cts. Hay, \$8 to \$9. Gooseberries per quart, 00 cts. Raspberries per pail 00 cts. Blueberries per pail 72 cts. Blackberries per 1 lb. box 00 cts.

The Astute Russian.

Every person in Russia who has a horse is obliged to have a certificate of ownership. If a horse is sold this certificate must be produced and transferred to the name of the purchaser. The one who sells a horse is to be held responsible for its good condition and he must return the purchase money and pay a fine if he deceives the buyer in his representations of its age or health. If a diseased animal is sold and infects the purchaser's cattle, the seller must pay all damages and be tried before the criminal court. How would that work in this country!

The London Figaro has the following amusing skit illustrative of the desire of the Japanese to adopt European fashions, and the curious results which sometimes ensue:

"A Japanese lady residing at Tokio, and quite ignorant of the dress of European ladies, desired to array herself in Parisian attire. She was a lady of high degree, and she pressed into her service a member of the French Legation, who undertook to procure for her from Paris a complete outfit—an edition, in fact, of "The seen and the unseen." Promptly he did her bidding, and there arrived from the Rue de Rivoli a mystic box full of weird things, carefully arranged, as per request, in the order, when the box was upside down, in which they should be put on—the dress on the top and the rest below. The upside-down arrangement was, somehow, misunderstood. The lady put on the dress first and other things as they came; and, arrayed in a symphony of lace and batiste, she drove to the French Embassy to thank her friend for his gallant attention. The poor gentleman is said to have been ill for some time

C. H. PLAUNT, M.D., C.M., (Gold Medalist, Laval University.) PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, and Acoucher, Office—McKee's Station, (Glenogle P.O.), Bristol.

FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

It is a fact that Turner has positively the largest stock of

TRUNKS and VALISES

to select from ever offered to the people of Shawville and vicinity. From a satchel small enough to contain your money, to a trunk almost large enough to hold your family is about the kind of variety kept of this class of goods. Drop into his show room and have a look at the display.

Rugs, Dusters, Whips, Equipments without which no driving outfit is complete, on hand.

HARNESS

and Horse Millinery of all kinds in stock or furnished on short notice.

J. J. TURNER.

H. HOBBS,

General Merchant and AUCTIONEER, SHAWVILLE, QUE.

FULL LINES OF THE FOLLOWING GOODS ALWAYS KEPT IN STOCK:

Ready-made Clothing, Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Tinware, Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, &c.

Daily Arrivals in New Spring Goods.

CHOICE SELECTION OF ENGLISH AND CANADIAN HATS, CALL AND SEE THEM.

TO BE SACRIFICED.

There are yet on hand some articles of the Ross bankrupt stock, which will be disposed of at LESS THAN COST PRICE.

AUCTIONS!

In his capacity of Auctioneer, holding the only license as such in this county, the subscriber is prepared to conduct all sales with which he may be entrusted.

The subscriber in returning thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on him during the thirteen years he has done business in Shawville, also wishes to express the hope that by exerting every effort to meet the requirements of his customers, he may merit a continuance of the same.

H. HOBBS.

March 18th, 1890.

Thomas Craig,

Portage du Fort, General - Agent

FOR ALL CLASSES OF FARM MACHINERY. Stock on hand or furnished on shortest notice. Your orders respectfully solicited.

ASK FOR

WAIT'S LIVER PELLETS are now taking the lead in the market, owing to their intrinsic worth. People have for many years tested small doses versus large ones, and the popular demand for small doses shows the verdict of the people. For Sick Head-

WAIT'S

ache, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Constipation, Headache, Jaundice, Acidity of the Stomach, causing many ailments such as Bowel Complaint, Piles, Dysentery, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, and nu-

LIVER

merous Female Complaints. It has been proved by actual test that the Choice Formulae renders this medicine The medicine of the age. In case of Constipation, Nervous Headache, Sick Headache, Dyspep-

PELLETS.

and all diseases arising from a Disordered condition of the Stomach, WAIT'S LIVER PELLETS will be found to be worth their weight in Gold. If your druggist or storekeeper does not keep them, I will send them to any address by mail for 25 cents for single bottle, or five bottles for one dollar. Address,

JOHN T. WAIT, Druggist, Arrisport, Ontario.

FREE! OUR NEW... FREE!... Wash... Perfect... with works and cases of equal value. ONE PRIZE... each locality can secure one... and valuable line of... Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from \$20 to \$60 per week and upwards, address, Himes & Co., Box 112, Fortland, Maine.

HIDES, PELTS AND CALFSKINS WANTED.

The undersigned is prepared to pay cash for any quantity of Hides, Calfskins and Sheep-pelts delivered at his shop on Main St., Shawville.

J. G. MCGUIRE, - - BUTCHER. Shawville, Aug. 4, 1890.

SAMUEL RIVAIS, Fashionable Hairdresser,

SHAWVILLE, QUE., Shop—Opposite J. J. Turner's Harness Shop

The public may rely on getting a first-class job. A Call Solicited. Shawville, Aug. 22, 1889.

BRYSON, GRAHAM & Co.

Wholesale--Retailers.

Wild Sweep of Profits!

\$2.75. Men's Navy Blue Serge Suits, all wool, \$2.75.

Remember these suits are ALL WOOL or no sale, and only one suit will be sold to each person.

Dress Goods! Dress Goods!

57 pieces Colored Broché Dress Goods at 5c. per yard. 79 pieces Colored Washing Challi at 6c. per yard.

BLANKETS.

350 pairs White Blankets at \$2.00 per pair. 290 pairs White Blankets at \$2.50 per pair.

JAS. M. QUINN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

510 1/2 SUSSEX ST., - - - OTTAWA.

GREAT

Clearing Sale of

Ready-made Clothing & Gents' Furnishing NOW GOING ON.

Goods sold at your own price!

Don't miss the rare Bargains that this Sale affords. Ottawa, July 14.

Farmers, Threshers & Millowners!

USE LARDINE MACHINE OIL!

TRY IT ONCE AND YOU WILL USE NO OTHER.

Every barrel guaranteed. We are sole manufacturers of the Genuine Lardine. Also Cylinder, Engine, Wool and Harness Oils.

McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO.

FOR SALE BY PRINCIPAL DEALERS.

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY,

SHAWVILLE, QUE.

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

SASHES, DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, NEUL POSTS, BANNISTERS, HAND RAILINGS, and everything required in WOOD FINISHING.

SCROLL SAWING IN EVERY VARIETY and DESIGN.

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

NOTICE.

Sometime ago we added to our Factory a Patterson GRINDER for reducing oats to provender. This will be found a great convenience to the farming community. Any quantity of grain ground on the shortest notice.

House Building a Specialty.

ROBT. MCCREDIE & SONS.

Shawville, Oct. 15 1889.

PROPRIETORS.